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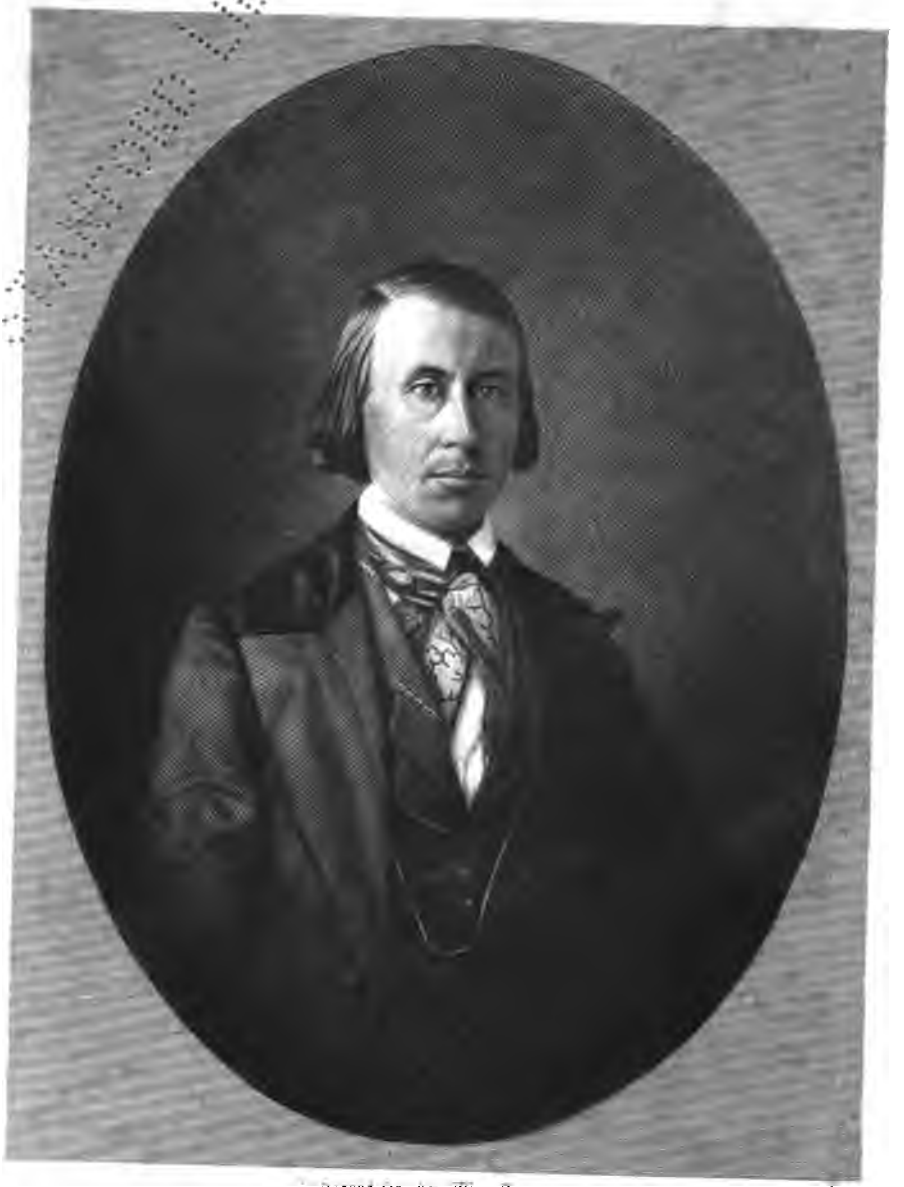

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THE

# AMERICAN

# WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII.—WHOLE VOL. XIII.

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THE

# AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XXXVII.

FOR JANUARY, 1851.

## THE SESSION AND THE WHIG PARTY.

A POLITICAL party is in difficult circumstances when it finds itself compelled to assume the responsibilities of office without acquiring, at the same time, that without which no office can be bearable to an individual, or efficiently held for the country, the power of executing in government the principles to which it pledged itself in opposition. Were the objects of political organization merely the garbling of the public taxes, such a position might fairly be considered a lucky hit; but as in this Republic, parties in office must gauge their conduct so that it will bear hostile scrutiny, and deserve national approval, or be content to lose within a very limited time even the taxes, such a position is one neither to be envied, nor if held, one which can result in anything but political ruin to the holders, unless their acts be dictated by the maturest wisdom, and executed with the boldest statesmanship. Strength is too often taken as the test of capacity, and it is after all the chief inducement for the admiration of mankind. The popular mind is prone to believe that in political tactics it is better to belong to a party of one, if he be a free combatant in opposition, than to belong to a party, no matter how old or numerous, which is burthened with office, and not with power. Such to a certain extent is the position of the present administration; an unfortunate one at best, but one, too, which affords a great opportunity of exhibiting the superiority of genius over numerical force, and in which a statesman with the capacity of Montesquieu, and the energy of Napoleon would revel. We believe such an opportunity has not heretofore occurred in our Congressional annals, and is impossible under any form of government but our own. We may refer to the times when Richelieu held France in hand, even against insurgent nobles and a turbulent people; or to the later period when the younger Pitt roused all Europe against the modern Charlemagne, even when he was unable to command a small minority in his own Parliament; but neither illustration can give us even a faint conception of the singular anomaly which has eventuated through the simple action of the federal pact. Turning our eyes to Washington, we behold the Presidential chair filled by a man who was not elected to that position by the people, and yet did not acquire it by his own act, but who, by a decision of the merciless Atropos, was compelled to assume the office he holds, or abandon that to which he was elected; we behold an administration seated in the mansions of power, against whom are in constant array the twin majorities of the Legislature; we

behold a party in office, which, during a long opposition, had matured a system of principles, and yet which is incapable by its own strength of establishing even one. To such an administration, and such a party, but two courses of action are permitted—either to avow that their hands are tied, and evade everything but silence and rest; or, by bold moves, to start their principles one by one upon the tribunitial battle-ground, throw upon their opponents the responsibility of defeating them, and prove to the world at all events the sincerity of their professions, and that nothing but the force of antagonistic majorities compelled them to exist in office without converting the occupation thereof to the national good. By the former plan, the present opportunity will be most legitimately lost, and the Whig party will have the advantage of retiring from office in 1853, without the faintest prospect of having such honors thrust upon them again, and with the imputation of having succeeded, during a short four years, in effacing from the public memory every principle it had made its own during the campaigns of a lengthened opposition. By the latter, present difficulties will be used as means of recruiting larger power and future success; and even should defeat on defeat meet us at every step, the principles of the war will lie on the ground it occupied, and be indestructible mementoes of consistent policy and strenuous endeavor.

True as these facts are with reference to all parties, they are peculiarly applicable, at the present time, to that American party which—by some such untoward mistake as that which befell Mr. Shandy, in the baptizing of Tristram, his son—had the misfortune to be ushered into the world burdened with the name of "Whig." The principles of the party so-called can only acquire strength by discussion and education; it is the only one of all our parties which must rely on the educated force of the people, and not upon sectional differences, or class interests. Discussion of its principles can, therefore, alone increase its numerical power; for while the so-called "Democratic party" receives in every emigrant ship a cargo of recruits, who, pledged to the name, will gulp down any bolus lapped therein, and smack their lips over it in admiration, the Whig party must attain its recruits by slow endeavor and assiduous teaching. You cannot reform a fool—you cannot make a man whose knowledge of arithmetic extends probably so far as "the Rule of Three," deduce principles of political philosophy from elaborated figures. The Whig party, if it teach the truth, must rely on the newspaper editor, the book publisher, the writer, and the schoolmaster, and not on cargoes of humanity. Popular discussion alone can therefore preserve it in power. To this end no opportunity should be lost; least of all that opportunity which now presents itself of urging in Senate and House of Representatives day after day, and hour after hour, its cardinal principles, and so driving their debate through every newspaper, magazine, printing office, porter-house, or family circle in the Union. It is intensely stupid for any party in a Republic, which is a Republic, to rely on the *de facto* educated "classes;" such "classes" must be abolished, if by nothing else, then by time. They are wearing away hour after hour, and the young life of the country is daily issuing forth, self-willed, intellectual, capable of argument, and inclined to hold sternly to its opinions, but with these opinions gathered from humanitarian publications of the trashy kind, from excerpts of Adam Smith, and clippings of Stuart Mill, and the defunct Ricardo. No matter what exigencies may arise, no matter how transparent may be the ill effects of the commercial and other systems enacted against this country by "Democratic" gentlemen of the Anglified genus, Walker; the Whig party can never hope to establish a single one of its principles, until they are thoroughly *popularized*.

It seems almost trite at the present day to urge truths so plain. But however plain they may be, if we examine the history of our time we will find that they are neither very much recognized nor very carefully acted on. If there be any principle more than all others identified as Whig, if there be any undeniably true, it is the principle which asserts that American industry should be supported by Americans in preference to any other. Yet within a fortnight we have seen a society established in New-York for the protection of British manufactures in this country, the leaders of which are "Democratic," and who will lead and are leading the very artisans whose interests they have bartered to a foreigner. We have seen for four years among the federal statutes, laws inflicting *ad valorem* taxes on actual Ame-

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rican industry, because it is American, and laws awarding an *ad valorem* premium to British and Russian industry, because it is British or Russian. These laws too were enacted by men professing "free trade;" and were enacted against the very artisans who are their most faithful followers. We have seen, too, laws by the action of which British speculators have been enabled to stay the mill-wheels of our factories, and extinguish the furnaces of our smelting-houses; we have seen writ after writ of ejectment issued by British hands against New-England factory-girls and Pennsylvania workmen; we have seen them driven from their shops and work-rooms by the hand of Britain, as nakedly displayed as it is on the banks of the Ganges or the San Juan; and the laws under the protection of which these schemes were effected, were enacted and are defended by that party which declaims about non-interference, and professes eternal devotion to the "adopted citizens" and Bunkum. We have seen markets of profitable export destroyed,* and markets of ruinous import forced into existence by the same professors of "enlightened commerce," and of the philosophic principle of "every man for himself." We have seen, by the same hands, the entire American nation, with its variable climate, its many climates, requiring for every degree of latitude a different degree of thickness of cloth, reduced to a state of complete dependence on British looms for even a shirt or a coat. We have seen the wages of the American artisan reduced or stopped; we have seen him compelled to submit to the plunder of slop-employers on the London system, or revolt; we have seen him driven to beggary or prison; and yet we have permitted the artisans so foully plundered to believe that they who plundered them were "Americans" and "Democratic." We have seen these highly American and thoroughly Democratic statesmen drive the produce of America into the hands of British aristocrats, sending to their shop American agriculturists with food, American cotton-growers with cotton, American gold-diggers with gold, to get them clothes, barring up our own shop doors the while, and thus affording to the mainstay of European tyranny the power of loaning million after million, raised from American soil, to devastate Hungary, or defeat the schemes of the German people; and we have permitted the enactors of the laws under which wrongs so foul and universal were transacted, to represent themselves to the "adopted citizens" and emigrant population, as the "Friends of Hungary," the "Friends of Ireland," the Friends of Universal Freedom, and so forth. Nay, we have conversed in work-shops with artisans, and out of doors even with idle American artisans, who have propounded to us as true and good, the stereotyped defence of the very falsehood by which their right hands were rendered unproductive of life. Such things could not be, were any means taken to inform these men of the true nature of the delusions practised on them, and of the true and necessary effects of those theories to which, through a virtuous love of democracy, they have blindly pinned their faith. In the artisan population of America, largely American, largely too of foreign birth, and from the essentials of their craft possessing acuter minds, larger comprehension and a superior knowledge to any other class of workmen, the party which identifies itself with the support of native industry has resources of infinite power. It was the policy of the earlier period of the Democratic party to abuse and despise them as a mob, and of the later and present periods to hoodwink them with Jesuitic phrases and plausible generalities taken from the English economic vernacular, and so use them. The natural instinct of a German or Irish artisan coming to these shores, is hostility to all schemes for the protection of British manufactures, whether conceived in London or propounded by an "Union Safety Committee" in New-York. And all that is required to fasten firmly this allegiance to American industry, is to display fully to them that the party called here "Democratic" is precisely the same party which, by plundering their native countries, has driven both to these shores. Yet we do not know of a single book published in these United States, calculated to inform an artisan of his real necessities and those of the country of his adoption. The "free-traders," relying on blind faith alone, lead by blind faith—the supporters of American industry relying on the educational developments of the people, use no means whatever to create these educational develop-

* Vide Report of Secretary of the Treasury [illegible]. On the contrary, the highest

rostrum in the land, the possession of which has been for two years in the hands of the "anti-free-traders," has been permitted by them to remain totally disused, while they could have made it every day of the past and present session an engine of discussion, forcing their theories and facts through every publication in the country, to the defeat of their adversaries, and the great discomfiture of agitators and disunionists of every grade and color. For two years, we say, the Whig party has been in possession of office—and though since its infancy it has been pledged to the support of native industry in all its branches against all odds, though it has staked its existence on the practical success of its theories, and the sincerity of its professions, yet in that time (if we except the Secretary of the Treasury's Report) not a single effort has been made in either House for the support of American labor, unless indeed the reading of the ridiculously impertinent letter of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer against it.

Let us hope that for a little, at all events, the slavery agitation is at an end. Two years of the Whig term of office have been already wasted in considering "the condition of the planter-down-South question." Let some of the remaining moiety of the official term of the present administration be disposed of in considering the more important question of the condition of the white republicans of the North and West, whose slaves are their two hands only, and whose property is being daily and hourly spirited away by the machinations of "Democratic statesmen," and the Syren wiles of the arch goddess of abolition of every trade but her own—England. The principle of State-rights against Federal usurpation, or more properly the principle of co-equal independence in each of all the States, against any attempt made by one to use the federal authority for its gain and the injury of its sisters, is one which, in our political exigencies, must for ever recur; and it is not improbable that the slavery question, in all its aspects, may finally assume the character of a question connected not with negroism, but with white freedom. The State of Vermont has already, by a declaratory act with reference to the constitutional right of *habeas corpus* against the recent act of Congress, placed one phase of it upon that issue. And to a similar issue may be reduced the question falsely called of "free trade," but really that of protecting by federal authority the trade of one interest or section *in* another, and to the injury of the whole. Were the Federal Constitution to be again formed, it would probably be the wisest and soundest Democratic course, to leave every State of the Union free to establish its own custom-houses and pay for them, to enact its own tariff laws, and take the consequences, requiring the Federal Government to depend for its resources solely on direct taxation. But under our present system, the good of the whole can only be obtained by compromise, by kindly exposition, and by enacting those laws only which *are* good for the whole, and not for an interest. Did the injuries, even under the present system, which result from the wholesale exportation of raw produce, result only to the States which export the raw produce, other States would have no right to interfere. Were Carolina alone injured by the export of raw cotton, or Ohio alone injured by the export of raw food, the people of New-York, Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, would have no right to prevent the exporting States from political suicide. But the fact is, that since the Declaration of Independence the interests of the manufacturing States have been made subservient to those of the exporting States, so that, under the action of federal authority, the amount of raw exports have been in an inverse ratio to the prosperity of native manufactures—or, in other words, the nominal wealth of the Carolinas has been increasing with the absolute poverty of New-England. That this result must follow from our present system the student of sound economy, or even he who will open his eyes to facts, will at once see. We have ourselves endeavored to simplify these truths in papers intended for the more general reader; and if anything were needed to substantiate them, we have but to turn to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The policy which the British Government has always practised, and to which it is as steadily attached at this day as it was a hundred years ago, is that of breaking down the manufacturing energies of every country with which it has come into connection, and reducing it to the position of a mere grower of raw produce. Had the present tariff been enacted by British hands it could hardly be better devised to that end. A premium is

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given by *ad valorem* duties to the importer of British goods to undervalue the amount in value imported; and even taxes are laid upon the application of American industry to certain articles needed in American manufacture. Were these "free trade" men pardonably consistent, one might be excused for credulously believing them; but with the declared intentions of England on one hand, and the figures of the Secretary of the Treasury on the other, one cannot doubt but that this country is by the unseen agency of economic laws firmly under the control of England. One hundred and fifty years ago (A. D. 1719) the British House of Commons formally declared "that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies (i. e. of North America, now the United States) tends to lessen their dependence on Great Britain." And lest it should be supposed that the spirit and policy which dictated such a declaration was at all changed in our day, this present year, Anno Domini 1850, was not three days old, ere Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, by direction of his Government, addressed a letter to Mr. Clayton, in which he declared, with reference to "the erecting of iron manufactories" in Pennsylvania, that "higher duties in America (on iron manufactured in Great Britain) would produce a very disagreeable effect upon public opinion in England." And that "public opinion in England" has been very agreeably affected for some time at the total decline of not only our iron but our cotton and other manufactures, we have but to turn to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury recently presented to Congress. There, among many other examples, we find these figures, showing the vast increase in raw cotton exported to Great Britain, and decrease in cotton manufactures exported to the same:—

| | To Great Britain. | |
|---|---|---|
| | Cot. Wool. | Cot. Man. |
| 1846 | $27,707,717 | $9,607 |
| 1847 | 35,841,265 | 6,765 |
| 1848 | 41,925,258 | 28 |
| 1849 | 47,444,899 | 2,591 |
| 1850 | 48,884,453 | 50 |
| Total | $201,803,592 | $19,041 |

Our entire export of manufactured cotton this year amounts only to $23,013,762—of raw cotton to $296,563,066.

Turning then our eyes to the factories of native manufacture, we find them locked up and idle, and their artisans crowding in idleness the purlieus of our great cities.

So of iron and other manufactures—we are deliberately sacrificing our own population to maintain that of England. And not only that, but we are daily running in debt to England to a vast amount—giving her our railroads for iron rails, and our banks, canals and public works for loans of her capital to carry out this stupendous waste. Every interest in the country, save only the raw-export interest, is perishing; debts are daily contracting, and the means to meet them daily decreasing, so that it requires no foresight to prophesy a financial crisis of no ordinary character, whenever our European creditors, by war or other causes, may be compelled to call upon us for the payment of our bonds.

The friends of native industry in Congress should therefore lose no time in pressing these manifold questions upon the attention and discussion of the country. Their energies should be directed not so much to the enactment of a protective as a preventive tariff. Productive tariffs are unjust in principle and unsound in theory. They involve a denial to the poor of luxuries, and the protection of the appetites of the rich to the injury of the whole. Such duties, therefore, as may be altered, should not be altered for the purpose of producing more revenue, but of preventing the admission of the article taxed. Our whole commercial and monetary systems should be thoroughly examined, and brought before the people, that thus, though defeated up to 1853, the supporters of native industry may have thereafter some chance of success.

One subject in particular we recommend to anti-free-traders in Congress to begin with; the subject of international copyright. The principles upon which are grounded the right of American literary men to protection against the wholesale importation of the British manufactured article, are precisely those upon which are founded the rights of all other American industry to similar protection. And as far as their interests go, literary men, almost without an exception, have accepted and will sustain these principles. They are, besides, the intellectual rulers of the people, and their services are requisite to the creation of any popular impressions. It would be a wise policy

mence with them, and to afford to their interests that support, and to their just rights that necessary protection, without which as a class they must continue poor and dependent, at the mercy of every cheap publisher of British trash. Once their minds have been led to consider the question of native industry with reference to their own interests, they will not be slow to apply it to the interests of the cotton spinner, the leather manufacturer, the moulder and the smith.

In an article like this, merely prefatory to the principal subjects of sessional discussion, it is impossible to notice every subject which may be worthy of the attention of Congress, or thoroughly exhaust any. In connection, however, with the sustentation of national industry, there are other questions of almost equal moment, to which we would direct attention.

1st. It would be an irresistible argument against the present system, to produce in figures from the books or evidence of the companies themselves, the amount of stock representing the ownership and profits of our railroads, canals, aqueducts, harbors, public buildings, &c., &c., now owned in England. "Absenteeism" is the worst commercial evil to which a country can be subjected; and the system of government must be vicious and inherently bad which permits any country to fall under a system so ruinous to every industry, and so perilous to the very existence of the nation. We believe that at the present day, English absenteeism is drawing from the produce of American industry, an amount not less than fifty millions of dollars per annum.

2d. Considering our ruinous extent of imported manufactures, and our equally ruinous export of raw produce; considering this yearly drain of absenteeism, and the immense yearly addition of gold to the currency of the world, and that of America in particular, it is manifest that a commercial and monetary crisis of no ordinary extent is at hand. It is well to be prepared for it. Our system of banking, based on notes convertible into gold and silver, is one which before fifty years must abolish itself; and indeed the time may not be so distant when, to compel a man to buy gold with his industry, and then to buy his dinner with the gold, will be looked upon as an antiquated folly. The currency of the country should be based on the national industry alone, without the intervention of a more evanescent and more variable standard. Gold and all other metals should be thrown into the market, to be bought and sold at their real value for use or export, and not kept screwed up to a congressional value, in a state unproductive to all but the bill-broker and the sweater of coin. We urge upon our financiers the necessity of looking to this subject at an early period; for in the uncertain state of our creditors in Europe, with the falling manufactures and increasing poverty of the country, there is no prophesying when the national industry may be driven into still greater difficulties, and the very existence of the industrial classes imperilled.

3d. Immediate steps should be taken to make such roads of communication between the Atlantic States and the Pacific coast as may be adjudged best for the general good. Three plans have been proposed—the inter-oceanic canal, the plan of Mr. Benton, and that of Mr. Asa Whitney. The first and the last have our entire approval.

4th. The public lands have been so fearfully plundered from the people, that we fear it is hardly worth while to speak of any which may remain unsold or unbartered. Reserving such as may be needed for public improvement, let the rest, at all events, be made free to actual settlers.

We trust the members of the Whig party in Congress will urge these topics on the public ear. When thoroughly understood and appreciated by the people, the party which sustains them will rule the United States.

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## CAVETO REIPUBLICÆ PARRICIDAS.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

When felon hands disturb the public good,
Then, if the State be strong, the wrong is crushed,
And murderous discord into peace is hushed;
But if the State be weak, and what it would
Do, it dare not do, then the savage brood
Of hungry hounds, with early triumph flushed,
Speed to new crimes, and seize their gory food,
Insatiate now, not having been withstood!
Be warned in time, my country! Pirate knaves
Are swarming in thy midst! Their banner waves
Dusky and foul; yet blazoned with a lie,
To foil suspicion. Ah, the day is nigh,
If now false slumber seals thy watchful eye,
When patriots dead will shudder in their graves!

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# POLITICAL MOTIVES FOR 1851-2.

In the December number we gave our readers an illustration of the frightful calamities brought upon a nation by placing her in a relation of free trade and reciprocity with England, whose enormous manufacturing monopoly, with open jaws, sucks in and devours the agricultural wealth of Ireland, and is fast reducing that country to a desert. We have shown, by the statistics of McCulloch and others, that the periods of famine in that country are exactly the periods of largest commercial intercourse with England. We have shown also, that if the population of Ireland is taken to be eight millions, that country produces food enough to keep thrice that number of persons from absolute starvation; that the *surplus* of Irish food, together with a small portion of that of North America, of France, and the countries of the Black Sea and the Baltic, feed the entire mass of English operatives and idlers, not one half of the fourteen millions of England being supported by their own soil. The horrible calamities suffered by Ireland—leaving four millions of her people at the mercy of a potato crop, which failing, they were reduced to beggary and starvation—have been traced, not by a train of argument, but by the mere co-statement of admitted facts, to the operation of English monopoly legislation, under the lying designations of free trade and reciprocity between friendly nations. This "friendly" relationship resembles the friendly protection extended by a boa-constrictor to the creature it devours. The process of charming, slavering, and swallowing, by "friendly" intercourse, by a common "literature" and freedom of intercourse, bears a truly remarkable resemblance to the operations of the great snake upon the bird. Ireland has been fairly swallowed, is undergoing the macerative process prior to final digestion; her crushed figure, buried in the belly of the monster, raises a protuberance, just large enough to remind us of her existence; and the late Irish rebellions—strong convulsive kicks and twitches of the muscular parts of the entombed creature—serve to remind us that it is still suffering the silent agonies of dissolution.

It has been objected, that we ought not to charge the English Free Trade Ministry with the guilt of wholesale homicide; that the deaths of the four or five millions of miserable wretches who have perished

ally, or are about to perish, of hunger in Ireland, does not lie at the door of English rulers. That the *crimes* of men are measured by their knowledge: that we must not believe an English minister would willingly and deliberately destroy a million of wretches by famine. Finally, that the calamities of nations come rather by the ignorance and imbecility, than by the malice of men in power. Were the affairs of England to fall suddenly into confusion, and her manufactures cease, say our objectors, her own people would die for want of food, but their deaths could not be charged upon the malice of her ministry for the last fifty years, but only on their want of foresight, and general bad management. That political stupidity and prejudice have perhaps killed more human beings than even the sabres of Genghis Khan or the bullets of Napoleon have put to death. That a good-natured, wrong-headed fool in power can do more harm, generally, and cause the deaths of a greater number of men, women, and children, than the cruellest tyrant. Arguments which demand a serious consideration and a deliberate reply, and which in good time will receive both, we trust, to the satisfaction of our readers.

It is also to be considered, that English rulers are merely representative; that they go into power with instructions, and are bound to maintain a certain system, or they go out. Reform comes from the people if it comes at all, and not in any instance from the rulers, unless in rare cases, when ministers happen to be at once heroes and statesmen.

"Where then," continues our temperate and discreet objector, "will you lay the blame of this awful calamity, and of all similar calamities greater or less, impending over nations who hold open and unguarded intercourse with England?" In reply, many answers occur to us. We may lay it if we please upon Providence, and suggest as a remedy days of fasting and prayer. But as the God of Israel favors only those who act and think while they pray, it is needful to admit that the consolation of our answer is but trifling.

Fate is a convenient and broad-shouldered recipient of all blame. We may lay the fault upon fate if we are so inclined, were it not that in our next sentence we may be *fated* to lay it somewhere else, and impose the blame of our own miseries, and of Ireland, and all other countries exhausted by what has been styled the "power of suction" of the English monopolizers, by which they draw away the wealth of other nations and convert it into ships of war and other appurtenances of monarchy, upon the folly, ignorance, and selfishness of the people of England themselves on the one side, and the grasping ambition and avarice of their rulers on the other.

Let us never forget, however, that in the affairs of this world there is a strict account kept by Nature, the prime minister and financier of the Most High. England, as a nation, has not profited by the mischief her commercial ministries have inflicted upon the rest of mankind. The conservatives of England stand ready to prove, by strict computation, that if the entire property of the country were equally divided among its population, each man would still be a very poor man, and would not realize enough therefrom to live with decency and comfort. A great deal has been said, too, about the self-dependence of England, when it is a demonstrated fact, as shown in our December number, that were an impassable hedge built about her, one half of her people must perish of hunger within a year.

The question of greatest importance before the world at this period, and which men of all parties must entertain alike, is doubtless, whether the present governing powers of England shall be suffered to go on in the line of ruin which they have marked out for us and for herself; whether we will permit them to enlarge and fortify a monopoly by which they keep several millions of their own people in danger of famine, and by which they exhaust the resources of every nation with which they have had the art or the fortune to establish relations of unprotected commerce. Of all people, (next to those of Ireland,) we of the United States are the most deeply interested in the reply that shall be given to this momentous question, beyond all comparison the greatest and the most important that has ever yet come up.

We, the people of the United States, are alone able to answer it effectually. If we value our own country we must answer it; if France, or Germany, or Ireland, then, for their sakes, we must answer it. Nothing in our own, or in the world's service, can however be done while we continue the

odious controversy that has so long cursed and stupefied us. Men are crazed with abstractions, and seem to have lost all taste for realities. The confusion of party that is said to prevail at the present moment, (we need not say *crisis*, every instant of our political existence being a crisis, if some are to be trusted,) is occasioned by uncertainty as to whether the people, or any considerable portion of them, will continue to favor those agitators who advise open disobedience to the laws, or their effectual evasion by illegal methods. Now, without opening the question, whether the method advised by Congress for the recovery of fugitive slaves is thoroughly the best and most agreeable to the spirit of our fundamental laws; it is, nevertheless, held to be absolutely necessary for the peace of the Union, that the law as it stands should be obeyed while it stands, and if its application is to be evaded, that the evasion be thoroughly constitutional and legal. We beg to remind those who nullify it on the plea of its supposed unconstitutionality, that they are themselves much more unconstitutional in their use of an illegal remedy. While the present Secretary of State was still by comparison a young orator in the Senate, the people of South Carolina attempted to nullify the revenue laws, because they seemed to them to be very unconstitutional. The people of Massachusetts will do well to recollect with what a fine legal and moral enthusiasm they hailed the successful enforcement of those laws, so offensive to their Southern fellow-citizens. South Carolinians insisted at that time that the sovereignty of the State was infringed by the execution of the tariff—that it was a direct attack upon the rights of States, which are by all men held sacred—Union or no Union. But South Carolinians have had a fine revenge upon their Northern friends, and can throw back the charge of nullification upon certain citizens of Massachusetts, who are engaged in agitating disobedience.

No nation had ever a body of laws that were satisfactory to all alike. Unconstitutionality, inhumanity, violation of rights, can be charged by remote construction, in some of their effects, upon almost every law, and indeed have been so charged. The Constitution, like Holy Writ, has its sects; its High Church, its Low Church, its heretics and its martyrs. To recall but one example, Calhoun argued that Congress had no power of legislation over the territories, and was then extremely indignant with the people of California because they did not wait for the legislative action of Congress. Now, the people of California merely illustrated the fundamental position of the great champion of State sovereignty.

Other Senators from the South, equally warm in the defence of fundamental popular rights, insisted on the adoption of a line on either side of which it should be lawful or unlawful, *by act of Congress*, to own slaves. These profound legislators argued, nevertheless, violently against the *legislative* power of Congress over the territories.

All things considered, the people of the South, in the final establishment of territorial governments without pro-slavery or anti-slavery proviso, have gained a great victory for their darling and essential principle of State sovereignties,—and the North will, in good time, have cause to be thankful for that too. It would be childish to quarrel with the North about territories after such an admission.

Equally injudicious would it be for Southerners to engage in scandalous experiments upon the temper of the Northern people, by sending persons to reclaim fugitive slaves, not for their value, but for that avowed purpose. It is a very popular and plausible excuse for the people of Massachusetts that they understood a hostile intention in those persons who came into their State in search of fugitive slaves. If the reclamation was undertaken merely to try the temper of the people, to be made afterward a topic of jest among Southerners, the result was natural, and should have been expected. In South Carolina itself, were Northern men to enter that State armed for the recovery of free negroes confined there as aliens, the same conduct might be expected on the part of the people in South Carolina.

On a certain occasion the State of Massachusetts sent an envoy to South Carolina to test the laws of that State in regard to free blacks, confined for entering Charleston, and who were also citizens of Massachusetts. The envoy was ordered to depart in peril of his life, though he came there only for the trial of a legal remedy.

Massachusetts and South Carolina, or rather a certain irritable portion of the people of those States, the free blacks, and

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the innocent admirers of English free-trade lecturers, and female orators of one, and the gallant disunionists of the other, have overstepped a little the line of courtesy, and of the Constitution. The body of sensible and discreet citizens of the South and North are not involved in this reproach. Because a few are refractory, the country is not thereby wholly shattered, but still retains some little faith in the "great experiment," as it is naïvely called, of constitutional republican government — that is to say, a government by the discretion, common sense, and brotherly feeling of the people.

In view of the disastrous effects upon ourselves of the policy pursued by the Government of England, in their attempts to appropriate the profits of all employments, raising up among ourselves two destructive factions, between whom there is no choice of evils, but whose hostility to each other is embittered and intensified by a rivalship in the favor and protection of a Power whose purposes they serve, we arrive involuntarily at the conclusion that opposition to the commercial and diplomatic policy of the ministry of England, and to the influence by which they endanger our Union, impede our industrial progress, and stifle every sentiment of nationality, has become the leading political motive of the present time. The most careful and extended inquiry serves only to show, that, in every particular, the present policy of England results of necessity in our own disgrace and impoverishment. Our free spirit, the nationality and the just and natural jealousy of the people—all those masculine traits that distinguish them from the servile masses of Europe, demand an open and manly opposition.

The most powerful means of deception used to stifle this antagonism is doubtless the abuse of significant names. Every foreigner who lands upon the shores of the North American Continent, unless he be an agent of despotism, inquires for the party of the people, and is immediately enlisted in the ranks of "democracy and *free* trade." The name of Democrat and free-trader in America, like the name of Whig in England, carries a body of well-meaning people within the pale of a party hostile and hateful to republicanism, and whose entire policy, at this day, is to make a few men in England, and their wealthy agents in America, India, Ireland, and China, the sole managers of the world's business, and in very truth the masters of men.

Out of the dull ignorance of the people, flow a thousand mischiefs:—

Out of false and ignorant democracy come

- Selfishness. — *Anglo-Mania, Dependence.*
  - Unprotected industry,—the people gradually depressed.
  - Disunion and civil war.
  - Monopoly—foreign and domestic.
- Servilism. — *Anglo-Mania, Dependence.*
  - National poltroonery.
  - Abolitionism.
  - Dread of foreign opinion,—respect for foreign advice.

The above we hold to be the political motives of 1850.

Out of enlightened and liberal democracy come

- Enterprise. — *Labor honored.*
  - National achievement in every art.
  - Union and internal peace.
  - Distribution of wealth,—universal employment.
- Bold Nationality. — *The Country loved.*
  - National glory,—respect and confidence of neighboring States.
  - State rights inviolate,—power of the sovereignties augmented.
  - Contempt of foreign opinion,—our own example reacting upon other nations.

Would to Heaven we dared say, that in the year 1852, the motives of enlightened democracy will actuate a majority of the people; but we dare not hope for so much. The flood of foreign opinion that for the last few years has deluged the land, seems to have effectually and hopelessly corrupted us.

It has even become a question of much speculative interest with some far-looking persons, whether the tide of popular sentiments created by foreign and uncongenial influence

will not finally extinguish the respect of the people for their own institutions: a moneyed aristocracy created by alliance with foreigners, through an open and unrestricted commerce, it is said, must inevitably corrupt the democratic sentiment, and introduce elements of confusion which must finally break up the common grounds of union.

At this very moment, this powerful and almost irresistible influence of a purely foreign literature, and foreign trade, has the effect to produce a complete paralysis of parties. The grand national division of the American democracy, named Whig, cannot act out its full intentions, so completely paralyzed is it by the touch of England. It is compelled to lie inactive and yield an unhoped victory to its antagonists.

This paralysis of a great democracy is certainly the most remarkable phase of national politics since the Revolution. The industrial classes of the people cannot engage in any new enterprise because it may be displeasing to the present English Government, and because the idea that any other people beside the English should supply themselves with clothes, books, and utensils of their own making, is pronounced by travelling English gentlemen to be a humbug, and a proof of ignorance. This state of things may perhaps be better comprehended by the reader in a tabular form.

## AMERICAN NATIONAL IDEAS.

| NATIONAL SENTIMENTS. | OPINIONS OF FOREIGN FREE TRADERS. |
|---|---|
| That the Union will continue. | *A humbug.* |
| That Monarchy will profit by its dissolution. | A certainty. |
| That the South will find its advantage in a close commercial alliance with the West and North. | *A humbug.* |
| That the general Imperial government ought not to abolish slavery, in a State or territory. | *A constitutional humbug.* (*Exeter Hall and House of Commons quoted for this.*) |
| That the abolition of slavery will place the Southern States, the West Indies, and the cotton lands acquired, or in process of acquisition by Great Britain on the Southern part of this continent, on an equality. | A certainty. |
| That the American people have any nationality, or policy. | *A humbug.* |
| That foreign opinion ought to govern America. | A certainty. |
| That America will benefit by such government. | *A first-class humbug.* |
| That the commercial prosperity of America will finally prove to be that of foreigners alone, and not of the American people. | A certainty. |
| That American wealth ought to flow over into foreign hands. | A supreme necessity. |
| That free trade is beneficial to English, American, and Irish corn-growers. | *A first-class humbug.* |
| That Exeter Hall, agitating free trade and abolition in the same breath, is the great sustainer of British manufactures. | A divine fact. |
| That modern Republics can have any literary or philosophical talent. | A question. |
| That they despise themselves. | A certainty. |
| That they will ever be treated with consideration and respect by the other first class powers of the earth. | A doubt. |
| That they will ever develop a distinct national opinion and polity. | *A sublime humbug.* |
| That they are a civilized people. | A prize question for the next Cambridge graduates. |
| That they have any men among them who have a true national pride, that needs no fostering from foreign travelling eulogists. | A droll absurdity. |
| That they have moral courage. | To be answered by their Ambassadors. |
| Whether the American democratic governments are not in fact serviceable tools of English Whigs. | The less said the better. (*Investigation suppressed.*) |
| Whether a shrewd diplomatist cannot twist an American politician into any shape it pleases him. | To be tested by the event. |
| Whether the republican rule of non-interference may not be made a pretext by Great Britain to work her sovereign pleasure with the weaker nations of the continent. | A question to be whispered about, and replied to by winks and nods. |

To this list, an hundred others might be added, but those given will serve to illustrate the spirit of that foreign opinion which paralyzes parties in the United States.

Nothing, however, can be imagined more powerfully illustrative of the influence of foreign opinion on this continent, through the opening of unrestricted intercourse, commercial and literary, than the passivity and inaction of the people in regard to Central America. The fact that no popular movements have been made in that matter, discovers to our waking senses with what a millstone our necks are encircled. On the

democracy of America we are compelled to throw the blame of an inactivity, and a cruel indifference, as unnatural and uncongenial as it is mischievous.

Let us imagine for a moment, that neither our clothes nor our opinions came to us from abroad; that, in a word, we were thoroughly independent of foreign commerce, and could not only supply ourselves, but all the world, with the luxuries and necessities of life. Let us suppose that the Abolition party of New-England did not exist, or did not look to foreign lecturers to propagate their doctrines, and that Southern slaveholders, those champions of the rights of individual States, those testy guardians of sovereignties, did not look to a foreign power to sustain their withdrawal from the Union. With what a shout of execration would they have received the news of the seizure of the naval station of Rotan, midway between New-Orleans and the Isthmus, and of the establishment of a new British protectorate in Central America, and over the Isthmus State of Costa Rica! With what a violent military enthusiasm would not the entire martial population of the South and West be affected! Newspapers would teem with exhortations to the Government, petitions would flow in upon Congress, hundreds of thousands of volunteers would register their names at Washington for the defence of the Isthmus, the strength of the navy would be trebled, the troops would furbish up their bayonets—the people would throng the parks and market places to hear military orations—the intruding foreign power would be notified, that, as the American Union was originally founded upon a compact of many independent sovereignties, and existed solely by the continued recognition of State individualities and liberties,—according to the laws of nations, compact or no compact,—it felt itself bound to enforce that law upon this continent, as it hoped for salvation, and desired the respect and friendship of the world; and that, all things considered, without any farther examination of treaties, it was decidedly the best policy, and the safest for both parties, that the free States of the North American Continent should not be seized upon by foreigners; and that, too, with the highest consideration and esteem, and at your earliest convenience,—phrases at once diplomatic and business-like. But these, alas! are the sentiments of '76, and in days of railroads laid with foreign iron, and laws based on foreign opinion, they fall flat and tame upon the ears of an enlightened Democracy. American honor has grown gray, and lives retired, while American shame builds palaces on the shores of the Atlantic, and with his merchant navies wafts away to England the profits and the honor of the people.

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## SONNET,

AMBITIOUS TO FILL A BLANK IN THE WHIG REVIEW.

People talk Sentiment, but do they live it?
The lips are echoes of the mocking heart,
And that false subtlety which takes its start
From its dark chambers—they are first to give it.
Oh, our two natures—they are rank deceivers,
The inward Counsellor, the outward Act—
The gilded Sentiment, the iron Fact—
Befooling all but practised unbelievers.
True wisdom this—doubt the fair words of men,
Hear promises, advice, with cautious ears;
Being deceived, be not deceived again,
And watch the deep monitions of your fears.
So shall Success, that well-fed imp, abide
Through an obsequious world, attendant at your side.

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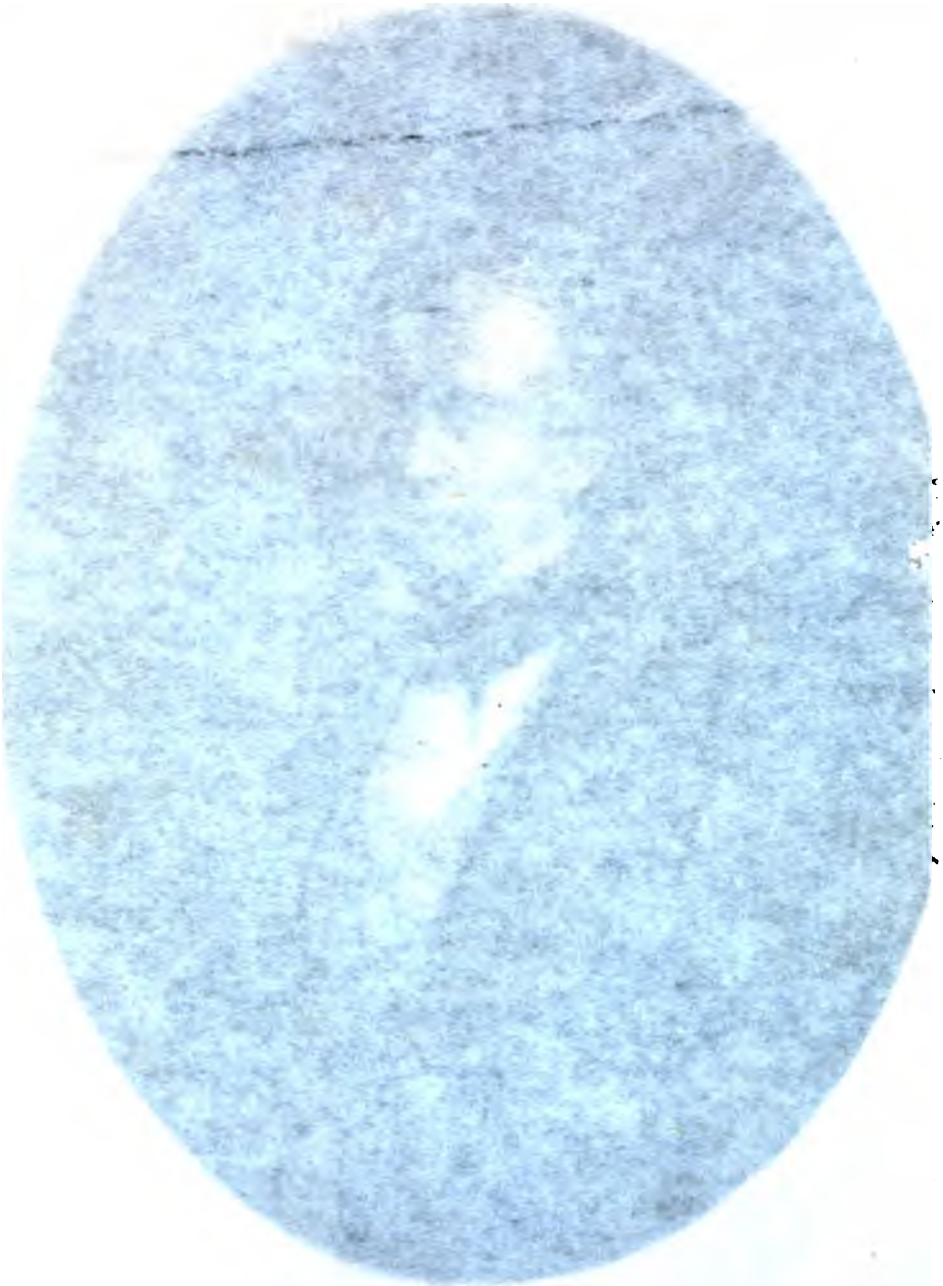
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J. P. Kennedy

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# HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY.

The public services of Mr. Kennedy, in both a literary and political capacity, have been great enough to give occasion for an extended biography. We must content ourselves, however, with presenting a few scattered facts in his life, from the present want of more ample materials.

Mr. Kennedy's father emigrated from the north of Ireland, and settled in Baltimore, where he became an active and prosperous merchant. He married a daughter of Philip Pendleton, of Berkley County, Virginia. From this union there were four sons, of whom John was the oldest. He was born in Baltimore, 25th of October, 1795, and was educated at the Baltimore College, where he was graduated in 1812.

In 1814 he served as a volunteer—a private soldier in the ranks at the battles of Bladensburg and North Point.

In 1816 he was admitted to the Baltimore bar, and began a successful practice in that city.

In 1818 he, in conjunction with his highly accomplished friend, Peter Hoffman Cruse, published in Baltimore a little work in 2 volumes, called *The Red Book*. It appeared in numbers, at intervals of about a fortnight, and was of a playful, satirical character. The book, though of an ephemeral nature, excited a good deal of attention.

In 1820 Mr. Kennedy was elected to the Legislature of Maryland, as a delegate from the city of Baltimore, and was re-elected in 1821 and 1822.

In 1830, Mr. Kennedy first became an author, publishing *Swallow Barn* in the course of that year. This book was designed to be a picture of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of Eastern Virginia. The narrative was pleasantly drawn up, and obtained for the young author a gratifying reputation. Leaving out of view for the present his political occupations in the interval succeeding, we will proceed to enumerate his productions.

In 1832, he published *Horse Shoe Robinson*, the first idea of which he received from an accidental acquaintance with the hero of it, whom he met in the Pendleton District of South Carolina in 1818, and from whom he received some interesting particulars of his own participation in the war of the Revolution, which were faithfully introduced into the story. This work of fiction was perhaps as extensively read as any one produced among us, with the exception of two or three of Mr. Cooper's.

In 1838, he produced *Rob of the Bowl*, a story intended to illustrate some portion of the early history of Maryland. In particular the wild, reckless character and stern and bloody career of the Buccaneers of the Gulf—"The Brothers of the Bloody Coast"—was vividly set forth in this fiction, one of their leaders with his piratical crew being introduced as cruising along the shores of Maryland.

In 1840, he wrote and published *Quodlibet*, a political satire written during the Presidential canvass of that year, and having special reference to the scenes and topics of that contest.

Mr. Kennedy, besides these more extended writings, has delivered many public addresses upon invitations from various societies; among them,

In 1834, One before the Horticultural Society of Maryland.
" 1835, A discourse on the Life and Character of William Wirt; delivered at the request of the Baltimore Bar.
" " The Annual Address before the American Institute of New-York.
" " Address before the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maryland; in which he had been appointed fessor of History.

In 1835, Address delivered at the consecration of Green Mount Cemetery, near Baltimore.
" " Sundry Lectures on various subjects.
" 1845, Address before the Maryland Historical Society on the Life and Character of Geo. Calvert.

Mr. Kennedy's life may be regarded in a two-fold aspect—his labors as an author and his career as a statesman being diverse but inseparable. The latter may be said to have commenced with his election to the Maryland Legislature in 1820, when 25 years of age, four years after his admission to the bar, two years after his *début* as an author. Re-elected in 1821, and again in 1823, he was the following year appointed by President Monroe Secretary of Legation to Chili; which appointment he resigned before the mission was ready to sail.

Espousing the side of the Administration of Mr. Adams, while continuing to reside in the strongly Jacksonian city of Baltimore, Mr. Kennedy was now virtually shut out from public life for years. But his interest in public affairs was undiminished, and his activity in support of his cherished principles unimpaired. In 1830 he wrote an elaborate review of Mr. Cambreleng's Report on Commerce and Navigation, ably controverting the Anti-Protective fallacies of that Report. The next year he was a delegate from Baltimore to the National Convention of Friends of Manufacturing Industry, which met in New-York, late in the autumn, by which he was appointed on the Committee to draft an Address in defence and commendation of the protective policy, which, in conjunction with his colleagues, Warren Dutton, of Massachusetts, and Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, he did, each writing a part.

In the autumn of 1838, he was elected a member of Congress from the double district of Baltimore city and Anne Arundel county — the first time a Whig had been elected from that district. He was promptly recognized and respected as one of the ablest of the many able new members, which the changes consequent on the monetary revulsion of 1837 had brought into the House. In 1841 he was again elected, and, on the assembling of the Whig Congress of that year, he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Commerce. In that capacity he drew a Report on our so-called Reciprocity Treaties, and their effect on the shipping interest of this country, which widely commanded attention. Several other reports from his Committee evinced like ability and research. He also, in behalf of a Committee appointed by a meeting of the Whig members of both Houses, drew the celebrated "MANIFESTO" of the Whig members at the close of the extra session, exposing and denouncing the treachery of John Tyler—a document rarely surpassed in ability, perspicuity and scathing vigor.

Indeed, it may be asserted, that no person in this country writes on political questions with more clearness, eloquence, and convincing argument than Mr. Kennedy. His style in his literary productions has always evinced many excellent qualities; but when he touches great national topics, he seems to be imbued with a new power. The same qualities which give him this peculiar ability on such topics, render him also a rapid and eloquent narrator on historical subjects, as several of his public addresses testify, and as is shown by his Biography of William Wirt, which was lately given to the public.

The State having been re-districted, he was again elected to the House in 1843, from the single district composed of the greater portion of the city of Baltimore, and served through the Twenty-eighth Congress. In 1845 he was once more presented for re-election, but defeated by the diversion of a small portion of the Whig vote to a "Native American" candidate. In October, 1846, the Whigs of Baltimore insisted on having his name on their Assembly ticket, and, to the astonishment of their brethren throughout the Union, he was elected, with two of his colleagues, in a city which gave a heavy majority against Henry Clay two years before, and still heavier against the Whig candidate for Governor in that year.

The most important public effort of Mr. Kennedy, and for which the party and the nation owe him a debt of gratitude, was perhaps his grand exposition of the contrasted doctrines and practice of the Jackson faction, in his great speech at Hagarstown, Maryland, Sept. 27th, 1848, reported in the *National Intelligencer*, Oct. 18th, of the same year, previous to the election of General Taylor.

In this speech, which is a wonderfully condensed history of the rise of the present Whig and Locofoco parties, Mr. Kennedy has identified the Jackson faction with the older Federalists, by showing that the Federal leaders went over almost *en masse* to the Jackson standard, and carried with them those Tory doctrines, derived originally from England, which gave its peculiar character to the Jackson administration. In the number of this Journal for January, 1849, this speech of Mr. Kennedy's is fully reviewed. On a future occasion it is our hope to present a complete memoir of our accomplished statesman and historian, together with a review of his writings.

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## THE SORCERESS.

BY H. P. WEBSTER.

THERE is a palace built of clay, and, mildly as the moon,
A clear and quenchless light illumes an inner lone saloon;
And there in dreams reclined, or pacing to and fro erect,
A Caliph lives who bears the merry name of Intellect.

His footmen slumber, watch, or play around the outer gate,
And strangely are they named—Despair and Hope, Affection, Hate,
Sorrow and Joy: he calls them so, for 'tis his idle whim,
And gently rules them, or, if not, they only laugh at him.

His thoughts, a motley populace, as little fear his word;
They mock his indolent police, and shame their vaunting lord
Whene'er he tries to marshal them, and through the land he goes
In burnished mail of poesy, or flowing robes of prose.

More oft he sits at home, and trusty Memory mixes draughts
Of sweet and bitter taste for him to sip, the while he wafts
A cloudy fragrance from the bubbling hookah Fancy fills—
The slave he keeps to dance, or tell him stories, if he wills.

Such are his lighter pleasures, and his graver are to read
The rolls of parchment he has gathered with a sateless greed,
Or, leaving these, to cheer with lofty words his Heart of Heart,
Who sits, a weeping princess, in her silent room apart.

For there, with pallid fingers prest upon her burning eyes,
She mourns her only child, (his name was Love,) who ever lies
Embalmed, and fresh as if in living beauty, near her side—
A double grief, for twice the boy had lived, and twice he died.

He was in truth a glorious child, all music, life and light,
With hope and force instinctive reaching toward the infinite:
Oh, he would conquer all the world, when he became a man;
But passed away, ere half a score of sparkling summers ran.

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The mourning princess smiled in peace, nor ever shed a tear,
And "Allah's will be done," she only said from year to year,
Until, one autumn day, a wise and lovely maiden came,
With melting glances, drooping eyelids, and a nectar name.

She was so beautiful, the menials, Scorn and Sorrow, fled,
But Hope and Joy unlocked the doors before her silent tread;
She passed from room to room,—the Caliph bowed, and Fancy knelt,—
And last she found the place where Heart of Heart in secret dwelt.

The princess heard a voice of sweet enchantment, raised her eyes,
And saw the stranger and her own lost child, in mute surprise;
The Caliph came: "My palace, princess, and myself," he said,
"Are thine, fair sorceress, who thus hast given back the dead."

The lady left; the boy remained, and with so bright a bloom,
It seemed that he had grown in beauty in the very tomb;
And so unearthly were his simple words and saintly looks,
The prince confessed that Love is wiser than the wisest books.

A year flew by; the stranger then returned, and calmly spake:
"The joyous life that I restored I needs again must take;
For I can keep no two alive, and now a princelier one,
Whose other spurns him, longs to save from death his second son."

She vanished, and a fatal pallor smote the noble child;
And now embalmed he slumbers there, and there in sorrow wild
The loving Heart of Heart for ever says, with stifled breath,
"I could have borne it all, but that it is a double death."

The Caliph puffs his solemn pipe, or takes a sacred scroll
And reads to her the words that hopeless woe may best console:
"Thy Love is now in heaven." "Then let me yield my weary breath,"
She moans, "and find him there; I cannot bear the double death."

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# LESSING'S LAOCOÖN.

## THE SECRET OF CLASSIC COMPOSITION IN POETRY, PAINTING, AND STATUARY.

THE "Laocoön" of Lessing has been but little read in America. Copies of the elegant translation by Ross are rare on this side of the Atlantic. Readers of German profess to understand it in German; but like our collegiate Grecians, they read it, as Homer is read in schools, with little advantage. The Laocoön cannot, however, be classed among "difficult books." In the translation of William Ross, it is easily and soon read. The style of that translator, which is clear and flowing, facilitates, no doubt, an easy comprehension of the author's meaning. At two sittings one may read the whole. Lessing was neither a mystic nor a transcendentalist. His characteristics are perspicuity and judgment, and an understanding very free of prejudice.

The purpose of the Laocoön is to ascertain the limits of poetry and painting; to show what subjects, or rather, what conditions of subjects, are proper for poetic, and what for pictorial representation.

The work opens with an examination of Winkelman's theory, "that the *primary law* of the arts of design among the ancients, consisted in a noble simplicity and tranquil grandeur, both of attitude and expression." The illustrations of their principles are taken, both by Lessing and by Winkelman, who were contemporaries, from the celebrated group in marble of Laocoön and his two sons, represented as perishing together in the folds of two enormous serpents. The father appears to be in the very agony of death, but his features, in the marble, are not distorted to a revolting degree; they represent agony subdued by an exertion of the will, and yet agony extreme, even to death. Winkelman argues that the representation of the moral power which subdues unseemly manifestations of pain and passion, was the true object of classic art. Lessing shows, on the contrary, that the poets and dramatists of Greece did not confine themselves to the expression of subdued and dignified emotions; but gave room, in their dramatic exhibitions, to every variety and extreme of passionate expression, to a degree not tolerated on the modern stage; and that only the painters and the sculptors, in representing the passions, kept within the limits prescribed by Winkelman for all the representative arts. "Stoicism," says Lessing, "is *undramatic*, and our sympathy is always commensurate with the suffering exhibited by its object." "If it be true, that to give utterance to the expression of pain is perfectly compatible—at least, according to the notions of the ancient Greeks—with grandeur of soul, it follows, that it could not have been from the fear of diminishing this elevation of character, that the artist refrained from tracing on his marble (the Laocoön) the outward indications of painful shrieks. He must then have had some other motive for departing, in this instance, from the line adopted by his rival, the poet, who has chosen deliberately to express those shrieks."

In the second section of his work Lessing endeavors to show that *beauty* is the primary object of the arts, and that they were confined by the Greeks to the narrow limits of beauty. Mere representation, made for its own sake, was not permitted. There was even a law among the Thebans, which ordained the imitation of the beautiful alone: this law was directed against the caricaturists and delineators of vulgar subjects. The ancient statuaries avoided every kind and degree of passion which contorts the countenance and destroys the beauty of the figure; while to the poets, every liberty of representation was permitted. Jupiter, hurling his thunder-bolt, was *fierce* with indignation in the song of the poet; while in the sculptor's image he was simply *grave*.

Imitation by the sculptor is confined to a single moment, and that of the painter to a single point of view, while it is the *art* of the poet to describe a series of movements, one following another, in the relation of cause and effect. Since, therefore, the arts are limited by their own intrinsic necessities, truth and expression ought not alone to be regarded. The difficulty of the artist is to select such a moment, and such a point of view, as shall be sufficiently pregnant

with meaning. "Nothing," says Lessing, "can possess this important qualification but that which leaves free scope to the imagination. The sight and the fancy must be permitted reciprocally to add to each other's enjoyment. There is not, however, any one moment less favorable for this purpose, in the object of art, than that of its highest state of excitement." *Transient* situations and appearances, our author argues, are to be avoided. The portrait of a man laughing disgusts upon a second view. Falling bodies cannot be represented. Ajax distracted, after having murdered the sheep and oxen, which he mistook for men, leans gloomily upon his sword, meditating self-destruction. That is the moment for the sculptor or the painter; and if an excess of passion is represented, it must be at instants of amazement and stupefaction, or at the pause or point of hesitation, on the eve of some terrible catastrophe. Thus we see the poet and the artist occupy the entire range of representation, and fill out the circle, one representing *motion*, and the other *rest*.

Passing over several chapters in which our author discusses questions that are interesting rather to the classical critic and the antiquary than to the artist, we come upon the seventh division of his subject, in which he distinguishes two kinds of imitation,—that of the genuine artist, and that of the servile copyist. The artist imitates the poet, and the poet the artist; but with different degrees of propriety. When *Virgil* gives us a description of the shield of Æneas, he imitates in a certain sense the sculptor of the shield; but it was a true imitation only when he had seen such a shield, and when he described what he had seen. "If, on the other hand, Virgil had taken the marble group of the Laocoön for his model," says Lessing, "he would have produced an imitation of the second kind; he would have copied the *subject* only, and his description would not have been taken from any particular attitude chosen by the sculptor, nor would he describe it as one would draw it, piece by piece, and limb by limb. He would take the group as the suggestor of a series of actions leading to the catastrophe represented in the particular attitude selected by the statuary." Our author is careful to give a superior credit to the more original kind of imitation, in which the poet describes what he has seen; taking for his example Virgil's description of the shield of Æneas, where the poet is also the inventor of the imagery described upon the shield. Lessing argues that it would have been a degradation for the poet to have taken a hint from the marble group of Laocoön. He might, however, show as great an originality and power in describing the series of events which led to the catastrophe of Laocoön, though his first hint of them may have been given by the marble group, as the statuary himself, who, from some ancient story or tradition, executed the work in marble. It is not originality, which is demanded of the artist or the poet,—and this we say of ourselves, and not after Lessing,—but the power of producing a combined effect of pleasure and elevation, by whatever means that effect may be produced.

"The Count de Caylus recommends the artist to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Homer, that greatest of all pictorial poets—that faithful follower of nature. The Count assures the artists that their execution will be more perfect in proportion to their intimacy with the minutest details of the poet's description."

"The effect of the system here recommended," continues Lessing, in his 11th section, "would be, to unite the two kinds of imitation, which I have already distinguished from each other. The painter would not only have to imitate that which the poet had imitated before him, but he would also be required to do so with the identical lineaments which the other had employed;—he would be required to make use of his prototype not only in his character of narrator, but in that of poet likewise.

"But how does it happen that this second kind of imitation, which is so derogatory to the poet, is not equally so to the artist? If such a series of pictures as that which the Count de Caylus gives from Homer, had been in existence before the poet wrote; and if we knew that he had drawn his story from those materials, would not our admiration of him be infinitely diminished? How then does it happen, that we withhold none of our approbation from the artist, even when he does nothing more than embody the poet's words in forms and colors?"

To this question Lessing replies, that in the works of the painter or statuary, the execution seems more difficult than the invention; while, with the poet, *invention* is the test.

In offering this explanation, Lessing departs from his own principle; or rather, he loses sight of it, and neglects it. By his own showing, the merit of the painter or sculptor is *never* the merit of the poet, in any case. Neither is invention more credit-

able in the poet, than in the statuary or painter. And, if we be not wrong in the conjecture, invention, so much prized by the moderns, was not in the least esteemed by the artists and poets of antiquity; their works being founded entirely upon tradition and history; a common stock, from which all alike drew their materials.

In every work, the spirit and circumstance of the plot, or situation, was given by tradition; and it was the duty of the poet to develop and characterize it—*impersonate* it, if we may be allowed the expression, by the actions of the figures; while the statuary and painter restricted themselves to certain groups and tableaux, depicting points of rest and expectation. Consequently, there is no need of giving precedence to one art over the other, for the universe is both at rest and in motion in an equal degree, and the eternal rest is surely as sublime, to our imagination, as the eternal motion.

In composing pictures from Homer, or in executing groups in *bas-relief*, the artist does not adopt even the minutest trace of that which is the peculiar subject matter of poetry, nor is it possible for him to do so, in the nature of things, unless by caricature. He adopts only the dry bones of tradition, the history itself, which Homer may have got, and probably did get, as did Shakspeare, from his predecessors, improving on them, it may be, and adding new features, but not using larger liberties with tradition itself than the statuary or the painter may use with the same. The arts are therefore free of each other, and make no serious encroachments upon each other's limits.

Lessing argues, that should the poet take his descriptions from groups of statuary or from paintings, his merit would be infinitely less.

"Had Virgil," says he, "delineated the fate of Laocoön and his sons from the sculpture, he would have forfeited the merit which we consider the most difficult of attainment, and would have been entitled only to that which is of comparatively smaller importance; for the first creation of such a work in the imagination, is a far higher effort of genius than its description in words: but had the artist, on the contrary, borrowed his subject from the poet, our admiration of him would scarcely have been diminished, though the merit of the conception would not have been his own; for to impart expression to the marble is infinitely more difficult than to give expression in words; and in comparing the relative value of expression and execution, we are always disposed to excuse the sculptor's deficiency in the one to the same extent that we require his excellence in the other.

"In some instances, it is even a greater merit in the artist to have imitated nature through the medium of the poet's imitation than without it. The painter who has delineated a beautiful landscape after the description of a Thomson, has performed a higher task than he who has copied it directly from nature."

Were the principles of our critic, indicated in the above remarks, to pass into literature as critical canons, we conceive a great and serious injury would be inflicted upon the arts. It may be a much more *difficult* task to paint a landscape after Thomson, but the difficulty of art does not in the remotest degree enhance its merit. Whether easily or with difficulty produced, is nothing to the point; works of art are not for the artist, but for others, and were we inclined to interpose between the artist and his work, we should rather say, the more easily it is done the better. "The painter of nature," says our author, "has the original before his eyes; the painter after Thomson must exert his imagination:" but, in truth, there is no such thing in art as a pure imitation of nature; the entire work, from the composition of the colors to the last degree of sublimity in expression, is a production of talent and imagination. The artist has, indeed, nature before him, but the spiritual significance of nature he has only in his own mind; and it is not *every* natural scene, every appearance on the face of nature, that *has* significance; nor, to *some* minds, has *any* scene *any* significance. If he paints after Thomson he does not take the colors of his stones and trees, (their most effective element,) nor their individual shapes, from Thomson. These he must take from nature, which is common to himself and to the poet. The poet may have expressed the spiritual significance of the scene, but by the canon which Lessing has himself established, he does so by the *changes* which pass over the landscape, the æsthetic succession of the changes forming a natural drama or story; as, for instance, that of the rise and progress of a thunder-storm, of which nature retains the tradition, for the use both of the painter and the poet.

We repeat, then, that the duty of the painter is to represent moments of rest, (*suggesting* motions and changes,) and that, too, by Lessing's own established principle—a principle which marks a satisfactory limit between pictorial and poetical art.

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We firmly believe that while Invention is held to be the chief merit of an artist—while the attainment of what is called Originality is held up to the youthful poet or painter—we shall never produce great works of art. Let Art itself be its own merit, and let its subjects be taken, as they come, either from nature or from history indifferently; and he who can best select and execute the subject, he is the greatest artist. How absurd would seem the efforts of that painter, who should endeavor to invent a new form of human face! Novelty in art is a contradiction in terms, for the soul of art is representation.

Let us consider in what manner a great artist would choose to immortalize himself. Surely by the representation of a moral theme, and by no means of any extemporized fable. Were he a sculptor, his figure would be a Moses, a Cromwell, a Calhoun. He would turn to history both for story and sentiment; and chiefly to the oldest traditions, and the most sacred histories. Were he a poet, his choice would be of no idle scene, pregnant with no consequences: that which he represented would be significant either of the great laws which govern human nature in all conditions, or of the destiny of a nation, or perhaps, as in Milton's epic, of all mankind. He would endeavor to characterize the most powerful traits of humanity, in order, simply, *to express the grandeur of his own spirit*, (for the artist is ambitious, and seeks admission to the society of the great of all ages;) and he would, therefore, by a necessary sympathy, feel himself attracted only to the characters and actions of heroes and sages. If, like Milton, he chose to invent, his invention would be merely a combination,—an assemblage of known images, to express a series of established principles; and in this invention he would only imitate nature, and, as Milton has done, reproduce tradition in new actions, and describe what has already been described—battles, single conflicts, stratagems, statesmanship, and the interior struggles of the greater passions. He would never inquire whether or no he were original, but only whether he were true to nature in her highest passages, and correct and artistic in the combination of the forms and actions taken to illustrate his moral theme.

In the fifteenth section of his work, Lessing has marked the essential difference between the poet and the artist. Without adhering closely to the text, let us endeavor to develop the idea of which it contains the germ, and the germ only; for Lessing, although the originator, did not prove himself the master of criticism, and humbler spirits, following in his steps, may possibly add something to the work which he began.

"Time is the sphere of the poet—space that of the painter." More correctly, the statuary and the painter make use of visible fixed forms to represent passions and moral emotions,—visible fixed *forms*, which are significant in themselves, as the human face is, in itself, significant of what passes in the mind and heart. The poet, on the other hand, makes use of *sounds*, the measures of time and motion. The face and form of man is the property of the painter; his speech, the most significant and powerful of his actions, belongs to the poet. It is important, however, not to mistake written language, or phonetics, for an essential in the poet's art; since poetry may be composed without the aid of letters, and intrusted merely to the memory. The labor of the painter and statuary is mechanical, and their work requires no comment; its meaning, like that of nature, being at once apparent to all mankind. The work of the poet is limited to the language in which he writes; a medium variously colored, imperfect, and artificial in the highest degree.

The poet cannot make us see a thing which we have not seen; he can only represent the motions and actions of things which we *have* seen; which gives a hint of the mode in which poems should be illustrated; that is to say, by pictures representing points of rest in the progress of the story, and giving us portraits of the personages in groups preparatory to, or concluding an action, as Shakspeare has been illustrated by the more recent limners.

Because language can express and suggest every action, sentiment, and feeling, poetry can do the same; but as language proper always expresses by its nature a *movement* in the mind, while colors and lines express only fixed images in the same, poetry is the vehicle for expressing passions, actions, and variable emotions, while painting and statuary can only represent, in strictness, what is permanent and perpetual, or rather, what is complete in itself, and that

excites no desire that it does not satisfy. Strictly artistic groups of statuary should then require no label or explanation to make them agreeable and instructive. A sleeping infant, in marble, requires no text nor comment to enhance its value. A blind beggar led by a child stands for the natural symbol of certain truly divine sentiments—innocence, humility, submission to the will of God, and dutifulness. And surely, if the statuary has *expressed* all these in his group, it needs no label nor explanation, no quotation from Marmontel, to enhance its value. If in any particular the ancients have excelled us, it is in this, that their artists represented sublime and constant emotions, such as are in themselves complete. The statue of Niobe weeping over her children represents the instant access of a grief, which at once annihilates and replaces all other emotions, which pervades the whole mind and the whole body, which is actionless through despair, and, therefore, representable in the marble. A grief without remedy, and therefore without irritation; for it is the incompleteness of sorrow, the tincture of a lingering hope, that inspires it and leads to vehement action. In general the art of the statuary leads him to prefer a sublime or extremely pathetic subject, and for the very reason assigned: the quiet vision of the enthusiast, whose open eyes behold only spiritual things, and whose body sleeps in apathy while the spirit is exalted, is representable in the marble. The countenance of the sage or grave philosopher is more beautifuiful in marble than in life, perhaps for the very reason that the spirit of mere wisdom partakes more of acquiescence and submission than of action. The famous statue of the Listening Slave, so called, but by Winkelman otherwise designated, represents another species of rest, that of cunning and expectation. The Dying Gladiator, the Apollo Belvidere, the Hercules in Apotheosis, the Medician Venus, the very Caryatides—statues in the places of pillars—serve to illustrate the art of antiquity, and to show the superiority of judgment of the statuaries of Greece over those of later days. They knew the limits of their art, what it could and what it could not express, and they seldom attempted anything beyond those limits. Their bas-reliefs encroach a little upon the province of painting, but not essentially upon that of poetry. From their eminent successes and the universal admiration which attends their works, we are forced to concede them the highest praise of criticism, which is that they knew, *first*, how to choose the highest subjects that could be executed in marble; and *second*, that they carried their execution to a degree unsurpassed by those who have come after them.

In illustrating the difference between the artist and the poet, Lessing gives us a beautiful example in the picture of Pandarus, from the Fourth Book of the Iliad, which picture, he says, is one of the most finished and most illusive in the whole poem:—

"Each moment is delineated, from the grasping of the bow to the flight of the arrow; and these moments are all so closely connected, and yet so distinct one from another, were we unacquainted with the use of the bow, we might learn it from this picture alone. We see Pandarus drawing forth his bow; he fastens it on the string, opens his quiver, and chooses a new and well-feathered arrow. He adjusts the arrow to the string, and draws back the string with the channelled end of the arrow, till they come in contact with his breast, while the iron end of the arrow approaches the bow. The large rounded bow now strikes asunder with a mighty noise, the string vibrates with a ringing sound, off springs the arrow, and flies swiftly to its mark."

This series of actions would require a dozen different statues, set in order, for their representation. Homer paints them in a paragraph. He does not describe the bow, nor the arrow, nor the person of the archer—these he leaves to imagination, aided by experience; but he gives us the series of actions performed by these, tending all to the accomplishment of the work which he has in hand—the destruction of Troy, or rather of its hero, Hector; or, if we go still farther, the glory of Greece, in the persons of its kings.

"The painter can only employ," says Lessing, "one single moment of the action, and he must therefore select as far as possible that which is at once expressive of the past and pregnant with the future. In like manner the poet, in his consecutive imitations, can employ but one single attribute of bodies, and must, therefore, select that which awakens the most sensible image of the body, under that particular aspect which he has chosen to represent. On this principle is founded the rule of unity in the pictorial or descriptive epithets of the poet, and of parsimony in his delineations of bodily objects."

We see that the unity of poetry is a unity of progress toward a certain end,—the rise, the culmination, and the catastrophe of a single passion in a single individual, re-

flected in the inferior members of the group that move with him. And this rule of unity holds throughout the entire range of poetic art, from the point of the epigram, and the single thought of the sonnet, even to the sublime passion of the ode, and the glory and the majestic ambition of the epic, in which the entire force of human character, in one or in a few persons, is concentrated for a series of years upon the attainment of a single purpose. But this rule of unity, as it appears in the trunk and larger proportions, so carries itself into the minutest leaves, the very *if's* and *and's* of a vitally organized poem. Every word should have a vital connection with every other in the entire work, and every word should express, or assist in expressing, an act which is a part of the entire action, the whole, together and apart, having a defined and certain aim; and thus all disputes about the unities are set at naught by the very nature and necessity of art.

"Such principles as I have expressed," says Lessing, "will alone enable us to define and explain the grandeur of Homer's style, as well as to estimate as it deserves the opposite practice of so many modern poets, who vainly seek to compete with the painter on a point on which they must of necessity be surpassed by him. I find that Homer paints nothing but *progressive actions*, and each body, each individual thing which he introduces, he delineates only on account of the part it bears in these actions, and even then in general with but a single trait. Is it then surprising that the painter can find little or nothing to do where Homer has employed his powers of delineation, and that the only field he can find to work on is where the story brings together a number of beautiful bodies in fine positions, and within a space advantageous to art, however slight the poet's delineation of all these circumstances may be?"

Lessing proceeds to illustrate this great discovery, which, if a new school of constructive art shall ever arise in this country, must be taken as its corner-stone, and in defiance of that abominable miscellaneousness and confusion of purpose which characterize the modern school, by certain well chosen examples from Homer. Thus Homer characterizes the ship by a single trait—the black ship, or, the hollow ship; but of the embarkation, the sailing, and the landing, he draws a highly finished picture, because they are *actions*, or rather a single action, whose successions belong to poetry. If it becomes necessary for Homer to fix our view longer than usual on a single object, even then it will be found that no picture is presented which the painter could follow with his pencil.

"He contrives, by numberless artifices, to place this single object in a series of successive movements, each of which exhibits it under a different aspect, and in the *last* of which the painter must wait to see it before he can fully exhibit what has been described by the poet. For instance, if Homer wishes to delineate the car of Juno, he makes Hebe put it together, bit by bit, before our eyes; we see the wheels, the axles, the seat of the car, the braces and the reins, not so much in actual combination, as in the progress of combination, under the hands of Hebe: the wheels are the only part on which Homer bestows more than one trait, delineating the eight brazen spokes, the golden circles, the bands of brass, and the silver naves, each separately and particularly. One would almost be inclined to think that the poet had chosen to dwell so much longer on the wheels than the other parts, out of deference to the more important service required from them in reality."

"Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polished axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame,
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce; and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were rolled.
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold."

Lessing's second illustration is a description from Homer of the king, Agamemnon, putting on his dress. We see him draw on the soft tunic, throw the broad mantle around him, fasten his elegant sandals, gird on his sword, and lastly, seize the regal sceptre. Another poet would have delineated the dress and left us without the action. We should have had a tailor's card of Agamemnon.

"First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the royal mantle threw.
Th' embroidered sandals on his feet were tied;
The starry falchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstained, immortal, and the gift of gods."

Again, in describing the sceptre of the king he supposes that we have already seen it. Instead of a description he gives us its history. First, it is the work of Vulcan, it glitters in the hands of Jove, it marks the dignity of Mercury, it is the baton of Pelops, the staff of Atreus, and, finally, the ruling sceptre of the king of Argos. This makes the sceptre, if we may so speak, respectable in

our eyes; and by such a description, a stick of wood, stuck full of copper nails, is made the significant usher of a line of heroic images, representing dignity and authority in every grade.

Again, when Achilles swears by his sceptre, the poet traces it from the green tree upon its native mountains to the hands of the hero, acquiring attributes of dignity.

The delineation of the bow of Pandarus is another wonderful instance of the skill of the poet, who attaches to it a high degree of interest.

It has long been a matter of wonder among critics that Dryden, a poet of inferior skill to Pope in the management of verse, should be generally better esteemed by the ripest judges. We believe that an inquiry into the peculiarities of these writers will establish for the elder of the two a great superiority in epic force, in the qualities of action and vital unity. The imitators of Pope and Dryden, understanding nothing of the true vitality of art, imitated only their versification, their antithetic turn, and their epigrammatic point. That the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were ignorant of the true principles of classic art, discovered or revived by Lessing, we have evidence enough to fill entire libraries, libraries commenting on, and imitating in a frigid manner, the classic unities. Impressed with the idea that unity was necessary to a work of art, they conceived of it as an artificial band, holding the parts of the work together, as the tire of a wheel gives unity, and not as the specific or vital principle of an animal gives unity to it. In treating of the episode and of episodic description, mechanical critics have regarded them as so many ornamental flourishes nailed or stuck upon the body of the work, and for which any other might have been substituted with equal propriety.

In the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, of which there is a translated American edition, we find an apparent and continued effort on the part of those great writers and critics to solve the epic and dramatic problem of unity, independently of Lessing, and almost without reference to him, and with signal ill-success. The criticisms of Goethe and Schiller have no entireness, and show the dimmest appreciation of the root principle of epos and drama—an appreciation so dim, the uninitiated reader will perhaps never discover it at all; and in the works of these poetic artists there is acknowledged by all a want of unity and want of action, which ranks them far below the models of antiquity.

The purposes of art are simple, and not speculative; its materials derived from nature and tradition, and not from excogitation and analysis; and perhaps it is impossible for any but a people whose actions are free and unrestrained, who have great and national purposes, simple and heroic views, and an experience of life, varied upon sea and land, in peace and war, and through the vicissitudes of calamity and brilliant fortune, to produce an original and classic school of poetry,—a people who believe, or incline to believe, that what they think and can do is the best, saving what their fathers thought and did before them, and who scorn and detest the barbarism and corruption of neighboring monarchies. Had Greece been flooded with an Asiatic literature, generated from the vice and luxury of courts, would she ever have produced a Homer or an Aristotle? And will America ever produce great writers and artists who will transmit our glory to future generations, while she is cloyed and debilitated with the sweet and sickly literature of French libertinism and English servilism? Great geniuses may be, indeed, in a measure, self-developed, but the imitative instinct puts them in strong and intimate sympathy with the age, the men, and the books with whom they converse. Let the young poet, and whoever wishes to excel as a writer and a speaker, beware of his company. If he associates with triflers, neglecting the harsh and disciplinary contacts of duty and business, and if, instead of serious poems and histories, he steeps his intellect in the muddy floods of sentimental fiction, the trifling and sensual, his moral power must decline, the pride and freedom of his soul be impaired, his hours of thought expended in useless reverie or idle criticism; despondency and low despair will take the place of manly ambition. To the inexperienced it is perhaps necessary to add this caution—not to mistake verbal and rhetorical criticism, and classical nibbling, for a study of great models. Sublime and beautiful works should be read as one views a majestic landscape, by a rapid and comprehensive glance. Magnitude is said to be an element of the sublime. To appreciate the sublimity of Milton or Homer, one must take in all at

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once an entire member of their work,—a secret of criticism which, unhappily, few of our classical scholars possess; for these gentlemen judge a man's scholarship by the neatness and prosody of his quotations from Horace, and their knowledge of the great writers of their own and other tongues is ofttimes more correct than organic; but the poet and the writer who works from a central, living principle, must work from a consciousness very different from that of the analyst, or dissector. English treatises of criticism too often resemble a hand-book called the Dublin Dissector, which the student holds in his left hand open, while, with the scalpel in his right, he separates the integument from the muscle. The treatise of Lessing, on the contrary, deserves to be called an organic treatise, because it shows us the vital principle in the living work.

In the seventeenth section our author dwells at length upon the impropriety of detailed delineations of bodily objects in poetry. The signs of speech are arbitrary. When a word is uttered, or written, it signifies nothing to the hearer or reader except by reference to his own experience. The poet cannot describe a thing which no one has ever seen, so that the imagination shall receive it. He can describe only the changes, combinations, and actions of things that have been seen and are already known, or which the imagination shapes from experience, or from pictorial representations. Milton's angels have a human form, speak the English language, and their music was the music known to Milton; their armor is that of English knights, their artillery the modern cannon. Thus, in the detail of his work, the greatest of all inventors invented nothing. He could change, he could magnify; he could darken and illuminate, combine and put in action; he could inspire his angels with the great passion familiar to his own spirit; he could give them the theology and the skepticism which agitated his own intellect, and there invention ceased. His learning fills out the work coldly and heavily, the pedant and poet contending for mastery; his detailed descriptions of things without action, leave the imagination dull and stagnant; but when he puts in motion the angelic hosts, we hear the clash of armor, the sound of chariot-wheels, and the thunder of artillery—your bosoms burn with the ardor of the fight—and then the poet seems to be a creator, or inventor, in the right sense.

America has produced many authors who have excelled in the description of natural scenery. Every one is familiar with the exquisite delineations of Bryant and Longfellow, in those beautiful and pathetic little poems, "The Water-fowl," and the "Loss of the Hesperus." There are touches in these of natural description unsurpassed in their kind. Many of equal or superior beauty are quoted by the readers of Tennyson; but these excellent poets do not describe for the sake of describing; they do not encroach upon the province of the landscape painter; they speak only of what we have seen and are familiar with, and then give us the changes, dramatic motives and pathetic incidents, which the phenomena of nature occasion, attend, or suggest. They combine in their poems the two-fold genius of ode and elegy; the elegy describing and lamenting past scenes, the ode, interior passions of an instant. In all that they write there is motion and life, and therefore, we dare say, they are popular and admired.

"I do not deny," says Lessing, "to speech in general, the power of delineating a bodily whole, by means of its separate parts; this it possesses, because its signs, although consecutive, are yet arbitrary. But I deny that this power is possessed by speech, considered as the mechanical means of poetry, because such verbal delineations of bodies would be deficient in that illusion on which poetry mainly rests; and for this plain reason, that the entireness of the body being destroyed by the consecutive nature of the discourse, and an analysis of the whole into its parts being thus effected, the ultimate reunion of those parts, in the imagination, must always be a work of very great difficulty, and in many cases would even be impossible. Where, therefore, no illusive effect is required, where the understanding of the reader alone is addressed, and where the only aim of the author is to convey distinct, and, as far as possible, complete ideas, those delineations of bodies which are excluded from poetry, properly so called, may with perfect propriety be introduced, and may be employed with much advantage not only by the prose writer, but by the didactic poet, who is, in fact, no poet at all."

Lessing quotes instances from Virgil of purely didactic and descriptive poetry, which are only a more agreeable paraphrase of prose, and exhibit skill in language, and a knowledge of husbandry, and nothing more.

"Except in such cases as these, the detailed delineation of bodily objects—without the Homeric artifice of rendering co-existent parts actually con-

secutive, to which I have already alluded—has always been regarded by the best critics as an uninteresting and trifling performance, for which little or no genius is required. When the poetaster feels himself at a loss, he sets to work, as Horace tells us, to delineate a grove, an altar, a rivulet meandering through pleasant meadows, a rapid stream, or perhaps a rainbow."

"When the judgment of Pope had become matured by years and experience, he looked back, we are told, with great contempt on the pictorial essays of his youthful muse. He insisted that it was indispensable for any one who desired to render himself really worthy of the name of a poet, to renounce as early as possible the taste for dry delineation; and compared a merely descriptive poem to a feast composed of nothing but sauces."

Lessing recommends that the poet who has conceived a work in which a series of images are brought forward, with sentiments sparingly interwoven, should change his plan, and make his poem a series of sentiments with but a slight admixture of images. But, after all, the most perfect descriptive poem must consist of an indistinguishable mixture, a perfect blending of imagery and sentiment.

The eighteenth section of our author's work continues the subject. The practice of certain painters who have represented in one picture an entire story—as when Titian gives in one piece the entire story of the Prodigal Son; or as if Cole's four pictures of the Course of Life had been blended into one piece—is condemned as an encroachment of the painter upon the territory of the poet, and serves to show that successions, not in time, but in space, are the proper sphere of the painter. Lessing argues an equal absurdity in those poetical descriptions which give scenes without motion from object to object.

And yet there is a certain liberty allowed, both to the painter and the poet. The painter may unite two distinct moments in the posture of a figure. The artist may have the sense and the courage to force a rule of art, in order to attain a greater perfection of expression. The poet may dwell momentarily upon an object, suspending, for a certain time, the entire movement of his piece. The painter may sometimes represent a falling body with effect, as has been done by Hogarth; but these are accidental to the main design, and rather heighten than impair the harmony of the whole. Thus, the figures on the right and left of a picture, may seem to be in rapid action, while the more important figures are at rest. A forest scene may indicate the movement of a tempest so as to produce a perfect illusion, without violating the unity and *fixed* lights and shadows of the whole. There is a broad margin allowed in all arts for an apparent departure from their peculiar principles.

One of the most brilliant chapters in this work is the critique on the two descriptions of a shield—the shield of Achilles, by Homer, and the shield of Æneas, by Virgil.

"Homer," says Lessing, "has composed upwards of a hundred magnificent verses in describing every circumstance connected with the shield of Achilles—its form, the material of which it was composed, and the figures with which its immense surface was covered, so minutely, and so exactly, that modern sculptors have found no difficulty in executing imitations of it, corresponding in every particular. This wonderful example of poetic painting is executed by Homer without the least departure from the principle adhered to by him throughout his work. The shield is epically described—that is to say, created out of the rude iron and brass, by the hands of the poet. Its figures spring gradually and successively into view; the orb rises from an edge to its full splendor. Homer brings before our eyes not so much the shield itself, however, as the divine artist who is employed in making it. We cannot forbear noticing, at this opportunity, that of all descriptions in the ancient poets, those of mechanical and agricultural labor are the most interesting and exquisitely wrought. The idea of indignity or disgrace did not attach itself, in the sublime age of the epos, to mechanical labor. The stigma seems to be *feudal*, and is certainly the disgrace of our time. Thank God, we are approaching a new age, when labor shall no longer be a disgrace, but shall be dignified, as in heroic ages, by sages and poets, with the highest honors of humanity; and in the day when toil is honored and men are free, when they have ceased to 'love a lord,' perhaps we shall have other heroes and poets, it may be, even greater than those of antiquity—but not while we are cursed with a servile literature, and a more servile art.

"We see the divine artist approach the anvil with his hammer and pincers, and when he has finished forging the plate out of the rough ore, we perceive the figures destined for their embellishment, rising one after another from the surface beneath the judicious strokes of his hammer. We never once lose sight of the workman, until his labor is completed, and then the amazement with which we regard his work is mingled with the confident faith of eye-witnesses to its execution."

Is not the above the finest piece of criticism that ever escaped a modern pen—the richest in suggestion, the most refined and discriminating, and with the greatest possible breadth of appreciation? Certainly nothing in Longinus approaches it, in com-

prehensiveness; and to have surpassed Longinus is to have surpassed all critics, not even excepting the favorite Goethe, whose subtleties, entitled criticisms, show, indeed, wonderful observation, but fall short in comprehensiveness, in the place of which they have often only mysteriousness. In the criticism of Lessing, the artist finds laid open for him, and clearly expressed, the rules by which he must work, if ever he succeed; rules derived not from speculation, but from a truly Baconian analysis (with an æsthetic guidance) of the greatest works that have been produced.

Virgil's description of the shield of Æneas is treated by Lessing with great severity, and apparently with great justice. Moral simplicity of intention is wanting in the work. It is made a vehicle of flattery. Virgil introduces us to a view of the god Vulcan busied with the Cyclops, and produces a few celebrated lines. He then leads us off into a different scene; Venus and Æneas appear together in conversation; the shield is leaning against the trunk of an oak—it might have been any other tree, or a rock. The hero Æneas has already inspected, and admired, and handled the arms in a very common-place manner, which only excites the restless desire of the reader to get him out of the way, and handle them for one's self. And then follows what Lessing pronounces to be a tame and tedious description, made by the poet, of the figures wrought upon the shield, while Venus and Æneas stand by, either whispering in a side scene, or with signs of great impatience, we may suppose, for the poet to have done with his tedious ciceronism and cease from making them ridiculous. "Homer," says Lessing, "makes the god elaborate the decorations of the shield because he, the divine artist, with that high moral simplicity which characterizes true art, desires to produce a piece of workmanship worthy of his skill. Virgil, on the contrary, would lead us to imagine that the shield was executed for the sake of the ornaments." A degradation of the armor itself, of the poet, and of the divine artist, Hephistos.

The twentieth section of the Laocoön, following out the principle already laid down by our author, prohibits the description of personal beauty by the poet, except in the most general terms. Homer tells us that Nireus was beautiful—that Achilles was still more so, and that the beauty of Helen was divine. "Nowhere do we find him entering into a circumstantial delineation of these examples of beauty; yet the beauty of Helen was the very pivot on which turns the entire fabric of the poem. How luxuriantly would one of our modern poets have dwelt on its details." These elaborate encroachments upon the province of the painter create confusion, and confusion only, in the imagination. The painter or the statuary can alone give us the picture or the statue of a Helen. After quoting an example from the Italians of this kind of description, Lessing draws a distinction between admiration for an artist and admiration for his work. We may admire the artist for the knowledge he displays, and the beautiful materials he brings together; we may condemn the work from its failure to produce a powerful and simple effect upon the imagination.

Beauty should be described in poetry by its effects alone, by the grace of its actions, and by the admiration and the ardor which it excites.

The only remaining topic of general interest touched upon in the Laocoön, is the use of deformity as a subject in art. It is argued that deformity is not a fit subject for the painter or the statuary, but is very proper for the uses of poetry; to this, however, there must be certain liberties permitted, since deformity may be used to set off beauty, even in painting; and we know that in the department of humorous painting, deformity is employed with great effect. The examination of this part of the Laocoön requires a separate treatment; and with every acknowledgment of his great genius, we here take our leave of the author with a protest and reservation against these conclusions of his twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters.

J. D. W.

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# AMERICAN DIPLOMACY WITH THE BARBARY POWERS.

## THEIR PIRACIES AND AGGRESSIONS.

SINCE the conquest of Algiers by the French, the Barbary Powers have become wholly insignificant among the nations of the earth. They are virtually blotted from the roll of nations, and are hardly known except through history. A half century ago they held an important position, and if they did not command the respect of all Europe, they certainly made claims and enforced them as no other civilized or half-civilized nation would have dared to do. In their diplomatic relations they were peculiar—setting at defiance the law of nations recognized by the civilized world, and adopting as their rule of action the piratical code. They were generally known by the name of Corsair States,—a name which they well earned by their piracies, cruelty and treachery.

It is not our purpose to give a particular description of these States. At the beginning of the present century, the population consisted of several distinct races of men, believers in the Mohammedan religion, and acknowledging a partial connection with the Turkish empire, though acting in a good degree independent of that government. They had been Mohammedan for more than ten centuries, and for a long period were the terror of all Europe. They pushed their conquests into Spain, and remained the possessors and masters of a portion of that country for several hundred years, contending with the Christian, and attempting to supplant his religion. It was not till the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that the Moors were expelled from Spain for ever, and that Europe began to feel that Mohammedan power had extended to its utmost limits.

It is not at all surprising that the constant warfare between the Christians and Mohammedans had created a feeling of hostility between them, which neither a sense of justice or humanity could control. At first it is probable that both parties were alike regardless of those rules of war which modern civilization have made imperative, and which may be regarded as comparatively humane. Both conducted like savages, and both dishonored the religion they professed. No cruelties were too severe to inflict on the prisoners of either party. Christians were reduced to the most abject and cruel slavery, while on the other hand Mohammedans were compelled to suffer the severest tortures, and even death. But in this merciless warfare the Barbary States always had the advantage. They were well fitted for a predatory warfare. They found ample protection both in their mode of life and the natural position of their country. War was the means by which they lived, and though they were repulsed and their towns destroyed, yet they were never conquered. As soon as their enemies disappeared, they came forth from their hiding places, and were ready to plunder anew, and reduce their enemies to captivity.

By this warfare a system of Christian slavery had grown up in the Barbary States, which to us seems almost incredible. Europeans were slaves to Africans, and drank to the dregs the bitter cup which such bondage imposed. What number of Christian slaves there were at any one time in those States we have now no information. In the beginning of the sixteenth century there were 30,000 employed in building the mole which connects Algiers with an island in its harbor; and at the destruction of Tunis in 1635, ten thousand were liberated by the army of Charles V. They were engaged in the construction of all the public works, and performed the most severe as well as servile tasks. So grievous had it become that all Europe suffered. The Pope offered pardon to all who should undertake a deliverance to the captives, and immediate entrance into paradise to all who fell in so laudable an undertaking. The army of Charles V. consisted of 30,000 selected troops from Germany, Italy, and Spain, and in the destruction of Tunis it apparently gained a most

decided victory. It however proved but temporary, and like a hundred other victories over them, it proved to be but a mere chastisement, and for a short time only checked their insolence and rapacity.

From that time to 1815 these people were almost constantly at war with one or more of the European nations. In 1655 the English sent a large fleet into the Mediterranean to avenge the honor of their flag, and to procure a deliverance of their prisoners. The fleet first came before Tunis, and a demand was made for the restoration of the captives. The Bashaw was not at all intimidated, and made no other reply than to request the Admiral to look at his forts and to do his utmost. The challenge was accepted. He entered his harbor, burned his ships, battered down his castle, took away the English prisoners, and then sailed out of the harbor, leaving him to repent of his folly.

The French next had their turn, and in 1682 sent a fleet under Admiral Duquesne against Algiers. On this occasion it is said that bombs were first used on ships of war. So destructive did they prove that the Dey soon yielded, and restored the captives, and made ample indemnity. The Dey, afterwards learning the great expense of the expedition, sent word to Louis XIV. that for one half of the sum he would have burned the whole city of Algiers.

All these expeditions against those States, of which twenty others might be mentioned, originated in the same way, and had nearly the same termination. The recovery of property and the deliverance of captives was the great object of them all; and these being accomplished, a temporary peace would follow on the agreement of the injured party to pay an annual tribute. Until our Government finally resolved to resist this badge of servitude, it had always been considered a necessary part of every treaty with them, and it seemed to be the only way which could then be adopted to protect the subjects of the sovereigns of Europe from slavery and robbery. At least the European nations thought so, and universally adopted it. Though every port of the Barbary States might have been blockaded, and the power of the Corsairs humbled, yet through jealousy of each other, or from the base desire of gaining some undue advantage, they preferred the humiliating choice of paying tribute to these robbers. Never would these States make peace with all Europe at the same time. Peace with one was but the prelude of a war with another; for said the Dey, "If I make peace with all the world, what shall I do with my corsairs? For want of other prizes they will take off my head. The Algerines are a company of rogues, and I am their captain."

During our colonial history our relations with these powers were formed by Great Britain, and our commerce in the Mediterranean, which at the time of the Revolution was considerable, was protected by the tribute which that government paid. During the Revolution we had no commerce in that quarter, and of course there was no opportunity for aggression. No sooner was peace restored than our commerce revived, and our ships, bearing the new flag of stars and stripes, made their appearance in that sea. They went there too without any convoy or means of defence, and from a country that at the close of the war of Independence had not a single armed ship to protect its infant but growing commerce. The temptation was too great for Algerine honesty, and the country too remote and too much exhausted to inspire fear. The flag had not yet borne thunders to the gates of the Dey's palace, nor had his people learned the lesson which subsequent sad experience taught them. Accordingly the Dey made a formal declaration of war against the United States in July, 1785, and immediately after two of our vessels, the schooner Maria, of Boston, and the ship Dauphin, of Philadelphia, were seized, and their crews, twenty-one in number, were carried as slaves to Algiers. The news of this outrage, as it well might, created great alarm in this country. The name of Algerine had become odious and synonymous with pirate. It was connected with every horrible tale of childhood, and was far more terrible in its associations than even the cruel tortures of the American savage. And what made it still more alarming was the fact that there were no means by which those citizens could be freed, or others protected, but by the slow process of negotiation—negotiation too with a people that acknowledged no law but such as their own selfishness created, and were bound by no obligation but self-interest.

This attack upon our commerce was not wholly unexpected. The importance and

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necessity of preserving peace with these States had been duly considered by our Government, and a special provision had been inserted in our treaty of alliance with France, by which the aid of that government was secured for this object; and during the previous year, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, then residing in Europe, had been fully authorized to negotiate treaties with these powers, and to send agents there for this purpose. They did in fact send agents to Morocco, who succeeded in obtaining a treaty of quite a liberal character for that day. It provided that Christian slavery should be abolished, and that in case of war the prisoners of either party should be exchanged. It was concluded for the term of fifty years, and required neither tribute nor presents to maintain it. A change taking place soon after in the Government, it was thought prudent by Congress to have it confirmed, and twenty thousand dollars were accordingly appropriated for presents to the chief officers. This treaty was generally well observed by the Moors, who were encouraged in the performance of their duty by valuable presents from our Government.

At nearly the same time agents were sent to Algiers, not only for the purpose of negotiating a treaty, but to obtain the liberation of the twenty-one prisoners before mentioned. They had now been in slavery about a year, and this was the first act of the Government to obtain their liberation. Their first efforts were made to procure a release for the prisoners. They however soon found that the only mode of approaching the Dey was through an offer to pay a ransom in money for the prisoners, and it soon became a mere matter of dollars and cents whether a people which had successfully maintained its independence against the most powerful nation in the world should permit twenty-one of its citizens to wear the chains of slavery in Algiers. The Dey knew with whom he was negotiating. He knew that there was no American navy, for at that time Old Ironsides had not been built, and the names of Bainbridge, Decatur, and Preble had not been placed on the roll of naval heroes. He knew too that there was a rich American commerce, and that since he had made peace with most of Europe, this would afford prizes for his corsairs. He however could not refuse to set a price on his prisoners. He could ask a larger sum, but he had too much respect for the opinion of the world to make the Americans an exception to his general rule, and to entirely refuse a ransom. With most of the European nations a fixed and annual tribute was paid by the Government for the protection of its citizens. France then paid an annual tribute of one hundred thousand dollars, and Great Britain, the boasted mistress of the seas, paid three hundred thousand dollars, besides a large amount in the distribution of presents every ten years; and even these large sums did not always afford protection, for during this very year several French captives were redeemed for five hundred dollars each.

The price which the Dey demanded for the American prisoners, shows with what views he regarded our countrymen. The captives consisted of three captains, two mates, two passengers, and fourteen seamen. The price for each captain was six thousand dollars; for the mates and passengers four thousand each; and for the seamen fourteen hundred dollars each; and to this was to be added the custom house duty of eleven per cent., making in all sixty thousand dollars, or upon an average twenty-eight hundred dollars each, while the agents were authorized to pay only two hundred dollars.

Under these circumstances, they found their undertaking hopeless, and accordingly abandoned all idea of redeeming the prisoners by a ransom.

After this, four years passed without the adoption of any open measures for the deliverance of the captives. Our Government seemed inclined to abandon direct negotiation, and to adopt a course of policy that at the present time does not seem to do it much credit. There is certainly some plausibility in the arguments in support of this course of proceeding. It was said that if so large a sum was paid for the ransom of these prisoners, it would only tend to hold out still stronger inducements to these pirates to prey upon our commerce and make slaves of our citizens, and that our only security was in convincing them that we were poor, and unable to pay any ransom whatever. It seems to us however that nothing could justify our Government in this policy but extreme necessity. It must be confessed that this was one of, if not the most trying, periods of our history. The States had not

then adopted our present Constitution, but lived under the old Confederation, which in its latter days was but a little more than the shadow of a government. Its treasury was empty, its credit gone, and a very general apprehension existed that its dissolution was near at hand. But still, could the whole people of the country have been awakened to the unhappy condition of their fellow-men, wasting away their lives in servitude, and dying in a foreign land, there would have been found means for their deliverance; and how much more creditable and humane it would have been to have paid that or any other sum, and trusted in the providence of God, that for the future the oppressor's hand should be stayed.

We have said that the Government took no open measures for the deliverance of the prisoners during these four years. It did not however wholly forget them. The cries, complaints and petitions of their friends would not permit it. It abandoned all hope of open negotiation. Through the agency of Mr. Jefferson, a religious association was secretly employed to obtain their release. This association was called Brothers of Redemption, or the Mathurin Fathers. This association was established as early as the twelfth century, and its chief object was the redemption of Christian captives in the Barbary States, and it had an officer constantly at Algiers for that purpose. How much our Government authorized the Mathurin General to pay we have no means of information. It however appears that extraordinary efforts were made to get the sum as small as possible. It was even thought necessary to use some deception in order to accomplish this object. One of our consuls abroad at that time says: "In order to destroy every expectation of a redemption by the United States, the bills of the Spanish Consul at Algiers, who had made the kind advances for the sustenance of our captives, were not answered. On the contrary, a hint was given that the advances had better be discontinued, as it was not known that they would be reimbursed. It was necessary to go further, and to suffer the captives for a while to believe that no attention was paid to them, and that no notice was taken of their letters. It would have been unsafe to trust them with a secret which might never prevent their redemption, by raising [illegible] demands of the cantors to sums which a due regard for our seamen still in freedom forbid us to give."

While these cautious and dilatory negotiations were going on, the revolution in France broke out, and among its rash results was the suppression of the Brothers of Redemption, and the confiscation of their entire property, so that from them neither the captives nor the country could expect further aid.

Six years had now passed, and the captives found no relief. They occasionally wrote their friends at home, and even sent a petition to Congress imploring aid. During this period six of the twenty-one had died. At home the old confederation had passed away, and a new government had been adopted by the people for their common safety, and to provide for their common defence. It now seemed impossible to longer turn a deaf ear to the cries of the enslaved. Accordingly in February, 1791, the Senate of the United States authorized, by resolution, the President to take such measures as he thought expedient to procure the redemption of the American citizens in Algiers, provided the expense of the same should not exceed forty thousand dollars.

In reply to this resolution, General Washington expressed his willingness and anxious desire to concur with the Senate in all reasonable and proper measures to accomplish said object.

Soon after the passage of this resolution, a letter was received by Congress from Captain O'Brien, dated Algiers, Feb. 28, 1791. He was the master of the ship Dauphin, and appears to have been a man of great intelligence and energy of character. He was regarded by the captives as their leading man during their sojourn at Algiers. His letter gives a pretty full account of their condition. He says: "It affords the Americans in captivity some consolation to hear that His Excellency the President has drawn the attention of Congress to Barbary affairs, and to consider the decrease of American commerce to the Mediterranean. I take the liberty to observe that there is no doing any business in this country of importance, without first *palming* the ministry; and by taking this proper channel, that there is no great difficulty to carry any point. At present there are but seven hundred Christian slaves in Algiers, and as the captives are much wanted to do the public work, the Romans

does not seem inclined to permit slaves to be redeemed on any terms; for without slaves these people could not well fit out their cruisers.

"In 1786 there were three thousand Christian slaves in Algiers; but the Spaniards, Neapolitans and other nations redeeming their people, and the pest, that great storm of mortality, which happened in this city in 1787 and 1788, which carried off nine hundred Christian captives, among which number were six Americans. Our redemption is but trifling higher than the terms on which the Spaniards and other nations redeemed, and since those redemptions and the pest, the price of slaves is constantly rising.

"The lads, who are pages to the Dey, were solicited to turn Mohammedans, but they would not, which makes their price more exorbitant.

"It has cost Spain full four and a half millions of dollars to make their peace and redeem their people—notwithstanding Spain acted something wisely not to be the dupe of all the commercial nations of Europe.

"It is my opinion that the United States may obtain a peace with the Regency for fifty or sixty thousand pounds sterling, all expenses included, that is, if the affair is well managed, and with Tunis for fifteen thousand pounds sterling.

"The present time is favorable to America to try for peace; and I further take the liberty to observe that those nations, the Dutch, Danes, Swedes, and Venetians, that pay a tribute annually, that their peace is on a more solid and lasting basis than those nations that give large sums for making the peace, and not to be tributary; for it is the annual sum that these nations pay, which is the bait that secures their peace, and not any sentiment of national honor or regard to treaties, but for their own interest in being supplied with naval and military stores."

He concludes his letter by saying: "We hope you will consider what our sufferings must have been in this country during that trying period of nearly six years' captivity; but we hope you will give such powers to your representatives as to finally extricate your fourteen unfortunate subjects from their present state of bondage and adversity."

Just previous to the date of this letter, one of the captives, Charles Covell, was redeemed by his friends for $1,700.

Congress had passed resolutions, and a whole year had passed, yet nothing effectual was done. President Washington proposed to the Senate to conclude a treaty with Algiers, allowing forty thousand dollars as a ransom: twenty-five thousand dollars to be given to the Dey on the signature of the treaty, and twenty-five thousand dollars as an annual present or tribute. John Paul Jones was appointed the commissioner to negotiate the peace. This measure was kept secret, and of so confidential a character that all the papers were in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State. Jones having soon after died in London, Mr. Barclay was appointed his successor; but he did not live to execute his commission, and in consequence another delay necessarily took place. In the meantime the Algerines having made peace with Portugal, and the protection which that war and her ships partially afforded having been withdrawn, our commerce became more exposed than ever; and at a single cruise of the Algerine corsairs in November, 1793, ten more of our vessels were seized, and their crews, one hundred and five in number, were carried captives to Algiers.

It was fortunate for those who had already been in bondage eight years, that the number of American prisoners had been so much increased, for it aroused the country to a sense of its duty. The prisoners immediately addressed a petition to Congress, dated Dec. 29, 1793, in which they say: "Your humble petitioners had the misfortune to be captured by the corsairs of the Regency in November last, while we were navigating vessels belonging to the United States, and are at present in this city of bondage, employed daily in the most laborious work without respect to persons; and your petitioners are informed that the plague, that fatal and tremendous disorder, is raging in the country adjacent; and as your unfortunate petitioners are confined to the slave prisons with six hundred captives of other nations, that from their situation the wisdom of the United States will consider what must be the fatal effects of the plague spreading amongst the captives."

About this time Congress seemed disposed to adopt new measures of negotiation with Algiers. They sent their agents as before to treat amicably, if they could, but at the same time there was a determination

to adopt measures of force. The country began to perceive that a commerce without a navy could not exist, or be carried to any great extent. Accordingly, on the 2d of January, 1794, the House of Representatives resolved, "that a naval force adequate to the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine corsairs ought to be provided;" and during the same year the President was authorized to cause six frigates to be built, and ten smaller vessels to be equipped as galleys. Only three of these frigates were built, viz., the Constitution, the United States, and the Constellation; for peace having been soon after concluded, it was thought unnecessary to carry into full effect the original design. Enough however had been done to lay a foundation for our navy; and to the insolence of Algiers we owe this right arm of our national strength, and to their subsequent treachery we owe the first opportunity of testing the strength of those ships, and the skill, bravery, and gallantry of their commanders. It seemed to be but a just retribution, that the people whose crimes brought our navy into existence should feel the first proof of its strength, and that on the very spot from which armed corsairs went forth to plunder American commerce, an American fleet with a voice of thunder should have dictated to the Dey the terms on which he could save his capital, and even his own palace, from destruction.

The treaty which we made with Algiers was of a truly humiliating character; but inasmuch as it restored all the captives to their homes, and gave the country peace, it was a source of joy and congratulation. It cost the nation more than a million of dollars, besides the payment of an annual tribute in naval stores of twenty-one thousand dollars. Yet with all its cost, it was never a matter of regret, for it restored a valuable commerce for our country to the Mediterranean. This tribute was paid for seventeen years, and it would have been paid many years more, had not the Dey in an unfortunate hour, for the purpose of obtaining better terms, the second time declared war against the United States. This war, as we shall see, not only cost him this tribute, but was the first in that series of events which led not only to his own humiliation, but to the conquest of his country.

At about the same time Tripoli began to assume a warlike attitude. By the treaty of 1796 there was no provision for the payment of tribute, but so interwoven was this system with those people that it was found impossible to keep them at peace without a constant tender of presents. In 1797, the presents which our Government made to this power cost twelve thousand dollars, and about double the amount was given the following year. "All nations pay me," said the Bashaw, "so must the Americans. Let them give me a stipulated sum, and I will be reasonable as to the amount." He further complained that our Government had been more generous to Algiers than to him, and in order to avenge so grievous a wrong, he made a formal declaration of war.

This war continued for three years, and was distinguished not only by the remarkable expedition of Eaton, but by several naval exploits highly honorable to our infant navy, and to the gallantry and courage of its youthful officers. At the treaty of peace, our Government again consented to the payment of tribute. It was perhaps wise at that time to do so. It was not then regarded as a badge of humiliation. And we were not then prepared to take the high ground, which the justice of our cause seemed to demand. Our Government had as much as it could do to protect our commerce in other quarters. The great questions as to the rights of neutrals, which grew out of the wars of Europe, had already begun to agitate the commercial world, and many an American ship had been seized by the belligerents, and held as a hostage to insure a fair settlement.

After this, our country remained at peace with all the Barbary powers till 1812. Each of them received an annual tribute, and a generous supply of naval stores. Our commerce, though subject to great embarrassments, had been much increased in the Mediterranean, and, so far as related to the Barbary States, was enjoying perfect security.

But our war with Great Britain in 1812 brought about a new condition of things. It became difficult for our Government to supply the naval stores, which by treaty we were bound to furnish, on account of the great danger from British cruisers then guarding and shutting us out of the Mediterranean. Our Government offered to pay the value of the naval stores in money, but

this was refused, for the simple reason that the naval stores had been usually appraised for about half their value. They however did not come, and as a consequence the Dey of Algiers declared war a second time against the United States.

This declaration was of but little consequence to us. We were then at war with Great Britain, and had no commerce within the reach of the Algerine corsairs. Our Government did not regard it as of sufficient importance to even recognize them as enemies. The only notice taken was to stop the tribute and to treat them with entire neglect. But the day of retribution was at hand. At the close of the war with Great Britain in 1815, we had a powerful navy, which that war had created, and which had then become the pride of the country. There was a universal desire through the country that Algiers should be made to feel its power. Accordingly Congress directed a fleet, under the command of the gallant Decatur, to be sent to the Mediterranean. It arrived off Algiers early in June, 1815, and without delay appeared before the city, prepared to use such arguments as would carry conviction, if not fear, to the mind of the Dey.

To him and his people the appearance of such a fleet was wholly unexpected. It was the first indication of resistance—and a pretty formidable one too. A communication was sent to the Dey, informing him that commissioners on board were ready to negotiate a peace on terms of perfect equality, and without the payment of any tribute whatever, and at the same time demanding an immediate answer. There was no alternative for the Dey. In case of refusal, the destruction of the city was certain. He accordingly agreed to negotiate on the terms proposed, and in fact to abandon all the peculiar claims which that Government had so long and invariably made. A treaty was then concluded, which was subsequently ratified by our Government, and consequently the war was brought to a close. Afterwards some dispute arose between the Dey and our Government as to the construction of the treaty, and the Dey wrote a letter to the President of the United States, setting forth his views. To this the President made no reply; and the new difficulties, which the Dey was called to meet in the following year, caused him to abandon his claims, and to leave the treaty with the construction which our Government gave it.

This was the last controversy which our Government had with the Barbary States. The attack of the allied squadron under Lord Exmouth, in 1816, nearly destroyed their power, and made them afterwards comparatively harmless. They no longer made themselves the aggressors upon the commerce of the world, but submitted quietly to the fate which seemed even then to await them. After the abolition of Christian slavery and the system of paying tribute, they ceased to be formidable, and seemed to have lost the whole power which they had so constantly and cruelly exercised for centuries. While tribute was paid, they had the means of making war upon Christian nations; and while prisoners were ransomed at high prices, there was no want of inducements to make them. The whole system, as it existed prior to 1815, was nothing more or less than a system of piracy, sanctioned by the silent assent, if not by positive agreement of every nation of Christendom.

Our Government had the honor of taking the lead in this reform, and made the first decisive movement in support of it. It was a reform demanded by the advancing civilization of the nineteenth century; and the readiness with which all the European nations discarded the old system shows with what abhorrence they in fact regarded it. Its long continuance may be ascribed to their jealousy of each other, and their constant attempts to use it for the purpose of gaining some commercial advantage.

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT.*

With no poet of the nineteenth century do we feel ourselves more familiarly acquainted than with Leigh Hunt; and that, without reading so much as half of all that he has written, or receiving, even from what we have read, a pleasure the highest or most enduring. But there is something in the *name*, so frequently mentioned among his literary associates, and more in his own once frequent and friendly greetings. In short, his free conversational style affects us like the cordial countenance of a person whom meeting for the first time, we forget, after half an hour's chit-chat, that we have not known him all our lives. No one hears the name of Leigh Hunt without a smile of recognition; and an allusion to his "Feast of the Poets" is sure to call up the recollection of some favorite couplet. With men of genius, his contemporaries, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Moore, though we have held (as who has not?) delightful intercourse, there is no such familiar recognition. To speak of Hunt as a poet among these may be deemed irregular, the critics having ranked him long since with the minors. His poetry, indeed, is not of that noble stamp which elevates while it charms, and hallows every object that it touches; but trifling and even coxcombical as he frequently becomes, there is a cheerful humanity about him, a bright, playful wit, which bears us forward as it were with a sympathetic influence, catching refinements from his delicate fancies, growing merry with his mirth, and witty with his bon mots; and we leave him at last in a mood as genial and animated as after a game of romps with children in the hay fields.

The secret of Hunt's power lies in the ultra-sympathetic sensibility which he learned of his mother, and the natural cheerfulness which he inherited from his father, assisted by his education at Christ's Hospital, where a fellow-feeling unites the community as with one heart. Of this school, judging from Charles Lamb's description of it, the peculiar tendency is favorable to the expansion of the best feelings, and superinduces two most important elements of poetry—reverence and love. Hunt's muse has no vagaries, but is always cheerful and compliant. He delays not, like Coleridge, for the storm or other cause to swell the current of his verse, nor does it ever become, like his, the mighty river rolling onward to the ocean and reflecting the broad heavens. Hunt's genius is not the "giant element" like Byron's, leaping "the headlong height," and shaking the abyss. Neither does he, like Wordsworth, brood over his subject to the exclusion of what suggested it, concentrating within himself the strong poetic power till a fitting occasion to give out its fertilizing streams. His fancies spring up in jets continually, clear and distinct, and sprinkling with their dropping freshness whatever they can reach. Of all that he touches, we realize the presence; and he throws over it a descriptive elegance and grace, causing it to "glisten with livelier ray," just as he converted his English prison into a bower of roses beneath Italian skies,—literally covering its bars with flowers, and singing amidst them like a bird. His descriptions are always graphic, and in those of rural scenery he verifies his own couplet:

> "And when you listen you may hear a coil
> Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil."

It was chiefly as a critic and free-spoken politician that, in England, Hunt became remarkable. He was the first who took an independent stand in theatrical criticism, and among the boldest of those who in the closing reign of George III. dared openly to condemn the course adopted by the Prince Regent. The criticisms created him

* Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. New-Harper & Brothers.

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a host of enemies, for which he was compensated by the acquisition of as many friends; the political articles condemned him to a two years' imprisonment. He comes before us now, in the decline of his eventful life, with a claim upon our kindest reciprocities which we heartily acknowledge. Somebody has said that "literary men *talk* less than they did." We are happy to see that our old friend has lost none of his pleasant garrulity, and we gladly welcome him to his old place at our fireside to call up the reminiscences of "auld lang syne." We wish he did not make so many excuses for presenting his autobiography. Diffidence does not sit naturally at all upon Leigh Hunt. This hesitation is not genuine: these apologies, and this long account of whys and wherefores, must have been superinduced by some pretty severe critical thrusts at that habit of talking to the reader in his own person, and comparing notes with him by implication on all sorts of personal subjects, to which he freely acknowledges he has all his lifetime accustomed himself. His own sincerity naturally made him confident in that of others, and such good faith in an author rarely fails to insure the accordance of the reader. Hunt knows this, and no sooner gets clear of his preface, than he falls back into his own unaffected and sprightly freedom, and moreover—for we must say it—into his own old egotistical habit.

The Autobiography, as it now appears, is a revision, but includes some letters never before published, and several articles which have only appeared in the *Examiner*, and are new to most readers. The whole work, indeed, the author thinks, may be new to the present reading generation, and interesting, inasmuch as times have altered, and writers are willingly heard now who would not have been listened to thirty or forty years ago. This is likely to be especially true in his case, whose matured judgment has dictated the acknowledgment of former errors of opinion, and who, while with frankness he states the origin of those opinions and their change, illustrates them with racy anecdotes both of himself and the literati of his day, with most of whom he was on terms of intimacy, or in some way connected.

When an author candidly acknowledges vanity and other faults, and the mistakes in his life consequent thereon, we lose all heart to upbraid him: we are willing to hear him talk a great deal about himself for the sake of the lesson of his experience, provided he does it in good faith: provided we are not obliged to swallow the whole, we can even relish a dish of egotism, prepared with the seasoning of such rich and spicy condiments.

Brought by his position, as editor of the *Examiner*, to take an active part in the public events of the period, Hunt was accustomed to see men in their public relations with society, and to take an enlarged view of its operations. Thus his volume, predicated upon long and wide experience, affords, in the matter of the very errors it unfolds, subject for reflection as well as entertainment, and we shall offer our readers no apology for the large extracts we intend presenting to them.

Upon the biography proper, as having been already before the public, we shall enlarge but slightly.

The family of Hunt laid no claim to high ancestral honors. Our author takes the main stock to have been mercantile, and is even of opinion that Hunt is quite a plebeian name. His father, the son of a clergyman in Barbadoes, was educated in Philadelphia, and practised law there up to the time of the Revolution, when, by his Tory principles and loyalist pamphlets and speeches, he drew upon himself the popular odium, and found it expedient to withdraw as secretly and speedily as possible from his country. His wife, following nearly three years later, found her husband transferred from the bar to the pulpit, where his fine voice, agreeable declamation, and handsome person, together with his charity sermons, (against which, to the good man's astonishment, Bishop Lowth remonstrated,) acquired for him a great popularity. His sermons being chiefly remarkable for elegance of diction and graceful morality, the delivery was their principal charm. "I remember," says his son, "when he came to that part of the Litany where the reader prays for his deliverance 'in the hour of death and at the day of judgment,' he used to make a pause after the word 'death,' and drop his voice on the rest of the sentence. The effect was striking; but repetition must have hurt it. I am afraid it was a little theatrical." The Reverend Mr. Hunt seems to have delighted over much in the pleasures of the table, and, with all his popularity,

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found it difficult to make his way in the Church, more especially as, being of a speculative turn, he had taken up some modification of church opinions. Through the influence of "Pope and Swift's Duke of Chandos," in whose family he had become a private tutor, and also through that of Sir Benjamin West, "who enjoyed the King's confidence in no ordinary degree," Mr. Hunt obtained a pension of one hundred pounds a year, which however he was obliged to mortgage, and he continued for several years in a condition of great pecuniary embarrassment. "He grew deeply acquainted with prisons, and began to lose his graces and his good name." Nevertheless he left no poor inheritance to his children in his animal spirits, and independent mode of thinking. Many years before his death he relaxed so far in his religious tenets as to become a Universalist. He had the art of making his home comfortable, and settling himself to the most tranquil pleasures.

"We thus struggled on between quiet and disturbance, between placid readings and frightful knocks at the door, and sickness, and calamity, and hopes, which hardly ever forsook us. So sanguine was my father in his intentions to the last, and so accustomed had my mother been to try to believe in him, and to persuade herself she did, that not long before she died he made the most solemn promises of amendment, which by chance I could not help overhearing, and which she received with a tenderness and a tone of joy, the remembrance of which brings the tears into my eyes. My father had one taste well suited to his profession. He was very fond of sermons, which he was rarely tired of reading or my mother of hearing.

"It is a pity my father had been so spoilt a child, and had strayed so much out of his sphere; for he could be contented with little. He was one of the last of the gentry who retained the old fashion of smoking. He indulged in it every night before he went to bed, which he did at an early hour; and it was pleasant to see him sit, in his tranquil and gentlemanly manner, and relate anecdotes of 'My Lord North,' and the Rockingham administration, interspersed with those mild puffs and urbane resumptions of the pipe."

With the discursive talent of his father, Hunt inherited the kindness and candor of his mother's nature. She was an American, and her son bore in his personal appearance the proof of his American descent. "The late Mr. West," he says, "told me that if he had met myself or any of my brothers in the streets, he should have pronounced, without knowing us, that we were Americans. A likeness has been discovered between us and some of the Indians in his pictures." Hunt describes his mother as

"A gentle wife,
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,
An hour for mother's work; and singing low,
While her tired husband and her children sleep."

The fatigue of the *tired husband* probably arose from reading and smoking. Mrs. Hunt was a Universalist and almost a Republican; somewhat intolerant, but only in theory, her charity always running before her faith. She was fond of poetry, and encouraged her son's perseverance and vanity by treasuring up his verses and showing them to his friends.

Leigh Hunt was born in 1784, at Southgate, a village lying on a road running from Edmonton, through Enfield Chase, into Hertfordshire, which he shows to be classical ground, and associated with the best days of English genius, both old and new.

"Edmonton is the birth-place of Marlowe, the father of our drama, and of my friend Horne, his congenial celebrator. In Edmonton church-yard lies Charles Lamb; in Highgate church-yard, Coleridge: and in Hampstead have resided Shelley and Keats, to say nothing of Akenside before them, and of Steele and Arbuthnot before Akenside."

One of the earliest sketches in Mr. Hunt's book is that of his father's friend the Rev. W. M. Trinder, who was also, as the title page of a volume of sermons declares, LL.B. and M.D. How the doctor combined in his person the three professions of law, physic and divinity we are not informed, but Hunt suggestively signifies that the triplicity might have arisen from a philanthropic disposition, and that law and medicine were added to the paramount profession of divinity for the same reason that Shelley was led to walk the hospitals,—for the purpose of doing good among the poor. One of Trinder's sermons, "On Cruelty," condemns the gentle craft of anglers, which gives occasion to our autobiographer to enlarge very agreeably and sensibly upon that subject. Though many brave and good men have been anglers, he thinks their goodness would have been more complete, and their bravery of a more generous sort, had they abstained from procuring themselves pleasure at the

expense of a needless infliction. It was formerly thought effeminate not to hunt Jews—then, not to roast heretics—then, not to bait bears and bulls—then, not to fight cocks; all which evidences of manhood came gradually to be looked upon as no evidences at all. He has not found anglers or sportsmen in general braver than others, but on the contrary, that they make a great fuss if they hurt their fingers, while all their reasoning in favor of the amusement is disingenuous and selfish.

"As to old Izaak Walton, who is put forward as a substitute for argument on this question, and whose sole merits consisted in his having a taste for nature and his being a respectable citizen, the trumping him up into an authority and a kind of saint is a burlesque. He was a writer of conventionalities; who having comfortably feathered his nest, as he thought, both in this world and in the world to come, concluded he had nothing more to do than to amuse himself by putting worms on a hook and fish into his stomach, and so go to heaven, chuckling and singing psalms. There would be something in such a man and in his book offensive to a real piety, if that piety did not regard whatever has happened in the world, great and small, with an eye that makes the best of what is perplexing, and trusts to eventual good out of the worst. Walton was not the hearty and thorough advocate of nature he is supposed to have been. There would have been something to say for him on that score, had he looked upon the sum of evil as a thing not to be diminished. But he shared the opinions of the most commonplace believers in sin and trouble, and only congratulated himself on being exempt from their consequences. The overweening old man found himself comfortably off somehow; and it is good that he did. It is a comfort to all of us, wise or foolish. But to reverence him is a jest. You might as well make a god of an otter. Mr. Wordsworth, because of the servitor manners of Walton and his biographies of divines, (all *anglers*,) wrote an idle line about his 'meekness' and his 'heavenly memory.' When this is quoted by the gentle brethren, it will be as well if they add to it another passage from the same poet, which returns to the only point at issue, and upsets the old gentleman altogether. Mr. Wordsworth's admonition to us is,

'Never to link our passion, or our pride,
With suffering to the meanest thing that lives.'"

Leigh Hunt was naturally sensitive to impressions of awe and fear. In his childhood he was frightened with ghastly pictures in story books, and particularly of one called the Mantichora, with the head of a man and the body of a beast; "the same animal which figures in Pliny, and which the ancients called Martichora." It was fortunate for him that the cheerful views he had received upon the subject of religion, and his own cheerful temperament in general, were a check upon the bad effect of all this. We learn from Lamb, who suffered equally under nervous terrors, that Hunt took warning from his early experience, and was careful to exclude from his own children every taint of superstition. Yet, "It is not," says Elia, "books, nor pictures, nor stories of foolish servants which create terrors in children. These can, at most, but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., (Thornton Hunt,) who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear any distressing story, finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded, *ab extra*, in his own 'thick coming fancies;' and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity."

This is so poetical a theory that we are loath to combat it; but it must be said that common observation is opposed to it. No doubt the "chimeras dire" which pervade the brain of superstition are there before they indicate themselves, but they are there only through some yet earlier and unsuspected impression, received silently—unconsciously perhaps, and brought into action through association. The very mistakes which a child makes in the meaning of a word may be sufficient to plant the seeds of terror. A picture may indicate a mystery, and even so much cultivation of the imagination as is necessary to sympathy, or to render refined language intelligible, may, by the merest accident, result in a superstitious enthusiasm.

Who can say what subtle agencies, impossible for the most watchful parent to guard against; what words, looks or tones engender dreams that haunt the pillow of a child? Had "little T. H." no hours of play with other children? Did his parents never, even out of their very guardedness, allude obscurely in his presence to forbidden subjects, or awaken his attention by suddenly checking the discussion? Did he never hear his father read that

"What *seemed* a head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on;"

or of

"Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
No mortal eye can fixed behold!"

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This child, who was never *allowed* to read or hear a story of distress, might he, by no possible *accident*, have heard sung, only once perhaps, and therefore with the more wondering attentiveness:

"Old woman, old woman, oh whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs ont of the sky:
*And I shall be back again by-and-by!*"

The disposition to associate ideas varies in different temperaments. With children who associate strongly and rapidly, the slightest circumstances prevail and the merest accident is liable to counteract the closest attention and care. Secret associations govern such children, of the very existence of which their parents have no suspicion.

Proceeding farther in Mr. Hunt's book, since writing the above, we find the confirmation of our suggestions in the following:—

"Shelley delighted to play with children, particularly my eldest boy; the seriousness of whose imagination and his susceptibility of a 'grim' impression (a favorite epithet of Shelley's) highly interested him. He would play at 'frightful creatures' with him, from which the other would snatch 'a fearful joy,' only begging him 'not to do the horn,' which was a way Shelley had of screwing up his hair in front, to imitate a weapon of that sort."

Hunt's mother was fond of music and "a gentle singer." Her son looks back with a pleased and affectionate recollection of the songs of that day, of which, as well as in the pastoral poetry of the time, "the feeling was true though the expression was somewhat sophisticate." Hooke, Boyce, Dibdin, Jackson, Shield and Storace were the fashionable composers, and the songs most in vogue were the "Lass of Richmond Hill," "'Twas within a mile of Edinborough Town," "Ah, dearest Henry," &c. Many of these, which have been, and we believe are still, looked upon as purely English, were borrowed, our author thinks, from the Italian.

"I have often, in the course of my life, heard *Whither, my love?* and *For tenderness formed*, boasted of as specimens of English melody. For many years I took them for such myself, in common with the rest of our family, with whom they were great favorites. The first, which Stephen Storace adapted to some words in the 'Haunted Tower,' is the air of *La Rachelina* in Paesiello's opera, 'La Molinara.' The second, which was put by General Burgoyne to a song in his comedy of the 'Heiress,' is *Io sono Lindoro*, in the same enchanting composer's 'Barbiere di Seviglia.' The once popular English songs and duets, &c., *How perfect is expression; For me, my fair a wreath has wove; Henry cull'd the flow'ret's bloom; O, thou wert born to please me; Here's a health to all good lasses; Youth's the season made for joys; Gently touch the warbling lyre; No, 'twas neither shape nor feature; Pray, Goody, please to moderate; Hope told a flattering tale*, and a hundred others, were all foreign compositions, chiefly Italian. Every burlesque or *buffo* song, of any pretension, was pretty sure to be Italian.

"When Edwin, Fawcett, and others, were rattling away in the happy comic songs of O'Keefe, with his triple rhymes and illustrative jargon, the audience little suspected that they were listening to some of the finest animal spirits of the south—to Piccini, Paesiello, and Cimarosa. Even the wild Irishman thought himself bound to go to Naples, before he could get a proper dance for his gayety. The only genuine English compositions worth anything at that time, were almost confined to Shield, Dibdin, and Storace, the last of whom, the author of *Lullaby*, who was an Italian born in England, formed the golden link between the music of the two countries, the only one, perhaps, in which English accentuation and Italian flow were ever truly amalgamated; though I must own that I am heretic enough (if present fashion is orthodoxy) to believe, that Arne was a real musical genius, of a very pure, albeit not of the very first water. He has set, indeed, two songs of Shakspeare's (the *Cuckoo song*, and *Where the bee sucks*) in a spirit of perfect analogy to the words, as well as of the liveliest musical invention; and his air of *Water parted*, in 'Artaxerxes,' winds about the feelings with an earnest and graceful tenderness of regret, worthy in the highest degree of the affecting beauty of the sentiment.

"All the favorite poetry of the day, however, was of one cast."

Hunt's recollection of "Encompassed in an angel's frame," "Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing," and "Alone by the light of the moon," recalls the days when our own childhood was delighted by the same; and we should have stood well pleased by his side at the music-stall where, dragging these long-lost favorites to light, he was carried back in pleasant abstraction to when, a "smooth-faced boy," he sung them at his mother's knee.

In reference to the song of "Dans votre lit," the favorite of his sister, because, in her ignorance of the French language, she associated with the last word the name of her brother, he says:—

"The song was a somewhat gallant, but very decorous song, apostrophizing a lady as a lily in the flower-bed. It was 'silly, sooth,' and 'dallied with the innocence of love,' in those days, after a fashion which might have excited livelier ideas in the more restricted imaginations of the present. The reader has seen, that my mother, notwithstanding her charitableness to the poor maid-servant, was a woman of strict morals; the

tone of the family conversation was scrupulously correct, though, perhaps, a little flowery and Thomson-like, (Thomson was our favorite poet;) yet the songs that were sung at that time by the most fastidious, might be thought a shade freer than would suit the like kind of society at present. Whether we are more innocent in having become more ashamed, I shall not judge. Assuredly, the singer of those songs was as innocent as the mother that bade him sing them."

Among Hunt's earliest memories is that of having seen, at different times in his boyhood, Wilkes, Pitt, and Fox. He describes the former in a flap-waistcoated suit of scarlet and gold, and Mr. Pitt, some years later, in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pig-tail. "He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead and his nose in the air." "I saw him again," he says, "in the House of Commons, sawing the air and occasionally turning to appeal to those about him, while he spoke in a loud, important, and hollow voice." When the persons he appealed to said, "Hear! hear!" Hunt thought they said, Dear! dear! in objection, and wondered that Pitt did not appear disconcerted. Later still he saw Mr. Fox, "fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He who had been a 'beau' in his youth, then looked something Quaker-like as to dress, with plain-colored clothes, a broad-round hat, white waistcoat, and white stockings."

Christ's Hospital, at which Leigh Hunt was educated, is said to have sent out, toward the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, more living writers in its proportion than any other English school—among them were Charles Lamb and Coleridge. Christ's Hospital, which in the time of Henry the Eighth was a monastery of Franciscan friars, had its revenues assigned by Edward the Sixth, at the instigation of Ridley, to the maintenance and education of a certain number of orphan boys, born of citizens of London. It has since been extended, so that boys from all ranks are now admitted; and it is considered as a medium between the patrician pretension of such schools as Eton and Westminster, and the plebeian submission of the charity schools. Of the religious education at this institution, Mr. Hunt thinks the effect produced was not what was intended. The persons who were in the habit of preaching might as well have hummed a tune, for they inspired nothing in the boys but mimicry.

The name of the morning reader was Salt. He was a worthy man, and might have been a clever one, but he had it all to himself. He spoke in his throat, and was famous for saying "murracles," instead of "miracles."

"Our usual evening preacher was Mr. Sandiford, who had the reputation of learning and piety. It was of no use to us, except to make us associate the ideas of learning and piety in the pulpit with inaudible hum-drum. Mr. Sandiford's voice was hollow and low; and he had a habit of dipping up and down over his book, like a chicken drinking. Mr. Salt was eminent for a single word. Mr. Sandiford surpassed him, for he had two audible phrases. There was, it is true, no great variety in them. One was 'the dispensation of Moses;' the other, (with a due interval of hum,) 'the Mosaic dispensation.' These he used to repeat so often, that in our caricatures of him they sufficed for an entire portrait. The reader may conceive a large church, (it was Christ Church, Newgate street,) with six hundred boys, seated like charity-children up in the air, on each side of the organ, Mr. Sandiford humming in the valley, and a few maid-servants who formed his afternoon congregation. We did not dare to go to sleep. We were not allowed to read. The great boys used to get those that sat behind them to play with their hair. Some whispered to their neighbors, and the others thought of their lessons and tops. I can safely say, that many of us would have been good listeners, and most of us attentive ones, if the clergyman could have been heard. As it was, I talked as well as the rest, or thought of my exercise. Sometimes we could not help joking and laughing over our weariness; and then the fear was lest the steward had seen us. It was part of the business of the steward to preside over the boys in church time. He sat aloof, in a place where he could view the whole of his flock. There was a ludicrous kind of revenge we had of him, whenever a particular part of the Bible was read. This was the parable of the Unjust Steward. The boys waited anxiously till the passage commenced; and then, as if by a general conspiracy, at the words 'thou unjust steward,' the whole school turned their eyes upon this unfortunate officer, who sat

'Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.'

We persuaded ourselves, that the more unconscious he looked, the more he was acting."

Of Bowyer, the head master, well known through Coleridge and Lamb, Hunt gives a ludicrous description, and some very remarkable anecdotes. We have room for only two. The first relates to a boy towards whom the master had a peculiar dislike:—

"One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humors, and did not seem inclined to punish them, till he saw his

antagonist. 'Oh, oh! sir,' said he; 'what, you are among them, are you?' and gave him an exclusive thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians, and said, 'I have not time to flog all these boys: make them draw lots, and I'll punish one.' The lots were drawn, and C———'s was favorable. 'Oh, oh!' returned the master, when he saw them, 'you have escaped, have you, sir?' and pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecian observed, that he found he *had* time to punish the whole three; 'and, sir,' added he to C———, with another slap, 'I'll begin with *you*.' He then took the boy into the library and flogged him; and, on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference, 'I have not time, after all, to punish these two other boys.'"

The other was the case of an unfortunate lad who could not be broken of a habit of drawling his words and neglecting his stops in reading. He was to read on the occasion named, in a book called "Dialogue between a Missionary and an Indian."

"*Master.* 'Now, young man, have a care, or I will set you a *swinging* task.' (A common phrase of his.)

"*Pupil.* (Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word Missionary.) '*Missionary* Can you see the wind?'

"(Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)

"*Pupil.* (Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting his stop.) '*Indian* No!'

"*Master.* 'God's-my-life, young man! have a care how you provoke me.'

"*Pupil.* (Always forgetting the stop.) '*Missionary* How then do you know that there is such a thing?'

"(Here a terrible thump)

"*Pupil.* (With a shout of agony.) '*Indian* Because I feel it.'"

Immediately after leaving school, Hunt began to write verses, which his father in judiciously collected and published by subscription. The author acknowledges that they were chiefly imitative. "I wrote odes," he says, "because Collins and Gray had written them, 'blank verse,' because Akenside and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure,' because Spenser had written a 'Bower of Bliss.'"

Introduced to literati and shown about at parties, the young poet was "fooled" nearly to the "top of his bent" with conceit; and a visit to some collegians at Cambridge and Oxford, where the repute of his volume had gone before him, filled up the measure of his self-complacency. Though visiting these Universities for the first time, he was so possessed with the presence of Mr. Leigh Hunt, that he was oblivious of classical associations, and quite forgot to wander amid the haunts of Addison and Warton in Oxford, or those of Gray, Spenser, and Milton, in Cambridge. In relation to these Universities, he remarks that England's two greatest philosophers, Bacon and Newton, were bred at Cambridge, and three out of her four great poets; while Oxford, not always knowing "the goods the gods provided," repudiated Locke, alienated Gibbon, and had nothing but angry sullenness and hard expulsion to answer to the inquiries which its very ordinances encouraged in the sincere and loving spirit of Shelley."

Praised everywhere as a young Roscius in poetry, the vanity of our youth in his teens is not to be wondered at; but he met with some mortifications which were wholesome and served to steady his brain for a time. Taken by his father to visit Dr. Raine, master of the Charter House, this gentleman had the candor, instead of lauding the genius of the youthful aspirant, to warn him against the perils of authorship, and added that "*the shelves were full.*" It was not till he came away, unluckily, that Hunt thought of the answer, "*Then, sir, we will make another,*" which he imagined would have annihilated the Doctor. The mortification of having let slip the chance of such a repartee was, however, solaced soon after, when receiving a message from his grandfather that if he would come to Philadelphia he would make a man of him, he had the felicity to send word in reply, that "men grew in England as well as in America."

Hunt (excepting, on his mother's account, the women of Philadelphia) professes to have no great predilection towards Americans. In addition to his own individual "mote," he possesses, in this instance, an abundance of that national dim-sightedness which prevents the English in general from seeing any virtue equal to their own. Twice in the course of the Autobiography we meet with the remark (somewhat flattened by repetition) "that he cannot get out of his head the idea that there is a great counter built along the American coast, behind which all the people stand like linen drapers." Possibly among such knights of the cloth-yard might be found some able and willing to *serve* Mr. Hunt with good measure.

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Our author's remarks upon Dr. Franklin, a man as far removed from his appreciation as the unaccustomed proportions of the elephant appear to the barking spaniel, are in the true spirit of dogged English prejudice, and a most unfortunate exception to Hunt's usual manly frankness and freedom from political one-sidedness. While objecting to Dr. Franklin that he did not represent "all that our nature largely requires or may reasonably hope to attain to," it would be well to consider who *has*. What individual, or even what age, has, in clearing away the back settlements, (to use our author's own illustration,) been able to show fully its complexion? Franklin "did the duty next him," and labored in his vocation, and for his own time, with a far-seeing reference to the future. The taste for extravagance which his countrymen had imbibed from the English needed to be repressed, and economy and even parsimony, in the spirit of patriotism, to be rendered respectable; to which end he wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac," adapting it to the occasion, and not intending it, as Leigh Hunt must well know, to represent his philosophy.

Hunt's attention became drawn toward the stage. He had written a tragedy, a comedy, and a farce: the latter he offered to Kelly of the Opera House, of whom he gives the following portrait and anecdote:—

"He had a quick, snappish, but not ill-natured voice, and a flushed, handsome, and good-natured face, with the hair about his ears. The look was a little rakish or so, but very agreeable.

"Mr. Kelly was extremely courteous to me; but what he said of the farce, or did with it, I utterly forget. Himself I shall never forget; for as he was the first actor I ever beheld anywhere, so he was one of the first whom I saw on the stage. Actor, indeed, he was none, except inasmuch as he was an acting singer, and not destitute of a certain spirit in everything he did. Neither had he any particular power as a singer, nor even a voice. He said it broke down while he was studying in Italy; where, indeed, he had sung with applause. The little snappish tones I spoke of, were very manifest on the stage: he had short arms, as if to match them, and a hasty step; and yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, he was heard with pleasure, for he had taste and feeling. He was a delicate composer, as the music in *Blue Beard* evinces; and he selected so happily from other composers, as to give rise to his friend Sheridan's banter, that he was an "importer of music and composer of wines," (for he once took to being a wine-merchant.) While in Ireland, during the early part of his career, he adapted a charming air of Martini's to English words, which, under the title of *Oh, thou wert born to please me*, he sang with Mrs. Crouch to so much effect, that not only was it always called for three times, but no play was suffered to be performed without it. It should be added that Mrs. Crouch was a lovely woman, as well as a beautiful singer, and that the two performers were in love. I have heard them sing it myself, and do not wonder at the impression it made on the susceptible hearts of the Irish. Twenty years afterward, when Mrs. Crouch was no more, and while Kelly was singing a duet in the same country with Madame Catalini, a man in the gallery cried out, "Mr. Kelly, will you be good enough to favor us with *Oh, thou wert born to please me?*" The audience laughed; but the call went to the heart of the singer, and probably came from that of the honest fellow who made it. The man may have gone to the play in his youth, with somebody whom he loved by his side, and heard two lovers, as happy as himself, sing what he now wished to hear again."

Our author's recollection of Madame Catalini is, that in her brilliant singing there was "more force than feeling." He sketches several of the prominent performers of that day; among them De Camp, of whom it was said that "he failed in fops, but there was fire in his footmen;" the fat beauty, Mrs. Billington, who used to perform with Braham; the bass-singer, Lablache, "full of might and mirth;" and the tragic actress and singer Pasta, the secret of whose greatness was "perfect truth, graced by idealism."

"All noble passions belonged to her; and her very scorn seemed equally noble, for it trampled only on what was mean. When she measured her enemy from head to foot, in *Tancredi*, you really felt for the man, at seeing him so reduced into nothingness. When she made her entrance on the stage, in the same character—which she did right in front of the audience, midway between the side scenes—she waved forth her arms, and drew them quietly together again over her bosom, as if she sweetly, yet modestly, embraced the whole house. And when, in the part of Medea, she looked on the children she was about to kill, and tenderly parted their hair, and seemed to mingle her very eyes in lovingness with theirs, uttering, at the same time, notes of the most wandering and despairing sweetness, every gentle eye melted into tears."

The first actor Hunt remembers to have seen upon the English boards, was the celebrated Jack Bannister, who, "when he had made you laugh heartily in a comedy, would bring the tears into your eyes for some honest sufferer in an afterpiece." "Fawcett had a brazen face and a voice like a knife-grinder's wheel. He was all pertness, coarseness and effrontery, but with a great deal of comic force; and whenever he came trotting

on the stage, and pouring forth his harsh rapid words, with his nose in the air, and a facetious grind in his throat, the audience were prepared for a merry evening." This description would answer for our Burton. Munden is described as famous for grimaces, and "making something out of nothing;" and Lewis as combining whimsicality with elegance, and levity with heart,—"the type of airy genteel comedy." Elliston was, in his better days, the most genuine of lovers. "No man approached a woman as he did—with so flattering a mixture of reverence and passion—such closeness without insolence, and such trembling energy in his words. His utterance of the single word 'charming' was a volume of rapturous fervor."

Then comes Liston, "who Listonized the whole piece in which he appeared;" and Mathews, still remembered on our own stage in his "At Homes," his "Monsieur Morbleau," and his "Sir Fretful Plagiary," in which characters, says Hunt, "it was a sight to see him looking wretchedly happy at his victimizers, and digging deeper and deeper into his mortification at every fresh button of his coat that he buttoned up."

Next follows Dowton, who was "the best Falstaff of his day," and Cooke, the hook-nosed, malignantly smiling hypocrite and villain, whose Shylock and Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm are still remembered by some of the old play-goers among us.

Kemble our author admired not "as it was the fashion to do," but considered that it was studied acquirement rather than genius which caused the critics to like him. He thinks Mrs. Siddons, though the mistress of lofty, queenly, and appalling tragic effect, failed in the highest points of refinement. "With the exception of Mrs. Siddons," (who, it must be remembered, was, in Hunt's day, declining,) "all the reigning school of tragedy," he says, "had retrograded towards the time that preceded Garrick; and the consequence was that when Kean brought back nature and impulse, he put an end to it at once, as Garrick had put an end to Quin." Of Mrs. Jordan, who "made even Methodists love her," he says, "she seemed to hold a patent from nature herself for our delight." Room or no room, we cannot get over the next two pages without quoting them:—

"Mrs. Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in ill-educated country girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker, and pinafore, with a bouncing propriety, fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her when thus attired shed blubbering tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping, and moaning, and munching, and eyeing at every bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons of our friends on board the hoy; and, on the other hand, they could assuredly have done and said nothing at all calculated to make such an impression in favor of amiableness as she did, when she acted in gentle, generous, and confiding characters. The way in which she would take a friend by the cheek and kiss her, or make up a quarrel with a lover, or coax a guardian into good-humor, or sing (without accompaniment) the song of *Since then I'm doom'd*, or *In the Dead of the Night*, trusting, as she had a right to do, and as the house wished her to do, to the sole effect of her sweet, mellow, and loving voice—the reader will pardon me, but tears of pleasure and regret come into my eyes at the recollection, as if she personified whatsoever was happy at that period of life, and which has gone like herself. The very sound of the little familiar word *bud* from her lips, (the abbreviation of husband,) as she packed it closer, as it were, in the utterance, and pouted it up with fondness in the man's face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.

"That is a pleasant time of life, the play-going time in youth, when the coach is packed full to go to the theatre, and brothers and sisters, parents and lovers, (none of whom, perhaps, go very often,) are all wafted together in a flurry of expectation; when they only wish as they go (except with the lovers) is to go as fast as possible, and no sound is so delightful as the cry of 'Bill of the Play;' when the smell of links in the darkest and muddiest winter's night is charming; and the steps of the coach are let down; and a roar of hoarse voices round the door, and *mud-shine* on the pavement, are accompanied with a sight of the warm-looking lobby which is about to be entered; and they enter, and pay, and ascend the pleasant stairs, and begin to hear the *silence* of the house, perhaps the first jingle of the music; and the box is entered amidst some little awkwardness in descending to their places and being looked at; and at length they sit, and are become used to by their neighbors, and shawls and smiles are adjusted, and the play-bill is handed round or pinned to the cushion, and the gods are a little noisy, and the music veritably commences; and at length the curtain is drawn up, and the first delightful syllables are heard:

"'Ah! my dear Charles, when did you see the lovely Olivia?'

"'Oh! my dear Sir George, talk not to me of Olivia. The cruel guardian,' &c.

"Anon the favorite of the party makes his appearance, and then they are quite happy; and next day, besides his own merits, the points of the dialogue are attributed to him as if he was their

inventor. It is not Sir Harry, or old Dornton, or Dubster, who said this or that; but 'Lewis,' 'Munden,' or 'Keeley.' They seem to think the wit really originated with the man who uttered it so delightfully.

"Critical play-going is very inferior in its enjoyments to this. Never, after I had taken critical pen in hand, did I pass the thoroughly-delightful evenings at the playhouse which I had done when I went only to laugh or be moved.

"I speak of my own feelings, and at a particular time of life; but forty or fifty years ago, people of all times of life were much greater play-goers than they are now. They dined earlier; they had not so many newspapers, clubs, and piano-fortes; the French Revolution only tended at first to endear the nation to its own habits; it had not yet opened a thousand new channels of thought and interest; nor had railroads conspired to carry people, bodily as well as mentally, into as many analogous directions. Everything was more concentrated, and the various classes of society felt a greater concern in the same amusements. Nobility, gentry, citizens, princes, all were frequenters of theatres, and even more or less acquainted personally with the performers. Nobility intermarried with them; gentry, and citizens, too, wrote for them; princes conversed and lived with them. Sheridan, and other members of Parliament, were managers as well as dramatists. It was Lords Derby, Craven, and Thurlow that sought wives on the stage. Two of the most popular minor dramatists were Cobb, a clerk in the India House, and Birch, the pastry-cook. If Mrs. Jordan lived with the Duke of Clarence (William IV.) as his mistress, nobody doubts that she was as faithful to him as a wife. His brother, the Prince of Wales, (George the Fourth,) besides his intimacy with Sheridan and the younger Colman, and to say nothing of Mrs. Robinson, took a pleasure in conversing with Kemble, and was the personal patron of O'Keefe and of Kelly. The Kembles, indeed, as Garrick had been, were received everywhere, among the truly best circles; that is to say, where intelligence was combined with high breeding: and they deserved it; for whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the amount of genius in the family, nobody who recollects them will dispute that they were a remarkable race, dignified and elegant in manners, with intellectual tendencies, and in point of aspect very like what has been called 'God Almighty's nobility.'"

The *Spectator* was the earliest model of Hunt's prose; and his earliest printed composition in prose was a series of papers under the signature of "Mr. Town, Jun.," which he gave to the *Traveller*, a new evening paper, and received in remuneration a perquisite of five or six copies of the paper, and the delight of beholding himself in long columns of print.

Hunt was early versed in the humor of Bonnel Thornton and Colman, but looks upon it now as mere caricature in comparison with Goldsmith's. His admiration of Walpole's style is sufficiently demonstrated by his own. Fielding and Smollett, Voltaire, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Augustus La Fontaine were among his favorite authors, but especially Voltaire—"the greatest writer of the eighteenth century, and, upon the whole, the greatest France has ever produced;" but whose works, with the exception of *Candide* and *Zadig*, he thinks are scarcely known in England, even amongst those who talk most about them; these two novels, by no means his finest, serving as sufficient specimens of him, even among his admirers.

"Voltaire is one of the three great tragic writers of France, and excels in pathos; yet not one Englishman in a thousand knows a syllable of his tragedies, or would do anything but stare to hear of his pathos. Voltaire inducted his countrymen into a knowledge of English science and metaphysics, nay, even of English poetry; yet Englishmen have been told little about him in connection with them, except of his disagreements with Shakspeare. Voltaire created a fashion for English thinking, manner, and policy, and fell in love with the simplicity and truthfulness of their very Quakers; and yet, I will venture to say, the English know far less of all this, than they do of a licentious poem with which he degraded his better nature in burlesquing the history of Joan of Arc.

"There are, it is admitted, two sides to the character of Voltaire; one licentious, merely scoffing, saddening, defective in sentiment, and therefore wanting the inner clue of the beautiful to guide him out of the labyrinth of scorn and perplexity; all owing, be it observed, to the errors which he found prevailing in his youth, and to the impossible demands which they made on his acquiescence; but the other side of his character is moral, cheerful, beneficent, prepared to encounter peril, nay, actually encountering it in the only true Christian causes, those of toleration and charity, and raising that voice of demand for the advancement of reason and justice which is now growing into the whole voice of Europe. He was the only man, perhaps, that ever existed, who represented in his single person the entire character, with one honorable exception, (for he was never sanguinary,) of the nation in which he was born; nay, of its whole history, past, present, and to come. He had the licentiousness of the old monarchy under which he was bred, the cosmopolite ardor of the Revolution, the science of the Consulate and the "savans," the unphilosophic love of glory of the Empire, the worldly wisdom (without pushing it into folly) of Louis Philippe, and the changeful humors, the firmness, the weakness, the flourishing declamation, the sympathy with the poor, the *bonhomie*, the unbounded hopes, of the best actors in the extraordinary scenes now acting before the eyes of Europe in this present year 1850. As he himself could not construct as well as he could pull down, so neither do his countrymen, with all the goodness and greatness among them, appear to be less truly represented by him in that particular than in others; but in pulling down he had the same vague desire of

the best that could be set up; and when he was most thought to oppose Christianity itself, he only did it out of an impatient desire to see the law of love triumphant, and was only thought to be the adversary of its spirit, because his revilers knew nothing of it themselves.

"Voltaire, in an essay written by himself in the English language, has said of Milton, in a passage which would do honor to our best writers, that when the poet saw the Adamo of Andreini at Florence, he 'pierced through the absurdity of the plot to the hidden majesty of the subject.' It may be said of himself, that he pierced through the conventional majesty of a great many subjects, to the hidden absurdity of the plot. He laid the axe to a heap of savage abuses; pulled the corner-stones out of dungeons and inquisitions; bowed and mocked the most tyrannical absurdities out of countenance; and raised one prodigious peal of laughter at superstition from Naples to the Baltic. He was the first man who got the power of opinion and common sense openly recognized as a reigning authority, and who made the acknowledgment of it a point of wit and cunning, even with those who had hitherto thought they had the world to themselves."

We have always thought the general feeling toward this "great organ of his age" too bitter and unrelenting. He came at a period when impurity pervaded the whole moral atmosphere, and superstition, with gibes and antics, sat like a night fiend on the prostrate heart of religion. Sense and sarcasm predominating in his mind with a natural impatience of restraint, his skepticism was the consequence; and introduced early to the elegant and profligate coteries of *Ninon de l'Enclos*, and to the half political, half literary soirées at Sceaux, he found even there an exciting stimulus. His earlier works were neither remarkable for boldness nor originality, and it has been observed that "it was not until success revealed to him the extent of his own powers that he became reckless and free." Voltaire accomplished great ends, but he was an instrument obedient to the power of a progress which moved, and moves for ever. He was not always stimulated by pure, high and noble aspirations, but often by an innate destructiveness and the passion of success. Our author most happily designates the manner of Voltaire as consisting in an artful intermixture of the conventional dignity and real absurdity of what he is exposing, the tone being as grave as the dignity seems to require, and the absurdity coming out as if unintentionally.

It was in a paper entitled the "*News*," set up by his brother John, that Hunt commenced his theatrical criticisms, upon the perfectly novel ground of independence. He refused to know actors and to accept tickets. The first feat which he performed, and which he now regrets, was the annihilation of the admired Master Betty. Kemble, a Colossus in comparison, it was harder to overthrow, though repeated attacks were made upon his "majestic dryness and deliberate nothings." It was not until the rising of a far greater genius, who could by

"One touch of nature make the whole world kin,"

that Kemble lost ground, and "faded before KEAN like a tragedy ghost." Of his criticisms at that time, of the living dramatists, Morton, Colman, Reynolds, etc., Hunt speaks now with a graceful candor, and acknowledges his mistake in condemning as the fault of the writers what was rather that of the age—its dearth of dramatic character; and allows that without being excellent, there was more talent in their productions than he supposed.

The gay and confident spirit of the young critic received a sudden check from ill-health, which was increased to a long-continued state of nervous debility by super-abstinence, false regimen, and other mistaken methods of cure. Restored finally by exercise tending to enliven the blood, and amusements serving to raise the animal spirits, he fell in love, for the hundredth time, and married. The poet's heart, like that of his mother before him, was subdued by the fascination of elegant reading; and Mrs. Hunt still maintains her conquest by reciting her husband's verses, as he gaily acknowledges, "better than ever."

Toward the close of the reign of George III., and about three years before the Regency, Leigh Hunt and his brother John commenced the *Examiner*, in which were emulated the wit and fine writing of Addison and Steele. Encouraged by the success of his theatrical criticism, he "set up for an oracle in politics," with what he now conceives to have been assumption and a spirit of conceited foppery, which must have rendered him ridiculous in the eyes of the discerning. Yet we believe it to be true that he was never, at that, or any other time, other than "an honest man"; and that he set out with and continued to possess as good an amount of editorial qualification, not only as most writers "no older," but as many *much* older.

How many editors can as honestly say, "I am fairly grounded in the history of my country,—I have carefully read her laws,—I am proprietor of my journal, and I have no mercenary views whatever"?

Hunt, to keep clear of "patronage," and in that spirit of martyrdom which had been singularly inculcated from his cradle, denied himself now all political, as he had before done all theatrical acquaintances, and was fully prepared to endure all the evil consequences that fell upon him.

Reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general, and a fusion of literary taste, were the alleged objects of the *Examiner*. Its politics were rather general sentiments than particular reflections. Hunt, himself, gave his best hours and his warmest feelings all the time to poetry, and then, at the last moment, made a rush at his editorial duties and sat up late at night to complete them. His miscellaneous criticisms did good service, and created a more general appreciation of pure and valuable literature.

At the house of Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, Hunt fell in with a set of merry acquaintances, of whom he gives such fine graphic sketches that we are sorry to refer our readers to his own volume rather than to repeat them here. These gentlemen were the wit, Dubois, with his infinite quips and cranks; Theodore Hook, the "merry jongleur," the extemporizer of verse and music, and Campbell, who in the rapturous excitement of hearing himself parodied, dashed his wig at him, exclaiming, "You dog! I'll throw my laurels at you;" Mathews, whose imitations in private were still more admirable than on the stage; and the two Smiths,—*James*, of whose prose and verse our author observes that they were too full of the ridicule of city pretension, and adds the truly Johnsonian remark, that "to be superior to anything it should not always be running in one's head;" and *Horace*, who in the verse of Shelley was said to combine

> "Wit and sense,
> Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
> Make this dull world a business of delight."

At the table of Hunter, the bookseller, assembled another set—Fuseli, Bonnycastle, Kinnaird, and Godwin. "Fuseli," Hunt says, "was an ingenious caricaturist of Michael Angelo, making great displays of mental energy, and being ostentatious with his limbs and muscles, in proportion as he could not draw them. He endeavored to bring Michael Angelo's apostles and prophets, with their superhuman ponderousness of intention, into the common places of life. A student reading in a garden is all over intensity of muscle." Of Bonnycastle, Fuseli's friend, we are told that

> "Bonnycastle was a good fellow; he was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upward at the sides. Wordsworth, who notices similar mysterious manifestations on the part of donkeys, would have thought it ominous. Bonnycastle was passionately fond of quoting Shakspeare, and telling stories; and if the *Edinburgh Review* had just come out, would give us all the jokes in it. Perhaps Bonnycastle thought more highly of his talents than the amount of them strictly warranted; a mistake to which scientific men appear to be more liable than others, the universe they work in being so large, and their universality (in Bacon's sense of the word) being often so small."

As a politician, Hunt was ardent even to fierceness, but never ungenerous, and he has outlived most, if not all his political animosities. The editors of the *Examiner* wished to see "the reins of restriction loosened in the hands of the individual, before the growing strength and self-government of the many." Mr. Hunt imagines he sees this in the present British government; but it must be remembered that he has retired from the "stir of the great Babel," and is probably better conversant with the reminiscences of his former literary course, than with the political movements of the present time, as his note in regard to Lord John Russell at the close of the second volume sufficiently testifies. He now speaks of George III. with as much independence of spirit as can be expected from a subject and admirer of his granddaughter Victoria, and moreover the receiver of a pension at her royal bounty. He is careful to suggest that the descendants of his Majesty are preserved from any inheritance of obstinacy, incompetency, etc., by "the infusion of colder and more judicious blood from another German stock."

Even literary criticism was in those days deeply colored with politics, and when the *Examiner*, after outliving a series of formidable persecutions, had been established

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about three years, Mr. John Hunt projected a quarterly magazine of literature and politics called the *Reflector*, of which his brother became editor, and was aided by contributions from Lamb, Dyer, Barnes, Dr. Aikin, and others. In this periodical first appeared the "Feast of the Poets," by which the author drew upon himself the enmity of almost every living poet, and especially Gifford, of whom he still speaks in somewhat of his former tone, and with a bitter personality equalling that for which the great satirist has himself been censured. He now realized the truth of Steele's remark, that "the life of a wit is a warfare upon earth."

At an annual dinner of the Irish upon St. Patrick's Day, the decline of the Prince of Wales's popularity was remarkably evinced. His broken engagements and his violated promises in regard to the Catholic claims caused his name, which used to be hailed with rapture at the dinner in question, to be now received with hisses. Apologizing for the necessity, in self-defence, of repeating anything against the Queen's kindred, and skilfully suggesting his excuse on the ground that *the very feelings which would cause him to oppose one sovereign might render him the more devoted subject of another*, our author gives at full length the article containing the "libel" which resulted in two years' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred pounds. It describes the speeches of Mr. Sheridan and others present at the celebration, after which it goes on to answer an attack from the *Morning Post*, and to remark severely upon some complimentary verses which are said, literally, to address the Prince in the following terms:—

"'You are the *Glory of the people*'—'You are the *Protector of the arts*'—'You are the *Mœcenas of the age*'—'Wherever you appear *you conquer all hearts*, wipe away tears, excite *desire and love*, and win *beauty* toward you'—'You breathe *eloquence*'—'You inspire the Graces'—'You are an *Adonis in loveliness!*' 'Thus gifted,' it proceeds in English,

> 'Thus gifted with each grace of mind,
> Born to delight and bless mankind;
> Wisdom, with Pleasure in her train,
> Great Prince! shall signalize thy reign:
> To Honor, Virtue, Truth allied;
> The nation's safeguard and its pride;
> With monarchs of immortal fame
> Shall bright renown enroll thy name.'

"What person," says the *Examiner*, "unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this '*Glory of the people*' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! that this '*Protector of the arts*' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this '*Mœcenas of the age*' patronized not a single deserving writer! that this '*Breather of eloquence*' could not say a few decent extempore words—if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! that this '*Conqueror of hearts*' was the disappointer of hopes! that this '*Exciter of desire*' [bravo! Messieurs of the *Post!*]—this '*Adonis in loveliness*' was a corpulent man of fifty! in short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true,* and *immortal* Prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

Mr. Hunt thinks "*the very sincere tone*" of this libel might have furnished the Prince with a ground for pardoning it. Had the Prince pardoned him he would have overlooked all the Prince's faults. He considers himself "bound now to pardon the Prince in consideration of the circumstances which mould the character of every human being;" and doubts whether he himself was warranted in his own person to "demand more virtues from any human being than nature and education had given."

Everybody gives Leigh Hunt the character of being frank and simple-minded. The above is certainly *naïve* to the last degree. Or, is it not Punch in a new dress, a very flimsy disguise; and do we not see the checkered legs of Harlequin Vanity strutting below the over-sized mask of a long-visaged candor?

Although Hunt's liberal and cosmopolite politics were unpopular, they produced, to some extent, the effect he desired. Fearless, partly through an honesty of purpose, and partly through a most complete self-sufficiency, his greatest sin was, at the most, an indecorous warmth of expression, and the very injustice of his confinement caused many a true heart to "leap towards him in brotherly sympathy."

The sentence of imprisonment was received with manly courage. "My brother and I," he says, "instinctively pressed each other's arm. It was a heavy blow; but the pressure that acknowledged it encouraged the resolution to bear it; and I do not believe that either of us exchanged a word afterward upon the subject."

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The dreary horrors of the prison were augmented at the outset by the insolence of the jailor, who became, after a while, more civil through the mysterious influence of a Greek Pindar which he saw among his prisoner's books, the unintelligible character of which gave him a notion of something superior even to himself. Many of the evils of the prison-life were, on the other hand, obviated, or at least ameliorated, by Hunt's own cheerful and enduring spirit.

"To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights."

And when, after some months, ill health occasioned his being removed to a part of the jail called the Infirmary, he was so fortunate as to occupy two rooms which had never been used. These he adorned according to his own fanciful and elegant taste, and converted a little yard, which belonged to them, into a garden. His wife and children being permitted to remain with him, he affected to feel at liberty, and would draw on his gloves, and put his book under his arm as he stepped out into his bounded pleasure-ground of a morning, requesting his wife not to wait dinner if he should be late; thus by the liveliness of imagination, and the beautiful adaptation of the will to the circumstance, cheating his hard fate of its wretchedness, converting ugliness into beauty, misfortune into playfulness, and enjoying what, in allusion to another, he calls "the poet's *privilege* of surmounting sorrow with joy."

Freedom came at last, but brought not, at least immediately, the relief of mind which was to be expected. "Partly from ill health," says our author, "and partly from habit, the day of my liberation brought a good deal of pain."

"An illness of a long standing, which required very different treatment, had by this time been burnt in upon me by the iron that enters into the soul of the captive, wrap it in flowers as he may; and I am ashamed to say, that after stopping a little at the house of my friend Alsager, I had not the courage to continue looking at the shoals of people passing to and fro, as the coach drove up the Strand. The whole business of life seemed a hideous impertinence. The first pleasant sensation I experienced was when the coach turned into the New Road, and I beheld the old hills of my affection standing where they used to do, and breathing me a welcome."

The "Story of Rimini," expanded from a short passage in Dante's "Inferno," was commenced in prison, and published in 1816. It is a poem full of exquisite description, and scenery so perfectly Italian, it seems to glow as if warmed beneath Italian skies. Like the rest of his poetry it degenerates often into the fantastic and trifling, but rises again to the direct and forcible. The author regrets, and we think with reason, the new casting of this beautiful poem, which lost, by the alterations, much of its pathos and fidelity to nature. It was grossly censured by Southey and others, more in the spirit of party and politics than in just literary discrimination.

The *Examiner* continued, with its former fearlessness,

"Showing truth to flattered state,"

and treating the Prince Regent with anything but solemnity. It finally declined under the ascendency of the Tories and the desertion of Reform by the Whigs. Its failure was owing also, in a great measure, to Hunt's ignorance of the business part of the publication. He deeply regrets now those habits and accidents of education which led him to take books for the only ends of life. Hunt was among the most prominent of what, in ridicule, was designated the "cockney school," so called from some of the leaders being Londoners, and engaged in the public press. "Their peculiarities," writes Mr. Milnes, "were a lavish importance given to things trivial and common. They drew their inspiration from books and from themselves, and gave, in imitation of some of the old poets, a pre-eminence to individual peculiarities which was ridiculous transferred from them to the habits and circumstances of our time." Hunt says:—

* "The jests about Londoners and cockneys did not affect me in the least, as far as my faith was concerned. They might as well have said that Hampstead was not beautiful, or Richmond lovely; or that Chaucer and Milton were cockneys when they went out of London to lie on the grass and look at the daisies. The cockney school of poetry is the most illustrious in England; for, to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable cockneys, 'born within the sound of Bow Bell,' Milton was so too; and Chaucer and Spenser were both natives of the city. Of the four greatest English poets, Shakspeare only was not a Londoner."

The reviewers in Blackwood and the Quarterly were destitute of poetic perception, and directed an unrefined and un-

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scrupulous satire against the poets of the cockney school as political opponents. Leigh Hunt was admired by many, and ridiculed by others as the master of this school of poets, when, in truth, he was only their encourager and sympathizer. Hunt had a visit of thanks from Mr. Wordsworth for advocating the cause of his genius. Keats, in a latter to Mr. Bailey, wrote:—

"There has been a flaming attack upon Hunt in the Edinburgh Magazine. I never read anything so virulent,—accusing him of the greatest crimes, depreciating his wife, his poetry, his habits, his company, his conversation. These philippics are to come out in numbers, called 'The Cockney School of Poetry.' There has been but one number published—that on Hunt. * * * I have no doubt the second number was intended for me, but have hopes of its non-appearance from the following advertisement in last Sunday's *Examiner*:—'To Z.—The writer of the article signed Z., in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for October, 1817, is invited to send his address to the printer of the *Examiner*, in order that justice may be executed on the proper person.'"

Of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb, Mr. Hunt gives some fifty pages of very delightful reminiscences.

Wordsworth, in his younger days, must have been too solemn, uncompromising and dignified in his manners to tally with the easier grace of Hunt. The following, in allusion to the visit before mentioned, sufficiently illustrates their difference:—

"Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway, leading to a nursery-ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment; and he uttered in so lofty a voice, the words, 'Anything which is *going forward*,' that I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart. Lamb would certainly have done it. But this was a levity which would neither have been so proper on my part, after so short an acquaintance, nor very intelligible perhaps, in any sense of the word, to the serious poet. There are good-humored warrants for smiling, which lie deeper even than Mr. Wordsworth's thoughts for tears."

Thirty years afterward, when they met again, the manner of the great poet appeared greatly improved, "quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal as well as spiritual confidence."

Hunt's bosom friend was Shelley. After his second marriage he resided at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, where Hunt, with his family, paid him a visit, and describes him in his study, which was adorned with casts of the Apollo and Venus,—strolling in his garden and about the country,—or sailing in a boat, which was his favorite diversion. "Flowers," he says, "or a happy face, or the hearing a congenial remark, would make his eyes sparkle with delight; while he would droop into an aspect of dejection when he saw the miserable-looking children of the lace-making village, or thought of his own children of whom he had been deprived by Chancery."

"As to his children, the reader perhaps is not aware, that in this country of England, so justly called free on many accounts, and so proud of its 'Englishman's castle,'—of the house, which nothing can violate, a man's offspring can be taken from him to-morrow, who holds a different opinion from the Lord Chancellor in faith and morals. Hume's, if he had any, might have been taken. Gibbon's might have been taken. The virtuous Condorcet, if he had been an Englishman and a father, would have stood no chance.

"Plato, for his *Republic*, would have stood as little; and Mademoiselle de Gournay might have been torn from the arms of her adopted father Montaigne, convicted beyond redemption of seeing farther than the walls of the Court of Chancery. That such things are not done often, I believe; that they may be done oftener than people suspect, I believe also; for they are transacted with closed doors, and the details are forbidden to transpire."

Shelley's "princeliness" of generosity, his benevolence and sensibility, were accompanied by a playfulness and love of frolic. "It was a moot point when he entered your room whether he would begin with some half-pleasant, half-pensive joke, or quote something Greek, or ask some question about public affairs." He and Hunt once, riding in a stage-coach where their only companion was a very silent, "grim" looking old lady, "Shelley startled her into a look of most ludicrous astonishment," by suddenly addressing his friend, in his enthusiastic tone of voice, with a quotation from Shakspeare: "Hunt!

'For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings!'"

"The old lady," says Hunt, "looked on the coach floor as if expecting to see us take seats accordingly."

Hunt's love for Keats was only second to that which he cherished for Shelley. The knowledge reaching him after Keats's death that the poet had at one time distrusted his

friendship,—though he comforts himself with the reflection that "it was sickness, and soon passed away,"—deeply wounded his sincere and affectionate nature. It was a suspicion wholly undeserved, and was overcome before Hunt dreamed of its existence. A letter which Keats's devoted friend, Mr. Severn, received from Leigh Hunt a few days after Keats's death at Rome, illustrates so fully Hunt's warm and simple affection, and is so touchingly delicate and sympathizing, that, as we can never read it ourselves without emotion, we are induced to transcribe it for those who may not have seen it in Mr. Milnes' "Life and Letters of Keats."

"Vale of Health, Hampstead,
March 8th, 1821.

"Dear Severn: You have concluded, of course, that I have sent no letters to Rome, because I was aware of the effect they would have on Keats's mind; and this is the principal cause,—for besides what I have been told of his emotions about letters in Italy, I remember his telling me on one occasion, that, in his sick moments, he never wished to receive another letter, or ever to see another face, however friendly. But still I should have written to *you* had I not been almost at death's door myself. You will imagine how ill I have been, when you hear that I have just begun writing again for the 'Examiner' and 'Indicator,' after an interval of several months, during which my flesh wasted from me in sickness and melancholy. Judge how often I thought of Keats, and with what feelings. Mr. Brown tells me he is comparatively calm now, or rather quite so. If he can bear to hear of us, pray tell him—but he knows it already, and can put it in better language than any man. I hear he does not like to be told that he may get better; nor is it to be wondered at, considering his firm persuasion that he shall not recover. He can only regard it as a puerile thing, and an insinuation that he cannot bear to think he shall die. But if this persuasion should happen no longer to be so strong upon him, or if he can now put up with such attempts to console him, remind him of what I have said a thousand times, and that I still (upon my honor, Severn,) think always, that I have seen too many instances of recovery from apparently desperate cases of consumption, not to indulge in hope to the very last. If he cannot bear this, tell him—tell that great poet and noble-hearted man—that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do. Or if this again will trouble his spirit, tell him we shall never cease to remember and love him, and, that the most skeptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads, to think that all who are of one accord in mind and heart are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somehow or other again, face to face, mutually conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he was in everything else; or, whether you tell him the latter or no, tell him the former, and add that we shall never forget he was so, and that we are coming after him. The tears are again in my eyes, and I must not afford to shed them. The next letter I write shall be more to yourself, and a little more refreshing to your spirits, which we are very sensible must have been very greatly taxed. But whether our friend dies or not, it will not be among the least lofty of our recollections by-and-by, that you helped to smooth the sick bed of so fine a being.

"Your sincere friend,
"Leigh Hunt."

Of Charles Lamb, Mr. Hunt says, there has never been a true portrait. His face resembled that of Bacon, "with less worldly vigor and more sensibility." The small size of the head both in Shelley and Keats has been a puzzle to phrenologists. Hunt could not get on either their hats or Lord Byron's. Lamb's head, on the contrary, was large in proportion to his body, or rather to his limbs, which were fragile. Though a man of strict veracity in the ordinary sense of the word, Lamb had a fondness for confounding the borders of theoretical truth and falsehood. He said to a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, that *he* valued himself on being "a matter-of-lie man;" and at another time he said that "truth was precious, and not to be wasted on everybody."

Hazlitt compared Coleridge's genius to a spirit, all head and wings, eternally floating about in etherealities. "He gave me," says Hunt, "a different impression. I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair, but able to conjure his etheralcties about him in the twinkling of an eye." Hunt refers us to his "*Imagination and Fancy*" for a critical summary of his opinions respecting Coleridge's poetry, of which however he here says, "I take it upon the whole to have been the finest of its time;" and again, "Of all 'the muse's mysteries,' he was as great a high priest as Spenser; and Spenser himself might have gone to Highgate to hear him talk, and thank him for his 'Ancient Mariner.'"

Partly through the urgency of Shelley, who had been some time abroad, partly to recruit his own health and his wife's, and chiefly on account of a proposal made by

Lord Byron to set up a liberal periodical publication in conjunction with him (Byron) and Shelley, Hunt went with his family to Italy. Moreover, while his brother John was to endeavor, in England, to reanimate the *Examiner*, Leigh Hunt was to use simultaneous exertion in Italy to secure new aid to their prospects and new friends to the cause of liberty.

After a very long and stormy passage, enlivened in description by that talismanic power which our author possesses of turning everything into mirth, poetry, or instruction, he arrived at Leghorn, where he met Lord Byron and Mr. Trelawney. He visited the former at his country residence at Monte Nero, where he lived with Madame Guiccioli, in "a salmon-colored house," which, in a hot Italian sun, suggested no very hopeful ideas of comfort or of poetry. Shelley hastened from his *villeggiatura* at Lerici, to meet his friend, and accompanied him to Pisa, where Hunt was to take up his residence. He remained a day or two; and after spending the last afternoon delightfully together in wandering about Pisa, the friends separated never to meet again. On the night of the same day Shelley took a post-chaise for Leghorn, where he was, next day, to depart for his home, with his friend Capt. Williams, of Lerici.

"I entreated him," says Hunt, "if the weather was violent, not to give way to his daring spirit and venture to sea. He promised me he would not, and it seems he did set off later than he otherwise would have done, and at, apparently, a more favorable moment. I never saw him more." The same night there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were anxious, but hoped their friend might either not have left, or arrived in safety before its commencement. Trelawney came to Pisa and told them he was missing.

"A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed. A body had been washed on shore, near the town of Via Reggio, which, by the dress and stature, was known to be our friend's. Keats's last volume also (the *Lamia*, &c.,) was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it, when surprised by the storm. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it to me again with his own hands. So I would not have it from any other. It was burned with his remains. The body of his friend Mr. Williams was found near a tower, four miles distant from its companion. That of the other third party in the boat, Charles Vivian, the seaman, was not discovered till nearly three weeks afterward.

"The remains of Shelley and Mr. Williams were burned, after the good ancient fashion, and gathered into coffers. Those of Mr. Williams were subsequently taken to England. Shelley's were interred at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, the place which he had so touchingly described in recording its reception of Keats. The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawney, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend Captain Shenley were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterward. His lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle, and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed.

"None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing, that lovers of books and antiquity, like Shelley and his companion, Shelley in particular with his Greek enthusiasm, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption; not the least extraordinary part of his history. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured—frankincense, wine, &c.—were not forgotten; and to these Keats's volume was added. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another; marble mountains touched the air with coolness; and the flame of the fire bore away toward heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as though it contained the glassy essence of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic countenance to look out of it, turning once more before it departed, to thank the friends that had done their duty.

"Shelley, when he died, was in his thirtieth year. His face was small, but well-shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was very sensitive and graceful. His side-face upon the whole was deficient in strength, and his features would not have told well in a bust; but when fronting and looking at you attentively, his aspect had a certain seraphical character that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel whom Milton describes as holding a reed 'tipt with fire.' Nor would the most religious mind, had it known him, have objected to the comparison; for, with all his skepticism, Shelley's disposition was truly said to have been anything but irreligious. He was pious toward nature, toward his friends, toward the whole human race, toward the meanest insect of the forest. He did himself an injustice with the public, in using the popular name of the

Supreme Being inconsiderately. He identified it solely with the most vulgar and tyrannical notions of a God made after the worst human fashion; and did not sufficiently reflect, that it was often used by a juster devotion to express a sense of the great Mover of the universe. When I heard of the catastrophe that overtook him, it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world, to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead in a solitary corner of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold; the relics of a misunderstood nature, slain by the ungenial elements."

Hunt's family occupied, at Pisa, a part of Lord Byron's residence on the river Arno. Here Lord Byron, under the influence of his well-known "hippocrene," was occupied in writing Don Juan, and an intimacy commenced between the two poets, which, being founded rather in expediency than congeniality, was not of long duration. The letters of Byron, which our author considers to be an appropriate introduction to their acquaintance, have no very especial interest, and seem to serve better the purpose of "filling up" than any other. Indeed, the whole account of our author's intercourse with his noble friend, and afterwards "bitter enemy," is far less attractive than other portions of the book. Though Byron set a high value upon Hunt's honest and sincere admiration, and apparently sympathized with his liberal views and objects, yet when they came to see each other more intimately it is well known that a mutual repugnance arose, and at length (lightly as Hunt now refers to it) flamed up almost into hatred. Lord Byron had evidently a secret delight in the vanity of his companion, so much more simple and displayful than his own. Hunt says: "Lord Byron liked to imitate Johnson, and say, 'Why, sir,' in a high, mouthing way, rising and looking about him." He does not perceive that his Lordship, while jocularly assuming the *Johnson*, was, in reality, playing off the conceit and toadyism of *his* (Hunt's) unconscious *Boswell*.

In the fall Hunt removed his family to Genoa, where Mrs. Shelley had preceded them, and found houses both for Lord Byron's family and his, at Albaro, a neighboring village. Hunt's family and Mrs. Shelley occupied the Casa Negroto. Lord Byron lived near them in the Casa Saluzzi. Here they received the first number of their new Quarterly, *The Liberal*, accompanied by hopes and fears, the latter of which were too soon realized. Lord Byron's highly raised expectations being in some measure disappointed, his interest cooled off, and after four numbers *The Liberal* was no more. These, however, contained the "Vision of Judgment," some vigorous essays of Hazlitt and Shelley's beautiful translation of the "May-day Night," from Goethe. Hunt says that he himself wrote nearly half of the whole publication, but not, he thinks, in his best manner.

Of Genoa,—"Genoa the superb,"—of which the proverb says, "it has a sea without fish, land without trees, men without faith, and women without modesty," our author tells better things, and gives a new view of the "city of palaces," so often described by travellers. We refer our readers to the description of its aspect as seen from the sea; the account of its streets and palaces, its men and women, its churches, and of a religious procession which he witnessed there, in which was borne a wax-work representation of Saint Antonio kneeling before the Virgin, reminding him strongly of the ancient paganism. "The son of Myrrha," he says, "could not look more lover-like than St. Antonio, nor Venus more polite than the Virgin; and the flowers stuck all about (the favorite emblem of the Cyprian youth) completed the likeness to an ancient festival of Adonis." Of the climate he says:

"You learn for the first time in this climate, what colors really are. No wonder it produces painters. An English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his own atmosphere, compared with this. One day we saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him; and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colors, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less anything vulgar or butcher-like, but like what it is, an intense specimen of the color of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture; and so did the women and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-colored silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he p[ulled] the oars, occasionally turning his heroic pro[file]

give a glance behind him at other boats. They generally row standing, and pushing from them."

From Genoa Hunt removed to Florence. Having heard, at the former place, nothing in the streets but the talk of money, he hailed it as a good omen that in Florence the two first words which caught his ear were *Fiori* and *Donne*—flowers and women. He took up his abode at the neighboring village of Maiano, on the slope of one of the Fiesolan hills. Here he was surrounded by classical associations.

"Out of the windows of one side of our house, we saw the turret of the Villa Gherardi, to which, according to his biographers, his 'joyous company' resorted in the first instance. A house belonging to the Machiavelli was nearer, a little to the left; and farther to the left, among the blue hills, was the white village of Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born. The house is still in possession of the family. From our windows on the other side we saw, close to us, the Fiesole of antiquity and of Milton, the site of the Boccaccio-house before mentioned still closer, the *Decameron's* Valley of Ladies at our feet; and we looked over toward the quarter of the Mugnone and of a house of Dante, and in the distance beheld the mountains of Pistoia. Lastly, from the terrace in front, Florence lay clear and cathedralled before us, with the scene of Redi's *Bacchus* rising on the other side of it, and the Villa of Arcetri, illustrious for Galileo. Hazlitt, who came to see me there, (and who afterward, with one of his felicitous images, described the state of mind in which he found me, by saying that I was 'moulting,') beheld the scene around us with the admiration natural to a lover of old folios and great names, and confessed, in the language of Burns, that it was a sight to enrich the eyes."

Notwithstanding his boast of the power of "pitching" his soul "from Tuscany into York street," Hunt began to long for the air of his native country. He not only missed London, but he missed his native English oaks and elms; and he compares the natural features of the two countries, like a true Englishman, quite to the advantage of his own. The fortunes of the *Examiner* and its editors had now come to a crisis, and it was necessary to return to England. Our author took leave of Mariano with a dry eye; Boccaccio and the Valley of Ladies notwithstanding. Before taking leave of Italy altogether, however, he lingers to make some remarks upon the insect tribes peculiar to the south of Europe. We quote his description of the fire-fly, well known in our own country:—

"But there is one insect which is equally harmless and beautiful. It succeeds the noisy cicala of an evening; and is of so fairy-like a nature and lustre, that it would be almost worth coming into the south to look at it, if there were no other attraction. I allude to the fire-fly. Imagine thousands of flashing diamonds every night powdering the ground, the trees, and the air, especially in the darkest places, and in the corn-fields. They give at once a delicacy and brilliance to Italian darkness inconceivable. It is the glow-worm, winged, and flying in crowds. In England it is the female alone that can be said to give light; that of the male, who is the exclusive possessor of the wings, is hardly perceptible. 'Worm' is a wrong word, the creature being a real insect. The Tuscan name is lucciola, little-light. In Genoa they call them cæe-belle, (chiare-belle,) clear and pretty. When held in the hand, the little creature is discovered to be a dark-colored beetle, but without the hardness or sluggish look of the beetle tribe. The light is contained in the under part of the extremity of the abdomen, exhibiting a dull, golden-colored partition by day, and flashing occasionally by daylight, especially when the hand is shaken. At night the flashing is that of the purest and most lucid fire, spangling the vineyards and olive-trees, and their dark avenues, with innumerable stars. Its use is not known. In England, and I believe here, the supposition is that it is a signal of love. It affords no perceptible heat, but is supposed to be phosphoric. In a dark room, a single one is sufficient to flash a light against the wall. I have read of a lady in the West Indies who could see to read by the help of three under a glass, as long as they chose to accommodate her. During our abode in Genoa a few of them were commonly in our rooms all night, going about like little sparkling elves. It is impossible not to think of something spiritual in seeing the progress of one of them through a dark room. You only know it by the flashing of its lamp, which takes place every three or four inches apart, sometimes oftener, thus marking its track in and out of the apartment, or about it. It is like a little fairy taking its rounds. These insects remind us of the lines in Herrick, inviting his mistress to come to him at night-time, and they suit them still better than his English ones:—

'Their light the glow-worms lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.'"

The trees of Italy are beautifully and skilfully touched upon—the cypress, the olive, and particularly the chestnut:—

"The chestnut trees are very beautiful; the spiky-looking branches of leaves, long, and of a noble green, make a glorious show as you look up against the intense blue of the sky. Is it a commonplace to say that the *castanets* used in dancing, evidently originated in the nuts of this tree, *castagnette?* They are made in general, I believe, of

cockle-shells, or an imitation of them; but the name renders their vegetable descent unequivocal. It is pleasant to observe the simple origin of pleasant things. Some loving peasants, time immemorial, fall dancing under the trees: they pick up the nuts, rattle them in their hands; and behold (as the Frenchman says) the birth of the accompaniment of the fandango."

Settled once again at his beloved Hampstead, our poet found amid English scenery his "old friend Pastoral, still more pastoral." He now strolled about the meadows, with a "Parnaso," or a Spenser under his arm, and wondered that he met nobody who seemed to love the fields as he did. Toryism was at this time in the ascendant, and Hunt's literary productions were not popular. It was not until the rise of Louis Philippe and the decline of Toryism, that the signature of the quondam editor of the *Examiner* was greeted with its former favor. "It is not the best trait," he says, "in the character of the public, that they incline to believe whatever is said of a man by the prosperous. I have since been lauded to the skies for productions which at that period fell dead from the press."

We will not go with Mr. Hunt into the critical analysis of his own poetical productions, though many of his remarks thereon are as racy as the poems themselves. This method of commenting upon one's own productions is not altogether unauthorized. Mr. Hunt gives for it the example of the old Italian poets, with Dante at their head. He regrets that Shakspeare had not been his own commentator, and Spenser given elucidations respecting his Platonic mysticisms on the nature of man. He would have enjoyed "a divine gossip with him about his woods, and his solitudes, and his nymphs, his oceans, and his heaven."

Our author enlarges also upon his numerous prose works, and the publications for which he wrote as editor and as contributor. These were, besides those already mentioned, the *Tattler*, a daily paper of four folio pages, which he wrote entirely; the *True Sun*, to which he contributed, as also to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*; the *Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian magazine; the *London Journal*, and the *Seer*, which now stands as a companion to the *Indicator*. His dramatic productions were, *The Legend of Florence*, *The Secret Marriage*, *Lover's Amazements*, *The Double*, and *Look to your Morals*,—all of which were failures. In addition to these and his volumes of essays, poems, &c., "I have written," he says, "one more book, small, and still in manuscript, which I can take no pride in, which I desire to take no pride in, and yet which I hold dearer than all the rest." This volume, it appears, is upon the subject of religion, and has appended to it his "*Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled*," and is promised to be shortly published.

We cannot better take leave of our old friend than by quoting a few characteristic words of his own, descriptive of his present life:—

"With the occasional growth of this book, with the production of others from necessity, with the solace of verse, and with my usual experience of sorrows and enjoyments, of sanguine hopes and bitter disappointments, of bad health and almost unconquerable spirits, (for though my old hypochondria never returns, I sometimes undergo pangs of unspeakable will and longing, on matters which elude my grasp,) I have now passed, in one sequestered tenor of life, almost the whole lapse of years since I lost my friend in Italy. The same unvaried day sees me reading or writing, ailing, jesting, reflecting, rarely stirring from home but to walk, interested in public events, in the progress of society, in the 'New Reformation,' (most deeply,) in things great and small, in a print, in a plaster-cast, in a hand-organ, in the stars, in the scene to which the sun is hastening, in the flower on my table, in the fly on my paper while I write. (He crosses words, of which he knows nothing; and perhaps we all do as much every moment, over divinest meanings.)"

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# THE DECENNIAD.

## PART I.

## YOUTH.

O FRIEND, absent in form and soul, from me!
Once dear, by cruel madness long estranged!
Again I stand, and seem to talk with thee,
By this fair stream, that hath in nothing changed,
But now, as ever, with mild murmur flows
On to her solemn lake and deep repose.

The tenth year mingles with eternity,
Since we together, from the windy crest
Of yon dark mountain, saw the victory
And chase of evening clouds, when on the west
They moved their misty ranks, in dim array,
Ensanguined by the Parthian shafts of day.

We saw, still glorious in his fall, the sun
Touch the red mountain with his burning shield;
And when the silver planet had begun
Her triumph sweet above the azure field,
We turned, and by a mountain torrent led,
Went unseen through dim bowers along its bed.

The leafy bosom of a mountain, crowned
With rock-grown cedars, where the secret rills
Creep through fall'n leaves and under hollow ground,
Inward and downward: a dead shadow stills
Th' abyss; and there the waters gathered are,
Unwitnessed, save by some high-climbing star.

Down through the gorge we took our silent way,
While each for each th' opposing foliage turned,
Till burst upon us the far-shining day,
That now on all the vast horizon burned
Her final fires, and in the failing east
The golden honors of the day decreased.

Lo! where the mountain slides into the plain,
Covered with cedars and close-woven vines,
The cliff-born waters, welling forth again,
Flow in a crystal torrent that aye shines
With all the varying colors of the sky,
Broken and brief, a brilliant phantasy.

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Quick at the fount the living waters play,
  Then laughing down the verdurous grade they run,
Like troops of children, of a holiday,
  On a grassed playground, sloping to the sun;
The roguish ripples, dancing with delight,
Twinkle and glow like diamonds in the light.

Then gentlier flow they among isles of grass,
  And promontories green, till calm and wide
They move reluctant, swaying as they pass
  The anchored lilies, that companioned ride
With fleets of floating foliage broad and green,
And cups of flowery gold that glow between.

The scythe-ripe meadows greenly stretched afar,
  Where the long waters wound, obscurely shining;
The wakening airs kept up a breezy war
  With grass and trees their sudden flights confining;
The broad hills billowed in the windy chase
Down their green sides, from brow to gloomy base.

Soft came the airs, with leafy murmurs sweet,
  And sensuous trill of insects in the grass;
Mild whispers, heard when day and darkness meet,
  That move an inborn music as they pass,
Tuned by the wheel-strokes of a distant mill,
Now plashing loud, and now a moment still.

Gradual, o'er all, the mountain sent his shade,—
  Though yet, from western clouds, a ruddy beam
Glowed on the waters, playfully delayed
  By shallow ripples on th' impatient stream,
That would not let the troubled splendor lie
In the deep hollow of the nether sky.

Still at each windy lull it sought its rest
  In the calm bosom of the blue profound,—
Like Faith's clear vision in a peaceful breast,—
  Then broke in passion; when with hasty sound
The wind awoke, and stirred the leaves, and flew,
Trailing his skirt along the trembling blue.

The far wheel ceased, the swelling sluices roared,
  The mill-bell tinkled in the twilight air;
Sweet sounds that o'er the dewy landscape poured
  Remission blest of industry and care;
Vespers of labor, when with merriment
The sons of toil all smiling homeward went.

Their children meet them half the pleasant way,
  And hand in hand the sons and fathers walk;
The happy mothers chide their long delay,
  While on the grassy lane they, lingering, talk:
Young swains and hoary tillers, how the State
Should be advanced, and who are truly great.

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Then heart of youth and tender sympathy
Drowned the slow rising of those manlier strains
That move me now: for, O lost friend! to thee
And me alike, the world with its fierce pains,
Its mad ambitions and proud agonies,
Was but a figment of masked tragedies.

We read, or seemed to read, in Nature seen,
An unknown Power; whose hand æsthetical,
In beauteous life and leafy concourse green,
In hills and streams, and the far-thundering fall,
On wind-worn mountain and tumultuous sea,
Moulds the fair earth—shapes it eternally!

It was a mild Philosophy, whose head
Shone with bright hopes like glowing flowers, each day
Renewed; and she her willing votaries led
Through many an antique, long abandoned way,
Amid the o'erthrown primal temples, dim
Inscribed with holy truth, in legends grim.

Or wedding sweet verse to a piteous air,
The daisy-crownéd muse, full innocent,
Bewailed in leafy nook some love-sick fair,
Weeping her mate in weary banishment;
Sad stops and tearful melodies, that gave
An echo to the wind and moaning wave.

Or in a pensive passion pacing slow
Along the margin of a reedy run,
She marked the maiden lily that doth show
Her snow-white, odorous bosom to the sun,
Hot ravisher, that with too ardent beam
Kisses the tender beauty of the stream.

Then came the Druid of soft Windermere,
And charmed us to his pleasant wildernesses;
Bard of weak passions, impotent to cheer
The strong heart bending under stern distresses.
Poet of silly griefs and witless woes,
Great singer of small joys and mighty shows!

How swift the primal curse, Necessity,
Nipped all your wormy fruits and idle flowers;
Searing their roots with acrid poverty,
And blighting their pale leaves with bitter showers:
Long fallow time it needed, ere a hand
With useful fruitage came and crowned the land.

"God is in nature." Aye, but in man most;
And who would worship, let him not fall down
To seas or mountains, or even to the host
That diadem the night. Man wears the crown
Of the creation, and in him we see
The reflex, sole, of true Divinity.

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Nay, worship God alone: be thou a man,
And not man's worshipper, nor Nature's. Show
The power of freedom. What young Freedom can,
Were it not worth a martyrdom to know?
If thou wilt rhyme, then be thy manly verse
Made for a patriot's praise,—a traitor's curse.

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PART II.

## MANHOOD.

Has the New World no passion fit to move
Heroic numbers? Must the liberal air
Still ring with verse that girls and boys approve,
Melodious lust and musical despair?
Then be despised the idle rhyming art,
Unfit for themes that move a patriot's heart!

Look where the modern epic Manhood stands
Among the people!—mark him, you who deem
Heroes a growth of other times and lands,
Or a mere fiction of the poet's dream;
Up!. to *his* grandeur, rhymster, if you can!
And future times will deem you too a man.

Seest not the noble front,—the shoulders large,—
And majesty of motion, that declare
The hero born, not made; on whom the charge
Of empire, inevitable, rests? He goes,
Unconscious, toward his fame, and powerful state,
By character, God's mark, alone made great.

Clad in the dress of toil, he moves a king
Of Nature's crowning: his deep voice more feared,
His smile more valued, than the beckoning
Of law-made monarchs; and, penurious reared,
He laughs at wealth, and with rich eloquence
Unlocks all hoards and takes his liking thence.

For all men love him,—aye, all women too;
And every native beauty he will scan
With a moist eye, and tender; and were you
Before him, every mark in you of man
He would discern, and on the instant trace
The strength, or weakness, written in your face.

Trust him, and he will love you; do him wrong,
His anger blasts you like a desert wind:
Oppose him, he is courteous, and will long
Contend with bloodless weapons of the mind;
Force him to fight you, not the raging sea
More terrible or pitiless than he.

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Make MEN your leaders, people,—if you dare
Be ruled by men; but if the coward mind
Revolts, look you to England: she will care
Most wisely for you, and provide a kind
Fit for your needs. Your master comes, behold!
Sir Plausible, the prince of lies and gold.

Under the royal mantle England keeps
A serpent brood; of whom, from time to time,
She raises one, and the base creature creeps
Away to some free land, whose ardent clime,
Full of intestine tumult and hot strife,
Soon swells his serpent bulk with vicious life.

Sunset of England's glory gilds his coils,
And sheds a gold light on his bloodless face;
He weaves, admired, his diplomatic toils,
And ruins statesmen with a gentle grace;
Prudent and cool, with tact and bonhomie,
He ousts the rugged sons of liberty.

Who can resist his subtle instigation,—
The bribe and flattery felt but still unseen?
Satan deceives a woman—he, a nation,
With arts more powerful as they are more mean.
Shame on the coarse tools of Machiavel,
Supplanted by these new envoys of Hell!

Boasting and bold, a different agent comes,
Philanthropic, without a doubt or fear;
To civil discord the fair land he dooms,
And brags his mission to the public ear!
What stays the halter from his hated neck?
Courage, or fear; our scorn, or our respect?

Up, freemen of the North! look to the spy!
Beware the Power that sends him, and seek home
Whether amid *yourselves* no traitors lie
In specious ambush, working for your doom.
Up! iron hands, and swear, if wars begin,
The steel falls first on traitors for the sin.

And you, ye pulpit thunderers, with bent brows,
Hurling God's lightning with a clumsy fist
Against the altar of our holiest vows,
Look to the day when you will scarce be missed;
Let vain ambition puff you not too high,—
There comes a breath shall mar your prophecy:

A breath from Germany, an Unbelief,
Withering and scorching all your gospel flowers;
False Science, and false Art, but falsest, chief,
Transcendent subtleties, of rights and powers
Inherent, whispering mild, with sensual skill
Teaching your converts' hearts to worship Will.

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Think you, proud Hierarchs, self-elect, the Lord
Has no revenge in store for those who break
Urim and Thummim, the nation's seal and word,
The talisman of freedom, for whose sake
On hard-fought fields, with gory conquest strown,
True hearts by thousands fell without a groan?

Fell, with the smile of faith upon their lips:
For in the fatal, bloody fray, they saw
The young Star of Empire moving to the eclipse
Of despotism, detested; and the Law
Divine made sovereign in the greatest good
Of the down-trodden, patient multitude.

Wouldst thou give murderous license to the black,
Most holy peace-maker! and bid him kill,
In malice for the scars upon his back,
The master who reins in his sensual will?
Dooming to hell nine-tenths of all thy kind,
Wouldst make a hell here too, thou sordid mind?

Freedom is but a guardianship of laws
Held by the people: but the wolf and bear,
The assassin and the slave, with harpy claws
Of insurrection freed, raven and tear.
Are these your "citizens," your "voters grim"?
Let Hayti's tyrant answer,—look to him.

Weakness and wickedness are friends, and then
This life is made Gehenna, when decrees
Flow from the hearts of base and feeble men,—
Forgers of factions and of treacheries!
And then come nations to the mortal hour,
When weak fools put strong knaves in seats of power.

Lo, the smart orator! his bitter brows
Knit in the sharp folds of denunciation:
Fact upon fact and scorn on scorn he throws,
A madman hurling firebrands!—all his passion
In the echo dies; his spirit is not approved;
'Tis not by selfish fury men are moved.

Another comes: Such state no victor king
Had ever: At his bidding clamor dies,
Breathless: Anon the silver accents ring
Clear on the air: Delighted murmurs rise:
"What majesty of soul his words reveal!"
Then followed the applausive thunder, peal on peal.

He spoke of peace, union and brotherhood,
And the strong passion shook his aged frame;
Then ceased, and when the shouting multitude
Stood trembling, as if pentecostal flame
Had fallen on all, he with his burning eye
Followed the shout and sealed the victory.

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Like a gray cloud, that on a sultry close
Of eve, appals, unlooked, the torrid South,
He stood, when, all too confident, his foes
Exulted, deeming his Olympian mouth
For ever shut: but he with lightning scorn
Blasted the front of treason newly born.

Then burst the thunder of his eloquence,
Purging the air that sickened with the scent
Of foul rebellion. Reason gathered thence
New courage, and the exulting Continent,
All darkened o'er by dread uncertainty,
Blazed with her Union fires from sea to sea.

Such be thy rulers, Land, in these more blest
Than Israel in her judges! Let the dead
Lie with their kings: on the great future rest
The feet of Heaven's true sons. The golden head
Of empire, rising like the sun at morn,
Dims the pale stars that did its front adorn. Δ

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# "LONDON ASSURANCE;"

OR,

## SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER *versus* YANKEE NEWSPAPERS.

### A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

AIR.

"And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made."

"*It is clear* that Great Britain *does not intend* to relinquish her hold on San Juan; and that in open and flagrant defiance of her stipulations she still both 'assumes dominion' and 'exercises' it in the most arbitrary manner in Central America. San Juan is as effectively "occupied" by her as Liverpool. These matters must soon come up before Congress, and we have a right to expect that both Houses will thoroughly investigate them. If the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty is not regarded in its direct and obvious provisions, it is very certain it will not be in its more obscure ones. A rigid adherence to its terms should be insisted on, or it should be abrogated."—*New-York Tribune, Dec. 4th*, 1850.

"Since the appearance of our last, we have received intelligence which gives us ample reason to believe that *the recent outrages on American rights at San Juan and its vicinity, have been in no manner instigated or countenanced by the British Government*, and that they will be promptly rebuked if not expressly disavowed. * * * That the British officials at San Juan and vicinity have been expressly and repeatedly ordered from London to refrain from molesting or interfering with American citizens or vessels in any port of Central America, or upon its coasts, *we are fully assured;* that those orders have ere this been received and will henceforth be obeyed, *we will not doubt.* We are not so clearly assured, but have good reason to believe, that the British occupation, protectorate, or whatever it may be called, will soon be withdrawn from 'Greytown,' and all that part of the Central American coast, as we trust it also may from all Central America, so that the amicable relations of the two countries may be preserved and secured by a full and faithful execution of the terms of the Clayton Treaty. With this no new treaty is needed, and the withdrawal from Nicaragua of the insolent and mischief-making Chatfield would dispel the last cloud hitherto obscuring the prospect of continued amity.

"There really is no excuse for trouble in that quarter."—*Same paper, next day,* (*Dec. 5th*, 1850.)

"*The Express*, dilating on the late British assumptions and outrages at the mouth of the San Juan, says:—

"'We beg leave to express the opinion, not hastily or unadvisedly given, that neither Great Britain on the one hand, nor the Executive or Mr.

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Webster on the other, have any such designs as are imputed to them by the *Sun* and *Tribune*.'

"Will *The Express* be good enough to state frankly, promptly, and clearly, *what* 'designs' in reference to this matter have been attributed to 'the Executive and Mr. Webster' by *The Tribune*? We are anxious to know."—*Same paper, day after*, (*Dec. 6th*, 1850.)

"We now notify *The Express* that we consider every such statement in its columns as that *The Tribune* had imputed 'designs' to 'the Executive and Mr. Webster' with respect to the recent British outrages in Nicaragua, as the meanest kind of falsehood, and as morally of the nature of forgery."—*Same paper, day after that again*, (*Dec. 7th*, 1850.)

It may not be in accordance with the well-known etiquette of Review circles to notice the errors or follies of the newspaper *prolétaire*, or daily talking class; as unfortunately the Republic of Letters, like republics of a more material and less infinite existence, is prone to imitate the class distinctions and the vices of monarchy. However, we, having a profound contempt for the mock "respectable," and being disposed to assert on all occasions the principle of fraternal equality, mean now and then to descend from our dignity, when the descent can be effected for our own gain, and the amusement or improvement of our readers. To the large mind of a Review, the loftiest political tumbling, and the smallest newspaper fanfaronade, abound in themes of equally profound thought; and as there is nothing below the consideration of the true philosopher; as Sir Isaac Newton made great discoveries from the falling of a rotten apple; so we think in the falling of the *Tribune*, as recorded in the above extracts, our readers will find the germ of an elaborate science, of which our popular newspaper editors are the most facetious and indefatigable professors—the science of taking the extreme sides of a question in turn, without being committed to either, and without offending anybody. An admirable science, requisite to be known that you may get on well in the world, and maintain the principles you profess, without seeming on the whole to differ with principles of a directly opposite character; requiring, too, considerable practice before you can assume the necessary appearance of honest credulity one day, in that which you contradicted the day previous, and the still more necessary deportment of violent and virtuous indignation, should friend or enemy hint the remotest disbelief in your new assertion. Thus, a writer must have "gone in" for the Rochester knockings, before he is capable of assuming a discreet confidence in the assurances of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer and the honor of England. And though we cannot pretend to determine what amount of credulity the *Tribune* may have acquired, after such exploits in the imaginative and the ridiculous, we are inclined to think the assurances which may enable it to shirk a question involving the national honor and the endurance of the United States, and devote its remarkable energies still further to the popular exhibition of "Abolition" gambols, must be very welcome and very slight indeed. It is highly amusing, no doubt, to observe the bagatelle at which, as exampled in the above extracts, the two leading Whig newspapers of this city are playing. We can well appreciate the dislike any Whig organ would have, in the present aspect of affairs, to incur the charge of imputing unworthy designs to Mr. Webster. But to be just to Mr. Webster, it is by no means necessary to be unjust to our country, or to abandon without protest, and even with a slur, American ships and American citizens to the outrages of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, and his Greytown police. Nay, it is unjust to Mr. Webster to couple confidence in *him* with confidence in the assurances of the British Ambassador, or of his congenial superiors, or of his obedient servants. Mr. Webster's eminence, and the public trust in his integrity, cannot be increased by coupling him with a man whose honor has been several times publicly belied since his arrival in this country; or with the public faith of a foreign government which stands arraigned before the world of having, at one and the same moment, ratified a public treaty, and broken it. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer himself has, with the characteristic cunning of a vulgar diplomatist, endeavored, by the use of Mr. Webster's name in public and private, to acquire either the screen of a great man's name for his unworthy duplicity, or to drag down the name now most honored by the American people to a level with his own. And however agreeable it may be to either of our Whig newspapers, to make the other sommersault with the dexterity of one of the Ravel family on a tight rope, yet if in doing so the hon

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of Mr. Webster, which no human being doubts, is to be coupled with British or Punic faith, or with faith in the verbal assurances of the reckless and double-dealing representative of the Russell Cabinet here, whom no human being, after what has occurred, can trust; if, we say, the honor of the Whig party, or of any party presuming to rule these United States, is to be represented as identical with the honor of England, or that of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, then it must ere long fare ill both with that party and these United States. Disgrace and doom must result to any party or nation which is so blind as to pin its faith and its interests to public falsehood, or proven treachery. And deeply as we know the American nation trusts in the integrity and national spirit of Mr. Webster—deeply as we know it trusts in the political integrity against foreign machinations of that party which owes its birth and its proudest laurels to repelling with republican sturdiness the aggressions of Great Britain, yet after the duplicity and baseness displayed by Mr. Bulwer since his arrival in this country, upon this very question of Central America, we are confident, no matter what authority may endorse him now or henceforth, that the people of this Republic will never again trust in his promises or assurances, or the honor of his Government. If an American party desired political damnation, we could not suggest to it a speedier or easier mode of effecting it, than by taking the person or character of Sir H. L. Bulwer under its wing. The *Tribune* cannot have stronger personal assurances of the intentions of Great Britain in one direction, than we have public assurances in the other. No personal assurance can be stronger than a solemn public treaty, to which with good faith pledged, the British Cabinet has formally affixed its ratification, the seal of its monarchy, and the signature of its minister. The parchment deception known as the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, distinctly bound, and by Mr. Clayton's declaration was intended to bind, the British Government to abandon the exercise of all power, whether as protectors or armed occupiers of Central America.* Mr. Bulwer himself, and higher than Mr. Bulwer, Lord Palmerston himself, together with every agent and minion from Chatfield to the last Mosquito policeman, have publicly declared that treaty naught; set it at naught; and in open and public violation of it have held San Juan, arrested and disarmed American citizens, detained and threatened to sink ships of the United States on inland American waters, seized and imprisoned their officers, and even compelled them to acknowledge British sovereignty in Central America, by obliging them to call the old Spanish "San Juan de Nicaragua" by the name given to it under the baptismal hands of the reverend Chatfield—in flattery of his superior Lord Grey—"Greytown." These outrages have been unremittedly practised—and are *now* being practised. And while a public treaty is thus belied, the man must be very urbane to the servants of the British embassy, or very worshipful of editorial tumbling, who will attach to any verbal assurances, though they may be quite sufficient to stultify a legion of editors, the smallest credit.

Not that we mean to say that no assurances have been given—nor do we mean to say they may not have been believed, even in presence of the manifold evidences reaching us by every mail from the Isthmus, directly belying them. Mr. Bulwer, or Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, if he pleases, is a man of the most confounding assurances. He assured Mr. Clayton of his deep respect, while he was writing a letter to Mr. Chatfield personally *dis*respectful of our Government and Secretary. He assured Mr. Clayton of his own good faith, and the good faith of his Government, in fabricating a treaty, while he was writing to Mr. Chatfield to disregard and break that treaty. His consistent double-dealing has only been matched by his singular effrontery and most remarkable success. A polite man of the world, he is assiduous in his flattering attentions, and

* We extract from Art. I. of the treaty "as ed:" "Nor will either [G. B. or U. S.] make use protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any State or people, for the purpose . . . . . of *occupying*, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same."

The entire treaty has been already published. It would be the more useless to republish it, as its reckless violation by the British authorities, and the defence of that violation by Lord Palmerston and Sir H. L. Bulwer, have rendered it, as binding on us, null and void.

perfectly surcharged with assurances. A few days before Zachary Taylor's death, he assured the Baltimoreans that nothing in history was equal to Buena Vista, excepting Agincourt. Scarcely was General Taylor dead, ere he assured Mr. Webster of his abyssmal respect; and assured him further of the joy that would be felt by British "Public Opinion," (the same fat gentleman who, as he formerly assured Mr. Clayton, would be so very much displeased with any alterations we might choose to make for our own good, in our own tariff,) on hearing of *his* advent to office. Till Mr. Webster left Washington to recruit his overtasked health, the assurance of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer followed on his heels; and when Mr. Webster journeyed North, Sir Henry L. B. brought his assurances North, too. A polite English gentleman who would travel from Washington to Marshfield merely to dine—who would make it his business to wait on the Great Expounder in his almost native city of Boston—who would, on his journey home to Washington, seize two public opportunities, at a Scotch dinner, to attempt a glorification of Mr. Webster at the expense of Mr. Webster's country, (a glorification doubtless highly gratifying to that gentleman;) who could muster coolness enough, while he was dishonestly breaking a treaty himself had made, and dishonestly plundering a weak and friendless Republic of its noblest territories—and in so doing avowed he was pursuing the policy of his Government—who could, we say, muster sufficient coolness, *in flagrante delictu*, to assure some inhabitants of New-York of his earnest wish that, over the doors of the Augean stable in Downing street, were inscribed the words, "Honesty is the best policy"—an urbane man of such whole-souled assurances, of such affable attentions, of such straightforward deportment, and of such extravagant duplicity, must be a very seductive person—and withal worthy of belief. And if by such arts he was enabled to hold up Mr. Clayton to the derision of his country, and, at the same time, make it appear that he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of men in power—whom we all know to be astute lawyers, stern republicans, and ardent patriots, enjoying the confidence of the people—how is it to be wondered that even a wink from one of his subordinates in Barclay street should mislead an unsophisticated editor, pledged to the Rochester knockings and the meliorative mission of Mr. George Thompson? No doubt, assurances have been given; and in antagonism to assurances from such an ambassador, *homo factus ad unguem*, a complete gentleman, as he is,* how could a simple republican editor, were he even the steersman of a party, place any reliance—place the smallest reliance, upon the fact of a public treaty being publicly ignored; upon the facts with reference to the British flag over "Greytown," *ci-devant* San Juan de Nicaragua; with reference to the seizure, ransacking and detention of the steamer Director, an American ship in American waters, and the imprisonment of its officers, citizens of the United States—how, we say, could any of these facts, being merely facts, and *not* assurances, be believed?

For years now the British policy of converting Central America into a Transatlantic Hindostan, having "factories" on its coasts to control the trade of the Pacific, and police organizations in the interior to grow cotton and other products for British manufacture, has been publicly avowed, and slowly but consistently practised. The present possession of either coast of Central America would insure, in the future, these objects; insure further the "annexation" to the Mosquito Kingdom (capital "Greytown") of Mexico, and the golden sands of the Sacramento; would insure still further to Great Britain on our southern flank, that position in military strategies, which in two wars she has already used to the destruction of our commerce and shipping and the slaughter of our citizens, from Canada on our northern flank, and from Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the West Indies in our front; in fact, would give her the command of our whole frontier, north, east, and south. This future British American empire is now embosomed in Grey-

* *Vide* Bailey on "The Formation of Opinions." We used at college, long ago, to translate this passage, "An ambassador done to a turn;" but, unfortunately, the ambassador is not done in this instance; only *we*. Therefore let the present translation stand. It is good—the only objection we can make to Horace's phrase, as regards Sir H. L. B., is that the "nail," which this person (Sir H. L. B.) is at present using, should be regarded, as it is, "a talon." However, we leave the matter to Heyne, Dacier, Fenelon, McCaul, Anthon, and Bailey on the Formation of Opinions. The above translation is good—you will find it in Anthon.

town, to spring thereout, extending bit by bit over this vast continent; or to be therein scotched and trodden to death. Already it has extended its flag or its protection over the entire Atlantic coast from Yucatan to the Isthmus; and one great portion of the territory now virtually held by it, viz., the former Republic of Costa Rica, has been seized, or, which is the same, taken under "Greytown" protection, since the Whigs have assumed the executive rule of the United States, and since the ratification of the Clayton treaty, and in defiance of that treaty. So far the policy practised has been precisely that formerly adopted with reference to Madras and its surrounding kingdoms. One by one, each in turn was protected and swallowed up, till after the lapse of but one hundred and fifty years, the flag which once but dared to show its face on an insulated "factory" on the coast, now floats despotic from Cape Comorin over all India, to Cashmere and the Himmalayas. So of Ireland, too—starting originally in "protection," the English established a mere outpost: for a hundred years or more the people of that island looked, without uneasiness, on a little coast territory, called "the Pale," whose garrison they could have crushed at a blow, till bit by bit their island, too, was swallowed up in the Maelstrom of British voracity. At this present moment, having utterly exhausted both Ireland and India, the same British policy is in full operation against two territories on different continents; but the object in attaining the control of one is only of value when accompanied with that of the other. Hong Kong is but the complement of Greytown. Having established a "factory" on the coast of China, the English have doomed to slaughter, robbery, exhaustion, and death, a nation of some four hundred millions. But to be enabled to secure to the Chinese that beneficent doom; to be enabled to transport to the Empire of the Sun marauding armies and police agents; and from it, wealth, teas, rice, silver, raw cotton, and food, the passage by the Isthmus of Central America must be held. Hence Greytown; hence Chatfield; hence Bulwer; hence speeches at Scotch dinners, polite assurances to Mr. Clayton, polite requirements upon that gentleman, that Palmerston letters and other information, furnished to the people by editors, should be suppressed, and kept *from* the people; hence journeyings to Marshfield, we doubt not with similar requests and assurances, and the like. Starting with a claim so insulting to common sense and decency, that an American should only answer it with a blow, the claim of protecting the head of a diseased Indian with a crown, whose posterior region they should first protect with a garment, the English have claimed and seized the whole Atlantic seaboard of Nicaragua, seized and held its capital, "Greytown," and laid hold, by means of suborned traitors and pensioned spies, of the entire Costa Rican Republic—to say nothing of the open seizure and lawless possession of Rotan, the strongest naval post between New-Orleans and the Isthmus. These acts have been followed up by gross outrages on the persons of our citizens, and on our shipping; by insult to every man, whether United States or Nicaraguan citizen, whom the English wished to make feel and recognize their usurped authority. They have been followed up, too, by public outrages against our country on the part of the English ambassador at our "court"; by his publicly declaring his intention to break a treaty he had himself signed; by his writing a private discreditable letter to one of his underlings in Nicaragua; by this underling publicly writing an official letter to the President of Nicaragua, re-echoing the sentiments of his superior, and representing us to our ally as men incapable of perfecting our pledged faith, and as men, aforethought, treacherous to our honor—as powerless at best, and in reality "pretended friends." The salutary experience Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer acquired in Spain, prevented him from perpetrating against this country in his own person these impertinent outrages; but it ill becomes Republican simplicity, or sturdy Republican manhood, or Republican faith, to retain at our capital, or receive at our private tables, or permit to be cheered at public banquets in our chief city, an ambassador so utterly forgetful of the condition which protects his person from punishment, as to treacherously belie our country to a faithful, though weak ally, and so cowardly as not to dare to do it with his own hand, but to employ that of an irresponsible underling. These outrages, from the "protective" seizure of Costa Rica to the pillaging of the Director, and the insulting falsehood of "pretended faith" on our part,

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have been, one and all, perpetrated, we repeat, within the past two years. Once already has the American nation been held up to the jeers of mankind, as a nation so devoid of Republican firmness, that it dared not assert its dignity or its rights; as a people so devoid of diplomatic skill, ordinary shrewdness, and the tact of a common lawyer, that, when it did stoop to treaties, it agreed to such as were worthless to our aims, and hostile to our interests. The Whig party has it now in its own power to restore the honor and character of our country, and save Central America, and finally a large section, if not all of this continent, from the fate of India—a fate to which the Chinese people are already destined, and in which we see grovelling the Hindoos of India, and the Celts of Ireland.

We speak thus plainly and openly what we know to be the sentiments of a large and far-seeing portion of the American people. Whatever be its name, that party will command the American people which governs the Country, for the Country's good. More than one American party already has been rent to atoms by British wiles—has yielded to the arts of diplomacy, unworthy of a republican, and fallen from office amid the execrations of its own supporters. From the Alien laws of the elder Adams, to the surrender of our territory on the Northwest by President Polk, this lesson has been often enough given, to prevent the necessity of the American nation receiving it again at our expense. If the Whig party is to be driven from office, let it not be, in God's name, on grounds it would make an American blush to defend—let them not be doomed in partisan defeat to the obloquy of political dishonor—let not the alternative be put to its members, of remaining faithful to mistaken friends or hood-winked leaders, or faithful to the interests and honor of their country. For now two years that party have held the reins of office, having matured in opposition a national policy and a commercial system, by the establishment of which alone our country can ever assume the consistency of a nation, or attain the glory of an empire. During that time a single principle of its policy has not been mooted; and now, with half its term of office expired, we cannot, we dare not begin the second half with the renewal of that game of clap-trap, diplomatic push-pin, and the longer sufferance of British aggression upon the southern shores of our continent, which has been played before the people through the first half of the Whig official term, and which, if continued, must make the nation, its government, and its manhood supremely ridiculous.

But assurances that these British aggressions will cease have been given by British agents. Well—granted. Assurances may have even been given that the entire British usurpation over Central America will be utterly and for ever withdrawn. All these assurances were given before to Mr. Clayton; were publicly given, and by public treaty were publicly ratified. But the treaty has been equally publicly broken, and the assurances denied or laughed at. Not once or twice or thrice only, have these foul falsehoods deceived a minister, and been foisted on the public ear—again, and again, and again, have they been repeated, with the same result. How often must an American be deceived, ere he is aware of the mendacity of the deceiver? How often must our country be held up to the derision of the world, by the machinations of an unprincipled diplomatist? "Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutêre patientia nostra?"—Quousque, quousque? Not once again will the American people submit to such base deception. Not once again will *they* place the smallest reliance on private assurances, while the broad facts of a broken treaty, and a dozen similar assurances from the same quarter publicly belied, stand staring them in the face. The only assurance the American public will take is this very plain one, the transportation of Mr. Chatfield to the Colonial Office, with his "Greytown," his "flag," his "British supremacy," his "protective treaties," his war sloops, his "police," his "Mosquito" crown, and the impertinent letters of himself and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer along with him. The British Government and its reckless representative here, utterly mistake the spirit of the American people at the present day, if they fancy for an instant that our country will finally permit any European monarchy to re-plant its accursed tyrannies on this soil. The principle of non-interference is one the United States have steadily and in good faith practised towards all nations, whether American or European; and European monarchies are grievously at fault if they fancy, because they have been enabled to disregard it in

Europe and Asia, they will be permitted to infringe it on this continent. To the establishment of that principle the United States owe their existence, and for its maintenance against any and all aggressors the people of this country have already more than once staked their national sword and their national honor; and are ready to do so again. It may suit the pay-masters of the *London Times*, to exhibit printed schemes for the creation of a "balance of power" on this continent; to make such disposition on paper of the territories of America as will reduce to a nonentity the present power of the United States, and endanger their future existence; it may suit the agents of the British press and Government in this country to raise the hypocritical cry about *our* "non-interference in Nicaragua," while *they* are seizing acre after acre, and city after city of Central America, establishing therein forts and police systems, and subjecting *our* citizens journeying there upon the territory of a sister Republic, and upon their proper and just business, to outrages unprovoked and unpardonable; but the American people, as a people, can afford to laugh at the ridiculous scheme, and the transparent hypocrisy, and are able too to resent and punish the outrage. The principle of non-interference is a sound democratic principle, is the only democratic principle in the law of nations; but it is a part of the law of nations, is to be respected by every nation equally, and, if not respected by any one, is to be maintained by the others with the weapons recognized by the law of nations, and the law of manhood and right. The United States have pledged themselves by treaty to observe it towards Central America: they desire neither dominion nor control there; they desire only to see their allies, the Republics of Central America, preserved in their integrity and freedom, and they are determined that no European nation shall interfere there to their injury, much less wrest away the territory of our allies for its sole gain, and *avowedly* for *our* injury. If "non-interference" is to be maintained, it must be equally maintained; and to quote that principle in this instance as a ground why we should permit British outrages in Central America to pass with impunity, (throwing out of consideration altogether the violation of the Clayton treaty, and the more recent outrages on the persons and property of American citizens,) is to quote the law against trespass, to prevent a man shooting down a ruffian who is about setting your very next-door neighbor's house on fire. To *re-establish* the principle of "non-interference" on this continent, we must drive the English out of "Greytown" and its dependencies. The principle on which they assert their right to be there, is one which the United States will never recognize as a part of the law of nations. If the British had a right to enter the territory of Nicaragua with an aggressive force and against the declared will and protest of the Nicaraguan government and people, and crown therein a semi-Indian savage as *their* recognized King over that territory, they have an equal right to cross the Canadian frontier and crown on our soil any Indian of the Northwest, and take him under their protection; nay, they might recognize to-morrow "Wildcat," or a young Tecumseh, and protect either as King of Mississippi, or Monarch of Oregon. The principle strikes at the very foundation of our Republic, and is incompatible with our existence. It has been used for the purposes of plundering an ally, and raising up against ourselves, upon our southern frontier, a power hostile to us; a power to "balance" *us*, bless the mark! in peace, and hurl invaders and slave insurrections upon us in war. Principle, justice, friendship, our honor, our right to our own soil, our future safety, are involved in this issue, and it must be maintained. To recapitulate; the American people will not permit the tools of an European monarch to interfere in the internal affairs of this continent; they will not permit a fire to be lighted against their side-wall avowedly to burn down the roof above them, and be told that they must not interfere; they will not permit the wedge which has been used to split asunder the Central American Confederation to be driven up between the territories won by the blood of our bravest soldiers and this Republic; they will not permit citizens travelling from one State of this Union to another to be disarmed by British police, imprisoned, searched like common felons, and spat upon; they will not permit, in short, a British flag to blacken with its shadow another inch of American soil; and if the English desire peace and not war, the sooner they understand us the better for them. Peace or war are alike to us.

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We will not evade any present trouble to insure future peril to our country; and whatever be the consequences, the American people are determined, and have heretofore expressed their determination, not to permit a foreign power to acquire a territory, from which, by hedging us in on the south, as she already does on the north and east, she would be enabled at any time to dictate to the United States the terms of a dishonorable and ruinous peace. As we now stand, with the finite position of England in Central America, and her exhaustion at home, she dare not peril her existence with a "blast of war." By the arts of diplomacy alone, by unscrupulous falsehood and despicable chicanery, with naked treason to assist her, can she attain any new footing on this continent. And if any such assurances have been given by England as those above referred to, we are confident they were not given with a view to their fulfilment, but to appease by small sops the American people, to hide under the cloak of good-will the dagger and the brand, *while*, and while only, the league of Russia, Austria, and France, against her dominion in Europe, threatens to drag her into a European war, and to throw her for her home defence, on all the available funds and forces she can muster. *While* the European cauldron preserves its present heat; *while* the "German question" remains unsettled; *while* "constitutional monarchy" and Prussia remain in peril; *while* France wavers between an ultra-Republic hostile to her on one hand, and an empire which will require to baptize itself in a new Jena, and erase the memory of Waterloo, before it can attain the glory, or efface the fall of its prototype, on the other, no new provocations may be given to this nation, by outrages like that on the steamer Director, like that of the seizure of San Juan, or of the conduct of Mr. Bulwer: but assuredly, whenever the present "European difficulty" is got rid of, they will be resumed, and perpetrated with tenfold atrocity and adroitness. But if in the meantime we are foolish enough to permit the hornets' nest to remain fixed to our gable wall, because, being in the somnolent season, they for the present instant do not fly into our windows, and sting us to death—if we are foolish enough, because no more "Directors" are at present to be plundered, to permit the Cabinet of Greytown to extend and consolidate its police and empire over Nicaragua and Costa Rica—we deserve the consequences. It will then be necessary to relinquish for ever all claim to national honor, republican faith, or American manhood; or by the blood of thousands of our citizens, to be poured out on the plains of the Isthmus, re-establish once more the right of Americans to America, the hitherto untarnished honor of American faith, and the hitherto unstained glory of the arms which won the war of Independence, and scattered to the winds, in 1812, the boasted commerce of Great Britain.

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# PUNY POETS AND PIRATICAL PUBLISHERS.*

This book is certainly a literary curiosity,—not because of its superior merits or rare composition, but because of its singular popularity and success, when we compare these with its absolute unworthiness. Mr. Willis himself has long been eminent among a certain class of American litterateurs, and his writings have generally been puffed into a sicklied notice through their influence; added to the efforts of a whole legion of venal journalists, whose inferior talents, wholly disproportioned to their ambition, find always a most agreeable task in coming to the rescue of poems emanating from their cherished model, and whose life and occupation consist in playing an eternal and endless game of "Tommy come tickle me;" that, thus, by a method of amiable collusion, they may hoist their confederates and themselves into an ephemeral notoriety.

Now, as we, in common with all true friends to genuine American literature, have a thorough contempt for this species of writers and literary representatives,—though these are not the most objectionable class,—and sincerely regard them as obstructions to all healthful development of a pure national literature, we have a mind to express our opinions quite freely and candidly in connection with Mr. Willis's book. But we desire it to be distinctly understood that no personal antipathies, as concerns our author, prompt us to the task. We have no acquaintance, personally, with Mr. Willis. We never met him or saw him, to our knowledge, and we know nothing unfavorable to his character or reputation; for if we did, we should be very far from entering into a review of his poems which, we fear, may justly be considered harsh and condemnatory. If we had any personal spleen to vent, we should seek a more manly course of satisfaction; while we should regard a goose-quill ebullition of wrath as contemptible and ridiculous—indeed, dishonorable. We are thus particular because we have an especial object in view while we go through with our task of criticism; which object mainly is to expose the unworthiness of Mr. Willis and his coterie to represent American literature, and, at the same time, to unfold some of the causes which make us, in a literary sense, the slaves of English writers, and the mere tools of Anglo-American publishers. We shall address our efforts, in an especial manner, to this latter class, for we believe that they are justly answerable for the ascendency of that herd of venal pretenders to literary excellence, whose daily flip-flap from job presses not only discourage meritorious and independent competitors, but have created such disgust for home literature as to divert the interest of our truly tasteful and literary people across the waters, and to sicken them at the sight of an American work. Their selfish and unpatriotic conduct is manifested daily. Not content with flooding our country with mutilated and spurious English books, we are favored by these enterprising gentlemen with reprints of foreign magazines and reviews, to the serious and ruinous disparagement of our American works of that description. They go even farther. Their bloated fortunes are sparsely lavished on English and French writers, who, unprotected against American book pirates, and debarred from all pecuniary profits in this country, are willing to write for pennies, rather than lose all. A monthly magazine may thus be gotten up by influential and wealthy houses, which will overmatch American productions, as well in quantity as quality of matter. American writers and journalists are generally too poor to write and work for nothing, which they must do if they would enter into competition with Anglo-American writers and Anglo-American publishers. The ab-

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* The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis. Complete edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Clark, Austin & Co. 1850.

sence of an international copyright law cuts off British writers in America, and, *vice versa*, cuts off American writers from all profits in Great Britain. Hence, a large publishing house like that of the Harpers, wealthy, influential, and anti-American in feeling as concerns literary development and encouragement, may easily swell their enormous gains by pampering British writers who are legally debarred from copyright in this country, and who, poorly paid at home, pleasantly condescend to pick up pennies from foreign bidders; while an American-hearted publisher, devoted to the culture of home literature, and forced to pay high for good writers, is crowded out of the market.

It is not difficult to perceive the drift and intent of these prefatory discursive remarks. We mean to be understood as endeavoring to demonstrate, that we, Americans, owe all our literary discouragements to Anglo-American publishers, who, like the Harpers, and one or two other publishing houses farther east, employ their vast captial and influence to nurse and pillow British writers at the expense of American writers. An American journal or review, high-toned and able in character, is necessarily very expensive, because its contributors must, in general, be well paid. But an Anglo-American publisher, who refuses high-toned American productions, which are protected by law, and casts his bait for British writers who have no copyright privileges in our midst, is at no expense save that of his paper and type. The last can afford to undersell the first, and, of course, obtains precedence with the public. Hence, American readers are far more familiar with British novelists, poets, essayists, and historians, than with those of the United States. Where Putnam or Hart publishes one genuine American book, the Harpers can throw out a dozen English reprints, of the very first class, at half the cost of the first. Thus is America made the slave of England, literarily, not for want of equal talent on the part of her writers, but from the selfish policy of large and influential publishers. An American journalist is underbid by literary poachers on British disabilities. The American writer offers his work to an Anglo-American publisher, only to be told that a British work of equal merit can be thrown before the public free of all original cost. Hence American literature is almost in the dust; and when Irving, Cooper, Prescott, and some few other master souls shall have passed away, it is greatly to be feared that genuine American literature will be without a worthy representative.

Such are some of the hapless causes from which has sprung the sickly ascendency of such poetry as that of Mr. Willis, and his numerous *confrères*. America is without a poet, or a poetical prestige. Here, in our opinion, is the reason. We have no Byron, no Moore, no Walter Scott. The minds, if any such have ever been born in our midst, which felt a consciousness, perhaps, of inspiration akin to theirs, have shrunk from competition with mere handicraft pretenders, or else have been deterred by repulsive and avaricious publishers. But we have Mr. Willis, and, as the Coryphæus of his venal band, it is with Mr. Willis we intend to deal. He has habitually assumed to himself for a long series of years a species of supremacy in the second-rate literary circle, which makes him pre-eminently fit, and proper, and legitimate game for our present undertaking. The lofty and self-important tone which distinguishes, even yet, his weekly editorial bulletins, impresses, and is doubtless designed to impress, all readers with an idea of his *judicial* supereminence in literary affairs. Nor have we the least fault to find with this. On the contrary, we award to Mr. Willis a high and enviable degree of moral courage in playing his game; for it must be confessed, in view of his slender materials, that he plays his game with remarkable address. It is not every day that we find a man who has the courage to put forth and father such a production as Mr. Willis's "Sacred Poems," and yet complacently and serenely supererogate weekly patronage to all other American poets and writers.

Nobody will doubt, we imagine, but that Mr. Willis has acquired his poetical notoriety by means of a systematic and well-directed course of magazine and newspaper puffing; for no sane person, we are persuaded, can read his poetry, and trace the same to any merits he possesses in that line. We know that puffers can do much. We know that authors, when placed in certain situations, can do more still, to emblazon their works, and *snap* public opinion, or rather public notoriety. But we confess

that, to our judgment, neither puffers *per se*, nor puffed authors *par excellence*, ever accomplished a more dexterous or unaccountable achievement than when they succeeded in puffing Mr. N. Parker Willis into existence as a poet. It is no inconsiderable source of amusement, we may remark *en passant*, to sit apart and watch the trickery of now-a-day authors, especially poetical authors, to create for themselves a saleable notoriety. The method is complete, and may lay claim to quite a venerable antiquity. The proprietor of a magazine projects a creditable scheme to disseminate agreeable light reading, mingling with the same fashion plates, fancy engravings, and much learned talk about tournures and trousseaux. He enlists one or two really talented and able writers, and a dozen or two second and third-rate writers. The first require too high pay to fill up an entire number with their writings. Therefore, the last are called in to fill up the intervals; serving the first pretty much in the same capacity as common actors, in a stock company, serve the "star" actor. By-and-by the best of the commoners is selected for a *puff* offering; and then the clangor of editorial clarions begins: "Wonderful genius developed," "unrivalled début," "Tom Moore surpassed," "Walter Scott equalled," "Byron matched," and many other rare and rich specimens of genuine *blarney* are blazoned on the covers, and new contributions announced from the pen of some "newly-discovered, fast-rising, and world-eclipsing poet." The whole pack of venal pennymen open on the scent, and weeks and months are consumed in crying up a *literary* synonym of "Jarley's wax works," or Barnum's "Chinese lady." In the meanwhile, the readers of the magazine are all agape with astonishment at their protracted obtuseness as regards the merits of this amazing child of letters. They have whiled away years of intimacy with the author's writings, and yet were required to be waked up to his accomplishments. The din of trumpets is systematically prolonged; their ears are so continuously racketed with the noise of his achievements, that, at length, they read everything bearing such a redoubtable name, and tacitly consent to have him enrolled as a standard author.

This account will not, we incline to think, be considered too overwrought or exaggeratory to those who are familiar with the reading of the various literary newspapers and magazines of our northern cities. At all events, we think we may safely say that the "Sacred Poems" of our author are mainly indebted to this species of collusive heraldry for their singular notoriety. And to increase the chances of their being shelved as standard specimens of American poetry, Mr. Willis has thought proper, we suppose, to bring them out at this time, in connection with other poems, prefaced with a serene-tempered, somewhat self-gratulatory introduction, and quite a pretty picture of himself in one of his most sentimental attitudes.

Whatever may be our opinions, we are, however, constrained to criticise Mr. Willis as a poet. Magazine publishers and newspaper editors chronicle his comings and his goings, his sayings and his writings, his adventures and his onslaughts, as those of "the poet." He himself tells us that he "has *no* hesitation in acknowledging the *pedestal* on which public favor has placed him." We are forced, therefore, to regard such high authority; and as he looms forth to the public eye, self-sculptured and architraved, we should be wanting in respect to "public favor," not to recognize his claims to the name of poet.

We expect to confine this article mainly to a notice of the "Sacred Poems," as these, we believe, are generally supposed to form the principal cornice of that "pedestal" to which our author refers. We must begin by saying that they are, to our judgment, very tame and unsuccessful transpositions of beautiful Scriptural incidents. That which is intended for poetical amplification and illumining, pales and flickers beside the unpretending but impressive diction of the sacred writers. Indeed, in the progress of their perusal, we meet oftentimes, as we shall presently demonstrate, with really pitiful and sickly attempts to retouch and embellish what has been far better told in the original, thousands of years ago, when languages had scarcely assumed definite form. They abound with expressions which are not only shamefully unpoetical, but are uneuphonious, ungraceful, and improper; while they are most untastefully repeated, as applied to the different characters, and for lack of originality of thought, in nearly every poem of the series.

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We cite, as an instance of this striking want of true taste in the choice of expres-

sion, the following lines from the poem of "Jairus's Daughter:"

"The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains *buried up his face.*"

Also the following from the poem of "The Leper:"

"And in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth *shrouding up his face.*"

Again, in the "Sacrifice of Abraham," we are favored with the same expression as the first, as follows:

"And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself,
And *buried up his face,*" &c.

In the poem on "Absalom," David is reduced to the same grievous necessity as Jairus and Abraham, but the expression is slightly varied for the better, thus:

"He *cover'd up his face,* and bow'd himself," &c.

We next find "Hagar" seeking like consolation as her predecessors in the volume:

"And, *shrouding up her face,* she went away," &c.

The last example to which we shall refer in corroboration of our alleged fault against "the poet," is found in the poem on "Lazarus and Mary," where the latter, seemingly in a sort of mesmeric communication with Hagar, David & Co., resorts to the very same expedient while grieving:

"She *cover'd up her face,* and turn'd again
To wait within for Jesus."

Now we contend that the term "buried up," or "shrouded up," is not only an unpoetical and ungraceful, but a manifestly incorrect term, besides being harsh and discordant; not to mention the fact that the expression is used six or eight times in short, succeeding poems, comprising in all only some fifty-eight pages. We had better say bury *down* than "bury *up*," for the first is more likely; but the phrase, either way, is clearly unchaste—especially when, seeking to glide softly through the melodious flow of blank verse, we chance suddenly to stumble against its roughness. Indeed, we must say that Mr. Willis pays quite a poor compliment to the taste of his readers when he supposes that they will charitably endure such continuous and ugly repetitions, in the absence of all excuse for such, unless he shall plead, in extenuation, a want of originality, or an over-desire to obtain those "present gains" which, in his preface, he very frankly tells us, were more his object than was any "design upon the future." We might, probably, account for the uncouthness of expression more easily. In truth, we feel greatly inclined to attribute the same less to a want of proper discriminative powers, than to the feeling of arrogant confidence which easily prompts to immoderate self-indulgence and unallowable liberties, those persons who are under the influence of that intoxication which is engendered by incautious admiration of themselves.

But more than all, we must seriously object to the justness of that popular award which seems to have greeted these poems, because of their unpleasing, spiritless sameness and resemblance. They are alike in thought, in character, in description, and in language, nearly; and if the names were not different, and the scenes slightly shifted, we might unconsciously mistake Jairus for David, and Abraham for Jepthah; as also the Shunammite mother for the widow of Nain, Hagar for Rizpah, and Absalom on his bier, for Lazarus as he lay shrouded for the grave. There is a grating continuity of all the essential features and groundwork which form each separate poem throughout the entire series; and, even if they possessed intrinsic merits, all interest in them would be marred and spoiled by so inexcusable a blemish. We turn over leaf after leaf without finding that relief which is so necessary when engaged in reading poetry; that variety of thought and description which constitutes the secret of true poetical composition, and without which, as they well know, the best of poets become soon insupportably tiresome. The genius of Spenser and of Ariosto is universally admired and admitted; yet no one wades through the Faerie Queene or the Orlando Furioso, without wearying sadly under the weighty and monotonous versification. We do not, by any means, intend to compare Mr. Willis or his "Sacred Poems" to these fathers of poetry and their hallowed *chefs d'œuvre*; we mean only to say that he has fallen into their only error—and that, not because he intended to do so on

the ground of allowable precedent, but because, although poet-born as he seems to think, he has failed to learn one of the very first elements of the *ars poetica*. Our private opinion is, to say truth, that these awkward and uncomely transpositions of Scripture were squirmed forth by their author just as the blank pages of Mr. Godey's "Book" required, or as Mr. Godey's purse could afford, monthly offerings to the pile of those "present gains." Their arrangement and composition do not indicate or foreshadow that slumbering genius which, after long years have passed, can now inspire its possessor with such exultant confidence as to herald the publication of his early-day poems with an assurance to his readers that the "ripeness of *poetical* feeling and perception are all *before* him." The series forms a perfect family, in which the resemblance between the various members is so great as to strike the most casual observer. Each succeeding poem is but a transfiguration of its predecessor; and the shade of difference is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, excepting, as we have said, as to locality and name.

Sir Walter Scott, in his book on Demonology and Witchcraft, if we may pursue farther this course of remark, tells us of a young London gentleman who, from extreme nervous disarrangement, was seriously annoyed by a troup of phantoms which appeared to his vision nightly at a certain hour. He found it necessary to call the advice of a medical gentleman. After examining the state of his patient, the physician advised a removal to his country seat. The change of scene effected wonders. The patient thanked his physician, determined on settling permanently in the country, broke up his house in town, and brought his furniture to the villa. But this, alas! proved to be a fatal move. The sight of the familiar furniture revived the unhealthy associations of his malady, and he had scarcely retired to bed before the whole company of dancing spectres re-appeared with an expression of countenance that seemed to say to him, "Here we all are again! Here we all are again!"

Now this anecdote we take to be aptly illustrative of the character and style of Mr. Willis's series of Sacred Poems. We read the first and second, and then, for a rest, lay the book aside. In a short time we take the notion to resume. We naturally look for some novelty and refreshment. But, lo! the third is but the first and second, dignified with a change only of incident and name; the same thoughts, the same conceptions, the same descriptive outlines, except, perhaps, that one transpires at day-dawn, another at noontide, and the third at twilight or late evening. With the precision of a musical box which is wound up at intervals, that it may play over the same tunes again and again, we find Mr. Willis, in nearly every successive poem of his sacred series, true to his familiar portraitures of a distressed father, an anguished and doting mother, an interesting corpse, and a ministering spirit; varied only as the scenes are made severally to occur by sunlight, or starlight, or moonlight.

But there are, in these poems, other and more serious blemishes than those of repetition and sameness, merely. The diction is oftentimes imperfect, and sometimes quite obscure. For instance, in the opening lines of the poem of Jairus's Daughter, we have the following lines:

> "The *shadow* of a leaf lay on her *lips*,
> And as *it* stirr'd with the awakening wind," &c.

Here is a palpable impropriety. The pronoun *it* must refer to the noun nominative, or the sentence is without meaning; and if it be intended thus, the idea is nonsensical, for we are at a loss how to imagine that "the awakening wind" can *stir* the *shadow* of a leaf; and yet *shadow* is the relative of *it*, as *leaf* is in the objective case. We have heard of "airy tongues that syllable men's names," where the scene supposed is mingled with something unnatural or superstitious; but, in a plain, matter-of-fact case, taken too from Holy Scripture, we have never before observed where *shadow* is so complacently made substance. Nor are we at all satisfied, as a reader of poetry, or of what is meant for poetry, with the figure of speech to which Mr. Willis here resorts to bring forth his idea. There is something strained in the idea of casting the *shadow* of a leaf on a dying girl's *lips*. Her bosom, her cheek, her forehead, any of the three could more properly have been used than *lips*. The whole sentence is mawkish and ungainly, even though it had been properly constructed.

A few lines further, speaking of Jairus as he "*buried up* his face" in the drapery of curtains, he thus goes on:

"And when the twilight fell, *the silken folds*
*Stirr'd with his prayer*, but the slight *hand* he held
Had ceased its pressure; and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, *that a breath*
*Came through her nostrils*; and her *temples* gave
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her *mouth*
He held the lightest curl that on her *neck*
Lay with a mocking beauty," &c.

Here we have again a most obscure and incorrect phrase, insomuch that one cannot easily imagine how silent *prayer* can possibly *stir* "silken folds." There is, moreover, an ungraceful abundance of anatomical delineation; for we have, in the few lines quoted, little else than a description, in regular succession, of *hands*, *nostrils*, *temples*, *mouth*, *neck*, &c., besides the rather odious picture of a delicate, dying young lady *breathing* through her nose.

The seven or eight opening lines of the next paragraph will do something better, and possess a moiety of prettiness:

"It was night;
And softly, o'er the sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of th moon,
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom."

But, after much tame and badly conceived description, we find in the closing paragraph a repetition of the author's anatomical peculiarities, in a long and fulsome jeremiad about "transparent hands" and "tapering nails;" "nostrils spiritually thin" and "breathing curve;" "tinted skin" and "azure veins;" "jet lash" and "pencill'd brow;" "hair unbound," "small, round ears," "polish'd neck," and "snowy fingers." Each noun is regularly mated with an adjective, two, three, or more, as the length of the line may admit, or as the author's invention may quicken. In the midst of this poetasting dissection the first of the series closes, abruptly.

The second is taken from the Scripture account of a person whom Christ cured of the leprosy as he was passing on to Capernaum. The incident is narrated by St. Matthew in the eighth chapter, second, third, and fourth verses of his Gospel, thus:—

2. "And behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.
3. "And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.
4. "And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them."

The manner and style of this pithy narration are exceedingly chaste and impressive; with a melody and simplicity of diction, at the same time, that fall agreeably on the ear, and are evincive of much closer alliance with true metrical harmony, than is the pompous and elaborated poem of which we are speaking. But Mr. Willis has chosen to misconceive the spirit, and to misinterpret the facts of the incident—both, too, to the disparagement of the gospel version. He sets out with a warning flourish of trumpets, and an array of notes of exclamation truly appalling, and which are wholly at war with the mild and unpretending features of the real incident. The Bible scene is eminently characteristic of all that was lovely in the Saviour's earthly ministrations and associations. The portrayal made by Mr. Willis in his poem is unstriking, and very badly conceived in every respect; while its execution is so flat and commonplace as to excite a feeling of amazement that the author should ever have been reckoned, or should presume to reckon himself, a poet. There is, besides, an ungraceful perversion of one of the not least impressive facts, which robs the story of its principal charm. Jesus, after healing the suppliant leper, bids him "tell no man," but to go and "show himself to the priest," and offer the gift as commanded by Moses. Mr. Willis, on the other hand, and with most unaccountable want of artistic taste, chooses to send his leper to the priest in the first instance, and that not to offer "the gift" as "testimony," but to solicit a cure, or rather to hear an official affirmation of the "doom" which he was already expiating. Now we can imagine something peculiarly interesting, as well as suggestive, in connection with Matthew's story,—of how the poor crushed victim of a loathsome disease

might fall at the Saviour's feet, and implore that compassion which he had heard was never solicited in vain; and, being healed, should *then* go to the soul-hardened priest, and show himself, as directed, with the gift in hand. But we are unable to perceive the beauty or force of Mr. Willis's tortuous and unnatural version, or of the wizard-like malediction which he puts into the priest's mouth. We seriously object, also, to the application and correctness of the following simile, when, speaking of Jesus, he says:

——— "Yet in his mien
*Command* sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A *kingly condescension* graced his lips,
The *lion* would have *crouch'd to* in his lair."

A look of *command* is always associated with pride, or with haughtiness of demeanor, or with some physiognomical development indicative of superiority. The Saviour is not thus represented; but is always humble, meek, unpretending, and studiedly unostentatious; while *command*, in the sense intended above, is never evidenced in look or word. As for "kingly condescension," in connection with the character of this personage, the idea is as absurd as it is misapplied; and, at the same time, we have always loved to imagine "the lion" rather as following and fawning upon so benign a being as Jesus,—caressingly familiarized as in the paradisal time,—than "crouching in his lair" to an awe-inspiring and *commanding* master. We never before met with so gross and reckless an onslaught on the mildness and meekness of the Saviour.

The third poem of the series opens thus:

"'Twas daybreak, and *the fingers of the dawn*
*Drew* the night's curtain, and *touch'd silently*,
*The eyelids* of the king."

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst conceived and most unstriking similitude in the world. We might very well go further, and pronounce it to be the least allowable, and certainly the least apt. We have often known primer publishers to represent the sun with a great red rubicund face; but we have heretofore failed to find an instance where any writer, whether of the primer or poetical order, has gone so far as to picture the *dawn* with *fingers*. Mr. Willis's conceptions must be far ahead of any that his readers can claim, to imagine the remotest reality or plausibleness of this unique metaphor. How much of the horizon, we beg to ask, will Mr. Willis invest with his imaginary *fingers?* We must suppose that he had chalked out something definite and shapeful in this respect, for we can scarcely think that he refers to, or means to *finger* the whole line of "the dawn." Nor do we at all sanction the idea of "the *dawn's fingers touching silently* the eyelids of the king." It is something *outré* and unimaginable, and evinces a woful lack of that fertility of thought which is the most essential element of a genuine poetical endowment.

But a few lines further on, we meet with another figure of speech which, if less allowable, is at least equally novel and original. It occurs in the last of the lines employed to describe David's wont of a morning to

"Play with his lov'd son by the *fountain's lip*."

It would be, we incline to think, quite a difficult task to go about trying to picture such a member to such a thing. Mr. Willis is either very dull about finding similitudes, or very reckless, or else very deficient in proper discrimination as concerns figurative acumen. We know that the Mississippi river is said to possess a mouth, in geographical parlance; but a poet, unless he possessed Mr. Willis's boldness, would scarcely venture to clothe such mouth with *lips*.

On the next page our author quite coolly employs other *fingers* than those of the *dawn* to perform their morning service—when, describing another daylight scene, he says:

——— "and *they who* drew
The *curtains* to let in the welcome light."

This is genuine flesh and blood—no undefinable and unimaginable ethereality; and looks more like the plain common sense of every-day life. The repetition, however, indicates a scrupulous nicety and distinctness of description, which is not usual to novelists or poets. Mr. Willis has a most inveterate *penchant* to designate the very time of night his characters go to bed, the precise hour at which they get up, how they washed, how they prayed, and never fails to tell his readers that the bed *curtains* were punctually *drawn aside* by something or somebody; while the alternations of time

which mark each poem vivify the illustration of name which attaches to Bulwer's novel of "Night and Morning."

Passing over the "Sacrifice of Abraham," we come next to an expression in the "Shunammite," which strikes us with its absosolute childishness:

"She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts
Of God's *sweet goodness* stirring at her heart," &c.

Nor have we the least patience with such flippant taste as we find evidenced in the closing lines of the poem, where our poet does not allow his readers even a breathing spell—but favors them only with a *starry* interval—betwixt the period of the child's lingering, "long drawn out" death, and his hocus-pocus (*à la* Willis, we mean) restoration to life by the prophet.

The poem of Jephthah's Daughter, we think, begins with entirely too much abruptness:

"She stood before her father's gorgeous tent."

There is a sort of sneaking resemblance to the opening line of Mrs. Hemans's heroic poem, Casabianca:

"The boy stood on the burning deck."

Or if Mr. Willis and his admiring coterie will pardon the allusion, we may rather liken it to a smack of the fine old nursery song:

"Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate."

We should suppose from the following, from the same poem, that Mr. Willis had no very keen relish for a woman's lips, or no very nice perceptions of their daintiness, or else, having been born and bred in northern regions, was unused to the tropical growths of the sunny South:

"Her lip was slightly parted, like the *cleft*
Of a *pomegranate blossom*."

Now we are not at all of opinion that the term *cleft* when thus applied is an admissible expression, for we read much oftener of *clefts* in rocks than in *blossoms*. We have heard of Moses being ensconced in the cleft of a rock while God's glory passed along: we cannot imagine how Moses could seat himself in the *cleft of a blossom*; and yet, the objects being totally dissimilar, the phrase must be incorrect in one or the other case. But we take the liberty to submit that "the *cleft* of a pomegranate blossom" is as unlike the *parting* of a woman's *lips* as it is possible to conceive; and as the *cleft* of this blossom is by no manner of means a very graceful or luscious severance, but on the contrary rough and rugged for so gorgeous a flower, we incline to think that so exquisite a gentleman as Mr. Willis would have hesitated about the comparison if he had ever seen the petals of a pomegranate bloom.

While describing with much enthusiasm the beauty of Jephthah's daughter, the poet winds up with the following:

"Her countenance was radiant with love;
She looked like one *to die for it*," &c.

After having exhausted description of the same anatomical tendencies as previously gone through with in the case of Jairus's daughter, and lavished on his young heroine every beauty of thought of imagery, we are quite too suddenly let down with the expression above italicized. *To "die for it"* is a loose, vulgar arrangement of words, amounting almost to downright indecency. We do not look for such within the pages of so neat a book, or from the pen of so courtly a litterateur, especially when that pen is engaged with such lofty and sacred subjects. We recollect to have come across such an expression in the first pages of the Heart of Mid Lothian, where, after the mob had broken down the door of the tolbooth, one of the number releases an imprisoned fellow-bandit, with the advice, "Rin *for it*, Ratcliffe!" Now, at such a time, in such a place, and uttered by such a person, no expression could have been more appropriate or in better taste. But as applied to so lovely and interesting a creation as Jephthah's hapless daughter, no set of words can be more harsh or unseasonable.

"Onward came
The *leaden tramp* of thousands."

This, again, found a few lines afterward, is an incorrect and unfortunate simile. There is nothing martial or stirring in connection with *leaden* materials. Lead gives back a dull, dead sound. Nor is it possible to understand or perceive the pith and point of an expression which presupposes *leaden* shoes, as it is a metal never used for that purpose,

whether for men or horses. The last being evidently alluded to, we rather think a son of Vulcan would smile at stumbling on such an idea.

We are glad we can reconcile it to the task we have undertaken, to say that we consider the poem on Absalom quite a creditable and successful effort,—much the best of the sacred series as so far noticed. The prettiest lines and strongest description which occur in the whole series may be found, we think, in the poem of "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem."

"As he reach'd
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised
His calm blue eye—there stood Jerusalem!
* * * * How fair she look'd—
The silver sun on all her palaces,
And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream
Lacing its meadows with its silver band,
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations."

The imagery here shadowed forth is inconceivably grand and magnificent, wholly beyond the bounds of the rather contracted and too tame description of Mr. Willis. Indeed, we have long thought that this most interesting Scriptural event is eminently prolific of wide and glorious themes of contemplation, and we wonder that so spiritless a writer, poetically speaking, as our author, should so boldly have ventured to versificate the simple and unadorned narrative of the sacred penmen.

We have loved, oftentimes, to imagine the incidents of that eventful morning when, seated on the picturesque summit of the Mount of Olives, the august son of Mary gazed sadly, though with the eager admiration of expanded tastes, on the glorious beauties and resplendent panoramic scenery which all around opened to view. And what would not his adorers of the present day have bartered to have been numbered among the little group whose wondering eyes were fixed, entranced and bewildered, on the benign and mysterious young Being whose lips were giving utterance to that gloomy prophecy which announced, in mournful strains, the approaching calamities and woes of Zion!

"There stood Jerusalem!"

The early rays of the sun dispensed, perhaps, over the scene, and the soft breath of the morning breeze swept gently through the groves of palm trees which waved in the valley. Just beneath, at the mountain's base, was the smiling little hamlet of Bethany, the quiet abode of the lovely sisters and their brother, with its groups of neat cottages, and modest pastoral mansions, half obscured in the vast shadows which yet enveloped them. Beyond, arose in sullen majesty the bleak and frowning mountains which overlooked the ancient city of the Canaanites, and immediately between was Jerusalem itself—with its hills, and winding walls, and wild ravines—looming in the mellow light, with those stupendous architectural monuments which had endured since the age of Solomon, and which, long centuries anterior, had fallen under the eye of the Macedonian conqueror. Rising proudly above the rest was the famous mount of Zion, the ancient Acropolis of King David, crowned with the splendid palace which had once sheltered the royal lover and his frail Bathsheba; whose spacious harems swarmed afterwards with the thousand voluptuous houris of their amorous son, and which, even in ruin, seemed to assert its former grandeur. Opposite, was the crescent-shaped mount of Acra, romantically studded with lesser eminences; and from whence towered the grand and gorgeous structure first consecrated to the worship of Israel's God, the gigantic dimensions of which yet startle and bewilder mankind. We may easily imagine that, as the sun's brilliant rays irradiated the glittering front, it appeared to the group on Mount Olivet as a vast mountain of dazzlingly white marble, presenting a magnificent array of domes, and pillars, and turrets, all fretted with golden pinnacles, which, touched with the resplendence of the early morn, shone with surpassing grandeur. Intervening was the broad valley of the Cheesemongers, so famed in Bible story, and from the dark bosom of which bubbled the sparkling pool of Siloam; while on the north, from amidst cliffs and crags covered scantily with dwarfed shrubbery, was Calvary—destined, a few months afterward, to tremble beneath the wonders and the horrors of the crucifixion. Beneath were seen the rock-clad streets which had been so often threaded by the hostile bands of Gentile conquerors, and so often drenched with the blood of prostrate Israel. Before that temple had Alexander paused to reverence

the High Priest. There the Syrian chieftain, surrounded by his fierce soldiery, had designed to honor the Jehovah of his fallen foe; and there, too, had Pompey the Great, fresh from the gory field, bent his haughty spirit before the hallowed associations belonging to the spot.

Such are the imperfectly-told and mere skeleton outlines of a theme which might have challenged the minstrelsy of a Homer, but which Mr. Willis, with singular apathy and negligence, has been content to cramp up within the space of some half dozen lines, in despite of its crowds of suggestive associations so legitimately appropriate to his subject.

The limits of a critique will not allow us thus to loiter; we must pass on, therefore, to the "Baptism of Christ." Our attention is first arrested by these lines:

> "Softly *in*
> Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
> Stole the clear waters with their *muffled feet*."

We do not know, in the first place, what business the preposition *in* has where we find it, unless Mr. Willis designed, at the risk of grammar, to lengthen his line to the proper measure; but we are utterly confounded when our author comes to speak of the "*muffled feet*" of "clear waters." We are familiar with the expression "foot of the mountain," or "foot of the hill," but we have jumped up for the first time that of the *feet of waters—muffled* at that. We are to suppose, however, that as we become acquainted with *Willisiana* perfumes, we are in like manner to learn *Willisiana* figures of speech, having already shaken hands with the "fingers of the dawn," and stumbled against the "muffled feet" of water.

A few lines after these we find that Mr. Willis, with the unrestrained privileges of a poet, ventures unhesitatingly and quite complacently to settle a Scriptural quarrel which has consumed hundreds of disputatious folios, and has puzzled learned theologians ever since the apostolic era; for, alluding to John the Baptist, we meet with the lines describing him, as

> "He stood *breast-high amid the running stream*,
> *Baptizing* as the Spirit gave him power."

It is by no means conceded by Christians that John actually went into the "running stream;" and although Mr. Willis's version may be sanctioned by the sectaries of the old Baptist denomination and the neophytes of the Campbellian school of divinity, we yet think that the same would be denounced as heretical and unorthodox by the doctors of Geneva, of Oxford, and of the Sorbonne; while even Rome might fulminate her Papal bulls against the rash assumption.

We take the following from the poem of Hagar in the Wilderness:

> "It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
> No shelter in the wilderness, and on
> She kept her weary way, until the boy
> Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips
> For water; but she could not give it him.
> She *laid him down* beneath the sultry sky—
> For it was better than the close, hot breath
> Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;
> But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
> Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
> Why God denied him water in the wild.
> She sat a little longer, and he grew
> Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
> It was too much for her. She *lifted him*
> And bore him further on, and *laid his head*
> *Beneath* the *shadow* of a *desert* shrub;
> And shrouding up her face, she went away,
> And *sat* to watch, where he could see her not,
> Till he should die."

Taken as a whole, we must pronounce this extract to be very awkward, very inexpressive, unideal, and commonplace. Besides the sluggish composition, there is exhibited a most woful deficiency in creativeness of imagination and artistic ingenuity. If we analyze minutely, it is to be feared that numerous minor blemishes may be shown. In the short space of eighteen lines the words *he* and *she* are made to occur eleven times; as if the author's ideas could not be cut loose from his characters. During the same time Hagar rose up and *sat* down again twice. She *lifts* Ishmael up and *lays him down* twice. The last time she leaves him to repose in a rather intangible and undefinable place, for Mr. Willis tells us she "laid his head *beneath the shadow of a desert shrub*." We should suppose that a *desert* or leafless *shrub* would afford but scanty shade, where even "*thick* pines" had been found too "close and hot."

> "Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth divided
> A bow of Love, drawn with a scarlet thread."

These lines are found while describing one of the sons of Rizpah; but the reader is wiser than we claim to be, if he can the meaning. How "snowy teeth

*vide* a "bow of Love" we are wholly unable to divine; nor can we tell what earthly connection a "scarlet thread" can have with the figure.

The same poem furnishes another specimen of labyrinthal composition:

> "He who wept with Mary—angels keeping
> Their unthank'd watch, are a foreshadowing
> Of what love is in heaven."

It would require, we think, a ball of our author's "scarlet thread" to wind through this foggy complicity of words at all understandingly.

We next get something of an ethereal adventure:

> "O conscious heart!
> * * * * * * *
> Number thy lamps of love, and tell me, now,
> *How many canst thou re-light at the stars,*
> And *blush not* at their burning!"

This is decidedly of the Swedenborgian cast—so refined and so spiritualized as to bully conjecture and frighten fancy. We would be pleased, moreover, if Mr. Willis will explain the aptness of the allusion, when, speaking of the *heart*, he asks if it will *blush?*

We decline, for the present, to notice "Lazarus and Mary," and must here close with our excerpts from the "Sacred Poems." We trust that the admirers of Mr. Willis may pardon to candor much that has seemed bitter and harsh in the foregoing review. We have been led to undertake the task less from any exalted opinion of our author's merits as a poet, than with a view to set before the reader, fairly and undisguisedly, the nature and quality of that poetry which, in certain circles, has lifted Mr. Willis to that pedestal of favor which he so modestly acknowledges in his preface. It has been perceived, doubtless, that we do not concede that unhesitating and redoubtable supremacy to which our author has so flippantly laid claim. On the contrary, we must frankly declare that we consider Mr. Willis a very ordinary and indifferent writer of poetry, and can only wonder how he became so grossly possessed as to suppose that he could conjure with a true wizard's rod, or sweep with a minstrel's grace and skill. Poetry, such even as it is, has been the theme of undisputed laudation, heretofore, to make it altogether a condescension to scrutinize and test its merits. The admirers of Mr. Willis cannot expect to so venalize others of less susceptible and, perhaps, less indulgent temperaments, as to extort universal concessions in favor of their poet's claims to the laurel wreath. It has been, all along, their good pleasure and his interest to cry up and extol these feeble offerings to the shrine of the Muses. Nobody has felt any pleasure, or taken any interest, in crying them down. But we think that this indifference has been carried quite far enough; while leniency may become culpable in view of Mr. Willis's vaulting ambition and excessive vanity, as well as of the extravagances of his admirers; and especially in view of the very serious fact that American literature, and not its counterfeit votaries, has to pay the penalty of all this hapless amiability and indifference. For nothing is more certain than that by thus clogging the avenues to eminence with swarms of rampant, vain-glorious, elbowing pretenders, the doors are effectually closed against such as may really deserve to enter. Men of real talent disdain to resort to unworthy devices, or to join in unbecoming scuffles. Their mushroom competitors, on the contrary, are none too proud to stoop to any or all species of what may now be termed *Barnumania*, to attain a sickly and an ephemeral notoriety, and to pick up those scanty "present gains" to which Mr. Willis so candidly alludes in the preface to his book.

But we would not be understood as meaning to class Mr. Willis with that herd of despicable and disgusting scribblers who, despite their blathering and nauseous excrescences, have so subsidized penny presses as to crowd out, temporarily, all genuine literary votaries, and to infect the country with daily emissions of noisome nonsense, alike baneful to the encouragement of merit, and to the development of national literary resources. On the contrary, we desire to say that whatever contempt we may entertain for Mr. Willis's verses, we have yet seen much from his pen in a more appropriate and dignified department, that indicated, to our humble and imperfect judgment, talent of a very high and enviable order. But while entertaining a very high opinion of much of his prose writings, we are yet constrained to say, that our author

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would, to our judgment, have better consulted his self-respect by abstaining from all adventurings in the way of poetry.

We shall now dismiss Mr. Willis and his poems, for the present; promising, by-the-by, that we design to resume and complete in some future number, our contemplated task of examining his entire book of "sacred, passionate, and humorous" poems; and that although we have chosen to select him, first, as the expiatory offering to the offended literary genius of America, he shall not be the last.

* * *

*Longwood*, 1850.

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# HENRY C. CAREY:

## THE APOSTLE OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Henry C. Carey has been recognized through continental Europe as one of the master thinkers of our generation. It is time for him to be known in his own country. In Political Economy he has applied the methods of the Positive Philosophy, and his works exhibit the chief advances the science has made since Adam Smith published his "Wealth of Nations." They are text-books in the colleges even of Sweden and Norway, while at the University in the street next to that in which the author has his residence, books are adopted composed of ideas from empirical and nearly obsolete systems: Say and Ricardo are regarded as expositors of the last and ultimate discoveries. Let us see if this law respecting prophets cannot be changed; or if not changed, confirmed, by an exception in the case of our philosopher.

Mr. Carey was born in Philadelphia, in December, 1793. His father was the late eminent Matthew Carey, memories of whose virtues preserve about his name a thousand delightful associations. Matthew Carey was a political economist also. He wrote much, and he wrote effectively, because he taught that which was in accordance with the feelings and interests of his readers; but he was of the old school, dead now, with its professors. He disliked abstract ideas or principles, and did not trouble himself much with their investigation. The consequence was, that he made no addition to politico-economical knowledge, and left nothing by which he should be remembered except the fact that he was a consistent and ardent friend of protection.

Ricardo left his doctrine of Rents; Malthus his principle of Population; their books are little read now, and they themselves would have been long since forgotten, but that they taught what had been taught by no others. Of the hundreds of their countrymen, who have since written, scarcely one has furnished a new idea; or if such an idea can be found in the books of any one, it will not bear investigation. Many have collected facts, that are useful, and all of them have talked and written about their facts and theories; but only as empirics. One man contended on one side and another on another, and there was no standard by which to judge them. Ricardo and Malthus gave laws that would not fit the facts, and the facts were altered and suppressed to suit the laws.* McCulloch taught that transportation and exchange were more advantageous than production,† and Cobden that it was better to go to colonies in which *rich* lands were to be had cheap, than to stay at home where landlords charged high rents for the *poor* ones that were necessarily cultivated: and therefore

* Thus we see by a correspondence published in the London papers that Mr. Horace Mayhew, author of the metropolitan "Labor and the Poor" articles, has ceased to write for the London *Morning Chronicle*, the conductors of that journal wishing him to *suppress*, in his reports on the condition of the working classes, *facts opposed to free trade.*

† See Carey's Past, Present and Future, p. 128.

that imported food would be cheaper than that which was grown at home. The result has proved that he was wrong. Food is now obtained with more difficulty than before; emigration is necessary, and the late decision in Parliament shows that Protection will be restored: as the ministry could command only the mean majority of 21.

A few years hence McCulloch will be remembered only as the compiler of a few indifferent books of reference, and Cobden as the author of much ill to the people of England. Many of these men have ideas that are sound; but they know nothing of the principles of the science they undertake to teach; and so they are continually making blunders. Of all the French writers of the first forty years of this century, only one, Jean Baptiste Say, has lived to the middle of it, and his work is only a mass of error in an imposing form.

This may be called sweeping criticism; but time will prove that it is just. We need principles, as the astronomers did, before Copernicus, Kepler and Newton gave them the laws which govern the movements of the universe. Others observed facts and wrote treatises, but only these names have lived. Ricardo and Malthus furnished what they believed to be the great natural laws in regard to land and the sources of its value; the relation of the laborer and the capitalist; and of population. Their names are still familiar, but their theories are shattered by the assaults of critics; they will be forgotten, and their places will be occupied by those of the great author of whose works we propose to write. Ricardo and Malthus will be to Carey as Ptolemy to Copernicus.

From 1803, a period of almost fifty years, since Ricardo published his doctrine of Rent, there has not been even an attempt, except Carey's, to add anything to political economy. Senior, Whateley, and a thousand others, have been disputing about words, while as many others have been attacking Malthus and Ricardo; but no one has attempted to discover laws, to take the place of those which were assailed. Of the supporters of these writers, every one has been compelled to admit that their laws did not cover the facts, and to interpolate accommodating passages. John Stuart Mill, in his recent work, has done this even more largely than ors, and so furnished additiona ir laws were *not* laws, but mere anarchy. Ricardo had to leave a place of escape for difficult facts,* and his successors have since found themselves obliged to open so many new ones, that his laws are now like sieves.

The period was propitious for a discoverer. The opinion of D'Alembert that the steps of Civilization were to be taken in the middle of each century, was to be confirmed by a new illustration.

Mr. Carey's father was a practical man; all his children were trained to affairs; thus they became observers. The students of books are rarely creators in science. Truth is most likely to be evolved in the school of experience. From the age of seven years until he was twenty-one, Mr. Carey was in his father's book-store. From 1821 to 1838, he was a partner in the important publishing house of Carey, Lea & Carey, and Carey & Lea; but in this period he passed one season abroad, we believe immediately after his marriage with a sister of Leslie, the painter. The determination of his mind was already fixed, when his retirement from business enabled him to devote his faculties entirely to the science with which his name will for ever be associated.

Mr. Carey's first book—*An Essay on the Rate of Wages*—was published in 1836, and was soon after expanded into *The Principles of Political Economy*, which appeared in three octavo volumes in 1837—1840.

Before proceeding to give an account of this performance we will more particularly show what was, at the date of its publication, the condition of the science it was designed to illustrate. Mr. Malthus had taught that population tended to increase faster than food, and that so irresistible was this tendency, that all human efforts to restrain the number of men within the limits of subsistence were vain. It was a great "law of nature," and it was of little consequence, therefore, how fast food might be increased, since the only effect must be to stimulate population, which, in the end, was sure to outrun the means of living. The impression which this work produced has been briefly noticed in what we have written in connection with Mr. Alexander H. Everett's reply to it, printed in London and Boston in 1822. The doctrine was a convenient

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* The Past, the Present and the Future, pp. 70, 71.

one, for it relieved the directors of affairs from the charge of causing, or suffering, the poverty and wretchedness by which they were surrounded.

Soon after this, Mr. Ricardo attempted to explain by what means the supply of food was limited. He taught that men always commenced the work of cultivation on the most fertile soils, capable of yielding, say, one hundred quarters for a given quantity of labor; but that as population increased, it became necessary to resort to poorer soils, yielding but ninety quarters, and that then the owner of the first could command as rent ten quarters. With a further increase, lands of a third quality, yielding but eighty quarters, were brought into use, and then the first and second would command as rent the whole difference, say, twenty quarters for the first, and ten quarters for the second. The payment of rent is thus regarded, in this school, as an evidence of constantly diminishing reward of labor, resulting from the increase of population, in consequence of which it is necessary to extend the area of cultivation. With each step of its progress, the owner of the land takes a larger proportion of this constantly decreasing product, leaving a smaller one to be divided among those who apply either labor or capital to cultivation, thus producing a constant increase in the *inequality* of human condition. The interests of the landlord are in this manner shown to be for ever opposed to those of all the other portions of society. Rent is supposed to be paid because land has been occupied in virtue of an exercise of power, and not because the owners have done anything to entitle them to it. Here we see the germ of that discord which everywhere in Europe exists between the payers and receivers of rent. The annual fund from which savings can be made is held to be continually diminishing, the poor becoming poorer as the rich grow richer. The tendency to increase is more powerful in population than in capital, and the natural result must be that "wages will be reduced so low that a portion of the population will regularly die of want."*

The effect of the promulgation of these principles, upon the science of which they were asserted to be the basis, was curious. It was clear that increase of population led to famine. It was equally clear that increase of wealth tended to the extension of cultivation over inferior soils, with constantly decreasing returns to labor. Nevertheless, the political economist was everywhere surrounded by facts showing that the condition of man improved as numbers increased and as cultivation was extended. With lessened rewards of toil there should be deterioration of moral condition, and abridged facilities for intellectual cultivation, but it was incontestible that men were more moral and better instructed than in any previous centuries. The increasing disproportion between the share of the landlord and that of the laborer was calculated to increase the inequality of condition, and yet it was not to be doubted that the two were nearer together than they were in the days of Elizabeth or of Henry VIII. The fact and the theory were always at variance with each other, and hence resulted a determination to limit the science to the consideration of wealth alone, excluding all reference to social condition. Mr. McCulloch therefore defined Political Economy as the Science of Values, and Archbishop Whately desired to change the name to Catallactics, or the Science of Exchanges. The whole duty of the teacher of this new science was held to be that of explaining how wealth might be increased, allowing "neither sympathy with indigence nor disgust at profusion or at avarice; neither reverence for existing institutions, nor detestation of existing abuses; neither love of popularity, nor of paradox, nor of system, to deter him from stating what he believed to be the facts, or from drawing from those facts what appeared to him to be the legitimate conclusions."*

Such was the Political Economy then, and such is that which is now, taught in the schools of England. The consequences are seen in the manner in which the poor people of every part of the United Kingdom are being expelled from the little holdings to which they have been reduced by a system of unbounded public expenditure, and the contemptuous tone in which the common people are spoken of in all their jour-

* Mr. Mill, quoted by Mr. Carey.

* Mr. Senior, quoted by Mr. Carey.



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nals. Charity is denounced as tending to promote the growth of population. Marriage among the poor is regarded as a crime, and farmers are regarded as participant in crime for giving employment to men with families in preference to single men. But the system itself was an enormous wrong against nature. Mr. Carey entered the lists against it, with the earnestness and confidence inspired by a conviction that he contended for humanity.

His book commences with a single elementary proposition, that man desires to maintain and improve his condition, whether physical, moral, intellectual, or political: and the object of it is to show, that the theories of Mr. Malthus and Mr. Ricardo are in direct opposition to the universal fact, and therefore cannot be regarded as natural laws. On the contrary, he shows that food has always grown faster than population, and that the power to obtain subsistence has always increased most rapidly in those countries, and at those times, in which population has most rapidly increased, and in which cultivation has most rapidly extended over those soils denominated by Mr. Ricardo inferior. The error of all these writers is shown to be in taking *quantities* instead of *proportions*, and it is the law of proportions that constitutes the novel feature of this work. Ricardo and Malthus assert that land, labor, and capital are the agents of production, and are subject to different laws, all tending to produce contrariety of interests, and that the reason why such is the case is that land owes its value—or power to command rent for its use—to *monopoly*, while capital is the accumulated product of labor. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, shows by a vast variety of facts, that land owes its value to labor alone, and that its selling price is *invariably* less than would purchase the quantity of labor required to induce its present condition were it restored to a state of nature. It is therefore, like steam engines, mills, or ships, to be considered as capital, the interest upon which is called rent, and it is subject to the same laws as capital in any other form. With the growth of wealth and population, the landlord is shown to be receiving a constantly decreasing *proportion* of the product of labor applied to cultivation, but a constantly increasing *quantity*, because of the rapid increase in the amount of the return as cultivation is improved and extended.* So it is with the

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* The following table of the distribution at various periods in the progress of population and wealth, will enable the reader more readily to apprehend this:

| *Production.* | *Proportion of Capitalists.* | *Quantity to Capitalists.* | *Quantity to Laborers.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| First....100,000 | ½ | 50,000 | 50,000 |
| Second..300,000 | ⅖ | 120,000, | 180,000 |
| Third....600,000 | ⅓ | 200,000 | 400,000 |
| Fifth...1,000,000 | ¼ | 250,000 | 750,000 |

By the following passages, which we take from M. Bastiat's new work, *Harmonies Economiques*, it will be seen that he adopts these views as the basis of his political economy: "*A mesure que les capitaux s'accroissent, la part* absolue *des capitalistes dans les produits totaux augmente et leur part* relative *diminue. Au contraire, les travailleurs voient augmenter leur part dans les deux sens.*" (P. 280.) . . . . . "Ainsi le partage se fera de la manière suivante:—

| | *Produit total* | *Part du capital.* | *Part du travail.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Première periode, | 1000 | 500 | 500 |
| Deuxième periode, | 2000 | 800 | 1200 |
| Troisième periode, | 3000 | 1050 | 1950 |
| Quatrième periode, | 4000 | 1200 | 2800 |

"Telle est la grande, admirable, consolante, nécessaire, et *inflexible* loi du capital." (P. 281.)

"Ainsi la grande loi du capital et du travail, en ce qui concerne le partage du produit de la collaboration, est determinée. Chacun d'eux a une part *absolue* de plus en plus grand, mais la part *proportionnelle* du capital diminue sans cesse comparativement à celle du travail." (P. 284.)

*Cause of value in land.*—"Cette valeur, comme tous les autres, est de creation humaine et social." (P. 362.) After reciting the various modes of applying labor to the improvement of land, he says: "La valeur c'est incorporée, confondue dans le sol, et c'est pourquoi on pourra très bien dire par métonymie: *le sol vaut.*" (P. 363.)

*Land not changeable for as much money as it has cost.*—"J'ose affirmer qu'il n'est pas un champ en France qui *vaille* ce qu'il a couté, qui puisse s'échanger contre autant de travail qu'il en a exigé pour être mis à l'état de productivité où il se trouve." (P. 398.)

*Cause of this.*—"Vous avez employée mille journées à mettre votre domaine dans l'état où il est; je ne vous en restituerai que huit cents, et ma raison est qu'avec huit cents journées je puis faire aujourd'hui sur la terre à cote ce qu'avec mille vous avez fait autrefois sur la votre. Veuillez considerer que depuis quinze ans l'art de dessécher, de détricher, de batir, de creuser des puits, de disposer les étables, d'executer les transports a fait des progrès. Chaque resultat donné exige moins du travail, et je ne veux me soumettre à vous donner dix de ce que je puis avoir pour huit, d'autant que le prix du blé a diminue dans la proportion de ce progrès, qui ne profite ni à vous ni à moi, mais à l'humanité toute entière." (P. 368.)

The reader who may desire to see the perfect

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capitalist. The *rate* of interest falls as cultivation is improved and capital is accumulated with greater facility, and the capitalist receives a smaller *proportion;* but the *quantity* of commodities obtainable in return for the use of a given amount of capital increases, and with every change in that direction there is shown to be an increasing tendency to equality and to improvement of condition, physical, moral, intellectual, and political.

According to the system of Mr. Ricardo, the interests of the land owner and laborer, the capitalist and the employer of capital, are always opposed to each other. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, proves, and we think most conclusively, that "the interests of the capitalist and of the employer of capital are thus in perfect harmony with each other, as each derives advantage from every measure that tends to facilitate the growth of capital and to render labor productive; while every measure that tends to produce the opposite effect is injurious to both."*

The entire novelty of these views rendered it necessary that they should be supported by a great body of facts, and Mr. Carey therefore furnished an examination of the causes which have in various countries, particularly India, France, Great Britain, and the United States, retarded the growth of wealth—demonstrating that they were to be found in the great public expenditure for the support of fleets and armies, and the prosecution of wars, the natural results of a state of things in which the few govern the many, taxing them at their will; and that the remedy was to be found in that improvement of political condition which should enable men to govern and to tax themselves, doing which they would be disposed to remain at peace.

That man may be enabled to improve his physical condition, combination of effort is shown to be necessary, and that tends to increase with increase in the density of population. Therewith comes increased security of person and property, and increased respect for the rights of others, tending to promote the further increase of wealth, and to enable men to devote more time to the cultivation of mind. Improved mental condition enables men to apply their labors more productively, and thus obtain better subsistence from a diminished surface, facilitates combination of action, and increases the growth of wealth. With its growth the proportion of the laborer increases, and that of the landlord or other capitalist decreases, and the power of the former to govern himself, and to tax himself, grows steadily with the growth of wealth and population; and thus we have physical, moral, intellectual and political improvement, each aiding and aided by the other.

It will be seen from this brief summary that the field occupied is a most extensive one, more so than that of any similar work that has been written. The views are presented with great distinctness and force, and illustrated throughout by numerous facts drawn not only from the four countries principally referred to, but from Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, &c. It is one of the chief distinguishing merits of the work that each part of it, while complete in itself, has that relation to the other which belongs to the divisions of a whole, in which all things are so interblended and harmonious as to produce a cumulative and finally perfect effect; while in the various systems presented to us by Europe, every part is in conflict with every other.

In denying Mr. Ricardo's *theory of the occupation of the Earth*, Mr. Carey did not undertake to present any by himself, but this he has done in his more recent performance, The Past, the Present and the Future, published in Philadelphia in 1848. In this original and masterly composition he has shown that the law is in direct opposition to the principle announced by Mr. Ricardo and since adopted in the English school,

correspondence of these views with those published by Mr. Carey, as far back as 1837, may do so by a glance at Chapters II., III., IV., and VII. of his first volume, where he gives a great number of facts in support of ideas then so new, and of course so heretical.

A remarkable fact, to which we now desire to call the attention of our readers, is, that M. Bastiat has thus adopted the views of Mr. Carey, without, so far as we have been able to see, alteration or addition. His name never occurs in the work, except as authority for one of his quotations, which M. Bastiat has copied, while the names of Ricardo, Malthus, Senior, Scrope, Considerant, and a host of others are found in almost every chapter. It must be highly gratifying to Mr. Carey to see his views obtain so entirely the approbation of a man of the reputation of M. Bastiat, that he should be willing to give them to the world as his own.

* Vol. I., p. 339.

and to some extent in France and in this country. In the infancy of civilization man is poor and works with poor machinery, and must take the high and poor soils requiring little clearing and no drainage; and it is only as population and wealth increase, that the richer soils are brought into cultivation. The consequence is, that in obedience to a great law of nature, *food tends to increase more rapidly than population*, and it is only by that combination of effort which results from increasing density of population that the richer soils can be brought into activity. The truth of this is shown by a careful and particular account of the settlement of this country, followed by a rapid sketch of the occupation of Mexico, the West Indies, South America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, India, and the Islands of the Pacific, illustrating and confirming the position that the poor lands at the heads of streams, or the small and rocky islands,are first chosen for cultivation, while the lower and richer soils are left unimproved for want of the means which come with growing wealth and population. Mr. Ricardo's theory is then examined in all its parts, and shown to be entirely opposed to the whole mass of facts presented in a rapid review of the course of events in the different portions of the world, while the exceptions made by him for the purpose of providing for the infinite number that could not be brought under his general law, are shown to be *themselves the law;* and that such is the case is now admitted by some of the most eminent economists of Europe.

With the downfall of Mr. Ricardo's hypothesis of the occupation of land disappears the base on which rests the celebrated theory of Mr. Malthus—a theory which has been largely discussed in this country by Mr. Everett and others, and which is examined at length from his point of view by Mr. Carey, who shows that everywhere increase of population has led to the cultivation of the lower and richer soils, followed by increase in the facility of obtaining food, while depopulation has everywhere been marked by the retreat of cultivation to the hills; a truth which he illustrates by numerous instances.

He next surveys the circumstances attending the progress of wealth. It is held by the English economists that capital, applied to land, must necessarily bring diminishing profits when applied to a machine of constantly decreasing powers; and that, therefore, manufactures and trade, steam-engines and ships, are more profitable than agriculture; whereas, Mr. Carey shows that land is a machine of constantly *increasing* capacities, and that the only manner in which machinery of any description is beneficial, is by diminishing the labor required for converting and transporting the products of the earth, and permitting a larger quantity to be given to the work of production. The earth is the sole producer, says Mr. Carey, and man merely fashions and exchanges her products, adding nothing to the quantity to be converted or exchanged, and the growth of wealth everywhere is shown to be in the ratio of the quantity of labor that can be given to the cultivation of the great machine bestowed on man for the production of food and wool. This leads to an examination of the British system, the object of which is shown to have been that of compelling the people of every part of the world to bring to her their raw products to be converted and exchanged, thus wasting on the road a large portion of them, and all the manure that would result from their home consumption, the consequence of which is shown to be the exhaustion of the land and its owner. The broad ground is then taken that the products of the land should be consumed upon the land, and that nations grow rich or remain poor precisely as they act in accordance with, or in opposition to, that view. Mr. Carey is a free-trader. In his first book he advocated the British doctrine of diminished duties, as the means of bringing about free trade. In his *Past and Present* he admits his error, and shows that the protective system was the result of an instinctive effort at the correction of a great evil inflicted upon the world by British legislation, and that *the only course towards perfect freedom of trade is to be found in perfect production.*

The effect of increasing wealth and population resulting from the power to cultivate the richer soils, in bringing about the division of land and the union of man is then shown, and illustrated by examples drawn from the history of the principal nations of the world, ancient and modern; and here the European system of primogeniture is examined, with a view to show that it is purely artificial, and tends to disappear with the growth of wealth and population. This leads to the discussion of the relations of

man to his fellow-men, which are shown to tend to the establishment of equality wherever peace is maintained, and wealth and population are allowed to grow; and to inequality, with every step in the progress of war and devastation.

Man himself next appears on the scene. Mr. Malthus, Mr. Ricardo, and all others of the English school, represent him as the slave of his necessities, working because he fears starvation. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, shows him to be animated by hope, and improving in all his moral qualities, precisely as by the growth of wealth and population—the results of peace—he is enabled to clear and cultivate the rich soils of the earth.

Thence we pass to the relations of man and his helpmate, which are shown to improve precisely as do those of man to his fellow-man, as the rich soils are brought into cultivation. Man and his family follow, and the same improvement, under the same circumstances, is shown to take place in the relations of parent and child.

Concentration, or the habit of local self-government, so strikingly illustrated in New-England, is next examined in contrast with centralization, as exhibited in England and France, and its admirable effects in tending to the maintenance of peace are fully exhibited. The various systems of colonization next pass in review, and give occasion for an examination of the various causes that brought negro slavery into this country, and the reasons why it is here alone that the race has increased in numbers. India and Ireland, and the devastating effects of the colonial system, Annexation, and Civilization furnish the materials for the succeeding chapters, and give occasion—the last particularly—for the expression of opinions much at variance with those taught by Guizot and others of the most distinguished men of our day. Such are the Past and Present. The closing chapter is the Future, and contains an examination of many remarkable facts now presented to our view by our own country, produced by the existence of the unnatural system fastened upon the world by England, and to be remedied by the adoption of an American policy, having for its object that of enabling men to live together and combine their exertions, instead of flying from each other, leaving behind rich lands uncultivated, and going to Texas or Oregon to begin the work of cultivation on the poorer ones. "With each step in the progress of concentration, his physical condition would improve because he would cultivate more fertile lands, and obtain increased power over the treasures of the earth. His moral condition would improve, because he would have greater inducements to steady and regular labor, and the reward of good conduct would steadily increase. His intellectual condition would improve, because he would have more leisure for study, and more power to mix with his fellow-men at home or abroad; to learn what they knew, and to see what they possessed; while the reward of talent would steadily increase, and that of mere brute wealth would steadily decline. His political condition would improve, because he would acquire an increased power over the application of his labor and of its proceeds. He would be less governed, better governed, and more cheaply governed, and all because more perfectly self-governed."

The field surveyed by Mr. Carey in the *Past and Present* is a broad one—broader than that of any other book of our time—for it discusses every interest of man. The ideas are original—whether true or not, they are both new and bold. They are based upon a great law of Nature, and it is the first time that any system of political economy has been offered to the world that was so based. The consequence is, that all the facts place themselves, as completely as did the planets when Copernicus had satisfied himself that the earth revolved around the sun.*

More recently, in his *Harmony of Interests*, Mr. Carey has published a full examination of the great question of commercial policy, with a view to show that protection, as it exists in this country, is the true and *only* road to free trade. He has brought to the illustration of this important doctrine a mass of facts, greater, probably, than was ever before displayed in support of any position in political economy. It commences with an examination of our whole commercial policy for the last thirty years, and shows the effect of protection in increasing the sum of production and consumption, the means of transportation, internal and exter-

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* This work has been much read abroad, and we perceive that it has recently been translated into Swedish, and published at Stockholm.

nal, and the influx of population from abroad, always an evidence of the increased productiveness of labor. In this work it is shown conclusively, that shipping grows with protection, because protection tends to promote immigration, or the import of men, the most valuable of commodities, and thus to diminish the cost of *sending* to market the less valuable ones, grain, tobacco, and cotton. The question is examined in every point of view—material, moral, intellectual, and political; and the result arrived at is, "that between the interests of the treasury and the people, the farmer, planter, manufacturer, and merchant, the great and little trader and the ship-owner, the slave and his master, the land-owners and laborers of the Union and the world, the free-trader and the advocate of protection, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the way to the establishment of universal peace and universal free trade, is to be found in the adoption of measures tending to the destruction of the *monopoly of machinery*, and the location of the loom and the anvil in the vicinity of the plough and the harrow."

In addition to the works I have named, Mr. Carey has published two others, on the Currency—the larger of which is entitled *Credit System in France, England, and the United States.* Their object is to show, that there is a very simple law which lies at the root of the whole currency question, and that by its aid, the revulsions so frequently experienced may be perfectly accounted for. That law is perfect freedom of trade in money, whether by individuals or associations, leaving the latter to make their own terms with their customers, and to assume limited or unlimited liability, as they themselves may think most expedient. In a detailed review of the operations of several of the principal nations, and of all the States of this Union, it is shown that the tendency to steadiness in the quantity, and uniformity in the quality, of currency, is in the exact ratio of freedom, while with every increase in the number or extent of restrictions, steadiness diminishes, and insecurity increases. The views contained in this work are now adopted by some of the most eminent writers in France. They constitute the basis of a recent and excellent work* by M. Coquelin, who quotes largely from that of Mr. Carey, declaring that our countryman has, "in the investigation of causes and effects, succeeded better than the English inquirers," and had, as early as 1838, "clearly shown the primary causes of the perturbations recurring almost periodically in commerce and currency."†

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The portrait of Mr. Carey, accompanying this article, is from a crayon sketch by Mr. Collyer, and is, in every respect, one of the best likenesses we have presented in this Magazine. It is excellently copied by Mr. Buet.

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**Du Credit et des Banques, Paris*, 1848.

† Un des plus beaux ouvrages assurément qu'on ait publies sur le credit.—*Journal des Economistes.*

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# MISCELLANY.

Our Steam Navy.—The following important communication was handed to us by a gentleman whose long experience as a commander in the naval service of Great Britain and of the East India Company, entitles his views to the highest respect. The opinions he expresses we are obliged, not only for consistency, but from a settled conviction of their truth, to sustain in full. For the same reason that we gave our support to Mr. Whitney's plan of a Pacific Railroad, we give it to the plan of our correspondent. In a succeeding number we hope to lay before our readers a communication from the same experienced source, on the naval resources of the United States as regards steam-ships. It is a very common error to suppose that the steam-vessels built at private yards in New-York can be immediately converted into vessels of war, like the steam-ships of the Cunard line. We are prepared to show that this is a grave delusion, which may lead upon occasion to fatal consequences.

*To the Editor of the American Whig Review:*

Sir:—In perusing the Report from the Bureau of Construction, Equipment, &c., contained in the *New-York Herald* of the 21st instant, I was much surprised to find that the knowledge so dearly bought by experience here and elsewhere has had no effect upon the authorities in this department. It is a well-determined fact, from the experience of the past, that all Government work is worse done, and more expensive, than that which is open to the competition of the whole country.

The specimens of naval architecture turned out of the Government yards will not compare with some turned out of private yards, either for speed or economy. The late attempts of Government men in England, where they have had every opportunity and inducement to remove the "prestige" against them, has proved the inefficiency of the system. Some of the most abortive attempts have been made at a vast cost of treasure, producing the most useless craft that can be found afloat, while some of the most efficient and beautiful vessels for war purposes that have ever been launched were constructed in private yards.

There is no inducement from increased emoluments or business, arising from superior attainments in work or model; no rivalry or cause for emulation. "The models already made have satified the Government: why then should we alter them?" There is no inducement for the Government officer to go out of the beaten track as long as his pay is continued to him monthly. He goes jogging on in the old style; but place the same man in the position, either to improve his work and system or lose his occupation, and you will find the old adage verified—"Necessity is the mother of invention." He will turn his attention forthwith to the most likely course to keep his time and capital continually on the stretch, so as to produce him the greatest amount of return. This he is obliged to study, as there are others who will outstrip him in the race if he does not exert his utmost care and attention; and it is thus that the greatest proficiency is to be attained.

The Report above alluded to recommends, "that the public yards be supplied with the necessary apparatus for the construction of steam-engines for naval purposes." Let us consider this recommendation. In the first place, the expense will be enormous. I do not know the cost of the Washington yard, but it must have been very great, as all enterprises managed directly by the agents of Government have ever been, and will be, until the end of time. An outlay like it, being added to each naval yard, will greatly increase the burden on the treasury, and to what end? We have in commission "seven steam-ships; repairing and equipping, five; on the stocks and constructing, one." (*New-York Herald*, 27th Dec., 1850.) For this existing force the Washington yard must be sufficient. The number of vessels is at present small, but the necessary increase in this department of the national strength will soon be such as to put it in a position to vie with all other powers. Since the actual necessity of looking to this branch of the service has been impressed on the Government, rapid progress has been made in the right direction; and ere long the steam navy of the United States must become sufficient for the defence of our immense coast line, and to punish aggression abroad, should necessity arise for such a course. Our private foundries are sufficient for the manufacture of machines for almost any number of steam-ships that may be required, without establishing an expensive Government monopoly. If they are not, they will easily and rapidly increase when the necessity for them arises, for depend on it, our enterprising citizens will not allow any such opportunity to escape their vigilance, and we have seen during the present year a most extraordinary increase in the production of steam-engines from our foundries—an increase, indeed, scarcely credible. At the present time there is to be seen on the banks, and at the wharves of the East River, a sight such as no other port in the world can offer, and which gives an astounding idea of the enterprise and power of the United States

You may there see together thirteen ocean steamers, (all new,) of large size, advancing rapidly to completion. These are—

| | Tons. |
|---|---|
| The Humboldt, Havre packet, about - | 2700 |
| North America, for Chagres, - - - | 1800 |
| Winfield Scott, - - - - - - - - - | 1400 |
| Brother Jonathan, for Pacific, - - - | 1400 |
| Mexico, Gulf of Mexico, - - - - - | 1200 |
| Alabama, Savannah line, - - - - | 1200 |
| Independence, - - - - - - - - - | 800 |
| Golden Gate, Pacific Co. | |
| Golden Age, Pacific Co. | |
| La Fayette, Havre line, | |
| Pioneer, Havre line, | |
| Large Propeller, for Philadelphia and Liverpool. | |
| A Steamer, for Charleston line. | |

Besides these, there have already been completed and gone to sea—

| | |
|---|---|
| The Atlantic, | The Franklin, |
| Pacific, | Florida, |
| Baltic, | Columbia, |
| Arctic, | Prometheus, |
| New World, | Sea Bird, |
| New-York, | Pacific, |
| The Louisiana.* | |

It is reasonable to think that the present excess of demand for steam communication cannot last long; like all other rages, it will have its day, and will be followed by a stagnation in that particular branch of manufacture. What then will become of our machinists? When the fever abates there will be a state of inanition; and then would be the time for the application of the remedy, in employing the machine shops for the work of the Federal Government, and for the good of the large masses of citizens who will otherwise be thrown out of work just at the time they have attained the greatest experience and skill. Such a body of men as now exists, (gathered from among the skilful of all nations,) being once scattered and otherwise occupied, it will be a difficult matter to collect again; and even should it be possible, they will have lost that efficiency which arises from constant practice, and which that alone can give.

It is true, a portion of them would find work in the Government yards; but why should the State be put to the expense of the yards, when the private ones are all ready for the work required?

The yard at Washington being already in existence, if it is efficient as it should be, it must be equal to the present wants of the Government. The repairs of existing steam-vessels would be the principal work allotted to it, and it will soon find quite sufficient occupation for a small establishment in that line.

One principal reason why private enterprise is more desirable than a Government establishment, is the constant call upon it for various styles and descriptions of machines for numerous purposes, in the construction of which many great improvements are suggested, perfected, and made available for marine purposes; the development of which would be exceedingly improbable while pursuing the one object of marine engines only.

The reason alleged for the recommendation of the Bureau is, the great delay that has arisen in the manufacture of engines in the several foundries. To whom is the blame of this delay to be attached? To the parties who entertain the contract, for if they do their duty strictly and impartially, there can be no delay without its appropriate penalty; and if the penalty be duly enforced, there *will be* no delay. If the penalty be merely a matter of form, why put it in at all? If it is not to be enforced leave it out altogether, and leave the parties to take their own time to complete their work; it will be no worse than now.

I trust that having shown that the machine shops of New-York alone are sufficient for the purposes of supplying steam-engines, independently of foundries and manufactories in other States, of which there are a great many, it will lead to a full and perfect examination of the policy and necessity of such a system as that of making a great Government monopoly at so great an outlay as it will require of the public funds.

Let our machinists in private foundries benefit legitimately by the wants of the Government, and at the same time let the Government reap the advantage and benefit accruing from the united skill and experience of our land and marine engine mechanics.

F. P. Webb.

*New-York, Dec. 28th, 1850.*

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"The Pilgrim Fathers."—Perhaps there is not in American history an event more memorable, or one more calculated to revive a national spirit among Americans, should that spirit occasionally fade, than the landing of the crew of the Mayflower at Plymouth. The history of that event and its consequences has been served up in too many styles, at too many public dinners, to render fragments of it warmed up here at all delectable to the palate of our readers. But nevertheless it will be acknowledged that the celebration of the Pilgrim landing is about the last occasion which should be used by men of intellect or citizenship, or which could be used by men of decency or taste, for the exhibition of national flunkeyism, or the glorification of the power that with fire and sword drove the Pilgrims from their homes.* Nevertheless, at a recent dinner given in this city by the New-England Society, some scenes occurred of so remarkable a character, we feel compelled to notice them briefly.

Moses H. Grinnell occupied the chair. "On his right," we are told, appropriately sat Mr. Webster, who came on from Washington to be present at

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* As I give these lists from memory only, there may be two or three left out. These are independent of any on the North River.

* Was any festival instituted by the Prophets for the glorification of the Pharaoh? Or were those who hankered after the flesh-pots (the free-traders of those days) permitted to give three times three at the Passover for the reigning Pharaoh? If we celebrate our fathers, should we not celebrate the spirit? A prayer for England, begging that the hearts of kings might be set right, and that God would avenge his starving people, would have been appropriate.

this dinner; and, singular enough to relate, there came on too an honorable individual whose whole diplomatic dexterity seems to be employed in keeping on the heels of Mr. Webster, and crushing himself into every society where that gentleman appears.* Into the same conveyance which brought Mr. Webster from the capital, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer had got himself conveyed, and he squatted himself down at the Pilgrim dinner!! opposite the former. There were also present, too, Mr. G. P. R. James, (owner of two imaginary horsemen, and author of "a story without a name," &c.,) flanked by others not celebrated for Americanism.

We pass over the early toasts. The first speaker was a reverend person, who indulged largely in praises of the Bible and other matters of a less sacred character, from which we extract a little. Having produced an old Bible, and handed it about in the order of brandy, wine, Word of God, and cigars, he gave its history in this fashion:—

"Let us, then, hold to our ideal, and hold it up to the sight of all men—(here he held up the old Bible)—and demand that everything shall be squared by the law of God. This Bible belongs to Mr. J. Coles of this city, who preserved it safe during his stay in Georgia, and brought it back to New-York."

Showing that "Mr. J. Coles" is like the King of France, celebrated in an everlasting doggrel for marching up a declivity with a large army, and performing the memorable feat of marching down again, with the same all safe and right side up.

The peculiar duties of the clerical order, and of course of himself, were thus shown by the reverend gentleman:—

"The clergy were the lungs of the country, and their business was to bring the people into contact with the pure air of God."

Had the reverend speaker claimed the honor of the brains, instead of the lungs, his comparison would have been more acceptable to his own order; though it must be confessed, if on that occasion he rightly represented them, we are ready to concede him the comparison.

An effigy of the Mayflower, made of sugar and isinglass, lay on a clean plate on the table, and to this the orators in turn most solemnly addressed themselves. Streams of affection, and a flow of outpoured rhapsody deluged the little sugar bark.

Among others Mr. Webster and Sir H. L. Bulwer addressed the guests.

Mr. Webster said: * * * "We know that we are Americans. (Vociferous applause.) It is as Americans that we are known all over the world. Who asks what State a citizen of the United States is from, in Europe, Africa, or Asia? Is he an American—does he belong to the flag of the country—does it protect him—is he under the protection of the eagle and the stars and stripes? If he is, all other conditions are regarded as subordinate and not worthy of mention. *Let it be our duty to cherish this American principle—to spread it over the whole continent—to carry out English principles.* I mean, sir, (addressing Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister,) *the Anglo-Saxon American* principle (loud laughter, in which Sir Henry Bulwer joined) over this whole continent—*the great principles of Magna Charta*—the principles of the American Revolution—the English language, so that our children may recite Shakspeare and Milton on the shores of the Pacific. Before that, our American ideas, which, in the main, are English ideas, will penetrate Mexico."*

Our opinion of Mr. Webster is too high to permit us to believe that he, as an American, seriously identified the spirit of the Norman monarchy with that of the American Republic, or that he seriously desires to see "English principles," by whatever name they be called, extended over this continent. The supposition of its possibility,—the necessity of making this wretched explanation, calls into our face a blush of shame, and a sickening sense of disgrace. Surely, surely it was the complimentary spirit of the occasion, and nothing else, that brought forth such expressions. We have been advised that in the conduct of a public journal or a Review, a single injurious expression, or that has not the right spirit, will undo the work of years. How much more then of the first of public men. Ought not the head of this mighty people, (we say head, as it is the popular belief that the government centres in him,) ought not the head of this grand Republic carry himself with the demeanor of the mightiest representative of men,—with the consciousness of twenty millions of freemen at his back,—who, if he but evince the spirit and give the word, will make him their leader, but whose eyes are now blinded to his surpassing genius and unequalled fame, by the intervention of a polished opacity, from whose diplomatic buttons the glory and the power of Great Britain flash into their eyes, and not the glory of Daniel Webster, or of the nation whom he represents!

Nor are this American people wholly of English descent. Not one fourth of them have English blood in their veins, and not one tenth of them but would feel injured by having attributed to them English principles, or principles identified with these. If we have been, or are ruled by English principles, or their like, the Declaration of Independence was a farce, and the War of Independence an extravagant folly. On English principles some of our best Republicans should be hanged forthwith;—it is better to let these gentlemen know at once where they are.

The affable and flattering Mr. Bulwer rose to speak after Mr. Webster. The complimentary words bestowed on himself and his government and its principles were of course assumed as literally true, and fully appreciated. A toast was

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* Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and S——n *came also* among them. And the Lord said unto S——n, Whence comest thou? Then S——n answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto S——n, Hast thou considered my servant J—b, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

Then S——n answered the Lord and said, Doth J—b fear God for nought? &c. &c.

* Herald.

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given, exhibiting singular effrontery in itself, as follows:—

"Old England and Young America.—Bound together by a common language and a common lineage, &c."

"Young America" must feel very proud of its distinguished ancestry; and the *Times* newspaper must moreover feel deeply gratified at this acknowledgment of paternal authority and blessings from its lately rebellious infant. But to this toast Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, having probably first written to Chatfield and Palmerston about the agreeable sport of humbugging the Yankees, delivered the following large quantity of self-glorification:—

"He said he had made a point of attending that meeting, since he knew that gentlemen there present did not expect in him the buttoned-up diplomatist, but the Englishman with the open hand and heart, who would state to them what the feelings and thoughts of Englishmen were."

Was there ever such an ambassador? He actually unbuttoned his waistcoat, and presented to them his whole heart and soul, at the first outset. Then, after having favored "the beautiful females behind the Corinthian pillars at the back of the hall" with the second long simile with which they were that evening presented, and turned over American literature, science, and art, he addressed Mr. Webster:—

"And if I extend my inquiry still further, if I wish to discover a man whose young imagination was ripened amongst the solitary scenes of border life, and whose manly judgment was formed amidst the daily and active business of great communities, can you not point out to me such a man—one whose eloquence is poetry held in chains by reason? whose statesmanship is philosophy reduced to practice? who stands second to none of America's children—I should say superior to all, if the tall and venerable figure of an absent friend did not rise up before me, whose star shines from the West, as yours, sir, (bowing to Mr. Webster,) fills the East of the hemisphere, radiant on all sides with intellectual light." (Three cheers.)

After the praise of its head, follows the glorification of the country itself:—

"Gentlemen, I love your country: it is amongst the earliest and most favored of England's children; and methinks I can still trace the characteristic features of the parent in the lineaments of the offspring. I do not, indeed, believe that the magnetic influence of a common origin is yet extinct; and when I stood with you but recently, mourning by the grave of the gallant Taylor, did you not shed with me a sympathizing tear over the fate of the illustrious Peel? Aye, and if the spangled banner should be again unfurled on the ocean or the field, on the one scene of action will not your sons remember the glorious words of Nelson,*—on the other, will not the name of the great warrior veteran, who has borne the old banner of Wolfe and Marlborough aloft and victorious through a hundred fights, rush to your recollection and inspire your ranks?"

* The words are curiously apt for Americans, and should be emblazoned on the star-spangled banner—"England expects every man to do his duty."

Well, we rather think not, to all these questions; but it is well to know that Sir H. L. B. loves our country *because* it is among the earliest and most favored of England's children; and therefore, inasmuch as it is not English, he doth not love it; and the proportion being one fourth to three fourths, we conclude the quarter of love is negatived by the quarter of hate, and the remaining half of his feelings is hate unalloyed. So of Touchstone in the forest: it was good for certain reasons, and not good for certain reasons; and the whole reason of his liking forest life was, that he was in the forest, and wished to make the best of it.

So of some great "University" in New-England: it was good because "it was the genial daughter of his own alma mater;" and Americans are great and good, because they are "Albion's transatlantic children!"

It is hardly needful to particularize more at length the extravagant flattery of individuals, and thorough British offensiveness of the entire speech. Let us add that it was followed by the band playing "God save the Queen," amid the most rapturous enthusiasm; and that we would have not one word to say in defence of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, but for a pointed remark delivered in his speech with singular acuteness and precision, showing what an opinion he had formed of his audience.

"There are few examples," he said, "in history of men staying their footsteps in so unpromising a spot; but he *guessed* (great laughter and cheering) that the ancestors of those present were plucky fellows."

More a good deal than some of those present could say of themselves. "God save the Queen!"

*Vide* Rabelais, Book I., Ch. xxxviii.: "*How Gargantua did eat up six pilgrims in a salad.*" The pilgrims hid themselves in a garden among the lettuces, and the giant King Gargantua, plucking the lettuces, carried them home and ate them; and, says our satirical historian, "They were all the while in so great fear they dared not speak nor cough. If we speak, said they, he will kill us for spies." There is a cabbage garden we wot of, in which several millions are hid away for fear, and they dare not speak nor cough for fear of being killed. And the giant daily carries away the cabbages and eats the pilgrims in them. *Vide* American Review for December, article, "Who Feed England?"

But one gentleman present had the manliness or decency to break this swollen bubble of Flunkeyism, the Rev. Dr. Bethune. We are glad to be enabled to say that there was even one American to utter such common truths as these:—

"Rev. Dr. Bethune, in reply to the toast, of the 'Hospitality of the Hollanders to the fathers of New-England demands the everlasting gratitude of the sons,' said, with all respect for some speakers who had preceded him, this country was not altogether a daughter of England. Americans were not the descendants of any particular nation, but of every nation in the world."

We ask pardon of our readers, in connection with matters so serious, for mentioning the fact that the novelist of the two horsemen did not speak, which was a loss. As a descendant from one

of the Pilgrim Fathers, and looking to them and their fellows in England in the days of Cromwell, their mighty chief, as the founders of the great Republic, and the originators of civil and religious liberty, we desire to see the anniversary of their coming made hereafter an occasion for the defence of the principles they cherished; a solemn ceremony, to which the friends and representatives of pure Republicanism of all nations may be invited, and at which the mighty dead may be invisibly present, and impart their own spirit to the living.

Soon after writing the above, we read Mr. Webster's powerful vindication of the language of our Government, in its recognition of Hungary as an independent nation, in his letter of Dec. 21st, 1850, from the Department of State, in reply to the letter of the Chevalier J. Hulsemann on the part of Austria.

In the course of this vindication, Mr. Webster says: "The Government and people of the United States, like other intelligent Governments and communities, take a lively interest in the movements and the events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality towards foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the cotemporary world; as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history. But the undersigned goes farther, and freely admits that in proportion as these extraordinary events appeared to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular governments on which the American Constitutions themselves are wholly founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country.

"Well known circumstances in their history, indeed their whole history, have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of Government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized States of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes which arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government.

"That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph the Second, was among the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his Minister in the Netherlands in 1787, he observes that 'it is remarkable that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom.' This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent Powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to Republican Liberty, is the result of the re-action of America upon Europe: and the source and centre of this re-action has doubtless been, and now is, in these United States.

"The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization, and their character, as the opposite position of the Powers composing the European Alliance is from the history and organization of the Governments of those Powers. The sovereigns who form that Alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign States; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age, in terms so comprehensive as of necessity to include the United States and their forms of governments. It is well known that one of the leading principles announced by the allied Sovereigns after the restoration of the Bourbons, is, that all popular or constitutional rights are holden no otherwise than as grants and indulgences from crowned heads."

Mr. Webster adds farther: "Mr. Hulsemann and the Cabinet at Vienna may rest assured that, in the mean time, while performing with strict and exact fidelity all their neutral duties, nothing will deter either the Government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinions, freely and at all times, upon the great political events which may transpire among the civilized nations of the earth. Their own institutions stand upon the broadest principles of civil liberty; and believing those principles and the fundamental laws in which they are embodied to be eminently favorable to the prosperity of States—*to be, in fact, the only principles of government which meet the demands of the present enlightened age.*"

These powerful declarations defend the Secretary against himself, and commit him to a line of conduct that every American must approve; but, with all respect for his great authority, and his eminent position as the guide of our public counsels, we conceive that these principles, native to himself, are not "English principles," but their mortal antagonists; and that when they come to be applied in practice, England will find herself compelled to recede from her enormous pretension upon this continent, and will find that the American people, as they *live* by the principles so grandly set forth by their Secretary, so they must become their defenders, and the stern antagonists of those who violate and trample upon them.

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"Father and Son."—We are indebted to the editorial columns of the *London Times* newspaper for the following singular instance of paternal solicitude and natural affection. It is very affecting. The anxiety of the tender parent to beat his own poor son without hurting the feelings of anybody is singularly sincere and dramatic, and withal true to nature. The old gentleman's "long-practised skill," *his* "steady industry," and *his* "dogged de-

termination" are beautifully introduced and admirably contrasted with the tender, endearing, and soft qualities which he attributes to his infant prodigy, the lad's "youth, ingenuity and ardor." And then, to cap the climax of the tragic scene, comes the "fell necessity" which makes the old dada so very cruel and merciless to his offspring—we fancy we are reading the Roman story anew, inserting merely Bull for Brutus; or the tragedy of Sophocles, in which Antigone plays the part of "The Navigation Laws," ruthlessly sacrificed by the parent hands to appease the destinies of commerce. But our readers must judge for themselves—and probably not a few of the sterner sort may be affected even unto tears. Boy! bring hither that reviving vial and our cambric handkerchief. Oh! bitter, bitter sorrow, that our parricidal hands should be raised against so simple-minded and generous a father!—

"We have several times had to direct attention to the fresh and fresh lines of steamers on the American rivers and lakes, to vast additional lengths of canal, and the endless ramifications of the railway system; as also to the new manufactures wherever an opening offered. The rapid increase of population in the States, augmented by an annual immigration of near 300,000 from these isles, is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most unobservant and incurious. All these promise to develop the resources of the States to such an extent as to compel us to a competition as difficult as it is unavoidable. We must run a race with our gigantic and unshackled rival. We must set our long-practised skill, our steady industry, and our dogged determination against his youth, ingenuity and ardor. It is the father who runs a race with his son. A fell necessity constrains us, and we must not be beat. Let our ship-builders and their employers take warning in time. There will always be abundant supply of vessels good enough and fast enough for short voyages. The coal trade can take care of itself, for it will ever be a refuge for the destitute. But we want fast vessels for the long voyages, which otherwise will fall into American hands. It is fortunate that the Navigation Laws have been repealed in time to destroy those false and unreasonable expectations, which might have lulled the ardor of British competition. We now all start together, with a fair field and no favor. The American Captain can call at London, and the British Captain can pursue his voyage to New-York. Who can complain? Not we."

"Not we"—oh no, not you! Why the devil (excuse the remark) should *you* complain? Did not a person called WALKER, and a thorough scheming little aristocrat, named BANCROFT, to whom you were so very civil and good that he loves you better than his own kin, and various other persons of your party in this country, induce your "youthful and ardent" or verdant son to throw away his best weapon for the control of the seas, to suit your necessities, under the score of "reciprocity," when the reciprocity was, like the handle of a pitcher, all on one side, and that your own? Complain? Why, such was the anxiety to meet your wishes about keeping up the seeming "control of the seas," that even when your youthful and ardent son succeeded in whipping you clean in speed and bottom, threatening not only to match you on the high seas, but even at no distant day to manage the entire commerce and carrying trade of his own country, the commerce of that country was as far as possible taken out of his grasp, and put into your own. What an old fool you would be to complain, Father dear, at such unmitigated good luck on your side, and folly on ours. If it were otherwise you would complain rather obstreperously.*

However, it is highly satisfactory to Americans (it must be) to know that nothing has occurred to "lull the ardor of British competition" likewise; that even should British competition get lulled while watching the new steamers on our rivers, and our "new manufactures wherever an opportunity offers" to clothe ourselves, (through the otherwise overtasked energies of "British competition,") that every step we take even on our own soil "is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most unobservant and incurious." We are a highly interesting infant phenomenon—we are.

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PRIESTLY PROFANITY.—We read: "The Neapolitan Government has prohibited the sale of the works of the following authors: Shakspeare, Schiller, Molière, Lamartine, Lucretius, Lucian, Sophocles, Sismondi, Thiers, and Humboldt."

So singular a medley of the sublime and the ridiculous probably never before entered the head of a priest or a king. King Bauba seems to have a really astonishing discrimination in literature. What can be atheistical, anarchical, or antimonarchical in Shakspeare we are at considerable perplexity to discover. But we can fancy the scene in Hades which may be produced by this announcement. When the great Will finds himself associated with a maudlin sentimentalist and writer of grisettes' *amours* like Lamartine, and a newspaper statesman who owes his celebrity to the dynasties he assisted to overthrow by supporting like Thiers; when the grave Humboldt, a sort of nineteenth century Sinbad, or Gil Blas of philosophy, finds himself alongside of the sharp and witty Molière; when the glowing and condensed soul of Sophocles is coupled with the writer of some sixty volumes of lachrymose histories like Sismondi, Lucretius must go singing lewd songs to the maids of Hecate, and Lucian will have, thanks to King Bauba, and the Roman Catholic and Apostolic inquisition on dead genius and living imbecility, an opportunity of inditing a dialogue more novel and probably more enduring than any which he has left to us of the upper world. King Bauba! on the part of the souls in hell who will enjoy one good laugh over your folly, we thank thee.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Poet Campbell's Advertisement for a Child-Sweetheart.*

The following was handed to us by a gentleman formerly connected with the press in London. We place it before our readers without comment. We have never before met with the verses, and publish them rather for the amusement they may afford our readers, as illustrating a private trait of their tender-hearted and accomplished author, than in the hope that they will add anything to his poetical reputation.

*To the Editor of the American Whig Review:*

My Dear Sir:—In the able and interesting sketch of the British poet Campbell, in your last, there is an error, which, I feel assured, you will have pleasure in correcting. His "Advertisement" for the young lady was not in *prose*, as inserted by you, but in *verse*, according to the copy inclosed.

Dr. Beattie, I may add, must have been hoaxed by an English literary wag named Hill. The circumstances I remember perfectly well. Towards the close of Campbell's career, I met him one day in St. James's Park, when a pretty child arrested his attention. The poet, who at this period was becoming peculiarly sensitive, wished to obtain her address; and Hill, coming up at the moment, jokingly suggested that this could only be procured by making love to the nurse. Campbell appealed to me, and, with the view of dispelling his melancholy, I told him there was no other course, unless he followed the practice of a person who had advertised for a wife. Hill, taking up the sorry joke, next morning hurried to a London newspaper office, and inserted the document you print. Campbell, who was exceedingly annoyed by its appearance, on the following evening sent me the pretty little poem I subjoin. I need not say it obtained immediate publicity.

With much regard, believe me, yours truly,

A Friend of the Poet.

*New-York, October 18th*, 1850.

LINES ON HIS NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

*By Thomas Campbell.*

I hold it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty;
They've least the taint of earthly clod—
They're freshest from the hand of God.
With heavenly looks, they make us sure
The Heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould;
'Twas near (more sacred was the scene)
The palace of our patriot Queen.

The little charmer, to my view,
Was sculpture brought to life anew:
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow;
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'Twas obvious, from her walk and gait,
Her limbs were beautifully straight.
I stopped th' enchantress, and was told,
Though tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore
I could not ask a question more—
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward, ever and anon,
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
I know you love me, *Mister Grey.*
For, by its instinct, childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu!
'Twas then I with regret grew wild—
Oh! beauteous, interesting child,
Why asked I not thy home and name?
My courage failed me—more's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart and sore,
To think I ne'er may meet her more.*

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*United States Monthly Law Magazine.*

The January number of this publication has been received by us, and in its present form manifests a vast improvement over the preceding numbers, not only in its style, but in the quality as well as quantity of its matter. From its objects and design, as set forth in its prospectus, and the manner in which they seem to be carried out, we should judge it invaluable to the profession, while it assuredly contains much that will interest the general reader. This journal aims to set forth, in a condensed form, whatever is of interest to the legal profession throughout the United States, and to give a more prominent position to the legal literature of this country. But its most important feature, and the one upon which its utility as well as

* It may be added that the lines arrested the attention of the little lady's parents, and that a poetical reply, followed by an interesting acquaintance, was sent. The circumstance was brought under the notice of the English Queen, and an attempt was made by some friends of the poet, who knew well his peculiar qualifications for the post, to obtain for him the appointment of Tutor to the Prince of Wales. The application was met with no encouragement.

its success must rest, is its monthly notes of the more able and important decisions of the courts in America and Great Britain. From the intricacy of commercial relations, and the unity of interests pervading our Republic, it is highly important that the practising lawyer should keep the run of all new decisions, not only in his immediate locality, but in the remotest sections of the country. They should reach him with telegraphic speed. But to this there are many obstacles—distance, the expensive nature of law books, and more especially the voluminousness of the reports themselves. Law reporters too often eke out their pages with the formal proceedings of courts and the lengthy statements and one-sided arguments of counsel, which the professional reader feels little inclination to wade through, much less to pay for. The opinion of the court, which presents with fairness the arguments pro and con, and which at any rate is the only thing sought for, since it is "the law," is almost lost sight of, and with a single halfpenny's worth of bread, we have an almost intolerable "quantity of sack." The Law Magazine avoids all these sources of annoyance, and in its reports of cases, strips off the technicalities of practice, and presents the principle in a plain and condensed form, but with sufficient precision of statement and accuracy of reference to render it authority in courts of law. It thus embodies an amount of legal information which could by no possibility be obtained in the same space by any other vehicle. Accompanying these notes of cases, are monthly alphabetical digests of all cases of general interest in the superior courts of law and equity, both in the United States and England, properly classified and arranged for reference.

The present number contains, among other things, an extremely vigorous article upon "The Practice of the Law," which not even the veteran practitioner can read without some degree of profit, or at least of pleasure; a brief sketch of the life of Judge Cranch; an article upon "Law Reform;" some remarks upon the legal profession as it exists in the United States; an essay on National Jurisprudence; and Critical Notices on late Law Reports.

We have seen letters to the Editor of the Law Magazine from distinguished American jurists, which of themselves augur most favorably for its success; and we have little doubt but that it will speedily acquire the reputation and position it deserves.

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*Reveries of a Bachelor; or a Book of the Heart.* By Ik. Marvel. New-York: Baker & Scribner.

Ere we have had an opportunity to express our opinion of this delightful book, it has, we understand, already passed through two editions. The readers of this Review are acquainted with the graceful and piquant style of the author, through the "Notes by the Road" and other papers contributed to our pages. Certainly he must take rank among the first, for purity and beauty of style; and we must confess to a preference, over all other books of modern travels, of his "Fresh Gleanings." These "*Reveries*" have a peculiar fascination. They are *heart pictures* of sunshine and shadow, joys and sorrows. Drawn by the hand of a master, they are full of those "touches of nature" that make "the whole world kin;" and we are drawn on from the beginning to the end of them, as if by a melancholy though pleasing spell, listening as it were to some enchanter, recounting to us the thoughts, and feelings, and aspirations which we had never dared utter, scarcely to ourselves. Our limited space precludes more than this bare mention of the book, or we would try and give some more definite idea of the very ingenious form into which it is thrown, the beautiful thoughts and sentiments with which it abounds, and the charming pictures of character and scenery that adorn it. A Boston editor, no doubt regarding Mr. Mitchell as the author of the "Lorgnette," says it is by one of the *ephemeral* writers of the day. This is a pity, for *we* think the book would convey pleasure, and profit too, to several generations; and we would therefore recommend the author to go to Boston, and take some lessons in writing for posterity, and thus become one of those "immortal few that were not born to die." But seriously, what is this jealousy between the two cities kept up by? Nothing, we believe, but the temptations offered to point a sentence therewith, as illustrated above.

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*Illustrations of Washington Irving's Dolph Heyliger.* Designed and etched by John W. Ehninger. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

On opening this production we must confess that we were surprised at the remarkable merit it exhibits. Being disappointed somewhat in this artist's first attempt in this form, his illustrations of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," we were not prepared to expect such a *masterly* handling of his subject as is exhibted in this series of plates. The book is in the form and style in which the Art Union published Darley's illustrations of Irving's Stories of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. The plates are ten in number, and are preceded by the story elegantly printed. The humorous and not the pathetic is evidently this artist's forte. We consider this an eminently successful effort, exhibiting a true sympathy with and delicate appreciation of his subject,—one, we think, the most artistically perfect of all Mr. Irving's productions, so wonderfully are the natural and the supernatural blended together in it. To say that these illustrations are worthy of it is the highest praise we can bestow. They have afforded us infinite pleasure in studying them, and we commend them to the centre-tables of all who would add a new fireside delight to these long winter evenings, as one of the very best of the season.

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*Chanticleer: A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.* New-York: Redfield. Boston: B. B. Mussey.

A book full of pleasant thoughts, and pleasant pictures, purely American; its sphere of action not confined to any particular spot, but left to the reader's fancy to locate.

Truly appropriate to the happy season, a tinge

of poetry, free from affectation, and a dash of genuine humor pervade it. No one can rise from the perusal in any but a happier frame of mind.

The characters are true to the life. Old Peabody, a patriarch, overflowing with the milk of kindness towards the whole human race; the griping merchant, and suborned wife; the wealthy Mrs. Carrack, an argosy with silken sails, laden with wealth and pride; her son made up of puppyism, Paris coats and, patent leather; the hearty, homely, farmer folk from the West; the sorrowing mother; the rollicking sea-captain; the true and firm-hearted grandson, and his gentle Miriam; and last of all, the ever important Mopsey, "the lassie wi' the bonny locks," are the prominent characters in the pleasant play. We have not seen a more agreeable gift-book.

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*Béranger: Two hundred of his Lyrics done into English Verse.* By WILLIAM YOUNG. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

In the wide range of French poetry, the verse of Béranger is perhaps the most difficult to translate. Coming, evidently, warm from the heart and appealing to the sensibilities of the reader, witty and ludicrous, idiomatic, and full of every day phrases of the people, these Lyrics present obstacles insumountable to a translator of ordinary powers. That Mr. Young has been very successful is admitted by the critics, and in this opinion we cheerfully acquiesce. That he has shown extremely bad taste in his introductory preface is equally clear. He *apologizes* for translating a work of Republican tendency. "Place, and peculiar circumstances," says Mr. Young, "render it pardonable that an Englishman, *strongly and steadily attached to the monarchical institutions of his native land*, should make this reservation when aspiring to lay before the citizens of a Republic a work which breathes the very essence of Republicanism."

The editor of any paper, the author of any book, compiled and published in the United States, were wiser to keep such sentiments, if he possesses them, confined to his own bosom. If "peculiar circumstances" compel him to seek a support in a country whose institutions are repugnant to him, let him at least evince sufficient gratitude to the land that feeds and protects him, to abstain from gratuitous insult. It is very evident that such anti-American feeling is far from popular with us. We wish our author many editions with a new and widely different preface.

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*Biographical Essays.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reid & Fields.

This volume is one of a series of the writings of De Quincey, in the course of publication by this eminent Boston firm.

The collection of these famous essays, which lay scattered through so many of the magazines of the day, was a happy thought and a most welcome one to the reading public.

De Quincey is, we think, the very best magazine writer of the age. Full of knowledge as he is on all topics of literature; learned in all the great languages ancient and modern, with a remarkably clear and forcible style; keen in his wit, and with remarkable powers of analysis, he is undoubtedly somewhat conceited, and the confidence he has in his own powers in that particular, betrays him sometimes into a carelessness in which the reader will find him tripping. As an evidence of this we may refer to his observations on the question of the condition of Shakspeare's boyhood, page 35. He speaks contemptuously of the question as having no practical bearing He says: "The tree has fallen; it was confessedly the noblest of the forest, and we must therefore conclude that the soil in which it flourished was either the best possible; or, if not so, any thing bad in its properties had been disarmed, and neutralized by the vital forces of the plant, or by the benignity of nature." He says it is a mere question of curiosity; whereas to us it appears the most *practical* of all the *Shakspeare questions*. Certainly, to know the constituents of the soil and other conditions in which a plant grew, is almost the only *practical* question to us about it. Its inherent vital forces and the "benignities" of nature are only for our admiration and reverence. But we refer to this only as a specimen of the nodding of the Homer. The volume contains admirable essays on the life of Shakspeare, of Pope, of Charles Lamb, of Goethe, and Schiller.

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*The Companion. After-Dinner Table-Talk.* By CHETWOOD EVELYN. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

A book of jests is rightly esteemed to be the most stupid of volumes, but by a "book of jests" is implied simply a bundle of Joe Millerisms bound together, and forming about as agreeable a "Companion" as would one of those human hyenas, who go about the world with their faces moulded by long practice into one eternal grin.

Mr. Evelyn's "Companion" is a work of a far different stamp, and comprises the choice sayings of many of the eminent wits of all ages, from Seneca to Sydney Smith, who, as the Rev. Mr. Stiggins would express it, is our author's "particular vanity." Scintillations from Cowley, Walpole, Lamb, Ben Jonson, Sir Thomas Browne, Swift, Walton, and Fuller, sparkle throughout the book, in which no man can find a dull page.

We Americans have a cant phrase, applied to a person possessing great colloquial powers—"He talks like a book." Could any one be met with who could talk like the book before us, he would be an after-dinner companion worth meeting, and would prove the most successful of "diners-out."

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*America Discovered.* A Poem in Twelve Books. By AN AMERICAN. New-York: Trow.

Epic poems have of late years become, as it were, an annual infliction, and this is perhaps the most serious dispensation that has yet befallen us. Had Columbus succeeded as badly in the discovery of our Continent as we have in that of our author's talent, we fear that the "Battle of Bunker Hill" would yet remain unfought.

*Conchs of Ruby: A Gift of Love.* By T. H. Chivers, M.D. New-York: Spalding & Shepard.

The publication of this book is one of those extraordinary things which men will sometimes do, and for the doing of which no mortal man can give anything approaching to a reason. It would make a fitting dessert for a heavy dinner of "America Discovered." One verse par example:

"By her side Cherubic Asta,
With white limbs like alabaster,
Plays along Heaven's emerald pasture—
Ganymede of joy below—
While her saintly soul sings Pæans
In the Amaranthine Æons
Of high Heaven with her dear Fleance
Of the days of long ago."

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*The Ministry of the Beautiful.* By Charles James Stack, of the Middle Temple. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Cary & Hart.

A series of conversations on the influences of nature. We open the book and quote at random. The following sentence will commend it to many minds:—"Most wisely has nature given to childhood a love of the wonderful and the beautiful; and of all pernicious cants, one of the worst is that, which, under pretence of loving truth, crams the memory and stimulates the intellect when full play should be given to the fancy and the heart."

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*The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates, with Tabular Views of General History, and an Historical Chart.* Edited by G. P. Putnam. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

Mr. Putnam is one of those laborious men whose aid is so needful to the scholar and the student. The Dictionary of Dates is an admirable book of reference, and in chronology is faultless. The tables are well arranged, presenting at a glance the remarkable cotemporary events of each period or year. The paper and print are exquisite, and the work is not less remarkable as a specimen of American art, than for the singular minuteness and industry of the editor. A library without it is wanting in a prime necessity.

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*History and Geography of the Middle Ages, for Colleges and Schools. Chiefly from the French.* By George W. Greene. D. Appleton & Co.

This book seems to be an admirably arranged manual of mediæval history for the purposes intended. Indeed, to all it will serve as a safe guide through the dark labyrinth of the period of which it treats. The experience of the learned editor has enabled him to make a contribution to school literature much needed.

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*Memories of the Past.* By Marcus T. Carpenter. New-York: Baker & Scribner.

A volume of poems very prettily issued. The [illegible]ous voice of woman, we find, if properly applied to them, produces a very fair music. Mr. Carpenter we know not, but every one must *begin* by being unknown. He *joineth* verse to verse with some ease, and we wish him good health, and better employment.

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*American Education, its Principles and Elements.* By Edward D. Mansfield. New-York: A. T. Barnes & Co.

The subject and purpose of this book should commend it to universal attention. A system of education truly adapted to this country, politically and morally, is *the* great desideratum. All contributions to a thorough discussion of the subject should be eagerly welcomed and universally considered.

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*Richard Edney, and the Governor's Family.* A Rus-urban Tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of morals, sentiment and life, practically treated, and pleasantly illustrated. Containing also hints on being good and doing good. By the Author of "Margaret," and "Philo." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We have only been able to take a cursory look through this volume; but from what we see we are sure we may strongly recommend its perusal. Although, as the title page (which we give above) would suggest, we may expect some imitation of Dickens's style,—and this will be obvious to the reader in the first chapter,—yet it is not without its originality and much graphic power. There is also obvious throughout the book, an earnest purpose of good, a high appreciation of religion, and a strong good sense in its inculcation.

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*The Diosma: A Perennial.* By Miss H. F. Gould. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is a collection of poems in which the genius of the fair authoress in the production, and her taste in the selection, of pure and graceful poetry, have been happily combined to make a volume worthy of a place on every lady's table. It is as pleasant a gift-book as could be selected.

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*The Sportsman's Vade Mecum.* By "Dinks." Edited by Frank Forrester. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

A small volume of some eighty pages, containing much useful information of the canine race in few words, and also a few hints of sporting generally. It is beautifully got up.

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*The Artists' Chromatic Hand Book, being a Practical Treatise on Pigments, &c., &c.* By John P. Ridner. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

A book apparently of value to the young artist, but so entirely practical that we can only judge of its merits by the favorable opinions of practical men.

THE

# AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. LXXIV.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1851.

## "THE WORLD'S FAIR."

### A.D. 1851. THE FIRST OLYMPIAD OF CANT.

FLIGHT I.

In Elis, among the sacred olive groves on the Peneus' banks, the ancient Greeks were accustomed to celebrate the grand epochs of ante-Christian civilization. They had found the world overwhelmed in barbaric night, subject to despotisms and ideas to which we have since assigned the name of Asiatic; they had found men willingly subservient to the uncontrolled authority of individuals, willingly abandoning their manhood and their ideas of justice to a superstitious belief in Fate, in the impossibility of anything but the present, and in the mere animal conservatism which has since become a creed in subservient churches, and ill-begotten men, that that is right which exists. They found, moreover, rude stones piled heap on heap without order and without beauty, set aside for the habitation of the tyrant, and the sacrifice to the tyrant's god. They found blocks of wood and rock roughly cut or worn with attrition, and worshipped as semblances of divinity. They found in democracy, servitude; in government, tyranny; in political socialities, universal centralization; in social order, unlimited power, and illimitable abasement; infanticide practised as a religious duty; polygamy coveted as a moral order; buildings without architecture; gods without decency; men without intellect; women without beauty; nations without arts; language without literature; belief without reason; gutturals without harmony; vocal noises without music; marble quarries without a statue; landscape beauty without a painter; and an untamed, rude, voiceless, senseless world fit only for the habitation of the moaning demons who flit along the Stygian morass. Of these they built up Greece—eternal Greece, the nurse of all that has lived even to our day in beauty, the mother of all that is good in man, or grand in genius. By their hands the tyrants were hurled down, with the rude Asiatic altars, and the ruder Asiatic idols; and instead there sprang into vitality and memorable grandeur, a democracy unsurpassed for refinement and the qualities of manhood, for art, and grace, and intellect, and genius; a philosophy which, in later times, a Church seeking the dominion of the world dovetailed into its creed; sculpture so exquisitely entrancing that the very artist has died of love before the charms created by his genius; music so moving that the fable vainly imagined rocks to follow its sweet sounds, and opposing demons to be lulled to rest by its gently undulating cadences; paintings so

grand that even monsters stood in affright before the limner's semblance of a woman's head in anger; epic poems so true, so resounding, so sublime, that they first gave gods, then heroes, then victories, then immortality, to the hearers; love songs so captivating that they enchained conquerors; and staves of the Anacreontic feast so seductive, that they furnished, even to the enjoyment of the most sensual, the tenets of a philosophic school. To celebrate these grand triumphs of Hellenic genius over the wilderness of earth and the vacuity of thought, to renew new contests in the arts, and develop still further the genius by which they were effected, the civilized world assembled in the Elean Olive Groves. Thither at the stated time came all the men of Achaia, all the children of the Classic mother; uninvited save by the national will; unprotected save by the Olympian Jove; unaided save by that devotion to science, that love of art, which had dictated their triumphs and insured to them immortality. No public meetings to subscribe oboli to furnish food by the way; no reinforcement of police to protect the traveller; no public ships to carry him or his: the people of Greece, free and brave, fit to protect themselves from outrage, and scorning public help or private charity, were to be seen wending their way at the full moon of every fifth year to the little spot of sacred ground, where was to be inaugurated another era of Hellenic triumph. The Bœotian, rude of tongue and ruder of frame, brought thither by the hand children, who were one day to immortalize the glory of their country, and of the games they came to see; to contest on that ground for the olive crown of manly power or genius, or among the great men of the earth for imperishable renown, under the names of Pindar, Epaminondas, Hesiod and Plutarch. Thither, too, came the Arcadian, his thoughts set to sweetest music, with which to charm the love of some fair Ionian, or make audible to the ear of the vulgar the exquisite harmony of his life; the Spartan, in his gait the exemplar of a trained soldier, whose nursery was the gymnasium, and college the phalanx, splendid in figure and form, despising the men so mean as to require to know how to read, (a practice to which he had heard deformed and weak persons had recourse in their personal decrepitude;) his manners quick, sharp and dry as an edge of tried steel, intent only on proving that Greece was greatest on earth, Sparta in Greece, and he in his own Sparta; the urbane Athenian, martial in gait, yet with the easy, unassuming bearing of the citizen of that capital where god-like statues in every street awoke the admiration of the artist and the eloquent anger of the puritanical barbarian—he comes, too, with the polish of the Acropolis, and the learning of the schools, yet so supreme in manly beauty, that Corinthian dames may flaunt their charms beside him in vain, or sculptors fruitlessly essay to liken the transparent marble of Pentelicus to the plastic symmetry and fairness of his form; and, yet again, skilled to combat with the Bœotian in the throwing of the quoit, with the Spartan in the gauntlet fence, or with the tragedian, or the orator of his native Athenæ, in essays of more intellectual strength. Thither, too, came the Messenian, the effeminate Corinthian, the scattered sons of Greece from the far-off isles of the Ægean, the semi-civilized Asiatic from the continent memorable by the fall of Ilium; all in truth who loved Hellas, admired her genius, or gloried in her triumphs,—the rich and the poor, the judges, the legislators, the diskos players, the boxers, the wrestlers, the statesmen, the logicians, the sophists, the orators, the poets, whether of stone, of marble, or of music, collecting together through roads lined with hospitality, through scenery unsurpassed in grandeur and rest, from every quarter of the world whither the name or the glory of the Olympic games had gone,—came there to worship the Olympian Jove, to mix with Grecian brothers in friendly converse, and to record one other eternal epoch in Hellenic genius.

And so the games began. Poets such as Pindar sang, historians such as Herodotus and Plutarch recorded, statuaries such as Phidias and Praxiteles rendered into speaking marble, the vicissitudes of the contest, and the glory of the victor. And to him who was so supremely favored by the witnessing gods with bravery and strength of frame, or nobility of genius, as to gain that simple crown of valueless olive leaves, a national triumph was awarded. The Hellenic people led him, in an ovation befitting a conqueror, from state to state to his native city; and the citizens, hearing from without the paans which signalled the advent of their cham-

pion, smashed down the virgin walls which would never have yielded to a ruder invasion, that the man who so immortalized their city might march in triumph over themselves. His name was enrolled in the ranks of highest civic honor; his statue graced the sacred grove of Jupiter in Elis, a monument of his triumph on the spot where he triumphed; his glory became the theme of odes more grand than rolling seas; the loveliest maidens strewed his way with smiles and flowers; and the old and the young, the learned and the illiterate of all Hellas counted thereafter from the day when Chorœbus the Bœotian obtained the crown of the boxers in the Olympic games, or from the day when an untried poet, named Sophocles, was awarded the honors of victory, to the astonishment and chagrin of Euripides, the hitherto unmatched Athenian.

Such was the "World's Fair" of the Classic days. The physical and the imaginative, the strong and the beautiful, the great in man, and the sublime in nature, went hand in hand, giving to the organism of the grand the idealism of the fanciful, lighting up barbaric clay with that Promethean fire which still casts its light from age to age, widening in effect and lessening in intensity even to our day, like the light flung from a distant beacon on the eternal sea. By such means, Greece acquired for herself victories like Marathon, like Salamis, like Thermopylæ, watchwords to our day, and beyond our day to the eternal night, of all that is august in liberty and noble in man—stores of learning, eloquence and beauty, poems as exquisitely chiselled as a statue, histories as perfect as a drama, and a name which, even some two thousand years after her conquest by Rome, obtained from a shop-keeping and monarch-ridden Europe, (though accompanied with a Frankish King,) a nationality sacred alike from the Turk on the one hand, and the Scythian on the other. Small return for the Asiatic doom out of which she raised the European world, for the arts, and the philosophy, and the temples of music made monumental, and the lessons in heroic deed and intellectual victory, she bequeathed to the world which overthrew her greatness, but could not efface it!

But alas! the Hellenic ideal is no more. The prowess of manhood in the battle-field, the victories of the athlete in the arena, have descended, the one to the squad in the guard-room, the other to the brawlers of the tavern. Tragedians are no longer rewarded with the olive and immortality, but with publishers' payment by the line and starvation in a garret. Historians no longer endeavor to give to present ages the genial pictures of the past, but estimate their writings by the yard, are paid by any who wish their grandfather alluded to, and read by none. Happy civilization! Statues no more entrance the artist, but are gambled for by merchants of hogs, and hucksters of cheeses, in an Art Union. Paintings are no longer rendered to save fair Andromedas from monsters of iniquity, but—such is the advanced state of our arts—are very seductive to boarding-school misses in an exhibition gallery. Hellas is indeed no more!

Yet if we cannot recreate the genius which animated, or restore to the modern world the splendor of the art which adorned the solemnities of the Achaian, we can at least appreciate their effects in history, and apply the paraphernalia which accompanied them to uses, in our peculiar way, possibly more valuable to ourselves. The triumphs and the sacrifices of Greece; the worship of the Israelite around the Ark of the Covenant; that grander worship of later days which inspired men with courage to die in thankfulness and prayer, rent by the fangs and jaws of wild beasts, are equally obsolete, equally unsuited and unsuitable to our more rational, more liberal, and more refined times. We no longer rear men to die for their faith, even in dens of tigers, but to tremble at the sufferings of a chicken.* Our gods are no longer Greek gods, no longer the Idea Omnipotent raised up by the Nazarene Republican for the liberation of Israel. Beauty, wit, power of sinew, power of genius have long since ceased to enthrall the sympathies, or direct the ambition of mankind; have become as

* The progress of Humanitarianism is singularly remarkable. We read the other day in the *New-York Tribune* a letter from some lamentable individual calling on the editor of that journal to "rouse public opinion" against the frightful practice of killing chickens on New-Year's Day by shooting them. Coleridge wrote once "A Sonnet to a Young Ass;" and the next thing we expect to hear is the formation of a National Central Convention to put down the ferocious practice, common to masons, of torturing bricks by beating their faces off.

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utterly foreign to our rules and habits of life, and our desiderata of happiness mundane or glory celestial, as the simple republicanism, and the rules of even-handed justice dictated by the Saviour for the deliverance of Jerusalem, and the noiseless life of mediæval simplicity. The ages when manly vigor and intellectual excellence were prized as a national glory, are gone for ever. The ages when to be truth-telling, honest in word and deed, was to be all most worthy of the aspirations of manhood, are buried in the rubbish of the childish and ignorant past. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "Love one another," have long given way before the wiser and more civilized maxims, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," and "Make money out of everybody." The ages when the noblest specimens of our race combated before gods and men for the olive of excellence in poetry and art, when the highest genius was held to be the most exalted conqueror, lie somewhere under the ruins of the Acropolis, and the dust of the Pantheon. The Hellenic blood poured out under Miltiades for the liberty of the world, is no longer valuable, save as having manured a plain called Marathon, and as growing thereon corn, maize and rice for the ports of the Morea, and the markets of England. The glories of Minerva's sacred city, the adornments of her Acropolis, the memory of the triumphs of her courage and her genius, have all passed from this meliorated world to the school-boy's satchel; but still to men the figs of Attica bring the best prices in the London markets—

"Age shakes Athena's tower, *but still the figs come on.*"*

The gods of the world *are* changed, but still we *have* gods, even the god Fig; and what were gods without worship? What were the peculiar ideals to which we look for happiness here and rewards hereafter, in the probate office and in heaven, unless we paid them adoration? Nay, might not the Commercial Jupiter blight our fairest enterprises, and cleave with thunder the best arranged railway schemes, frighting the "bulls" of 'Change to madness, and burning the very hide off the "bears," if we did not appease him with lofty ceremonies, and costly hecatombs in bale and bullion? Besides, have not we of the modern world had a city for long years sacred to the Commercial Jove, whither the

* Byron says:

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

But Marathon is *not* spared; the age could not afford to spare Marathon. It is excruciating to witness the delight with which that barbarian from the Isle of Tin, McCulloch, dilates on the peculiar memorabilia of Greece. This person seems to us in the attitude of tasting a fig, or currants, or corn, dilating on the peculiar excellence of each sample, and throwing out an occasional reminiscence about the best suited to his palate, to the effect that it was grown in the blood of heroes. Hear the human ghoul—(Geog. Dic., Art. Greece): "Hellas is a better corn country than the Morea." "Rice is cultivated in the plains of Marathon, Argos, &c., and other marshy tracts along the coasts." (All the man has to say about Marathon is, that it is one of other marshy tracts, good for rice!) And again, the classic memories attached to the hills of Greece are thus described: "The hills of Greece—are admirably adapted for the vine." "The valley of Helicon," he tells us, produces good wines, but of "little body," which are ruined for the English palate from the *fact* of their being made precisely as the gods drank them in the clouds three thousand years ago. "Cotton of good quality is grown in Messenia, Laconia, . . . *but especially in the plain of Argos.* . . . Tobacco in Bœotia, . . . figs in Attica (*so famous in antiquity*)." The difference between ancient genius as illustrated by Byron, and modern British animalism, is strikingly exhibited by two passages. The inspired pilgrim writes:—

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds—
The free-born wanderer of the mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds;
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare.
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."

And yet, with this extract before him in his book, this English taster of illustrious memories, and purveyor-general to the London market, writes, not

"Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,"

but, "The olive oil of Greece would be good, *if well prepared;*" and again, on the honey-bee of Hymettus: "Honey *is a highly important product;* that of Attica, and especially of Mount Hymettus, is now, *as of old*, the best in Europe. *It is transparent;* and has a *delicious perfume.*" The man looks even upon his father's soul as a *product*, and pokes his nose into Mount Hymettus, to test its smell, before he will accord it any favor. His study of Homer, and his admiration of Anacreon, are limited to his sensualities, and regulated by his tongue or his smell, just as if he were in a dram-shop, or buying cheese at his grocer's. Happy civilization!

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eyes of all the faithful in stock have been fervently bent; whence the successful operator has taken his grand inspiration; and whither thousands on thousands of the faithful, desiring to receive approving auspices on their holy work, and attain commercial prosperity in an Elysium of ledgers, have sent endless offerings and tributes? Are there not there, too, altars sacred to the worship of this Jove, on which are poured out, day after day, piles on piles of blessed gold, of heavenly bills of lading, of truly celestial stock, and railway debentures—meetest offering for *this* Omnipotent? Nay, have we not therein a college of vates, augurs, high priests, with growing alumni and devout acolytes, "trying their 'prentice hand on 'Change;" have we not ramifications of these metallic pastors extending thence throughout the earth to its limits, converting to their worship the elect of distant nations, the zamindar of India, the mandarin of Canton, the landlord of Ireland, and the "free-trader" of the United States; enthralling whole peoples and territories, deriving thereout voluntary offerings of illimitable wealth, and bestowing in lieu thereof sanctimonious cant of the most world-wide benevolence; bales of Bibles, labelled "Word of God;" Piety by the yard, labelled "Christian Civilization;" and Holy Cottons and Evangelical Rum; affording, too, loans of life to poor old monarchies, and to deserving though unfortunate brother superstitions, whether it be the miserable old Hapsburgh who made all his money by marrying, and spent it all as easily as he acquired it; or the head of the obsolete Christian Church, who, though the last relic of a very old and decrepit superstition, still evokes from the worshippers of Jove Commercialis, that "fellow-feeling" which "makes us wondrous kind," inasmuch as he too had his great god of Cant once, and his vates, and his augurs, and his thunders, and his sacred ovatory offerings, and his hymns of glory and triumph, by which, decrepit as he is, he too once ruled the world? Have we not this priesthood, levelling even, when the Sacred College decrees it for the propagation of faith in Dry-goods, in the communion of stock, and in the salvation of credit to come, dynasties after dynasties, whether they sit at the feet of the Himmalayah, on the throne of Imperial France, or on that of the Prussian Frederic; and tearing out and sacrificing on the altar of "enlightened commerce," with sacred odes to "peace, and law, and order," (the awe-inspiring Parcæ presiding over the destinies of Change,) republic after republic, whether it shows its hydra heads within the walls of Romulus, or among the mountain fires of Guatemala; whether it be where the historic genius of a dead democracy still outlives and sanctifies an effete dominion, or where still old foolish mother Terra sends up her incense burnings to the antique gods of the primeval universe? Have we not, we say, already all the material necessary, all the paraphernalia on hand, all the popular and enduring faith requisite to the worship of this Jupiter Commercialis—a city sacred to him; altars dedicated to his offerings; faith illimitable; books of prayer called ledgers; forms of invocation which every bank clerk or small presiding vates, with his pile of divine attributes shining, as if thrown by an almighty and effulgent hand, before him, will hand you through a slit in his Dodonean seat, and to which you must conform before the dread oracle will vouchsafe to the eager listener a hoarse monosyllabic answer? Nay, have we not manifold catechisms, teeming with curt maxim and long philosophy, and tracing with acute distinctness the laws by which the great divinity can be propitiated, written by the pens of inspired vates and devout augurs, for all classes, and ages, and sexes, from Franklin's first catechism for the infant miser, to Ricardo's elaborate philosophy, intelligible only to the initiated priest, when he has entered his probationary term in the Holy Metallic Order? Have we not colleges vieing with those of the Capitol, or the academic groves, or the Roman Propaganda; hierarchs and orders of priests duly arranged, from his eminence Cardinal Rothschild—the truest cardinal that has ever been, for on him hinge the affairs of men—to the reverend swindler who charged us thirty cents for changing our last five-dollar bill in Wall street, the other day? Nay, have we not vestal virgins dedicated to continency while they cannot help it, to teaching, and to the preservation of the sacred fire, arranged too in order, from the high priestess Harriet Martineau, to the amiable spinsters of "never more than five-and-twenty," who religiously deposit their little annuities in the great Bank of Jupiter Commercialis, and fervently draw the inter-

est? Have we not all these, and had ever religion *more?* Is there not throughout the world a Faith, a belief paramount to reason, in this worship of the Omnipotent Banker, such as *no* religion ever possessed? Nay, give but one small coin into the hands of a starving wretch, and tell him that it is a sterling blessing vouchsafed to him by the merciful Deity who liveth enthroned in the hearts of men and shopkeepers, and does not the fervent prayer rise audibly to his lips; does he not bow low, and raise his eyes in thankfulness aloft as he utters it, "*Venite, adoremus!*" The worship of Jupiter Commercialis *is* an incontestable fact, widespread, heartfelt, enduring, and why therefore shall we not adore? It is folly to abstain from doing; it is cowardice to abstain from doing openly; it is almost defying the thunders of the Great Divinity himself to neglect doing openly and before the world to His praise, that which we do every hour, more or less in secret, for our own. Then, *Venite, adoremus! Venite!*

Such are the pious and virtuous sentiments which have lately animated the faithful in stock. Beauty, Liberty, and Heroism were once believed in and worshipped. Power civic and Glory national had their churches and their devotees. Justice and Love of Good, or, as the Christians said, God, had formerly their adorers too. But all these have passed and are no more. Peace be with them. *Requiescant, requiescant! Amen!* And for us of the nineteenth century, "in the first year of its second half," adoring in our hearts Dry-goods; blessed with a knowledge of the eternal truth that is in Leather and Cutlery; with our whole souls bound up in Money; firmly believing in the one and indivisible Catholic creed "Free-trade," as revealed by the inspired Malthus, and the truly pious Walker—for us, with all this, shall there be no church paraphernalia founded; shall there be no great caucus of believers, no public and memorable exhibition of worship? Forbid it, ye Powers of Stock; ye Seraphim who preside over the Banks; ye angelic Gabriels, who carry notices of bills due! It could not be. And accordingly, fully appreciating the grandeur of the solemnities due to the Cotton Jupiter, and the Sheffield Minerva, with her shield and spear stamped "Best Cast Steel," as we read on our best knives and forks, (best, being English,) there has gone forth from the Acropolis, or Cornhill of the sacred city, a mandate to all the corners of the earth which buy, or *ought* to buy British manufactures, and to the intermediate stations within reach of the panting Mercuries who obey the nod of the Jove Commercialis, (in the holy mythology entitled "H. B. M. R. M. Steamships,") and to all others who may hear about it, ordering the faithful in Bullion, Bale, Bill, and Britain, to assemble on a stated day of this year of our late God, ("who did not read his countryman Ricardo,") not in the sacred olive groves by the Peneus river, but on the mud banks of the Thames, there to inaugurate the first Olympiad of British "Free-trade" and Universal Humbug, and celebrate the first grand exhibition of British Supremacy and Industrious Toadyism of all nations. Not with the thunders of the Olympian Jove has this mandate gone forth, but under auspices more august and earth-shaking—moving the kings and peoples of distant empires to obedience—moving all kings and "ambassadors of foreign powers," the Sultan in Turkey, the Tzar in Russia, the Pacha in Egypt, the little Queen in Portugal, and their minions and messengers everywhere—moving even the ambassador of the United States to the adoration of Toadyism, and the President of the United States (who cannot go) to send ship-loads of offerings to the sacred altar of "Anglo-Saxon" Supremacy, and Industrious Toadyism of all nations, and of his own the first—moving all classes of men, all forms of building, all powers of cloth, and iron, and cant, the world over. Terrible, indeed, to the quiet adoring soul are the auspices under which this universal order is vouchsafed to the world—it bears the name of ALBERT! He uttered it, and truly has "the earth trembled at his nod!" Why in the sacred name of Humbug should we wonder at the foul superstition which must have influenced men, when they worshipped the cow Isis, and the bull Osiris? Why should we stand in amaze, hearing how Punic women gave their new-born babes to the burning lap of the idol Saturn, or how men flung their bodies in adoration to the earth, to be crushed beneath the wheels of the Hindoo Yaganat? Such wonder and dread amaze may befit children, but we, men of the nineteenth century, and "in the first year of the second half of it," (astonishing and truly beneficent fact!) know that in these adora-

tions, which children in their witless little souls regard with horror and as superstitious, there is something transcendently true and good. Even for the worship of Mumbo Jumbo; for the devout negro piously beating his bones and uttering his heavenly discords to stay the noise of the thunder-clap, we have a feeling of reverence and brotherly respect. Do *we*, and higher than we, the archetypes of modern civilization, to whom we claim a left-handed affinity, do we not worship "Fat-pig?" Have we not seen in the *London Times* magnificent sermons to the faithful in praise of "Fat-ox?" Nay, have we not seen in the *London Illustrated News*, (the illuminated *vade-mecum* or pious prayer-book of British believers, sacred to the tables of the English gin-shop and the American flankey)—have we not seen therein, labelled "Carting in Fat-pig," and "Installing Fat-ox," engraved representations of fat Englishmen and thin foreigners standing in adoration about a movable tabernacle, or cart, wherein appeared to be some plethoric and unfortunate animal, intended first for exhibition and then for the adoring stomach? Mumbo Jumbo, Phallos, Osiris, the foulest superstition, judged by boyish brains, which ever afflicted the world, is, in our humble opinion, not inferior to this. To the Egyptian the Bull was the representative, or tangible and visible sign of a grand ideal beyond his fathoming; to the Hindoo, Juggernaut is the outward covering of a great spirit who holds the destinies of the Hindoo race in his right hand, and can liberate their country. In worshipping their idols none of these obey a sensual appetite; none of them place the limit of their reverence in the animal or the wood before them; all look up to and worship, through the idol, some ideal whose idealism they cannot realize, and whose immensity they cannot comprehend. In all these devotions there is a grand infinity, one attribute at all events of Divine Majesty. But the Englishman worships "Fat-pig" *as* fat pig, to *eat* him; behind the plethoric obesity of the brute, or above it, there is nothing—no deity outside of "Fat-pig" for him. He pokes his knuckles into the greasy attributes of his divinity, and prays with a chuckling stomach for the time of roasting and sacrifice. God or no God there may be—human beings may be lean, and may perish of want—polemics may argue about the spiritual comforts of another world, and wild enthusiasts indulge in visions of liberty and greatness in this; but for him, the paragon man of the Anglo-Saxon family, the god "Fat-pig" is pig fat; he feels it, he sees it, and he will eat it. And so he adores it; has little medals and pictures of his deity struck off, hangs them over his bed-side, prays to them, and bids the world look on and adore too.

Such is the Englishman's religion—the religion of the head of the "great Anglo-Saxon family;" and some people hearing it for the first time are moved to incredulity or disgust. But what think you if, instead of worshipping the obese brute alone, he called on the whole world to worship it with him, and it obeyed? In the Englishman's mythology, though god "Fat-pig" stands high, yet he standeth not alone. The deity Large Cabbage-head, Big Onion, Strong Cloth, Best Cast Steel Knife, accompany him and receive equal reverence. Anything and everything which Fat-pig can be converted into, which can be begotten of Fat-pig, sit by His side enthroned. Instead of the material product, Bacon, large classes of Englishmen prefer as their special guardian deity the god "Dry-goods;" other large classes the god "Hardware;" and the worship of these has been more transcendental of late years than that afforded to "God Pig," by reason of the fact that the virtues of the latter deity had for some time ceased to "control the market"—the Englishman's test for the relative virtues of his deities being their power of giving money, bringing trade, promoting exports, and all the deities forming, as is the case with all mythologies, the individualized attributes of one great idol, the Jupiter Commercialis enthroned on Cornhill. The virtues of the gods "Dry-goods" and "Hardware" have for long years stood the highest, but of late have been found to decline, inasmuch as, though they subjugated, made naked, and cut to pieces some hundreds of millions of Hindostanese, and divers hundred millions of other nations, they were not efficient to muffle the mouths of German madmen squalling for Liberty, nor to cut the throats of certain anarchists in France, diabolically endeavoring to establish a decent and not a British socialism among themselves. Here the virtues of "Dry-goods" and "Hardware" were found utterly ineffectual, and it was considered, after grave and reverent discussion among the augurs

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and vates of the Sacred College, that these all-powerful deities were offended, because sufficient worship was not given them. Accordingly, the vates having suggested the matter to the son of a German, interested in putting down all squallers in Saxe-Gotha, Coburg, and the neighborhood, that worthy issued forth his mandate as above cited. Instant, the happy instrument selected by the inspired augurs, to give forth to the miserable earth their revelation of a new Olympiad, or nineteenth century "Pass-over," became, from a mere cipher, the chosen arch-high-priest, or high-highest augur of the Jupiter Commercialis which rules the Anglo-Saxon monarchy. "In the name of the great Jupiter Cornhillensis," he said, "and of the most omnipotent deities, the god Dry-goods and the god Hardware, we order and command all nations, and by these presents all nations of the earth are ordered and commanded, to hearken and obey us, Prophet Albert. We, the great English nation, to appease the gods Dry Goods and Hardware, will set up in costly temples of glass and filligree, the choicest representations of the gods aforesaid, and we will worship them; and all ye of the earth, ye of Europe, ye of India, ye of America, ye of Cham Tartary and Trincomalee, stop your proper business, and bring your Dry-goods effigies and your Hardware representations here to our temple, and worship them too; or, if you have none, come instantly and worship ours, that the Deities may be appeased, and you may return blessed from the devotion." Such was the mandate. Instant, the hundred tongues of the pious press of England poured fourth acclamations the most voluble in praise of Augur Albert. No extremely pious trading principles had they seen in him before, nor any very exemplary political dodging, but this single act revealed to them the innate splendor of his genius, his true devotion to the "interests of British commerce," and his ardent enthusiasm for the progress of his immaculate species, shop-keeping aristocracy. The laudatory prayers for his success, which filled the columns of the pious London newspapers, were re-echoed from nation to nation, and, having been taken up by the organs of the affiliated hierarchy of 'Change, passed from sea to sea, crossed even the mighty ocean of the Herring Pond, and enthroned themselves in the hearts of the reverend merchants, free-trade hierarchy, abolition devotees, and augurs of Universal Benevolence throughout even Republican America. The kings and lictors and magistrates of the elder régime bowed too before him, and uttered humanitarian hallelujahs in his praise. Emperors ordered everywhere their serfs to obey it, kings their subjects, Presidents of France the nondescript semi-citizen, semi-serf individuals under their rule, and Presidents of America—but of them anon. Ambassadors waited upon the thrice august Albert, and implored him to dictate to them the rules of the ceremonies, the forms of prayer, the names of the requisite offerings of propitiation. And one Ambassador, and he, too, the representative of a nation which has the general good character of abhorring cant and all humbug, of standing up on its own hook, and maintaining its own independence *as* a nation, has gone clean mad since the event. He has established a button-hole connection with the family of which the august Albert is a member by marriage; and so this poor suppositious American "Anglo-Saxon" finds himself happily related to the "rascalliest, sweetest young Prince," and by consequence deeply interested by family ties in the worship of Fat-pig, and the other divinities of Commercial religion. "We are all one and the same," he cries day after day; "we offended you once, but we are sorry for it—you were angry with us, but forgive us. Have not we Fat-pig—have we not too little representations of the god Dry-goods, and the god Hardware, and do we not both worship them in the same Anglo-Saxon words, Pig, and Fat, and Dry, and Goods, and Hard, and Ware; and are we not therefore brothers, and won't you forgive us? Oh, do!"

Accordingly this great Olympiad of the nineteenth century is to be—as why should it not? All nations have obeyed the mandate of German Albert, and will obey it. The sacred mud banks of the Thames have been allotted for the ceremonies of worship; hot-house Temples, not of Pentelic marble, but of "the cheapest English glass," are raising high their filigree crests to push the exotic idea to a precocious bloom; grounds, not of Elis, of holy Elis, but of certain Cockney parks in London brickdom, within sight, not of the grove of Jupiter, but of the iron-shuttered windows of Carlton House—unhappy parks, wherein a few weazoned, vege-

tasting prisoners rear their dirty, smoke-covered heads into the drawing-room windows of tawdry Duchesses and antique spinsters of quality—have been assigned as spots to become to the historian of after ages "haunted, holy ground." Augur Albert, with the assistance of divers burly masons and enthusiastic carpenters, has laid the first pebble in the foundation of the architectural humbug, to which the name of "Crystal Palace" has been accorded — prints have been drawn of him taking off his august hat—cheers have resounded—wines have been poured in endless libation—lean beggars have come on to see—and even "Fat-pig" has brought his troops of worshippers, marshalled by "Fat-pig" priest Soyer, and attendants.* It *will* be a truly entrancing and delicious sight, this collected exhibition of the Toadyism of all nations! Orders of ceremonies have been fixed—prayers formed and recited—courses of feasts announced and prepared—and the following is a specimen of the Litany as published in the *London Times* of the 31st of November last, which it has been determined to recite through the august mouth of the illustrious vates, Albert, on the occasion—the responses to be given by his Faithful-in-Stock Excellency, Abbott Lawrence, Representative of the Model Republic:—

"Omnipotent Jupiter Commercialis, grant us fixity in stocks! Divine Dry-goods, have mercy on us! Holy Hardware, protect us from all Republicanism! Bright Knife of Sheffield, keep down American competition! Pillar of Manchester Cloth, civilize China! Adorable Leather, flog all Hungarians, Chartists, Irish, and Socialists! Star of Shawl-patterns, whip the French! God of Free Trade, hood-wink everybody and give us the monopoly of the Industry of all nations! God Fat-pig, be Fat!"—Here Mr. Abbott Lawrence calls out "beans" with his pork,—Mr. Soyer protests he never heard of so vulgar and vilely Yankee a dish, and the Litany begins again. * * *

[And here we are obliged to choke off the first flight of our irreverent contributor.]

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Alas! (we permit our contributor to continue,) we have fallen upon a world truly miserable, and about the most miserable fact our pet nineteenth century has yet witnessed, is this very "World's Fair." The downfall of Napoleon; the parcelling out of Europe among a band of thieves; a Republic thrice existent in France, and thrice visionary; the desolation of Hungary; the famines in Ireland; the galvanization of the dead old Catholic Church, by "restoring" a poor old man to a temporary and grimly facetious existence; the advent of "the Swedish Nightingale," and the victorious march of Barnum from city to city, and from State to State of the Western World; the earth quaken by Rochester knockings; the popular superstition in the good faith and fine speeches of a British ambassador; all these are facts indicative of the most striking characteristics of our age—the reverence of wrong, the insensibility to justice, the awe of power, the worship of unvarnished humbug, and the paramount belief in falsehood, which constitute the homogeneous philosophy of which its history is a grand example. But the "World's Fair" exhibits more than any of these curiosities, and probably more than the whole collection in a lump, the conscious weakness, the reliance on expedient nothings, the lack of foresight, and the utter imbecility of brain of those who by an untoward fate are still permitted to govern the herd of humanity; and exhibits in a still stronger light, perhaps, the illimitable credulity, unrelieved by one gleam of reason, and the servile obedience, unmitigated by one symptom of

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* The following note is just as applicable here as anywhere else. We cut the highly dramatic and interesting morceau from a recent British paper:—

"Monster Dining Hall for the Great Exhibition of 1851.—That indefatigable genius, Soyer, has foreseen a difficulty in connection with the exhibition of 1851, and with his usual energy, he has set at once about providing the proper remedy. It occurred to him, in conversation with Mr. Feeney, of the Merchants' Dining Rooms here, that, as the monster exhibition would be attended by a monster crowd, the individuals of which would naturally become monstrously hungry, it would be necessary to make some extraordinary provision for their sustenance. A monster cuisine is therefore to be established by M. Soyer in association with Mr. Feeney, and monster dining halls capable of accommodating a thousand at a time, are to be constructed and kept constantly supplied, by well-drilled regiments of waiters, with viands of every description. This is a great project, and its execution will add another wonder and another pleasure to the great exhibition. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if Soyer and Feeney's dining halls be pronounced the most extraordinary, as they will assuredly prove the most alluring, part of the exhibition.

inquiring thought, of the herd who are governed. All our republicanism, all our theories of human progress, all the struggles for the independence and equality of nations which for the last fifty years have enlivened the world, have brought us at last to this,—that between Asiatic fatalism and nineteenth century philosophy, whether as professed here or in Europe, there is but slight difference indeed. "Believe all things thou art told; go whithersoever thou art bidden; obey the behests of any who please to order thee, provided their mandates are given in the due formulas of cant, from the self-constituted chairs of 'peace, and law, and order,' in the possession of the 'powers that be,' whether these powers should rightly *be* or not," are maxims common to both. A single order has gone forth from London; and all classes of men, in whatsoever nation they may have heard it, hasten to give to it loyal obedience. The Lyonnese manufacturer of silks, and the Lowell manufacturer of broadcloth; the Hindoo tailor, who, in making new breeches of the European cut, inserts the rents, and the darns, and the patches of the old garment, and the original and music-loving hatter of New-York; the artisan who has droned his life away in some German garret in the discovery of perpetual motion, and the maker of universal gas in Yankee land;—all, charmed by this British order, with eyes fixed on the monster London, hurry on, with incessant wings, into his very maw. Here indeed is a problem of world-wide scope, more curious than Paine's gas or the Rochester knockings, which, above all others, needs solving: By what asphyxiating power have the pride and individual existence and popular cohesiveness of distant nations been thus deadened, and the thoughts, and hopes, and ambitions of the most thoughtful, hopeful, and ambitious of their several peoples, been universally concentrated on "British public opinion," and a Cockney park on the mud-banks of the Anglo-Saxon Acheron! How comes this universal power to be centred in the head of a German adventurer, not remarkable for any great exploit, for genius, or other attributes fixing the admiration of men; not even remarkable for the faculty of charlatanism, by which crowds of wondering humanity have been brought together, the possession of which has immortalized a Cagliostro and a Barnum? How comes it that this age is expressly The Age of the Show-Box; that after innumerable centuries of probationary humanity; after the creation and the test of innumerable philosophies; after the worship and the destruction of churches beyond counting; after the trial of every possible species of government and social discipline, we have, in the almost six thousandth year of the world, according to Moses, lit upon the panacea for all our ills, fallen by gradual steps upon the philosopher's stone, attained a perfect comprehension of the τὸ καλὸν in life intellectual, æsthetical or physical, in governments, socialities, and domestic occupations; perfected the crowning desideratum of scientific discovery and artistic invention, and found it to be merely Punch and Judy, the Pandean Pipes and the Big Drum—merely the *rôle* of the mountebank, of the ground and lofty tumbler, and of the modern Ishmael, who wanders from village to village with his peep-show on his back? That one class of society, or one nation of men should reduce their extravagant ideals to this absurd conclusion, might produce contempt in sober and unhoodwinked humanity; but it is worthy of the consideration of the wisest, when it affects all nations and men alike, when it supremely influences, not only volatile Celts, but phlegmatic Dutch and Anglo-Saxons, and even the schooled and independent Republicans of the United States.

We venture to say that if a President, uncalled on by the people, and without legal authority, should issue a patent or other order to hold, in some central spot of this continent, an universal exhibition of all the productions of its several States, the several States would rebel against such presumption; the people would declaim against any attempt so centralizing; and the unlucky President would meet, however right his intentions might be, not with the productions of the universal industry, but of the universal scorn of the nation. Men would say, We have other things to mind than a raree-show; Constitutionalists would hint thereafter that the Chief Magistrate of the Republic should be qualified for the White House by indoctrination in the practices of Barnum; manufacturers would say, If you want to buy, buy—but we are not to break up our machinery and our trade orders to gratify your capricious vanity with a show; and democrats would very justly respond,

What have we to do with this State or that? We mind our own affairs, let the rest do the same. But here an order has been issued by a foreign prince, and merely a prince by courtesy, to centralize the whole world upon London, and Presidents and people give to that foreign order implicit obedience. Hitherto, indeed, we all knew that "sets" of pretentious "respectability," and "circles" of questionable republicanism, had a languishing and silent existence in our chief cities, whose members still paid to England the same reverence as the ante-revolutionary Tories were boastful of giving to her; who still looked to her, and not to America, as their "Anglo-Saxon mother," as the land overflowing with the milk of fashion and the honey of etiquette, as the land whose social order and habits of domineering insolence on the one hand, and abject servility on the other, were alone worthy of admiration—as the land of liveried flunkeys and heraldic panels, of court dresses and bow-scraping legitimacy, as the fountain head of fashionable novels, and the Elysium wherein are riches without labor, rank without requisite virtues, working men without wealth, and lower classes without independence; but their discreet silence and paucity of numbers insured them unnoticed safety in contempt. "English literature," cheap republications of romantic novels, whose heroes and heroines are proud young scions of noble houses, or faithful and obedient servants of the same; the systematic indoctrination of a pretended and false philosophy whose head is London, god Commerce, and religion Free Trade; these and other Anglican influences have brought us to that pass, that now "in the second half of the nineteenth century; and in the first year of the same," an attempt is made to drag the American artisan across the Atlantic, that he may publicly receive proper lessons in his handicraft, whatever it may be, from the "genius of England," and learn a just respect for thrones and kingly toggery, and for the gew-gaw splendor and the peacock attributes filched by aristocrats from the labor and life of an unfortunate and ignorant people; and it has been perfectly successful. Throughout the American Press not a single voice has been raised against it. "Democrats," forgetful of their former Republican professions, and devoted only to the triumph of their principles of "Free Trade," or British trade, have yielded to it a willing obedience,—and Whigs, whose cardinal profession is that every country should clothe itself by its own industry, and that therefore, whatever England's manufactures may be, they are nothing to us, have provided funds, and committees, and ships of war, to carry out the design. The commercial, manufactural, and political ideas of the United States, are now centralized on London. We are gravely told that the object of every American artisan should be to propitiate British public opinion—to deserve the approval, not of his own country, but of Englishmen. Prospects are held out to us of an astonishing pitch of American glory to be attained, by Genin's hats being admired by British; or Paine's gas approved by British; or Pennsylvania iron works, or New-England cotton being deservedly rewarded by British. Humanitarianism and maudlin nineteenth-century "sentiment" have also been brought largely into play. This "World's Fair" is to be a great triumph for peace and humanity—the whole world is to be quieted for ever hereafter—the Millennium is to come right off—"the Anglo-Saxon family are to be reunited"—war is to end, the English and the Austrians are to become very good boys for evermore—the progress of humanity is to be largely advanced—the whole world is to be changed henceforth; nay, the laws of the Eternal God, history, nature, fact, are to be utterly annihilated henceforth; and "friendly competition," and civilization, and the mission of the new Saviour are now to go-ahead and no mistake. And all this is to be done, this very year, by a raree show in Hyde Park, London, under the direction of Punch, Prince of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and his American horn-blower. Surely supreme cant, flunkeyism, the vilest charlatanism, and the most unfathomable nonsense, never before enjoyed such a world-wide triumph!

The Emperor Napoleon was once informed that the people of his capital were preparing to revolt. He issued next morning orders for the instant gilding of the dome of the Invalides. The eyes of the entire population of Paris were immediately directed from him, upward, to a ball of wood and stone. The splendid coup d'œil of the building, after the magnificent design of the Emperor should be completed, became the one theme of conversation in all

circles, from the palace to the café. For days and weeks, interested passengers on foot and in carriages, and curious and admiring persons, from house-top and windows, kept gazing aloft at the colossal object so soon to be decorated with the tinsel of empire, viewing it from this point and that, and discussing the relative impressions it would produce on the eye in such and such a light, always ending with the exclamation, How worthy such a truly French idea is of the conqueror of Jena and the hero of Austerlitz! By-and-by, when the excitement had subsided, and the dome was not gilded, the émeute and the conspirators had been forgotten.

"The volatile French!"—"Poor senseless Celts caught by the idea of a gilded show!"—"Can any stronger proof be required that they are utterly incapable of self-government?" "Did we not always say that they were deficient in the peculiar attributes of the Anglo-Saxon, in 'solidity of character,' in 'strenuous purpose,' in 'indefatigable order,'—qualities peculiarly belonging to the Anglo-Saxon family, and which render its members, whether in America or Europe, alone capable of self-government?"

Such are the eminently satisfactory conclusions deduced by members of the "Anglo-Saxon family" from this and similar incidents in the history of the French nation. So unselfish and magnanimous a theory, redounding, as it does, to the glorification of the typical man, we will not dare to deny. Science, reason, philosophy, fact, conservatism; the "interests of society," of peace, law and order; the supremacy of cant; the continuance of all scoundrelism, necessitate its truth. Let it, therefore, in due reverence to these august powers, be acknowledged by us, An Humble Reviewer. Possibly, however, we may be enabled to find similar gilded stratagems, for the taking of other than the French people by the nose, almost as singularly applied, though not, we hope, to turn out as remarkably successful.

But two years back, the attention of the thoughtful of the world was everywhere directed to the nations struggling for democratic freedom in Europe. The principles involved in these combats, the effects to be evolved from them, were the sole subjects of men's thoughts. First, there was seen raising its head, under the bonnet of a Cardinal and the tiara of a Pope, the same republicanism which, from '89 to 1815, had shaken or overthrown the thrones of Europe in succession; which had wrested the land of Rienzi from the Austrians, and that of Sobieski from the Russ; which had overwhelmed England with unsaleable goods and an illimitable debt; which had annihilated the aristocracy of Prussia, and left in ashes the capital of the Tzar. Next, the same republicanism was seen flinging off the authority of the Cardinal and the mask of the Popedom, and concentrating the energies of all Italy in one struggle for unity and life; hurling out of France another monarchy, and subjugating its mushroom appendages without the aid of the guillotine; raising barricades in Berlin, Vienna, Turin, Messina, and contemplating them in Warsaw and Dublin, in London and St. Petersburg. And again was seen the organized forces of this monarch and that, marching in junction against the liberties of insurgent peoples in detail, sacking Rome, conquering the Viennese, rending asunder the heart-strings of Hungary, placing Buda-Pesth under martial law, and restoring once more, by sheer brute force, the rule, over all Europe, of monarchs lawfully expelled by the nations subjected to them. During two years and more, this drama was enacted before the eyes of a wondering world. Every incident was made the subject of universal discussion, every principle therein involved, of universal thought. A defeat of republicanism in Italy was not of importance to the Calabrian, the Roman, the Lombard, or the Piedmontese alone. The German, the Swiss, the Parisian, the Viennese, the Hungarian, the Berliner, even the Londoner, recognized in every reverse of an individual nation, a common defeat to each of themselves and to the great principle for which they all alike were warring. Nay, the reverses of Hungarians, Italians, Germans, Irishmen, the British people, the people of Schleswig-Holstein, became not only a matter of intense interest to the people of Europe, but the news by every steamboat roused the diversified, but thoroughly Republican people of this continent to the madness of despair, or the enthusiasm of joy. As Republican after Republican reached these shores an exile, he was astonished to find in the oldest Republic of the modern world an enthusiasm; a genial love, a bursting welcome, and a boundless hospi-

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tality, for him and his cause, more sincere and self-sacrificing than he left behind in the younger and yet more stolid Republics of Europe. In fact and truth, monarchies and their interests; the political child's-play of aristocratic statesmen; and the peculiar push-pin as to *their* interests of kings, by which, for ages, they have contrived to keep their peoples engaged, and even bound one people on face to face against another, as fighting fanciers do their dogs, had utterly lapsed from the minds of all men; and in the universal desire to see all peoples matched against all monarchs, it was to be feared, that monarchs, in their imbecility and utter nothingness, should be altogether forgotten. Besides, such a state of affairs, such a contest for mere right against palpable wrong, for popular liberty against individual usurpation, and the wars, and the democratic alliances, and the democratic sympathies it called forth, inducing men even to die for their own or a brother land, to spend their last coin in sustaining a glorious rebellion, or overthrowing an accursed throne, to abandon families, and labor, and all their hopes of profitable employment under the ancient régime—such an anarchic mania was shockingly opposed to the interest of commerce, to the advancement of "civilization," to the propagation of "free-trade" principles, and to the interests of the moneyed and manufacturing plutocracy. When Germans were cogitating how to take Cologne, or Munich,—how to avenge Blum, or give but one other holy sword to Kossuth; how was it to be expected that they could be strenuously thinking, as they should be, about buying English cloth with "fancy articles?" When Italians in one quarter, Hungarians in another, and Poles in a third, were seeking, night, noon, and morning, some means of dragging still lower in the dust the empire of Austria, how was it to be expected that they could compete with the Americans in the London market in corn and food, distil wines for the Englishman, or buy his cutlery and his iron-work? Nay, was it not to be feared, that these continental democrats would prove utterly unproductive to the perfidious island, which had so often cajoled them, for months on months, to deliver them, in the end, naked-handed, to the vengeance of its monarchical and congenial allies? When Frenchmen, with their "peculiarly excitable character" and "volatile temperament," were writing books, editing the most seditious newspapers, forming clubs, concocting schemes, and even going to gaol, like that atrocious editor of *Le Peuple*, or into exile, like the anarchic villains transported to Algeria, simply for the purpose of rousing the people of all Europe to establish the rights of mere useable humanity against the privileges and sacred powers of capital, what might not in a short time eventuate, even to England, where the artisan is nothing, and the man who works him everything—even to London, where the spoils gathered together from the tired right arms of the workers, everywhere, lie largely concentrated, like corrupted vitality in a world's wen, and whence are issued loans to all the poor monarchs in difficult circumstances, that they may renew the almost broken bonds of their insurgent "subjects?" In short, if men were to go on, day after day, debating right and wrong, on both sides of the Atlantic, raising insurrections and horrid wars for *their* liberty and *their* property, (God bless the mark!) what in the end was to become of the monarchies, and other idle classes, of England and Germany? If men were to continue merely men, and not produce-growing and cloth-consuming machines, what, in the name of common sense and the cash-book, was to be made *out* of them? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Trade was at a stand-still—Commerce lay upon his oars—cloth did not go—knives and forks were almost valueless, and rude swords and scythe-blades of the highest worth—monarchy trembled from head to foot—stocks became affected with the dance of St. Vitus, or stood at zero cataleptic—railroad kings lost their prestige in a debtors' prison—rents would not come—brokers migrated—and the whole world seemed going mad.

Such was the frightful picture which loomed in the year '49-'50 on the anxious soul of a newspaper writer thereto unknown to fame, the son of an editor of a third rate humanitarian and general civilizing paper in London, hight the "Athenæum." To this individual came the idea of concentrating the mind of insurgent Europe, from "Liberty" and "Republicanism" and fantasies equally absurd, not on a gilded dome in Paris, (émeutes being frequent there of late on such occasions,) but on a Crystal Palace of the "cheapest English glass," to be built in an intramural part of London for

the staring admiration of universal humanity. This person had not one cent in "coin of the realm," but much stray coppers of shallow philosophy, and an illimitable stock of profound impudence. A communication was readily established between him and the Prince Albert, the German husband of the Queen of England. To the latter gentleman the voluble discoverer of the scheme made known its astounding importance in European politics, showed him how each ruler, so called, of Europe would direct the attention of his people there—how especially it would interest and surprise the Germans, and utterly entrance the volatile French—how, by an imposing display of Kidderminster carpets and household troops, of Sheffield cutlery and dragoon sabres, of Manchester cloth and Highland light infantry, of model tubal bridges and heavy cannon, the mistaken and fanatical foreigners, who had lately indulged in the wildest hatred of England, and the most unreasonable contempt for her proficiency in the arts and sciences, would be taught an exemplary lesson. The son of the "Athenæum" deeply interested the Prince farther, by discoursing to him on peace principles, on humanitarian and progress-of-his-species theories, and by displaying to him how, though the proposed scheme was merely one to glorify England and (as he thought) sell British manufactures, yet it would bear the appearance of England sacrificing herself at the altar of universal benevolence, and propelling, even at a loss to herself, the interests of Peace, Trade, and Industry of all Nations. The Prince immediately jumped at the idea of becoming patron of the gorgeous scheme—the Big Show entranced him, with its accompanying ideas, of moral effect, Crystal Palace, staring Germans, enthusiastic French, obfuscated Americans, growling police, marshalled troops, political importance and truly religious consequences—all perfectly entranced him. His literary instructor was equally pleased at the idea of becoming member of committee. Next came Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and she, pleased beyond measure, either "by the advice of her ministers" or without it, gave to her husband and his abettors, including the discovering son of the Editor as fac-totum, a Charter empowering them to hold this great Peep Show, to be called the "World's Fair, and [illegible]bition of the Industry of all Nations."

And here begins the most ridiculous part of the affair. This charter, given under the "Royal sign manual" of the Queen, stated that "in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the hands" of the parties to whom it was granted, it *was* granted. Now, we shall not say this was what is vulgarly called a lie, because it bears the signature of a woman, (our gallantry being even in this instance superior to any little knowledge of the sex we may have acquired;) but the fact is simply this, there was not in the hands of the parties obtaining the charter, either in those of the Prince Albert, or his man of all work, or their abettors, twenty thousand pence for any such purpose. The charter was therefore granted in consideration of a falsehood, very much of course to the honor of England. But the avidity of the discoverer and the anxiety of the Prince were not to be balked by obstacles so trifling. The matter was to be pushed through; the "charter was granted"; the officious "commissioners of woods and forests," in urgent haste, meted off Hyde Park; on the imaginary idea of twenty thousand pounds, brokers and bill discounters advanced ready money, at usurious interest; masons, carpenters, glaziers, laborers assembled, architects laid off, London presses laid on, and now the "Crystal Palace," wherein is to be concentrated the bright ideas of nineteenth-century humanity, has reached the roof, although to this hour the parties interested have not been able to collect the stipulated twenty thousand pounds. But what matters it—are not there the taxes, and the obedient English people, and subservient ministers, and the Prince's name—and what more need be?*

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*Our "true and particular account" of this small but singular conspiracy is entirely drawn from English authorities. To do away with any doubts which may arise in the mind of the pro-Anglican reader, as well as a little further to develop the immense resources in stupidity, humbug, and untruth, brought to bear on the "Crystal Palace," we shall here in a note endeavor to condense the matter of several articles on the subject, published in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, (London, Fleet street,) in the volume from January to June, 1850, being

A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE BACK-STAIRS HISTORY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The *Royal Gazette* (or private newspaper of the Queen of England, dedicated to publishing her will and the descriptions of thieves,) dated 4th January, 1850, contains her "commission" authorizing the

By such schemes was this unmitigated delusion forced into existence. Starting on a falsehood for the purposes of deception, it has effected the object of its conceiv-

"Crystal Palace" and the "World's Fair." It is directed to His Royal Highness, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, and a deal of other things beside (which means the Queen's own particular husband, and nothing shorter,) to the Duke of Buccleugh, Earl of Rosse, and twenty-one more persons, of whom are Premier Russell and Freetrade Cobden, Banker Baring and East India Company Galloway, &c. This commission recites that a certain Society of Arts, of which the man with all the names, Prince Albert Punch Augustus Cæsar, &c., &c., is president, "have proposed to establish an Annual Industrial Exhibition in 1851, at which prizes *to the value of twenty thousand pounds at least shall be awarded* to the most meritorious works"—and further, that this Society "*have invested*" in the name of the M. of Northampton, Lord Clarendon, (of Irish notoriety,) Sir P. Boileau, J. C. Peache, the sum of twenty thousand pounds for that purpose."

To these Royal assertions the *Mechanics' Magazine* replies that it is to be expected that "a State paper ought to contain the truth." (Our experience proves that this commentary of the *Mech. Mag.* is entirely factious, and worthy only of contempt, inasmuch as we never knew or heard of an English State paper which *did* contain a particle of truth.) The *Mech. Mag.* further states, it is not true that the Society referred to in the commission "have invested the sum of £20,000 to be awarded in prizes and medals," the Society never having had any such sum to invest for any purpose; and if they had the sum, their own charter does not permit them to have the power of so investing it.

In this dilemma (the Magazine further explains) recourse was had to money brokers; and "jobbing contractors" supplied the money on the faith of being repaid *with interest and a bonus out of the Exhibition.*" So that this whole "World's Fair" farce, in this view, takes the aspect of a design by jobbers and money brokers to hold a grand exhibition of the "Industry of all nations," &c., to exhibit their own industry by making money out of the witless exhibitors; and his Royal Highness with all the names, and all the great people above alluded to, stand convicted of being participators in the act. Our authority is, you see, British.

It was also stated, continues the editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, that the Society of Arts had named certain parties as Treasurers and Trustees of the Fund—an untruth, continues the editor, inasmuch as the votes of the Society were *never taken* on the subject—another evidence that the scheme was "got up" by irresponsible agencies.

This "got up" "Committee" consisted of five, all of whom, asserts the *Mechanics' Magazine* editor, are men of straw, interested parties, or persons utterly unknown, about whose existence even there is very strong doubt. The names are—

1. Henry Cole, (whom the editor of the Magazine referred to declares to be an *umbra*, or probably a distant relative of Old King Cole, and therefore as probably known to Victoria.)

2. Charles Wentworth Dilke, Jr., (the son of old Dilke, the proprietor of the Athenæum.)

3. George Drew. (About this person there is no doubt—he is *the solicitor to the contractors who furnished the* £20,000, to be repaid with interest, and a bonus out of the exhibition—*therefore* an eminent judge of art, and a very disinterested party.)

4. Francis Fuller. (The editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine* concludes *he* must be one of "Fuller's Worthies," as otherwise he is *ignotus.*)

5. R. Stephenson—(the eminent engineer, a highly honorable and worthy man, but too much occupied by professional business to attend. At the urgent solicitation of the Prince Francis Albert Augustus Cæsar Punch, &c, and at the last moment, he agreed to "lend his name;" but, on finding the true bearing of the plot, he resigned and withdrew altogether.)

The whole Committee, asserts the editor, (excepting number 5,) are "obscure individuals," or persons in whom "the public (i. e. the British public) have no confidence." And yet the President of the United States and the American people have confidence in, and intrust their productions to men, whom the British themselves avow incapable of being trusted. "The whole affair," continues the editor, "is a conspiracy of five or six members of the Society of Arts,"—how got up, with what falsehoods, what unworthy schemes, we have seen, sufficiently to conclude what further confidence they deserve. It is known, however, that Hon. Abbott Lawrence has confidence in Fuller the worthy, in Drew the contractor's attorney, and in Dilke, Jun., all being "Anglo-Saxons," "all honorable men."

Further, with reference to foreign nations, the "commission" recites that the Society of Arts requested "Her Majesty" to give her sanction to the undertaking, so that it might "have the confidence not only of all classes of her subjects, but of the subjects of foreign countries."

Her Majesty was never so requested to do. The Society of Arts never made any such request, and as Prince Albert Augustus Punch Cæsar, &c., is President of the Society itself, the falsehood must have originated in some tender arrangement between him and his wife. So be it, royalty!

One more instance of bad faith: "The Queen," says the editor, "has been made guilty of a falsehood." The "commission" promised "twenty thousand pounds in prizes." It is now determined not to award any prizes,—First reason, because the system is objected to by the British press, as being calculated to favor foreigners;—Second reason, *because there is no money.*

Such is the present condition of this disgraceful job. The goods exhibited by foreign manufacturers will of course be liable to the debts due to the contractors. British manufacturers have refused to pay a cent, or to have any connection with the farce; and to cap the climax, Lord John Russell has refused to be responsible in the matter, and has, at a public meeting in London, (although

ers. Look over Europe and America, and where now are the ideas which, two years since, agitated the democracies of the world, and turned all men's minds to a holier and more glorious worship than that of Dry-goods and Hardware? The political aim of the entire scheme was alone considered by foreign monarchs and by imperilled aristocracies, and they have lent to it a ready and willing assistance. The last obstacles which threatened to intervene between this Raree Show and the liberty of Europe, the legitimate nullification of a tyrant's will by the people of Hesse Cassel, and the honest insurrection of the Schleswigers, have been isolated from Republican Europe, and prospectively defeated. The people of the old world, whom two or three years ago the suborned armies of their monarchs could not hold in check, now with spirits sunken, and hard features grim, are quietly directed to "look to London and industry and peace." The Emperor of Austria, having shot down, hung, driven into exile, and impoverished his whole people—so that even the citizens of Vienna are in want of current money worth anything but a nominal value, in want of clothing, food, the very necessaries of life—has graciously recommended his artisans to go to the London show with their productions. So of the kings and potentates and kinglings and dukelings throughout Germany. The intolerable hoax has been seized on by every "ruler" in Europe, in danger of *not* ruling. But let us of this continent judge its effects by results before our eyes. Before this scheme had entered the head of a German Prince, before it was foisted on our press by the feeders of the London newspapers, before it was seized as a lucky wind-fall by the defeated monarchists of Europe, and dinned into the wondering ear of our Anglo-Saxon Ambassador, the entire thoughts of the American people, outside of their own domestic and national concerns, were directed to struggling republicans in the Eastern Continent. Americans then discerned that Europe needed more than dry-goods civilization, than the infliction of peace by massacre, the re-establishment of religion by outrage, the re-construction of "order" by anarchic kings. If America was, in the estimation of "our transatlantic cousins," celebrated only for that therein "there was roast goose and apple sauce for the poorest inhabitant," the American people then considered it was but fair that the people of Europe should have even so much, first, if they could get it, and the rest afterwards. In these days the good President Taylor sent an envoy to recognize Hungarian Independence; more than one Senator vied in an endeavor to destroy all friendly communication between America and tyrants; Webster the god-like, and Cass the ungrammatical maguiloquent, delivered orations abounding in patriotism and republican rhapsody; and the people debated whether or no they should send money, arms, munitions, and equip fleets and expeditions to help this European country, or that, in its wearisome battle. And now, the change: societies in Wall street, of the lottery kind, to furnish free tickets to the London Fair; articles in newspapers on the "Crystal Palace," and the interest taken therein by great people and aristocrats, replacing the stories of Hungarian and German war; a President constituting a committee with one "Peter Force," or Peter Funk, or Peter Fool, (we forget which, but the terms are synonymous,) as Chairman, to engage everybody to run over to London and stare; and ships of war lying stripped of every gun in our dock-

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by his advice alone could the Royal Commission have been granted.) declared the Prince Albert Francis Augustus Cæsar Punch, &c., "the great originator of the scheme."

All these facts have been long since published in the British press, and are known to be strictly true. How Mr. Abbott Lawrence can have so far forgotten, in his "Anglo-Saxon" tom-foolery, the duties of an Ambassador, as to keep his Government in ignorance of them, or, if he have informed his Government, how it can have been so remiss as to keep the people of the United States in ignorance of them, and induce them by representations directly opposed to fact, by stripping ships of war to carry toys; ships which may, before the "exhibition" is well begun, be needed to protect our citizens in Central America, or even in our Atlantic cities, (vide Alison's Treatise on sacking New-York, &c.,) are questions eminently worthy of solution by the Senate of the United States. But to the deceived and credulous citizens of America who may be so hazardous as to trust their property to Fuller Worthy, Umbra Cole, "Dilke Jun.," Punch Prince Albert, contractors—Attorney Drew, &c., on the representation of His Grace "Anglo Saxon" Lord Lawrence, and find themselves cheated and deceived, we have but one advice to give:

"Follow that Lord,
And see you mock him not."

We shall again have occasion to refer to other back-stairs Revelations of the "Crystal Palace."

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yards to carry over the available proceeds of American delusion, that they may grace the Crystal Palace on the mud banks of the Thames—an American ambassador running from dinner table to dinner table to gulp wine and spout the great victory promised to the Anglo-Saxon race, utterly ignorant that anything else is *his* business—long lists issued from Washington designating the articles deemed by Peter Fool aforesaid, and his compeers, worthy to be sent to this grand exhibition of cant and poltroonery! *Who* are fit for self-government in this world, when gilded domes, and children's glass houses, and transparent cant play such pranks with men—reduce to utter ridicule a nation which owns the grandest nationality on earth, which has won it in the battle-field, and maintained it in the battle-field?

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

Of all living men commend me to the "Anglo-Saxon" to carry out with due solemnity that which he knows to be a humbug.

[Here again we are compelled to interrupt our contributor before he enters upon a new field in his argument. Within our present limits it is not possible to give him full room in his "exhibition" intended for the "World's Fair." The effects of the scheme on the English Free Trade system, the revelations it has induced from English manufacturers themselves, and the present evidence he puts forward that the "exhibition" will turn out after all an exhibition, and a thoroughly ridiculous one, bringing laughter and derision on those who have originated it, will find a place in our next number. We are sorry to add an evident truth, that our contributor belongs to the class of men known as long-winded.]

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# OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## JOSEPH B. COBB.

The many inquiries that are sent us concerning the authorship of a certain series of historical and critical articles published in the American Review during the last year, have induced us, for the information of our readers, to place before them a portrait of the author together with a personal sketch.

Colonel Joseph B. Cobb, author of a series of critical and historical articles on the life of Thomas Jefferson that have appeared from time to time in this Journal, is the son of the late Hon. Thomas W. Cobb, of Georgia, who was a Representative and a Senator in Congress from that State, and well remembered as the mover of the celebrated resolutions of censure, of 1819, against Andrew Jackson, for alleged unauthorized conduct during his Florida campaigns. These resolutions were accompanied by a speech of scathing severity, and were seconded and sustained by Henry Clay, at that time Speaker of the House, with another speech that ranks among the highest of his public efforts.

The family, originally from Albemarle and Buckingham counties, Virginia, have long been prominent in Georgia. The first member of Congress of that name was the elder Howell Cobb, uncle of the present Speaker, who served partly during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. He was followed, about the time of Monroe's accession, by the gentleman above named, Thomas W. Cobb, who served in the House till 1823. Defeated in consequence of his opposition to the now all-powerful Jackson, he was transferred to the United States Senate. The defeat of William H. Crawford, candidate for the Presidency, and of whom Mr. Cobb was an ardent and devoted supporter, impelled him, under the pressure also of domestic afflictions, to resign his seat in the Senate in 1828. He was succeeded, as next in name, by the Speaker of the present House of Representatives, who has served since 1842.

The subject of the present sketch having lost his father at quite an early age, was removed to the family of his guardian and

maternal uncle, Major Joseph J. Moore, who then resided at his country seat of Mount Airy, in Oglethorpe county, Georgia. He was educated principally by a venerable gentleman attached to his uncle's family, and afterwards at the celebrated Willington Academy, South Carolina, then under charge of the present Professor James P. Waddell, of Georgia University. He was transferred to this latter ancient seat of learning at the same time that his Willington preceptor became Professor there of Ancient Languages.

In October, 1837, after a very brief course of legal reading in the office of the Hon. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, present Chief Justice of Georgia, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late Judge Clayton, of Athens, quite recently a leading member of Congress from the same State; from both of these distinguished gentlemen, he received every assistance and encouragement which could be suggested by the generous friendship of the one, or the paternal fondness of the other.

In the fall of 1838 he removed to the State of Mississippi, and established himself there on a plantation in the prairies of Noxubee county. Here, in May of 1841, he made his *début* before the people, in the delivery of an address on the life and character of President Harrison, just then deceased. He was soon brought forward as a candidate for the Legislature, and elected the November following, with a Whig colleague, by a large majority.

The session of the Mississippi Legislature of 1842 will be long remembered by the citizens of that State, and by the entire world. It was at that session the notorious Union Bank bonds, endorsed by the State itself, were unconditionally repudiated. *Against* this measure Mr. Cobb recorded his vote.

At the same session he joined with the Hon. P. W. Tompkins and other Whig members in an attempt to defeat the passage of a series of strong democratic instruction resolutions, introduced by a member from De Soto county; argument however proved utterly futile in the presence of a determined party majority. During the summer following, declining to attend the extra session convoked by Governor Tucker, he resigned his seat and removed to his residence near Columbus. His friends of the various Whig presses published his letter of resignation, with many and highly complimentary accompanying regrets.

In January of 1845, at the solicitation of his Whig friends and constituents, associated with a talented young relative, he undertook the charge of the editorial department of the old *Columbus Whig*. This was during the pendancy of an important State election, and the right conduct of this paper was considered to be a matter of great importance. His editorship was discontinued after the November elections.

Mr. Cobb had become, formally, a member of the Bar, with no intention, however, of engaging practically in the business of the courts. In his rural residence at Longwood, near Columbus, among the magnificent oak groves and cotton-fields of Mississippi, he devoted himself to the study of history and the cultivation of general literature. His chief pleasure has been the formation of a rare and valuable library, and the exercise of a truly liberal hospitality.

During the year 1848, Mr. Cobb began his literary career by furnishing several classical and revolutionary stories for the *National Magazine* of Philadelphia. One of these, "The Maid of Melos," attracted great attention at the time, by the power of its incidents and the extreme beauty of its style. Its publication led to that of many others. In the spring of 1850, appeared "The Creole; or, the Siege of New-Orleans," a romance founded on events connected with the campaigns in and around that city during the last war with Great Britain. This novel was received by the entire press of the South-west with warm expressions of approbation. In the State of Mississippi, and in the cities of Mobile and New-Orleans, it was especially well received. Mr. Cobb is one of the few American authors whose works have sold well upon their own merits, and without the aid of a European reputation; a fact which renders criticism or commendation almost unnecessary.

Our author began his contributions to the *American Whig Review* in April of the present year, with a review of Macaulay's History of England, in which, so far from pursuing the beaten track of eulogy in which the unmanly criticism of the day so especially delights, he has taken up his author with a strong hand and discussed his merits and defects with a power and even a

magnificence of diction worthy of the subject. In this review Mr. Cobb has shown himself peculiarly a historian, and though but thirty years of age, an age at which Gibbon confesses to an unformed style and unsettled opinions, he has shown qualities that point him out as a future historian of the New World. Mr. Cobb is strictly a Republican, and an American in heart and head. With a taste and imagination equal to the splendor of courts, he discovers a sentiment superior to their follies. The value of such a writer at such a time seems to us inestimable; he is one of the few who have had courage to speak, think, and write as a representative of Republicanism, in an age when the literature of our tongue is almost entirely monarchic and servile.

The readers of the American Review have before them a series of articles on the life and political career of Thomas Jefferson, published in the last six numbers of the year, which would have been alone sufficient to sustain the political and historical character of the Review. That chapter of the series which develops the secret movements that arose from the mortal enmity between Burr and Jefferson is, beyond all question, one of the finest passages of American history. Were the literary and historical labors of our contributor to end here, it is our belief he has earned for himself undying fame as a writer of political history; and in this field more than any other, we venture to say his future reputation as an author is to be achieved. We are expecting from his hand another series of historical papers that will be, if possible, superior in interest to the last named, at least to the readers of American history. It is the desire of his friends that Mr. Cobb should become a member of Congress. His election to the House, though it might redound to the honor of his constituents, would be a loss to historical literature, as it would inevitably withdraw him from a field of usefulness in which, at present, he has no superior.*

* Our respect for this gentleman does not rest solely upon his literary performances, or on the promise of his future career. He was one of the few, during the prevalence of the cholera in Mississippi, who dared to remain upon his cotton fields, and fulfil, with his own hands, the duties which a good master owes to his servants. With his own hands he administered medicine to his negroes, and performed the most revolting offices for the sick. A bold and cheerful temper, and a strong constitution, were his only safeguards against the plague. Col. Cobb is not a dealer in human flesh; his servants are the inheritance of his family through several generations. To the merit of a good citizen, he adds the more difficult virtues of a humane master and governor.—Ed. Whig Review.

## A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Oh, think on life, with eager hope,
To gain the good, the true!
Find out thy spirit's proper scope,
Then steel thyself, and do.

Let nothing sway thee from thy task,
When once thy foot is braced;
Disdain deceit's convenient mask:
Virtue is open-faced.

And though a host against thee ride,
Be calm, courageous, strong;
To right, a friend unterrified;
A sturdy foe to wrong.

Strike for the holy cause of Truth,
For freedom, love, and light;
Strike, with the heart and hope of youth,
The blows of manhood's might.

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# CIVIL DISCORD DUTY-FREE.

"If the base flatterers of despotic power rise up against my principles, I shall have on my side the virtuous man, the friend of the laws, the man of probity, and the true citizen."

VATTEL, *Law of Nations, Preface.*

WE have already congratulated the friends of the Union, and of Republicanism in general, on the happy coalition that is being effected between the enemies of American enterprise and industry, and those who intend the violent emancipation of the negroes. This coalition has been brought about through the combination of the same elements of reaction in England. The absolute necessity felt by English manufacturers of checking the industrial enterprise of the Americans; the new alarm raised by the sudden appearance of new forms of industry in the South; the mortal decline of production in the West Indies, caused by the superior facilities of Southern production; the wonderful ingenuity and success of American artisans, in the construction, economy, and navigation of steam vessels and merchant ships; the enormous mineral wealth of California; the rapid settlement and splendid prospects of the Pacific territories; the probability of a speedy reflux of the golden tide from London to New-York, moving the centre of exchange for the world's wealth; the newly-awakened sense of the American people to the means used by Great Britain to extend her empire, and make herself master of the industry of all nations,—all together have roused up in the breast of that company of titled merchants called the English Government, a vague feeling of alarm, ill disguised under an exterior of haughty and contemptuous commendation. The philanthropy of England, by way of reparation for the dreadful expenses and disasters which it has brought upon her colonies, has struck a league of amity with the commercial interest, and "by the hair of the dog will cure the bite;" by extending the blessing of servile insurrection from the West Indies over the Southern United States, it wishes to place them upon a level with Hayti and Jamaica,

7 destroying the manufactures of the North and West, it means to equalize those regions with potato-growing Ireland. This coalition between the blood-thirsty zealots of Exeter Hall, and the gold-thirsty capitalists, whose servants at home are the House of Commons and the Whig Ministry of England, is represented in America by an infamous secret League between the enemies of native industry and the disunionists of the North and West,—properly speaking, the friends of America and the dupes of English merchants,—*in brief*, the AMERICANS and the FLUNKEYS.

In furtherance of her one grand scheme of monopolizing the trade of the world, England, as all the world knows, employs a system of diplomacy the most powerful conceivable. A feeble State, or union of States, like the Central American, or the Columbian (S. A.) Union, adjoining it on the south, at the suggestion of a British agent, borrows a great sum from English capitalists. The day of payment arrives, and it becomes difficult to refund. A man-of-war is sent to enforce payment, or, instead of that, to demand a foothold on the territory, or a monopoly of trade, or both, the one serving the other. By this system, as well as by creating civil dissensions, and breaking up the unions of States, and overpowering and crushing them in detail—as in South America and Central America—or by the establishment of protectorates of, and alliances offensive and defensive with, sovereigns of bad faith and bad title, as universally in India, and in Central America,—English diplomacy, supported by English arms, has consolidated an immense empire, of which the entire power is concentrated upon the single purpose of enriching and strengthening the merchants of Great Britain, and their dependents, the Court, the Peerage, and the Church Establishment.

A system of "assurances," a pretended

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regard for and steady violation of the law of nations, is the chief defense thrown up, behind which the sappers and miners of English diplomacy carry on their grand siege against the independence of every nation on the face of the earth; a warfare against the wealth, industry, and liberty of the entire human race. Their empire continues to expand, and within a few years has moved its boundary, like the shadow of an eclipse, over the southern extremity of North America. The power absolutely held by this tremendous organization as far exceeds that of Cæsar or Alexander, as the commerce and the military skill of modern nations exceed those of antiquity; but it is a power resting upon a rotten foundation,—namely, upon the mistaken veneration, charity, and trust of other nations—a commercial, speculative power, that has grown gradually by the observance of that grand modern rule of conquest—"*Create a want, and the means to supply it, and you are so far a master; create an obligation which cannot be cancelled, and under the pretense of enforcing it, you may subdue and enslave.*"

On either side of England stand two nations, each superior to her in absolute force and resource, inferior to her only in *extent* of power: on the right Russia, the Sclavonic Despotism—on the left America, the Empire of Republics. Governed by a powerful and exclusive aristocracy, England is naturally hostile to a despotism, in which every form of sovereignty centres in the person of an autocrat,—a government without aristocratic legislation, and controlled by no interest of class, but in which the one interest and controlling motive is the glory of the empire, represented in its head.

Empires naturally and necessarily absorb the territories adjoining them. The epoch of their decline is the moment when they cease to do this. Their decline is preceded by civil wars. In the absence of a foreign policy, the American Empire, like the Russian and the British, falls into hostile parties within its own boundaries, and its Union is endangered. Let the attention of the people and the Government be turned upon territories adjoining, whose inhabitants look to it for protection against hostile and uncongenial powers: the spirit of internal discord will be stilled by the sense of nationality, and the enthusiasm of military and commercial enterprise.

It is the glory and transcendent virtue of the Constitution of the American Empire, that the States which it absorbs come eagerly and willingly into its embraces. While it defends and secures, it does not oppress. It is a system of inviolable sovereignties. The highest privilege that can be accorded to a people is the guarantee of the American Union. The secret of its power and popularity, and of the hatred it excites in the bosom of despots, is the free and absolute protection offered by its powerful Constitution to those feeble, half-formed governments which are continually springing up around it, and asking admission within its pale.

With such a power the British Empire is placed by nature in a strict antagonism. An empire whose protection is sought by no nation that reveres its own laws and institutions, that accords liberty to none, that destroys the individual sovereignty of all, that centralizes, and oppresses, and exhausts, by consolidation; that conquers and subdues to absorb; that destroys the industrial liberty, the commerce, and the pride of all; that forces all into a position of subordination; whose government is an engine of extortion: such an empire is necessarily hostile and antagonistic to an armed empire of free States, equal rights, and equal representation.

For what should the wars of an empire founded upon the liberties of States be undertaken, if not for the protection of those liberties?

The first grand war carried on by the people of America, was against the imperial system of the French King, whose efforts to extend his power over the valley of the Mississippi failed before the valor and heroic enterprise of the colonists of New-England and Virginia.

The second was against the imperial system of Great Britain, which she vainly endeavored to extend over the thirteen colonies of the Confederation.

The third was against a second effort of the same power to exercise an imperial sway upon the ocean, to the detriment of American commerce.

The *fourth*, the war in Mexico, begun in error, ended in a withdrawal of our armies from the limits of a conquered State, and in the purchase of a territory virtually and by the law of arms our own.

Every war, whether begun in justice or in

error by the people of America, has resulted *in a confirmation of the rights of individual sovereignties, and the withdrawal of all arbitrary and despotic pretensions.* After the peace with Mexico the war moved itself to the Capitol, and there ended in the glorious triumph of the last session, by which the freedom of Internal Legislation was secured for ever to the people of the States and Territories by the series of measures for the security of State Rights, and consequently of the Union, offered by HENRY CLAY, whose glory it is to have become the second saviour and founder of the Union. May this venerable and illustrious champion of the Rights of States, this representative of the Laws of Nations, live to see the principles he has defended, and the rights he has established, extended over the entire continent, protecting the industry and the liberty of the great American brotherhood of Republics; may he live to see the people of these United States awakened,—roused to a sense of duty and of honor, and ready to vindicate the rights of nations and the sovereign liberties of States, not only within the limits of the Union, but on those adjoining territories whose inhabitants cherish a respect for the American name, and an enthusiastic affection for Republican liberality and sincerity.

With what degree of respect and affection the American Empire is regarded in England we may understand from the following. In the *London Morning Chronicle* of February 1st, 1848. Mr. P. P. Thompson, M. P. of Eliotvale, Blackheath, England, published in a letter the sentiments of a powerful party in England, which exhibits the native rancor of English oligarchy, and the bitter counsels they take together for our ruin :—

"A partially successful war of invasion appears to have changed the habits and feelings of the predominant portion of Americans. Rome and her glories stand before them in prospect, with always this difference, that the Roman warred to civilize and combine, and the American to brutalize and destroy. There has been no such phenomenon in the antecedent history of mankind, as the rise of a conquering power, based on the avowed abrogation of human rights. This is a sweeping scheme of the descendants of our negro-drivers against three-fourths of the family of man. The slave-breeding mind has conceived the idea of conquest, to which, in its own words, the successes of Rome are to be child's play. It is clear that England must take one side, when her enemy takes the other,—that she must take the lead in the propagation on the European continent of the principles which bind nation to nation, and leave America to do the work she has assigned herself, of sending out her population to die, *as it is hoped in the end they will*, under the guns of honest people. *To England the policy is clear (if she is to have any policy) of promoting, by all legitimate means, the separation of the Northern from the Southern States.*"

This Mr. P. P. Thompson is a worthy duplicate of his fellow, G. P. Thompson, the British emissary of Free Trade in America. If we are rightly informed, P. P. Thompson, the author of the above, is a Tory of the old school, and wealthy; while G. P. Thompson, the free-trader and abolitionist, is a radical so called, and a needy adventurer supposed to be in the pay of England. Both are, or have been, members of Parliament, and, if our information is correct, represent the two sides of British opinion, which converge and agree upon the ruin of the Union.

Encouraged by her success in the destruction of the Columbian (S. A.) and Central American Republics, enterprises intrusted to her subordinate agents, Great Britain, in the person of her man of all mischief, Lord Palmerston, comes to her next grand operation, the dissolution of the Union of the greater States, and the simultaneous annihilation of the Northern industrial and Southern negro interest. The first branch of this mighty enterprise recommends her to the affection of our Southern, and the second to that of our Northern agitators. She comes to the work prepared with a pertinacity of purpose, and a steadiness of aim worthy of the deed, and of her ancient and inextinguishable hatred, and with agents more subtle and sagacious than any ever before sent from England.

The work is cut out among them. Her Public Minister has one part,—it is his duty to accomplish the ruin of particular men and a particular party—the sole party from which any active opposition, or national hostility to England was to be expected. For what he has already accomplished in this work of ruin, a peerage doubtless awaits him at home; for surely a more accomplished agent of evil never left the Diplomatic Hell of Downing street.

The minor tools have their inferior tasks, but not less necessary. One is to encourage slave-stealing and preach free trade; another is to cajole a Disunionist Convention; another is to write, a fourth (for love) to preach a

new kind of British piety; a dozen more to go about cajoling and privately frightening editors, inducing them to publish lying reports and "assurances." Meanwhile the entire new continent is flooded with British opinion through the piratical press, to the utter extinguishment of national sentiment, and the impoverishment of those natural guardians of our rights and honor, American writers; these watch-dogs of Republicanism are as effectually muzzled by our system of literary free trade, as the French press by the decrees of the Emperor President. Everywhere, everything is British: *trade* is British; *legislation* is British; *books* are modern British; the *press* is in large part British; the *South* grows British; the *North* forgets Bunker Hill and stamp duties, and grows British with Abolition rancor. *News* are of British aggressions, and of British intrigues; of British-made famines in Ireland, and British-made wars in India; of British bombardments in China, and of British seizures at the Isthmus; of three per cent. duties suspended by the grace of Britain, (as if to *suspend* did not imply a power to *impose*;) of citizens of the United States very humanely treated by the grace of Britain, their arms only being taken from them; (who gave Britain the right or power to "treat" citizens of the United States on the free territory of a neighbor Republic in any fashion, humane or inhumane?) *Violations of treaties*, and of the laws of nations, are all British; the *growth of empire* is British. The most conspicuous and noticeable person in America, and by some supposed the most influential, is the British Minister, working for a peerage as his reward for the destruction of the party hostile to British *violence, bad faith, free trade, mock humanity, mock liberality*,—hostile by nature and necessity to everything anti-national, anti-republican, anti-American."

Before God, are the American people grown altogether British? or is all this only a temporary eclipse of reason and affection?

Incredible as the silliness and flunkeyism is, of those who favor and sustain this state of things, weak human nature might be pardoned, were it not in this instance a self-destroyer as well as a fool. Bitter, bitter calamities await a people false to themselves and false to their destiny. English members of Parliament "hope" that America will send out her valiant sons to die under the guns of "honest people," of honest Britain—honest at Copenhagen—honest at Hong Kong—honest over all the continent of Hindostan—honest in Spain—honest in Naples—honest in Texas—in Central America—honest at Bunker's Hill and Groton Heights, at Concord and Lexington, with a vengeance!—honest everywhere, my Lord! And certainly your cannon have an honest, open look about the mouth, and an honester set of extortioners and agitators were—never. You thrive by protectorates and reciprocity, and prosper by new styles of piety and the spread of Humanitarian principles. You scatter your fire-brands in the most honest, unconscious way, and an honester and more polite diplomacy, a more lovely and open-hearted Machiavellism than yours, history knoweth not. Were the Americans a nation of *usurpers* in the modern sense, they need not go back to Rome for a study of principles and practice in the art of "brutalizing and destroying" the nations of the earth. Wretched India; degraded and miserable Ireland, once free and happy; miserable China, drugged with the cup of British abominations, reeling drunk with the poison of that apothecary—Shylock, the British opium merchant, whose pound of flesh is by-and-by, as in India and Ireland, to be exacted at the cannon's mouth—these are our *modern* examples. With poison (twenty millions' worth a year,) with fire-brands (sent to America,) with daggers and ropes, (the bayonets and halters of police in Ireland,) with gold, (bribes or flattering "assurances," *freely* offered the wide world over, to all who work for England, to vacillating editors in America, to a servile press in France and Spain, to merchants and legislators, priests, littérateurs,) with poison, halters, bayonets, bribes, and universal lies, smooth speeches, dinners and intrigues—the glorious Empire of the British Merchant has been wrought out and built up heaven-high, and overlooks and threatens—us.

The Janus-faced traitor, the tool of England here, offers "free trade" to the South, and gives secret assurances to "Abolition" in the North. Magnetized with English gold, or with assurances, or, more potent still, with the native sympathy that exists between a flunkey and a lord, the active and willing agents of our "enemy," as one of her own sons has made her,—nor are

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we so backward in the common spirit of men, so devoid of "English pluck," as to deny the soft impeachment,—disseminate two sets of principles among us, mortal to the Union and to Republicanism—mortal to the "enemy" of the British lords-merchant, to the universal lords-merchant and taxers of all mankind,—taxing our very thoughts, taxing the highway of nations between the two oceans, or what is worse, haughtily suspending "temporarily" a tax which they had no right to impose, and "*only disarming*" the citizens of the United States, who, under the laws of nations, might have used those arms as a defense against the gross violence of these Isthmus pirates—working with the energy of devils for the destruction of American industry, and the separation and eventual subjugation of the States. The martial prowess of the American people, the bravest and the most powerful on earth, and whose soldiery is the most numerous and ready, notwithstanding the cowardly insinuation of a certain servile "assurer" of the people that they are not strong enough to enforce, or even to demand their rights from England,—this noble-hearted but deceived people will laugh at and despise the insinuation that the heavy giant on the other side can hurt them. But it is by intellect and cunning, more than by prowess, great conquests are achieved. It is the art of conquerors to create civil discord in the bosom of the nation they mean to destroy; to crush its operative industry; to supplant, over-ride, and silence its national literature; to contemn and weaken and muzzle its orators; to corrupt with servile opinion the education of its youth; to confuse and agitate its counsels; to distress and maim its commerce, or entice it away upon false and futile enterprises; to lull its vigilance asleep with flattering embassies; to overwhelm its foreign representatives with delusive approbation, and with other means more seductive and more powerful. These are the more approved and the more successful modes of conquest. No idle declaration now of war, or threats of reprisal; the day of these and of the reverence of treaties is passed away, and now is the epoch of "assurances," of telegraphic dispatches, and of mutual admiration.

The name of "perfidious" is no longer prejudicial to the conductors of nations, and "great politicians," who place their subtlety in circumvention, smile at the simple declarations of justice. To make a treaty that can be broken without danger is the art of our time, and upon ourselves that art has been successfully practised.

Under the late administration of a party whose name accords but ill with its principles or practice, Mr. Bancroft went to England, the protector there for the people of the United States, not only of *their* rights, but of the rights of nations. Let himself be the witness how he fulfilled his trust. Actuated, we may suppose, by a spark of that ambition which was quenched in the waters of the Columbia river,—though here we raise no question about that,—he put the direct inquiry to Lord Palmerston, whether the "British Government" designed to appropriate to itself the town of San Juan de Nicaragua, or any part of the so-called Mosquito Territory. He, Lord Palmerston, answered emphatically, "No; you know very well we have already colonies enough." "The remark was just," continues our Ambassador, writing to Mr. Clayton, August, 1849; "the masses of the British colonies are becoming too weighty for the central Government,"* we presume, for the central Government of the British Empire. And is this the sole reason that can be discovered by an American Ambassador why England shall not seize upon the territory of her neighbors—because she is absolutely gorged with the spoil of nations—choked with conquest? And when she has got *enough*, an American Ambassador is much delighted and well assured that she will take no more! The British Government will not take possession of Central America, not because she has no right to it, not because it is robbery and piracy to do so, but because she has enough; and when she has enough, we are to go on our way rejoicing! God grant the time may come that she will have enough, but in another sense; that she may be compelled to disgorge—to give up what she has unjustly appropriated.

"When the ownership of Vancouver's Island was the subject of debate," continues our Ambassador, "the House of Commons took no interest in the question." Truly a very indifferent House of Commons, and well satisfied. The responsibility did not rest with them, but with their Minister. His

* Message of the President respecting Tigre Island. House of Reps., Pub. Doc. No. 75, July 22, 1850.

duty it is, by fair means or by foul, to extend the limits of the empire, and the monopoly of trade; theirs to expel that Minister from office when the work is done for them. He is to be the scape-goat of the nation's crime, and they are to share the advantage.

Our simple questioner of ministers proceeds: "I could not but ask Lord Palmerston, 'In whose hands is San Juan de Nicaragua at this time?'"—that is to say, In whose hands are the Gulf of Mexico and the four Republics of Central America, and the trade between the two oceans, and the regulative power over all intercourse between the two shores of the United States, at this time? "He replied: 'For the present, in those of British Commissioners.' Is not this, then, I said, an occupation by England? His answer was, 'Yes; but this occupation was temporary.'" And so is the British Empire, and so is everything but the justice of God, the law of nations, the rights of man, and the shame of republican embassies. These seem eternal.

Mr. Bancroft proceeded to show his Lordship, notwithstanding his Lordship's "assurances," that there was no such kingdom as that of the Mosquitoes, or that if there were, England had no right to erect a protectorate there. "His Lordship declined argument." Well he might, having none to offer; his Lordship's idea of the rights of nations springing wholly from the abstract question whether "the masses of the British colonies" are, or are not, becoming relatively "too weighty for the central Government;" or whether "British statesmen perceive it." The entire philosophy of history in modern times seems to have exhausted itself upon the question whether the British Giant will ever stop growing,—a question at once amusing and instructive to American ambassadors, and valuable to under-tutors in colleges; but of no interest to the American people, saving in its practical form, *whether they intend to stop its growth?* Let philosophers argue—the people must act; they have no time for argument. The house is on fire; to moot the question whether it will be wholly consumed, were a striking irrelevancy—to coin a new diplomatic phrase. The flame of conquest is burning over the land: as a philosophical people, it may be well for us to inquire whether or no it will consume us utterly, or merely burn down our out-houses; as a practical people, our instinct is to bring out the "engines" and quench the conflagration.

His Lordship, we have seen, declined argument; but instead of argument, he produced a falsehood, and said—another irrelevancy, or stumbling-block—that Costa Rica had as good a claim to San Juan as Nicaragua, and did not hesitate to show his "strong disinclination to restore that port," insisting however that his policy answered the purposes of the United States in regard to a commercial highway between the two oceans. "You and we," said he, "can have but one interest." The factotum of the British Empire is the fountain-head of "assurances;" they flow from him as from their primeval source, and modern diplomacy seems to be reduced to a system of assurances, like that of Satan in the garden of Eden. It is a fine pretext of the aggressor to *assure* his victims they can have but one interest, and it is possible the absorbing selfishness of the British Government may even flatter itself that other nations can have but one interest, and that that is,—to gorge its insatiable maw. No doubt it would be very much for the interest of the American Republics to become an English vice-royalty. Liberty is a dangerous and uncomfortable possession, and requires perpetual and fatiguing vigilance.

"The all-licensed fools," "the insolent retinue of liberty,"

> "Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
> In rank and not to be endured riots.
> Be it then desired
> By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
> A little to disquantity your train.
> *Lear.* Darkness and devils!
> Saddle my horses, call my train together.
> *Gon.* You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
> Make servants of their betters.
> *Lear. Woe, that too late repents!*
> *Gon.* Hear me, my lord,
> What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five
> To follow in a house where twice so many
> *Have a command to tend you?*
> *Regan.* What need one?"

Why liberty, why commerce, why industry, why wealth? What need any of these? In so great a mansion, is there not room for us too? Are not we entitled to a little of this fostering care?

"The next day," writes our grand diplomat, "I asked the Minister of Costa Rica if his country claimed the port of San Juan. He said, Never; the port of San Juan al-

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ways belonged to the Province or State of Nicaragua." His Lordship has a fostering care over the rights of Costa Rica; better than herself, he knows her rights; so anxious is he to enforce them, he has established a protectorate over the rights of Costa Rica, and will absolutely fight for her rights. Now, it is for the rights of a miserable breechless savage, called King of the Mosquitoes,—it is for his rights he fights, and now it is for the rights of Costa Rica, and both have *identical* rights over San Juan; and we suppose, when it comes to a contest between the rights of Costa Rica and the Mosquito King, the whole matter will go into the chancery of Lord Palmerston's conscience, and the two rights will cancel each other, and San Juan will belong to England, nay, does belong to England—"temporarily;" that is to say, as long as England continues to be in doubt whether "the masses of the British colonies are or are not too weighty for the central Government."

Without further argument upon the general principles involved in this question, let us appeal to the highest individual authority recognized by civilized nations. "When a free people," says Vattel, "or a popular State, concludes a treaty, it is the State itself that contracts." The people of England claim to be a free people; it is they therefore who contract in treaty with the people of the United States.

"If one of the allies fails in his engagements, the other may constrain him to fulfil them."

"Every thing which the public safety renders inviolable is *sacred* in society. The faith of treaties is then holy and sacred between the nations whose safety it secures."

"He who violates his treaties, violates the law of nations: doubly guilty, he does an injury to his ally; he does an injury to all nations, and wounds the whole human race."

Let us now turn to the facts: these are that the English Government have long held possession of an extensive territory lying on each side of the Gulf of Honduras, which belongs properly to one or all of five other States covering the territory between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. The northernmost of these, of which the part seized by England is called Balize, borders upon Mexico and forms the northern boundary of the Gulf of Honduras. The sovereignty of this territory was originally in Spain. It was a part of those Spanish territories, whose freedom has been formally and repeatedly recognized by Spain and by England herself. The King of Spain had permitted England to cut logwood there, and after the separation of the Spanish colonies she gradually strengthened herself and took possession of the entire northern boundary of the Bay of Honduras. The entire territory of Balize, and late of the Island of Roatan, lying opposite in the Gulf, have been seized by England, and are held by her without pretext or the shadow of a right. The power of the Spanish monarchy, had it even been interested to contest the possession of these territories, would have been insufficient to enforce the rights of the colonies. In two numbers of this journal, February and March, 1850, we have shown under what pretenses the English Government, or if England be a free country, the English people, according to Vattel, have seized upon another extensive territory, belonging to Nicaragua, also without the shadow of a right; and the readers of the *Herald* and *Tribune* and *Sun* are well aware that, farther, the Government of Great Britain is attempting to establish a protectorate or virtual possession over Costa Rica, and that she has laid claim at various times to a considerable portion of the territory of Costa Rica. Her claims upon this latter State are also set forth in the articles alluded to, of February and March, 1850. In addition to the above, we must not forget the attempts of Great Britain to seize upon Tigre Island in the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific side of Central America. Upon the 16th of October the British war-steamer Gorgon, having on board Her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Guatemala, arrived in the Bay of Fonseca, and proceeded at once to take possession of the island of Tigre, in the name of the Queen. The particulars of all these proceedings and seizures are well known through the daily press. *It is sufficiently evident that the intention of the English Government extends to the possession of the entire region between the isthmus of Panama and the southern boundary of Mexico. In fact, she is virtually in possession of one half of all the region so bounded.*

Here we have a people who pretend to be the great defenders and expounders of the Laws of Nations, seizing without remorse upon a territory of vast extent, and in value the most productive and the most desirable on the face of the earth.

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Now if it were a contest between the people of the United States and the people, supposed free, of England, which ought to become possessors of the most valuable portions of the North American continent, all rights and treaties set aside, were we worthy of respect for vigor and enterprise, we would contend manfully for the prize, and we would secure it, knowing as we do that this magnificent territory exceeds in value a dozen States of Texas, and that it promises to become in future a home and a source of wealth for our own citizens. But that is not all: these countries intervene between the Eastern and Western United States, and if there is to be a commerce between those States, the holder of these territories will be able to regulate, and at pleasure to suspend that commerce; but if, as some shrewdly argue, there will be no such commerce, then, until the completion of our Pacific Railroad, the commerce between Asia and Europe, it is said, will pass that way; and if we are as we pretend to be, the very boldest and the most enterprising of mercantile nations, it is our part to become masters of these regions by every honorable means,—by treaty, by purchase, by colonization, by cultivating the amity and the good-will of the Central American States, by opening every form of commercial intercourse with them, sparing nothing, forgetting nothing, to secure to ourselves so valuable a possession. So reasons the man of business, and the merchant. It is not necessary for the accomplishment of so magnificent an enterprise, that we should do as England has done; we need not exasperate the people of Central America; we need not violate treaties; we need not become pirates and extortioners. There are ways open and legitimate for the accomplishment of such ends without recourse to violence or fraud. The people of the five States of Central America, are a free and liberal people; they have sought our assistance; they have intimated through our Minister in Great Britain, as we learn from Mr. Bancroft's letters to Mr. Clayton, their desire to become a member of our empire; they have manifested a strong affection for us, more than any other people have ever done; their feelings toward Great Britain are those of hatred, aggravated by a long series of atrocities perpetrated by her agents within their limits; notwithstanding all the scandals that have been circulated in regard to them, we know that they are a peaceable and law-loving people, and that they mingle with our own citizens congenially. We know that they have among them able and learned men—that they are in every respect a civilized people. We know that by the intrigues of British agents, their attempts to form an independent Union, and establish themselves as a power among the nations, have utterly failed; but so did the first Confederation of the thirteen colonies fail, and these Central American States are nearer to republicanism than the States of New-England were before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

We wish now to inquire whether it were not an act worthy of ourselves and of our high position among the great nations of the world, to take these oppressed and suffering Republics under our wing, and for their good, as well as for our own benefit and honor, to give them an opportunity of becoming what they desire to be, if not a portion of ourselves, at least a friendly and a powerful ally, who will not obstruct our commerce; who will throw open to us the natural resources of their lands; who will allow us without impediment to work their mines, equalling, it is said, those of California in richness, to cut the valuable wood of their forests, to buy from them, or to grow upon their soil, the precious products of the tropics, and to supply them in turn with the productions of our own industry. Naturally and easily, population would flow from our own into the Central American States, and in a few years they would be indistinguishably a part of us.

So much then for our interests in, and relations with the people of Central America, and the magnificent region they inhabit,—a region which there is no need of war to secure ourselves in the possession of, since, *if the faith of treaties had been observed*, the region itself would be virtually ours, and would be colonized by our people.

But the true question at issue is not whether the people of America shall become possessors, fairly and legitimately, of the commercial advantages offered them, urged upon them, by their republican friends and brothers of Central America,—that is not the question at issue, but whether the people of the United States will allow the faith of treaties to be broken upon their own continent, treaties made with themselves, with

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their allies, and for the defense of their dearest interests, as well as of their honor, as the natural guardians of the Continent, and of republican institutions.

A doctrine called the doctrine of Neutrality, or of Non-interference, it is said, stands in the way between ourselves and our friends, the Republics of Central America. If we rightly understand this doctrine, it means one of two things: *either* that the people of the United States are to renounce and ignore the existence of a Law of Nations, *or* that they are to enforce the fulfilment of that law.

The two are direct contraries—meanings opposed to each other.

If the people of America have withdrawn themselves from the great community of nations, and have ignored the existence of a law of nations, they can make no treaties, nor can treaties be made with them; much less can they interfere for the defense of their neighbors oppressed and crushed by superior power, by any right, or by any law. They stand in a position of non-interference in the centre, so to speak, of *in*humanity, recognizing no brotherhood, no friendly power, no enemy, no ally. If this is the doctrine of non-interference, we do here, confidently uttering the sentiments of every honest and manly mind, solemnly renounce and abjure it.

The second meaning of the phrase, doctrine of non-interference, need hardly be explained to any intelligent mind. "A nation," says Vattel, "is a MORAL PERSON, and the law of nations is deducible from the natural liberty of nations and their reciprocal duties." "And it is as much above the civil law in its importance, as the proceedings of nations surpass those of private persons in their consequences."*

If there is a law, there is also a sanction, and the sanction of the law is its *enforcement.*

"Each nation," continues the same great authority, "ought to be left in the peaceable enjoyment of the liberty it has derived from nature. The natural society of nations cannot subsist, if the rights each has received from nature are not respected."—*Ib.*

Believing as we do that the war of the Revolution was undertaken by the thirteen colonies for the defense of the particular sovereignty of each colony, we are farther constrained to believe that a Union, imperial or confederate, of these States, must have been, and must for ever continue to be, a Union for the defense and enforcement of *that* doctrine for which they fought. Whether among themselves or among other colonies upon the same continent, subject to the imperial encroachments of Great Britain,—that *Great Britain shall not interfere among the Republics of North America*, we believe to be a first conclusion from our American doctrine of non-interference.

"The glory of a nation depends entirely on its power; it is this shining advantage that procures the esteem of other nations."

But the power of a nation is the sanction of the law of nations, and they are the first and the most glorious, who give the sanction to the law of national existence.

Again, says our grand authority:—

"Nations, as obliged by nature reciprocally to cultivate human society, are bound to observe towards each other all the duties which the safety and advantage of that society requires."

But if there be a society of nations, is not the system of the American Republics peculiarly such a society; and are not the duties of the stronger towards the weaker peculiarly obvious?

We return to Vattel:—

"Whatever we owe to ourselves we likewise owe to others, as they stand in need of succor." "Every nation is, on occasion, to labor for the preservation of others, and for securing them from destruction."

"When a neighboring nation is threatened to be overrun by a powerful enemy, do not object," says this revered legislator, "that lives of men will be endangered." When Massachusetts was in danger of subjugation from Great Britain, as our allies now are, Virginia did not object that lives of men would be endangered.

But farther:—

"A nation is not to confine itself to the mere preservation of other States; it should likewise contribute to their perfection."

That is to say, according to the book which is the highest authority next to the Constitution of the United States, and whose leading principles are identical with

* Vattel—Preface.

that Constitution, and more perhaps than any other gave authority for its precepts, we are in duty bound not only to succor our sister Republics in their distress, by a just intervention in their behalf, giving a sanction to the true "non-intervention," but we ought to aid them in every way, for our own sake and for theirs, to establish themselves as a prosperous and independent Republic; we ought to insist manfully and fearlessly that they be not driven into a corner of their own land by a foreign power hostile to them,—and, through the violation of treaties, and in other ways, hostile to us,—but should insist upon the integrity of their territory.

"It is safest," says Vattel, "to prevent the evil when it can be done." And again:

"All nations are strictly obliged to cultivate justice with regard to each other. This right is perfect; that is, accompanied with the right of using force to make it observed. Were this not so, the just would be at the mercy of fraud and injustice. The right to obtain justice by force is the right of an offensive war."

We have a *right* to use force to prevent the destruction of our sister Republics by an aggressive power. To say that we are not *able* to do so is the argument of a coward, nor did ever any nation thrive by cowardice. *God favors the strong when they apply their strength to the execution of his laws.*

"Let us apply to the unjust what we have said above of a mischevous or maleficent nation. If there be any that makes an open profession of trampling justice under foot, of despising and violating the rights of others whenever it finds an opportunity, the interest of human society will authorize all others to humble and chastise it * * * * * (*Or*) *if by constant maxims, and by a continued conduct, one nation shows that it has evidently this pernicious disposition, the safety of the human race requires that it should be suppressed. To form and support an unjust pretension is to do an injury not only to him who is interested in this pretension, but to mock at justice in general, and to injure all nations.*"

Terrible but glorious sentiments! Within the circle of their legitimate influence, where nature, and fate, and the principles of their constitution, and the expectation and hope of all mankind have placed them; within that circle, clearly marked, let the American people accomplish *their* duty,—by what just means we care not: If by treaties, then let the treaties be fulfilled and carried out in their spirit; if by the movements of individual citizens, then let those movements be encouraged and protected as far as is consistent with the rules of public justice; but best by the fair and open way, by the enforcement of a treaty already shamefully violated to our own dishonor.*

* Not that the treaty alluded to was necessary as a reason for action; for says Vattel:—

"The treaties by which we simply engage not to do any evil to an ally,—to abstain, with respect to him, from all damage, offense, and injury,—are not necessary and produce no new right; each having, from nature, a perfect right not to suffer either damage, injury, or any true offense." And within a certain natural limit we are bound by that principle.

## FREEDOM TO HER VOTARIES.

Wherefore should the Freeman kneel,
When his chains are broken?
Wherefore should he nurse the steel,
Slavery's hated token?
Or, is it meet
To kiss the feet
That crush you to the clay, men;
Or bless the foe
You overthrow!—
I pray not such to-day, men.

Wherefore, in the hour of need,
Shall a people house them?
Wherefore did our fathers bleed,
When like wrongs did rouse them?
Is this the sod,
So blest by God,
That slaves swear by its clay, men?
Or, are we still
The men of Will?—
I ask you that to-day, men.

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# NEGLECTED AUTHORS.

## BISHOP BERKELEY.

## MAXIMS CONCERNING PATRIOTISM.

1. Every man, by consulting his own heart, may easily know whether he is or is not a patriot. But it is not so easy for the by-standers.

2. Being loud and vehement either against a court or for a court, is no proof of patriotism.

3. A man whose passion for money runs high bids fair for being no patriot. And he likewise whose appetite is keen for power.

4. A native than a foreigner, a married man than a bachelor, a believer than an infidel, has a better chance for being a patriot.

5. It is impossible an epicure should be a patriot.

6. It is impossible a man who cheats at cards, or cogs the dice, should be a patriot.

7. It is impossible a man who is false to his friends and neighbors should be true to the public.

8. Every knave is a thorough knave. And a thorough knave is a knave throughout.

9. A man who hath no sense of God or conscience: would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

10. A sot, a beast, benumbed and stupefied by excess, is good for nothing, much less to make a patriot of.

11. A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

12. A sullen churlish man, who loves nobody, will hardly love his country.

13. The love of praise and esteem may do something; but to make a true patriot there must be an inward sense of duty and conscience.

14. Honesty (like other things) grows from its proper seed, good principles early laid in the mind.

15. To be a real patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.

16. If *pro aris et focis* be the life of patriotism, he who hath no religion or no home makes a suspected patriot.

17. No man perjures himself for the sake of conscience.

18. There is an easy way of reconciling malcontents—*Sunt verba et voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem*, &c.

19. A good groom will rather stroke than strike.

20. He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

21. I have no opinion of your bumper patriots. Some eat, some drink, some quarrel for their country. Modern Patriotism!

22. Ibycus is a carking, griping, close-fisted fellow. It is odds that Ibycus is not a patriot.

23. We are not to think every clamorous haranguer, or every splenetic repiner against a court, is therefore a patriot.

24. A patriot is one who heartily wisheth the public prosperity, and doth not only wish, but also study and endeavor to promote it.

25. Gamesters, rakes, fops, bullies, stock-jobbers: alas! what patriots!

26. Some writers have thought it impossible that men should be brought to laugh at public spirit. Yet this hath been done in the present age.

27. The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

28. There is and ever will be a natural strife between court and country. The one will get as much, and the other give as little, as it can. How must the patriot behave himself?

29. He gives the necessary. If he gives more, it is with a view of gaining more to his country.

30. A patriot will never barter the public money for his private gain.

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31. Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred, either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

32. Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

33. In your man of business, it is easier to meet with a good head than a good heart.

34. A patriot will admit there may be honest men, and that honest men may differ.

35. He that always blames, or always praises, is no patriot.

36. Were all sweet and sneaking courtiers, or were all sour malcontents; in either case the public would thrive but ill.

37. A patriot would hardly wish there was no contrast in the state.

38. Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

39. A man rages, rails, and raves; I suspect his patriotism.

40. The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing, each his own interest.

41. A patriot will esteem no man for being of his party.

42. The factious man is apt to mistake himself for a patriot.

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## THE QUERIST:

### CONTAINING SEVERAL QUERIES PROPOSED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC.

Qu. 1. Whether there ever was, is, or will be, an industrious nation poor, or an idle rich?

2. Whether a people can be called poor, where the common sort are well fed, clothed, and lodged?

3. Whether the drift and aim of every wise state should not be, to encourage industry in its members? And, whether those who employ neither heads nor hands for the common benefit, deserve not to be expelled like drones out of a well-governed state?

4. Whether the four elements, and man's labor therein, be not the true source of wealth?

5. Whether money be not only so far useful, as it stirreth up industry, enabling men mutually to participate the fruits of each other's labor?

6. Whether any other means, equally conducing to excite and circulate the industry of mankind, may not be as useful as money?

7. Whether the real end and aim of men be not power? And whether he who could have every thing else at his wish or will, would value money?

8. Whether the public aim in every well-governed state be not, that each member, according to his just pretensions and industry, should have power?

9. Whether power be not referred to action; and whether action doth not follow appetite or will?

10. Whether fashion doth not create appetites; and whether the prevailing will of a nation is not the fashion?

11. Whether the current of industry and commerce be not determined by this prevailing will?

12. Whether it be not owing to custom, that the fashions are agreeable?

13. Whether it may not concern the wisdom of the legislature to interpose, in the making of fashions; and not leave an affair of so great influence to the management of women and fops, tailors and vintners?

14. Whether reasonable fashions are a greater restraint on freedom than those which are unreasonable?

15. Whether a general good taste in a people would not greatly conduce to their thriving? And whether an uneducated gentry be not the greatest of national evils?

16. Whether customs and fashions do not supply the place of reason in the vulgar of all ranks? Whether, therefore, it doth not very much import that they should be wisely framed?

17. Whether the imitating those neighbors in our fashions, to whom we bear no likeness in our circumstances, be not one cause of distress to this nation?

18. Whether frugal fashions in the upper

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rank, and comfortable living in the lower, be not the means to multiply inhabitants?

19. Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasants were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?

20. Whether other things be given, as climate, soil, &c., the wealth be not proportioned to the industry, and this to the circulation of credit, be the credit circulated or transferred by what marks or tokens soever?

21. Whether, therefore, less money, swiftly circulating, be not, in effect, equivalent to more money slowly circulating? Or, whether, if the circulation be reciprocally as the quantity of coin, the nation can be a loser?

22. Whether money is to be considered as having an intrinsic value, or as being a commodity, a standard, a measure, or a pledge, as is variously suggested by writers? And whether the true idea of money, as such, be not altogether that of a ticket or counter?

23. Whether the value or price of things be not a compounded proportion, directly as the demand, and reciprocally as the plenty?

24. Whether the terms crown, livre, pound sterling, &c., are not to be considered as exponents or denominations of such proportion? And whether gold, silver, and paper, are not tickets or counters for reckoning, recording, and transferring thereof?

25. Whether the denominations being retained, although the bullion were gone, things might not nevertheless be rated, bought and sold, industry promoted, and a circulation of commerce maintained?

26. Whether an equal raising of all sorts of gold, silver and copper coin, can have any effect in bringing money into the country? And whether altering the proportions between the several sorts can have any other effect but multiplying one kind and lessening another, without any increase of the sum total?

27. Whether arbitrary changing the denomination of coin be not a public cheat?

28. What makes a wealthy people? Whether mines of gold and silver are capable of doing this? And whether the negroes, amidst the gold sands of Africa, are not poor and destitute?

29. Whether there be any virtue in gold and silver, other than as they set people at work, or create industry?

30. Whether it be not the opinion or will of the people, exciting them to industry, that truly enricheth a nation? And whether this doth not principally depend on the means for counting, transferring, and preserving power, that is, property of all kinds?

31. Whether current bank-notes may not be deemed money? And whether they are not actually the greater part of the money of this kingdom?

32. Provided the wheels move, whether it is not the same thing, as to the effect of the machine, be this done by the force of wind, or water, or animals?

33. Whether power to command the industry of others be not real wealth? And whether money be not in truth, tickets or tokens for conveying and recording such power, and whether it be of great consequence what materials the tickets are made of?

34. Whether trade, either foreign or domestic, be in truth any more than this commerce of industry?

35. Whether to promote, transfer, and secure, this commerce, and this property in human labor, or, in other words, this power, be not the sole means of enriching a people, and how far this may be done independently of gold and silver?

36. Whether it were not wrong to suppose that land itself to be wealth? And whether the industry of the people is not first to be considered, as that which constitutes wealth, which makes even land and silver to be wealth, neither of which would have any vaiue, but as means and motives to industry?

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# MEREDITH DEMAISTRE,

## THE PET OF THE PARVENUS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE GRIEF OF THE TIPPTOFFS.

It was the second hour after midnight, when Mr. Meredith Demaistre entered the very latest of the hundred carriages which had stopped the way before the elegant mansion of the Tipptoffs, in the most fashionable avenue of New-York. A lady in a white ball-dress appeared at the same instant at the window of the parlor. Mr. Demaistre, as if divining the possibility of such an apparition, checked the coachman for an instant, and sprang out quickly to catch a rose which her fair hand threw to him. He bows profoundly; the lady retires from the window; the coach rolls away. The lady returns, and leaning out into the warm night air, looks earnestly after the carriage and listens long to the thunder of the retiring wheels, as they sound along the hollow streets.

The gas lights have been shut off in the house, and the vast rooms would be quite darkened were it not that the glare of a street light casts a ruddy effulgence along the painted ceilings and the towering walls, revealing imperfectly the mirrored elegance of a modern citizen's palace. The adornments of these rooms, as we are able to see them by the dim light that streams into the remoter darkness, are of the rarest and most judicious order; their designing and choice, evidently by some master of taste and fashion. Pictures of a grand and sombre character, originals of the more luxurious artists of the modern German and Belgian schools, those sole possessors in our day of the secret of color and *chiar' oscuro*, occupy the spaces of the walls, alternating with a few broad mirrors set in marble. The carpets of large and simple figures, harmoniously but soberly tinted, assist the colors of the heavy curtains, and velvet-covered furniture. The rooms are provided, but not crowded, with elegant conveniences for sitting and reclining, which, more than all other luxuries, discover the tact and sensuosity of the modern taste. Objects of virtu rest here and there in convenient niches. A few small, but exquisitely finished statues on scagliola pedestals, a table in a corner, covered with engravings, doubtless of great rarity and value,—so much may be seen in the imperfect light;—what else might be discovered by the broad light of a hundred jets of gas, we leave to the vivid and minute imagination of our reader.

But the business of the novelist is with persons and their actions, and not with furniture, be it even the luxury of kings, or the more comfortable splendor of merchants.

The lady, on retreating from the window, threw herself passionately into the angle of a sofa, at the other extreme of which sat her husband, whose short figure relieved itself obscurely against the dusky velvet. In the dimness one could hardly discern it.

A something worse than ennui, a feeling of exhaustion and of total disappointment, seemed to possess them. The lady, whom the reader will hereafter please to recognize as "the fair," or "the elegant," or "the witty," or "the fascinating," or possibly, if it should so happen, (Heaven only knows,) the "unfortunate and much to be compassionated Mrs. Tipptoff,"—patted the carpet nervously, but languidly and slowly, with her little satin-clad foot. Her husband, known as "old Tipptoff," or "Dick Tipptoff," or "rich Dick Tipptoff," with a note of interrogation added,—the wealth of that very old family having been for years on the declining side of fortune,—sat gazing into vacancy, with an air between the hateful weariness that follows forced mirth and too much wine, and the distressed anxiety of a man who is following his furniture to an auction, or his counsel to the presence of a prejudiced jury.

I should have remarked, that immediately on her withdrawal from the window, a servant entered and placed a small Chinese table, supporting a bottle of brandy, a silver water pitcher, and two candles, (one of them lighted,) before Tipptoff; with the additamentum of a boot-jack, and a pair of yel-

low slippers, on the carpet. Tipptoff, the knowing reader will surmise, had been once a bachelor, old and of fixed habits. He was now a married man, not a day younger, and with very nearly the same habits.

The self-disgust of a social failure sickened the leathery visage of the old gentleman, as he poured out a glass of brandy for himself, and, rather oddly, invited his pretty wife to drink with him. The tearful vexation of disappointed vanity, and perhaps the grief of some other passion, pouted the dewy lips, and paled the swelling cheeks of his spouse. The pair gazed blankly but not angrily at each other, and then at the bottle. "Dick, my dear," sighed the lady, "I think I *will* take a little."

The old gentleman had evidently forgotten himself when he offered the brandy to his wife, and her acceptance of it discomposed him. Had it been hot brandy punch, with lemon in it, or any lady-like preparation of brandy, he would have thought nothing of it; but his ideas of feminine delicacy forbade his wife so rude and masculine a drink as the mere bachelor's brandy-and-water. The impropriety of the thing struck him on the instant. Filled even to bursting with a previous choler and disquiet, it needed but a drop more to make a foaming effervescence in his inner man. But Dick Tipptoff was a gentleman of delicate education,—would sooner kick his horse, or shave his whiskers, than speak harshly to a lady. The most he could do was to set down the glass untasted, get up against the table, overturning it with a crash, damn himself slightly, and walk directly out of the room, shutting the door sharply behind him, and leaving Mrs. T. in darkness.

The crash and uproar occasioned by the violent upsetting, and the exodus of her spouse, having subsided, the unhappy Mrs. Tipptoff burst into a sharp paroxysm of weeping. Covering her face with her hands, she rocked her fragile figure to and fro, with many sobs and deep-drawn sighs, while the big drops burst from between her squeezed and aching eyelids. The words, "cruel man," "kind Meredith," "horrid Squabbs," "nasty people," and a variety of broken expressions, indicative of a tumult of mixed emotions, burst in harsh whispers from her lips. Mrs. T. was to a certainty, profoundly agitated:—the dark side of her life had turned up to her view, with a sudden and surprising distinctness. After a time, however, kind nature came to her solace in the shape of that gentle follower of grief, the quiet and beneficent sleep. The beautiful head of curls no longer waved to and fro, in starts of agony, and soon fell sideways and drooped on either side the white wrist that rested on the velvet arm of the sofa. A soft breathing, interrupted only by a dreamy catching of the breath, as though sorrow was not wholly mastered, even by sleep, announced that the delicate and unhappy Mrs. Tipptoff had declined into a state of oblivion, and for this hour at least escaped from vanity and care. And now, with softest music let us close the scene.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE EXULTATION OF THE SQUABBS.

At the fireside of the Squabbs, on the contrary, there was an atmosphere of exultation. Mr. Squabb, Mrs. Squabb, Miss Emeline Ginevra Squabb, and the two little Squabblings, the snobby brothers, were in a perfect gale. "Was there ever such a victory?" screamed the mother. "Never!" shrilled the daughter. "Never," growled old Squabb, yawning and falling back in his chair. "Never," laughed the two snobby Squabbling youths, simultaneously plunging their pale fat hands into the pockets of their sacks. "Never," shouted all in chorus. "Such a splendid affair," languished Miss Emeline Ginevra. "Such an expensive one," groaned Mr. S. "Such a well got-up thing, and all for us, my dear," concluded Mrs. S., nodding smilingly at her daughter.

A period of silence ensued, during which the entire family, looking from one to another, allowed their satisfaction to expand itself in knowing glances. The Squabbs were a fat family; their complexions shone with fatness. At this epoch in their history, which may be marked as the culmination of their mortal felicity, they had attained that ripeness of person which follows a long course of pleasure and easy living, before the disappointments and chagrins of fashionable life had begun to break in upon that continuity of countenance which marks the happy and the dull. The Squabbs were grown rich, and from a hopeless obscurity had risen upon an opulent wave to the frothy summit of

notoriety. A palace in a grand street, a scarlet-lined coach, and a liveried footman, had turned the Squabbs into gods. Nectar and ambrosia they drank and ate—the nectar of congratulation, and the ambrosia of servile homage from their less fortunate acquaintance.

The statue of Hercules on the mantelpiece struck the second hour after midnight, and just at the very moment when poor Mrs. Tipptoff dropped asleep in her lonely parlor, Mr. Squabb jerked out a large jewelled Tobias, and began dreamily inspecting the face. At the same instant Mrs. S. pulled out a very thin Lepine from her girdle; Miss Emeline Ginevra produced a still thinner one from hers; the two Squabbling youths each betrayed another; and the circle of fat faces, from gazing at each other, were turned complacently and yawningly upon their watches. "There is nigh upon a thousand dollars' worth of watches among us, my dear," remarked Mr. S. gravely, putting up his time-keeper; "and for me, though I say nothing, I think it a heavy investment in that kind of property."

"Was not money, papa, made for spending?" murmured Emeline Ginevra, as she slid her tiny Lepine into its nest near her heart.

"Judiciously, my daughter," added the mother. "Judiciously," nodded the father; and "Judiciously" winked the fat eyes of the over-dressed Squabblings. There was a perfect unanimity of sentiment on this point also, and another happy silence followed, during which the author will silently withdraw the reader and introduce him abruptly to a third and more imposing faction or party in this drama of society.

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## CHAPTER III.

### MRS. WASHINGTON TIBBS.

In her boudoir, attended by her natty Swiss waiting-maid, who was divesting her portly mistress of a gorgeous satin ball-dress, sat Mrs. Tibbs, the wealthy widow of Washington Tibbs, Esq., of metropolitan notoriety. Mrs. Tibbs, sitting before her mirror, had laid aside her curls, and eke her wig, and discovered a smooth cranium of a very blue color, rising in the middle over the forehead, like the pyramidal cover of a china sugar-bowl, a sugar-bowl *cui lumen ademptum*, that is to say, with knob broken off. Speaking with her customary decision, "Lisette," said the lady,—the maid was instantly at her elbow, and stood in the attitude of fearful attention,—"Lisette, bring me my miniature."

The miniature was brought.

"Lisette, observe it closely." It was closely observed. "Would you take it for a portrait of me? I was but twenty when that was taken. The artist was one of the few who never flatter. He told me that he esteemed a good conscience above money and fame."

"Beautifool," exclaimed Lisette—"delicieuse, and as like Madame as I am like moiméme, mesel. I see ver lectle change in your ladyship, mon Dieu!"

"Lisette, you must not call me ladyship. Titles are not used in America. A lady is indeed a lady everywhere," sighed Mrs. Tibbs; "but the odious prejudices of the mob! how I hate the mob! Lisette, do you have vulgar people in your country?"

"Oui, Madame, many English live in Swisserland: they dress badly, très vulgaire."

"And yet, Lisette, England is a very aristocratical country."

"Ah! oui, très bien! Madame—ver reech; but the English have not elegance et liberalité égal to some in Amerique. Amerigans ladies très fine, delicates. Amerigan gentilhommes dress more bettre, more fine. Ah! dere is in Broadway one air de Paris, only ver dirty, vill I say nastie?"

"Nasty is the word, Lisette. Have you pigs in Swisserland, Lisette?"

"Oui, Madame. Mon Dieu! here is grease pot enorme on votre ladyship's brocade dress, blanche. Ah, mon Dieu, it is dreadful." So saying, the assiduous Lisette, who, during this dialogue, had glided into the closet and brought out the garment in question, held up before the eyes of her purblind mistress a portion of the sleeve.

"Take it, Lisette, I shall have no further use for it. And now tell me something more, some anecdote of the lady you served in Swisserland, the Landgravine——what was her name?"

"The Landgravine Schnotsendauben, Madame."

"What a name, Lisette! A great lady, you said."

"Oui, *une grande dame*, très belle, an reech, ver reech."

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Mrs. Tibbs glanced at the mirror, sighed and bridled.

"Lisette, bring my night-dress. Had the lady many admirers?"

"Amants, dit Madame? Pour une Landgravine, tees not permis. Chevalier servante de mon maîtress, Signor Bug, gentilhomme Roman, vid vot you tell, ooisker, très grand moustace on hees cheek."

"His lip, Lisette; the mustacio is worn upon the lip. You have seen Mr. Demaistre's."

"Eh bien! and feel him too," said the girl quickly; but her mistress did not understand, or did not hear, for she added:

"Mr. Demaistre's mustacio is elegant. But tell me, Lisette, what is the duty of a chevalier servante? I thought the entertaining of that kind of follower a very antiquated custom."

"Antiquated, dit Madame? Non, très modern, au contraire. Il porte—he carry de fan—he carry de dog—he carry eberyding. Monsieur Bug carry Madame too, an I detect; Monsieur Bug call me kammerkat—I turn away ma maîtress, an come to Amerique."

"A very improper person, Lisette, to be seen with a lady."

"Vraiment, to be seen; Monsieur Bug vas proper, néanmois—an for me I say noting, but he give insult—not like Monsieur Demaistre, who is polaite."

The lady's curiosity to learn something farther touching the important relationship of a fashionable gentleman follower to a lady of rank in Europe, had well nigh overcome her discretion, when the arrival of an elegant billet-doux, directed in the handwriting of her favorite, Demaistre, gave a new turn to her thoughts. The note was as follows:—

MY DEAR MADAM,—

The arrival at your house of your niece, Miss Winter, during my tedious absence, gives me an opportunity of showing my devotion to yourself by giving her some amusement. I have a little absurd pique to gratify against that young lady, and I wish to give you both a pleasant surprise. Let me have a carte blanche to give what private orders I please, to your housekeeper, for to-morrow evening.

And believe me ever,
Your devoted and loving
MEREDITH.

P. S. The trifle inclosed is a table-diamond, a variety you said you had not seen.

The amiable ease of the note, and the splendor of the jewelled ring which it contained, excited a powerful emotion of pleasure in the bosom of the widow, and immediately she called for her beautiful miniature writing desk, itself a gift from the same tasteful admirer, and before retiring to her couch, indited, in a bold, masculine hand, the following reply:—

MON CHER DEMAISTRE,—

I shall drive to-morrow out of town, and pass the day with the Timpkinses. My house, meanwhile, is at your service. Make any arrangements you please. I will send out a few invitations. Let the evening be literary and artistic. Miss Winter is so. We will have music and conversation. Send a list of persons whom *you* wish to have invited.

Yours very truly,
PATTY ALICE DENTZY WASHINGTON TIBBS.

P. S. The diamond is very fine. Do not ask me to wear it. It is a vanity, though an elegant one. I shall send for Hum and Strum, the two German pianists, and for Chokey and Spondee, the new poets, so much talked of. What odd names these artists have! W. T.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

MRS. KOLLTATER, the lady of the Snob House, a well-known private hotel, or public boarding-house in Broadway, sat at dinner, at the head of her long table, looking down along her ranks of eaters, with a calculating expression. By close observation and long experience in her business, this dispenser of "all the comforts and privileges of a private family" had acquired a knack at valuing men and women by certain external signs. By the general air and manner of a stranger, she could foretell, with tolerable accuracy, not only how much he would eat, but how long he would be likely to pay for what he ate. Her favorable regards were distributed upon those who ate little and paid punctually.

On the present occasion, however, a quiet observer might have detected a remarkable departure, in Mrs. Kolltater, from her usual course of favor; for in the seedy coat and calamitous countenance of Mr. Bob Jenkins,—Jenkins the toper—Jenkins the penny-a-liner,—what was there to call out a smile on the face of an experienced landlady? Jenkins was, in fact, surprised at it himself; it

even excited in his bosom a vague feeling of alarm. Returning the unexpected smile with a grim recognition, he laid down his knife and fork, and considered in his dear heart, as Homer would say, what might be the cause; and whether bitter Fate had anything in store for him, more dreadful than what he had already suffered.

To the gentleman at his elbow, however, who had observed the landlady's demonstration, it seemed quite proper, and a th ng to be expected. This was no less a character than the well and widely known Meredith Demaistre, equally noted for the elegance of his hair and the audacity of his manners.

Every assembly of men, be it an assembly only for eating, has its great man, or sovereign *pro tem.* Mr. Meredith Damaistre, already somewhat known to the reader, was the sovereign *pro tem.* of Mrs. Kolltater's dinner table. Now this autocrat of sirloins had signified to the landlady that it would gratify him to have Jenkins at his elbow, at table; where, accordingly, said Jenkins was seated; and very rightly and naturally our dinner autocrat attributed the above described dispensation to a reflection of his own importance from the person of Jenkins in the eyes of the landlady.

The diners had retired from the table, excepting Jenkins and his fashionable friend. Ordering sherry for his own glass, and brandy for his companion's, Demaistre threw himself into an attitude of intimate conversation, leaning over, and occasionally striking the table with his right hand.

"You were speaking," said his companion, pouring out a liberal draught from the decanter, "of that affair at the Tipptoffs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Demaistre, in his usual low, flute-like tone,—"a more elegant affair than that. But the devil is in those Tipptoffs; with all their advantages and pride to boot; with the best manners, and a capital art of entertainment. In fact they work for others. Observe now—a man of some sense, known in very good company, and supposed to be rich, becomes an object of maternal anxiety in the bosoms of a dozen or twenty highly respectable families—in fact, to be plain, the idol of a good set. Very good. Now *you*, Jenkins, happen to know, that I, the *rich* Meredith Demaistre, (ha! ha!) am precisely the individual indicated. It were idle to attempt modesty with a man of your penetration; but there is one thing which I will throw in, by way of warning:—My riches, you know, are purely in expectation. I am a near relative, the only surviving relative of the old pill-vender Bobus. Very good. I am rich, as we say, in expectation. That is to say, I intend to marry a great deal of real and personal property, now in the possession of the venerable widow Washington Tibbs. As for uncle Bobus, he will never leave me a penny. The old fellow intends endowing a hospital by way of indemnification to mankind, for having slain so many with his wicked nostrum. The idea of leaving me a fortune never occurred to him. But I grow tedious."

"Not at all," gasped Jenkins, with a look of infinite curiosity, and decanting a second glass of brandy. "Not at all; go on, in the d—l's name."

"That," replied the other quickly, "is precisely the name in which I intend to go on. Now for this affair at the Tipptoffs. You must know the widow Washington Wiggs or Tibbs is decidedly taken with my person. The widow does not dance, but she talks wonderfully, and so does your humble servant. By talking I carried the widow—took her by storm. It was at this exquisite supper-party at Tipptoff's—the most elegant thing! There was a room frescoed for the occasion; the most perfect taste in the outlay! Your humble servant planned the thing, and brought Mrs. Tipptoff into it. The widow Washington was made to think that the wh ole had been got up to please her. The Squabbs labored under a similar delusion in regard to themselves. Only your humble servant knew the object of this piece of folly, which cost Tipptoff and his wife some five thousand dollars, including the making up of specie into plate; there was the vastest profusion—costly wines, pictures, opera-singing, the house thrown open, filled with every luxury and everything to please. In short, a most elegant affair, and not above a hundred persons present! The most select; in short, not one married person under a hundred thousand, and full ten over half a million, supposed. Squabb thought it a good time, where capital was so well represented, to organize a bank; and I verily believe the dozen or so of red-faced plums that were present, would have called a meeting and fallen to business, had not their circle been broken in upon by a vigorous assault from

Mrs. Washington Wiggs—confound it, I mean Tibbs, who led off Squabb to stare at a piece of ancient china, which he mistook for a petrified monkey.

"I have said that both the Squabbs and the widow fancied the occasion their own. The widow, who is fat, and walks heavily, withdrew into a recess, and entertained a circle of her admirers with a lecture on phrenology and the Greek Slave. Your humble servant was called upon for a touch of the æsthetic, and taste being the order of the day, I gave the widow a definition of taste, which threw her into a perspiration of delight. 'Taste,' said I, 'my dear madam, is a thing'—'Wrong, Demaistre,' said she. (She admires my surname—it is important to have a good name, and when one may be picked out of any directory, I see no reason why a gentleman seeking his fortune should not choose the best. My old name, you know, was Sneak, Judas Sneak,—a horrible name; I changed it. It went before me like a bad reputation, and I never prospered while I had it.) But I digress. 'Wrong,' said she, 'Demaistre, wrong! Taste is a sentiment, not a thing.' 'True, madam,' said I, bowing under the correction; 'taste is, indeed, more a person than a thing.' 'Wrong again, Demaistre,' said she, still harping on my name; 'taste is not a person, neither.' 'Ah! madam,' said I, sighing, and giving her a delicate glance, 'taste is surely a person, and no less a person than Mrs. Washington Tibbs; she is taste itself.'"

"Very gross," remarked Jenkins.

"Which, the lady or the compliment?"

"That," responded Jenkins, "depends on her way of taking it."

"She took it as a cat laps milk; as a man of no credit takes a good endorsement. The widow is a lady of great humility and the most aspiring pride. Her reverence for a great or learned name is equalled only by her personal haughtiness and ambition. Now, she looks upon your humble servant as not only a man of family, rich in hope, and an aristocrat, but as a person of unlimited acquirements, and perfect discrimination. In short, the widow is a sure card. But I must marry soon, or some vile accident will mar all."

Jenkins finished a third glass of brandy and water, and a desultory chat of some minutes ensued, during which our adventurer ——— himself with shuffling over a heap of invitations which he drew from his pocket-book. As he read the names half soliloquizing, his companion kept up a running commentary, for Jenkins was a man who had seen better days, and *had been* a diner out, knew everybody's business and reputation in the city.

"Jacks?" said Demaistre, half questioning the name from a card.

"Jacks? A stock-broker," said the other, half answering, half soliloquizing. "Jacob Jacks, grandson of the old apple woman on St. P—'s. A drug dealer, very rich; has failed six times, here and elsewhere, by this light; a very low dog; his large family, all girls, inherit the scrofula and rheumatism, contracted by the old woman from cold victuals and damp seats, to say nothing of a filthier inheritance of vulgarity and pride."

"Cottle?" (another card.)

"Aye, aye, Dick Cottle, corner of Broadway and Jaundice street, *formerly;* now De Damm Place—nothing less. His house is a solid mass of absurdity, a blunder immortalized in brick. It cost him a hundred thousand, they say. A mere selfish jug, that fellow; his ears are narrow slits through which you may drop in brass coin of flattery enough, but deuce a compliment will you ever get *out* of him, until his clay envelope is cracked, and then there will be a soul found dried and shrunk, like the kernel of a bad nut. This Dick Cottle invited me to dine with him once, in a quiet way, and when all was done, there was only a turkey without sauce, cold potatoes and cheap port. A miserable dog, worth half a million, and a very bad judge of port. Avoid him."

"Partridge?" (another card.)

"That's fat Peter, I know him well. Very good eater, but fond of soup; the veriest cheat in creation. Peter is one of those happy, good-humored rascals who go smiling through the world, with the best intentions, though frequently unable to repay a loan, or meet an obligation; and yet by some secret arrangement with Providence, perpetually rolling in luxury,—wine, women, horses, dinners,—while honest dogs, like me, who *must* look sheepish when they can't pay, live unappreciated. By Heaven, I'll have a new scheme of the moral sentiments, with the part of Hamlet—I mean conscience—omitted."

"Gudgimson?" (another card.)

"That's Jonas Gudginson; once a fish-

erman, then a banker; and the banks from which he drew his profits were, first and last, sand banks. His business now is, to 'own a few houses,' for which, he affectedly says, 'he gets nothing but his board and lodging, and travelling expenses.' I never set eyes on the fishy face of that same Gudginson (his real name was originally Gudgins) without marvelling at the dispensations of Providence, which confer poverty and scorn upon wits and men of sense, and fortune and pride upon idiots. Madam G., a dressed-up fishmonger's wife, is Snobbery's goddess—extremely dressy, spends, it is said, a thousand a year in adorning her fishy person. But it won't do; all the rose-water in Snobdom won't wash off the smell of mackerel."

"Come, come, Jenkins," said Demaistre, coloring, and speaking in a very serious tone, "you grow severe. The institutions of this country, you know, favor all men equally."

"I deny it, sir," responded Jenkins, breathing a fierce and melancholy sigh; "they favor only the low-born and the dull."

"But what," said the other, "have you and I to say against that?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Demaistre; I trace my origin to one of the early settlers of New-Jersey,—a man, sir, whose genealogy runs back into the days of William the Conqueror. My ancestors fought against the Henrys and Edwards, in the wars of Wales."

"And mine, for aught I know, fought against Leviathan in the wars of whales. What folly is this? My grandfather, the veritable Jedediah Sneak, of Sneakville, Connecticut, sold rum, and molasses, and notions, to country louts; but for all that, I am Meredith Demaistre, Esq., and shall marry a fortune. My dear Jenkins, there is a fault in your organization: you lack assurance. Assurance is better than pride. It is an easy, flexible *virtue*—shall I say—that fits itself to every situation and condition. But this old-fashioned lumber of family pride that you carry about with you, is a barren property, held by a doubtful record, that requires constant vigilance, and is subject to a heavy tax of time and idleness."

"Ah! ha!" replied the other, with a sneer, "I perceive, that together with his aristocratical name, our friend Judas Sneak, Esq., adopted a high moral tone!"

"No; under favor," said the other, "you mistake me. I have a strong interest in your welfare, and meant only to give a friend a little kind advice."

"Very well, let that go," said Jenkins, sullenly. "Now for the Tipptoffs: what of them?"

"To proceed, then, you must know that this affair at Tipptoff's was got up altogether at my suggestion. The T.'s, you know, are on the down-hill side of fashion—a little *seedy*, bearing the usual fruits of too long a continuance in folly—friends dropping off, invitations neglected, &c. &c. Said I, addressing Mrs. T., 'My dear madam, for a lady as well qualified as yourself to make a figure, nay, to *lead* in society——in short, madam, words are poor to express what I mean.' I paused. 'Ah! Demaistre," said she, with tears in her eyes, 'Tipptoff is well meaning, but *too* timid, and, I fear, not *au fait*.' 'True,' said I hesitatingly, 'your husband is a good fellow, very; but you are aware one should have cultivation, should have been *early* trained in society.'"

"Did *you* say that?" growled Jenkins; "you, who passed the first eighteen years of your life——"

"Hush! let me go on. 'One should have been early trained,' says I. 'Taste is a thing given more by society and culture than by nature. Your husband has fine aristocratical elements of character; nor can the man whom you have condescended to marry be supposed——' 'Out, villain! you flatter,' says she, with a prettily affected indignation. 'Never, madam,' replied I. 'A fool it may be sometimes necessary to flatter; but with people of taste and discernment nothing passes but rude sincerity.' 'Ah! Demaistre,' sighed she, looking soft and disconsolate, 'what *shall* we do? Advise us.' 'In the last number of the "Mirror of Manners,"' replied I, 'you may have seen an essay, an indifferent performance of mine?' 'Yes; a description of an entertainment at Lady Bauble's, in London. Oh! it *was* charming! Dear Demaistre, *you* have taste, and such a *naïve* style! You will ruin us. Why, do you know, I no sooner read that description of yours but it came into my head to do just such a thing. But then it would be *so* expensive.'

"'Expensive, madam! That is the very glory of it. It is in fashion as in war: the more it costs, the greater the honor.'

"'If I could only persuade Tipptoff'—*a deep sigh.*

"'Leave that to me,' said I cheerfully.

"'Dear Demaistre!'

"'Have I your full authority for it?'

"'Oh!'——"

Mr. Meredith Demaistre here made a peculiar gesture, with a peculiar expression of his mouth, upon observing which Jenkins smacked his lips and knocked the bottom of his glass against the mahogany. "But how," said he, "could you drag poor Tipptoff into such an extravagance?"

"There," replied Demaistre, lowering his voice, "lies the secret of the whole transaction. You are aware of poor T.'s habits."

"Drinks and plays deep?"

"Yes: plays a great deal with the Major, my friend—you know who. Well, the Major is under heavy obligations to me. I have him, so to speak, in the hollow of my hand. He has been regularly robbing Tipptoff, this last season, of some five thousand. A fool and his money are soon parted. I directed the Major to lose it back to him at his earliest convenience, as we say, but to keep it all by him, and run in debt to T. for the amount. As ordered, so did the Major; and about a week after, T. informed me, with a look of vast satisfaction, that he had won five thousand, which, considering that he had been a loser until then, he thought no less than providential. 'Providential!' said I. 'Indeed! Are you aware, my dear T., that the P.'s and the Q.'s talk of dropping your wife?'

"His countenance fell. 'Don't be alarmed, my good sir,' said I; 'she will very easily recover her position. It is only necessary to give poor Mrs. T. a little more pin money. The poor lady, you know, is very economical, in fact much more careful of *your* concerns than of her own. It was but yesterday she lamented her inability to do anything handsome. Those Squabbs, you know, my dear Tipptoff, those Squabbs have set such a frightful fashion of expense.' In short, I advised the poor fool to advise Mrs. T. to make a bold stroke, outshine the entire Squabb concern, and strike Mrs. Washington Tibbs quite dumb. I offered on the spur of the moment to manage everything. Tipptoff, poor fool, was grateful and said he would sustain Mrs. T., if it cost him all he was worth. The rest you know. Everything came off just as it had been arranged. The widow, partly knowing my plans, patronized poor Mrs. T. openly, so that all saw it, not excepting the party patronized. Squabb took Tipptoff aside and advised him, as a friend, not to go on at that rate, and offered, if he found himself in any sudden difficulty, to accommodate him with a few thousand, if he would give good security."

"And Mrs. Squabbs?" said Jenkins, interrogatively.

"Ah! ha!—there lies the fun of the thing. The Major, who you know is a consummate exaggerator, and an abandoned eulogizer, whispered Mrs. S. in her ear, that it all meant nothing but a compliment to her daughter Emeline Ginevra,—a *thing* which you may have seen rolling in a coach in Broadway."

"Aye,—very fat!"

"As fat, sir, as a firkin, and as affected as a bunch of artificial flowers. Mrs. Squabb, whose shrewdness never gets the better of her vanity, swallowed this leaden bait, and immediately invited the plumpy Major to dine. He will make love to the divine butter firkin, and the two will conclude the child's fable of happiness—'die in a pot of grease.'"

"But did Mrs. Squabb betray anything?"

"Everything. She waddled up to poor Tipptoff and complimented him with the air of a duchess; she let everybody into the secret, and even whispered her daughter, loud enough for half a dozen to hear, that on *such* an occasion it was her duty to hold up her head, and be pleasant. But the young lady needed no instigation; her vanity ran even with her mother's information, and the two came in neck and neck."

"But Mrs. Tipptoff surely took means to contradict this stupid rumor."

"She would have done so, but it happened that her husband had recently applied to the Major for some of the money, and found it not immediately to be come at; and being consequently somewhat embarrassed, he had resolved to borrow from old Squabb. The Tipptoffs, on that account, suffered the impression to remain; and poor Mrs. T. could only bite her lips in silence. She told it all to me the next morning in a fit of chagrin and weeping."

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE CAFÉ.

Demaistre and his companions sat talking over the table until dusk, when they were disturbed by the setting of the cups for tea. They rose and took their accustomed stroll along the quieter side of Broadway. The crowd of home-returning clerks and artisans, that shuffles nightly over the harsh pavement, had grown thin and interrupted. The thunder of the empty cart and loaded omnibus, the cries of hawkers, and the pattering and scraping of ten thousand feet, made it impossible to converse; almost to think. They moved on quietly and leisurely, regarding nothing; until Demaistre turned quickly to the right, crossed over, beckoning Jenkins to follow him—and the two were immediately buried in the darkness of an intersecting street.

Again it is light, and we discover our two friends seated in a remote corner of a large and brilliantly-lighted apartment, set throughout with small marble tables, for the convenience of pairs, or limited parties, of social bachelors, who meet here, and while away the tedious hours of evening, with coffee, or the keener pleasures of strong drink. The early hour had brought few visitors, and a feeling of privacy and quiet stole over the two, as they sat.

A heavy chandelier, hanging from the centre of the ceiling above a broad reading table, sent a clear and soft light through the room. Leaning over the table and apparently lost in the perusal of a German newspaper, you might have seen a gray-haired gentleman, in whose face traces of care and of reflection mingled painfully with the tokens of a night-worn and dissipatied life.

On observing this person, Demaistre started, and then with as little noise as possible changed his position so as to throw his face in shadow, and conceal it from the stranger.

A look of inquiry passed over the face of his companion. Demaistre observed it, and presently, after having ordered coffee and cigars, he began to speak in a low voice.

"An old enemy of mine," said he, "and one of the few men in this world whom I wish to avoid."

"I begin to see," replied the other with a sneer, "that even *your* impudence is not equal to mine. I can look any man in the face and defy scrutiny."

"Because you have nothing to hide."

"Very true, thank God! but who is it?"

"Conrad, a German. We were acquainted in Paris."

"I have heard the name, but it is common. A rival, perhaps."

"Worse,—an enemy."

"Is not a rival the worst enemy?

"For the time, the worst enemy is the man you win from at play,—that is my experience."

"When you cheat."

"Call it by hard names if you will, but every kind of game is a delusion, and your success depends half upon chance, and half upon your own secresy and knowledge of your enemy's ignorance."

"You ruined yonder gentleman, I suppose."

"Yes. He informed against me for a common swindler,—I challenged him, and at the same time gave information to the police that he was a German radical. Louis Philippe had a great dislike of radicals, and our friend was directed to leave Paris."

"What was your travelling name at that time?"

"Cocksure,—I was English,—Charles Cocksure, Esq., of Cocksure. Conrad did not suspect me. He had a sister at Paris, a very pretty creature, and the heiress of a small property in Pennsylvania. My intention was to marry the girl, and go with her to America; but I fell into temptation, lost all my money to a female communist, was compelled to ruin Conrad, and lost his countenance with his sister. It is four years since, but if the dog sees me, he will remind me of the challenge."

"But the girl?" inquired Jenkins, with a sigh. "Did she love you?"

"I was no less than a divinity in her eyes, and the poor thing absolutely died of disappointment, as I know. She was Conrad's sole relative, and he made a pet of her. His rage was terrific. He believed, too, that I had harmed the girl, but I never had any inclination that way."

"I dare say not," said Jenkins, with a sneer; "you are a great philosopher, and have wonderful self-command. Enviable man!"

"Mr. Jenkins," said Demaistre, bowing very coolly, "you have your joke."

"And you your self-command, ha! ha!

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ha! an even share. I am content with my joke, and you doubtless with the other quality,—what do you call it? self-command, ha! ha!—a great philosopher. Here's to self-command, the king of all the virtues—the very Pope of the merits: May he never want opportunities."

Demaistre bit his lip and turned pale; but like the hero Narses, defeat cowed not his spirit, and contempt rather inspired than abashed him. Dropping the subject easily, he took up a very jocular and confiding tone, rattled over a variety of pleasant topics, and pretending to have an appointment at eight, left Jenkins in a high good-humor with himself, and consequently with every one else.

The German soon looked up, and recognizing Jenkins, who had not till then seen that the enemy of Demaistre was an old acquaintance of his own, the two joined company and entered into conversation, assisting their wits with an occasional glass of brandy-and-water.

The German had before him a copy of the *London Times*—Jenkins, a *Herald*. They exchanged. The two papers, of the same date, had each an article on the military power of the respective countries.

"Your countrymen," said the German, "are the most irascible and insolent in the world, and the strongest for war, but they do not feel it. The English, on the contrary, *feel* powerful, and are essentially weak: they outface you."

"We shall one day feel and understand our power," replied Jenkins, "and England her weakness, and she will then perhaps assume a civiller tone toward us. But how is it that you Prussians, who are a military people, trained, every man of you, to arms, are not the leading power in Europe?"

"For the same reason, sir," replied Conrad, "that you Americans are not the first in the world. I call you Americans,—I should have said Republicans; for though you are a compactly organized power, you are *not* a nation, in the ancient sense. Neither is Prussia a nation; its nationality is young and weak; it could even reconcile itself, as some of your fools do, to dismemberment and subjugation. The masses of the people have not liberty enough; they have discipline and education instead."

Jenkins smiled. "Liberty," said he, "is no longer a passion with us. The old enthusiasm has worn itself out. With your people it has not yet come."

"Nor perhaps ever will," replied Conrad, sighing, "though I would give my life to be assured of it. But you have it in your hearts as warm as ever, though you talk less about it; and that is no doubt right. But you are looking for something new to interest you, and must have change."

"Do you mean to say that our form of government will change?"

"No, not materially; but the spirit of your early history, your 'spirit of '76,' as you call it, is an extinct form of enthusiasm. Your hot adventurers, who know little of the past, cannot feed their imaginations on the glory of their fathers; they wish to make a little fresh glory for themselves."

"And what follows?"

"Look at history and it will tell you. What followed liberty in Athens?"

"Conquest!"

"What in Rome?"

"Conquest, too."

"What is it that has made England a conquering and enterprising power?"

"Do you mean to suggest," said Jenkins, with an expression of surprise, "that Great Britain owes her vigor, these last two centuries, to an infusion of the democratic principle?"

"Why not? The more of democracy the more of war, and the more, too, of public authority and of popular activity. The most despotic empires are the most peaceful. When the will of the multitude rules, you have perpetual wars. Merchants under a strong government delight in war: witness Greece, Carthage, Egypt, England. And you too must come to it. War opens the way for commerce. We say Commerce is king,—we mean to say, interest is king. The Southerner is valiant in defense of his property,—the Englishman in defense of his commerce. The American will again make war, as he has already made it, for his freedom of industry, the liberty to work and sell. He must shut out the foreigner or he starves, and if he cannot otherwise do it, he will fight for it.

"When the American cotton grower, farmer, and cloth maker believe in a common interest, and feel that together they can stand against the world, they will make one nation, and be masters of the seas. In Prussia, the people do not know

what a great government is made for; they are children. Neither do you Americans understand the matter much better. You are still too speculative and metaphysical; the old ideas haunt you; you do not seem to know that your government is an engine of progress. The English aristocracy and the millionaires have the secret of your ignorance, and they regulate your affairs for you, very easily, through books, agents, envoys, and newspapers. One of these days you will be your own masters, and then you will throw the old pilot into the sea, and seize the ship, and the world will be yours; you will be first in commerce, first in everything. Then you will have fine arts and letters; now you have the refuse of England reprinted, for your cheap and vulgar market. Europeans have but a qualified respect for you,—it is 'good boy'—'smart boy,' but afraid of his papa,—a great 'hobby de hoy.' Faugh! In fact I sometimes despise America in my heart, and admire England for her skill in governing such a great sly booby as Brother Jonathan, were it not that I despise Prussia more. I will tell you a thing which one of the wisest of your statesmen told to me, a few days before his death,—a man, since Franklin, of unequalled prescience and prudence, and a true Republican. I had been only a week in America, and found your politicians very much heated about the addition of a bit of territory, which they called Texas,—lately settled by a colony of your Southern cut-throats. I was astonished at the stir it made. The old man bade me listen and learn more, and my astonishment would be less. 'We are at the turning point,' said he; 'the Republic of '76 is no longer in existence; we are an Empire,—and now we shall go on conquering,—we shall have a powerful army and navy,—we shall be ambitious,—and profuse, imperial;—our legislation will be henceforth changed;—it is a new order of things. The old goes out.'"

Mr. Jenkins, who, though young, had inherited Federal gray hairs, listened with an amused attention to the remarks of the old German, but did not attempt to conceal an expression of incredulity, which rather irritated his companion.

"Young gentleman," continued the other, "my prophecy is founded on the continuance of your Union; and that depends on *faith*. Incredulity and want of confidence in yourselves is the vice of your people, and it may be your ruin. You fancy you know too much. Do not pride yourself on that. You yourself, Mr. Jenkins, do not know a knave from an honest man; at least if I may judge by your company," said Conrad, very much irritated.

"Do you mean Demaistre?" said Jenkins, really offended.

"The same," said the old radical. "I know the man and his character; and it surprised me much to see a gentleman, and an honest man, keeping such company. This Demaistre, as you call him, is an adventurer of the worst sort, of base origin, now under an assumed name, a true agent of the devil, distributing vanity and folly among silly women."

Jenkins could not refrain from laughing at the heat of the stranger's expression; but the other either did not or would not observe it, and continued his strictures upon our handsome hero, interspersing a variety of tedious political observations, too hot and acrid for the cultivated taste of an American Democrat.

Jenkins, concealing his knowledge of the man, remarked, that he thought foppery a harmless folly, and beneath criticism.

The German ground his teeth together as if troubled with an inward grief.

"The man," said Jenkins, "has, perhaps, injured you in some way."

"As for private griefs," said Conrad, "I have no spirits to waste upon them. It is society that has injured me, and Demaistre is a pet of society. Society, sir, is rotten, it is aristocratized, corrupted, even in America. This harmless fop, as you seem to think him, with his cat-like affectations, debases and ruins your women."

"I have heard," said Jenkins, "that he is quite moral, a very Joseph."

"A mistake," said the other, "I can swear, for there are men who will corrupt the imaginations of a hundred women, while you and I, poor rogues, are honestly ruining one. Vanity is the great seducer. A cowardly fop, with the malice of a lap-dog, and the united arts of a card-player and flatterer, let loose upon a society of wealthy parvenus, like yours, will graft moral diseases upon you that neither church nor school can cure. Such an one is this silken-haired, white-faced devil, who calls himself Demaistre, but whose name ought to be

Judas,—at least he is my ideal of that worthy. He is the embodiment of European servility, and his appearance here is an evidence of a new spirit that will spoil your silly Republic."

Jenkins could not avoid laughing outright at the extraordinary excitement of the old German, about so insignificant a person as he took our hero to be; he had not then heard of the terrible affair of C. B——, the great bribe offered to the member from J—k—n, by the Russian Autocrat, to betray the whole Continent to a handful of bayonets. F——nce was certainly mixed up in that business. Could the Widow Tibbs, and the P.'s, and the Q.'s, and the S—'bbs, and C—tt—ings have known it, doubtless they would have had their coats of arms newly furbished.

The talk of the German grew wearisome to Jenkins, who, of all topics, hated a political one. To escape its continuance he drew the old gentleman into a talk upon music, which was a hobby with both. They soon left the Café, and Jenkins, by the invitation of his friend, went with him to his lodgings, though it was late.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

At Conrad's they found a stranger waiting for that gentleman. This was the veritable Sir Charles Humdrum, gentleman artist, from his studies at Dusseldorf. Attending upon his heels stood the veritable Tom Jotting, the "items man" of the world-wide "Sunday Morning Maniac." As a living representative of English nobility, Sir Charles seemed to be an object of intense and awful interest to Jotting, which he made no effort to hide; and between the knight and his admirer, there was a harmony of natures like that of the sexes, or, not to desecrate that generous relationship, like the affinity between a big schoolboy and his little fag. Sir Charles was a tall, fresh-looking youth, very white and red, and with a noticeably clean skin. It was evident he washed with regularity; and Jotting, who, with a view to correct information, got up an intimacy with his washerwoman, assured me that his shirts, (of fine linen,) two dozen, were changed twice a day. Jotting is happy at these things, and I shall make bold to insert here a description of Sir Charles, written for the "Maniac:"—

"His eye was large and open, with wet-looking lids, like a young heifer's; and his nose turned up at the tip, thin and very white, as though he pulled it much himself. Sir Charles, it was evident, never drank; his dietary holds him to a milk diet, for," said Jotting, rising on the theme, "he had no more of dyspepsia about him than a pig. His teeth, white, long, and even, had a harmless look, and pushed the upper lip a little forward, as though nature had mixed a trace of the herbivorous, or horse temperament, (racer, of course,) in his blood.

"On being introduced he shook hands with his glove between the little finger and the palm, and smiled sweetly like a girl of sixteen, but very cool, like old maids at morning visits the day after a funeral. The unconscious superiority of his nature enabled Sir Charles to govern with discretion a pair of the longest and straightest legs I ever saw, which were, in fact, perfectly continuous with his body from the armpits to the ankles. Their absolute length could not be accurately determined; one could only broach conjecture on that important point from the gentlemanly movement of the hips, which were high and narrow. But what we most admired," continues Jotting, "was the wonderful ease of his fingers, which resembled a bunch of peeled radishes, so easy were they, and independent of each other; so white and taper, with the high blood of Normandy imparting a flush to the cuticle. He gave us his two fingers in a 'lord and master' style, and seemed *ennuyée* with the effort. He coughed slightly, and with great ease; yawned almost imperceptibly, examined my boots an instant with his eye-glass, and turned to a friend, who stood near, as if to say, 'My dear fellaw, who the juce have you here?' exactly as English lords do these things in real life."

"You may laugh if you will, sir," said Jotting, as I was looking over the description, in a wet proof of the Maniac, "but I can tell you, sir, there are points about *real* nobility beyond the comprehension of a republican, and one of these is the voice. God knows, my sister has a silvery voice, but Sir Charles's is the pure thing. Voice, Mr. Rigmarole, is a thing that indicates blood. A man must

have it from his grandmother; I do not mean to say that a man ought absolutely to have his grandmother's tone, but he must have her blood in him. A man, sir, must have the blood of his grandmother to have a good voice. A large degree of self-consciousness is equally necessary to the speaking of a good article of English. None but a full-blooded lord can sound the vowels and consonants correctly, or give that sportive, half-lazy, half-impudent drawl, which is so juced superior. In fact, to speak good English, one must have lounged in an Oxford cloister, after playing trap at Eton with the young aristocracy. Greek accidence is a part of the secret. A neat use of slang, like the acid in punch, never *de trop*, an articulation and cadence like the higher octaves of a boudoir piano, touched by the neat finger of our little Hoffman, (who, now I think of it, bade me give you a ticket, here it is,)—shall I add spicy haut-boyish inflexions of the voice, for the introduction of my gentleman's polished teeth-betrayers, (I mean a smile,) and jaw-depressors, (I mean dashes of aristocratic dullness,) put in as though my gentleman ought not to know anything out of the Court Journal, and cannot recollect his younger brothers' names, were he damned for it;—in fine, an easy evenness of tone and carriage, as though my lord had been in h—l and seen nothing there particularly striking.—Ah, sir, to acquire all this is an art—is high art, and requires a combination of blood and education which only Oxford and St. James's, and a life of easy spending, can give a man; fore Heaven! I am sure to know a gentleman now. I wish only to hear him say, Aw! in the dark; that little exclamation betrays it all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## DR. WAYLAND ON COLLEGIATE REFORM.*

NONE but those who understand a system should endeavor to remodel it. This is a truism, and we wish the truism pardoned for the sake of its character as a text.

Our college system is known to be objectionable. Our graduates are strangely deficient in those branches which the College makes its especial care, and are proverbially ignorant of those practical sciences which exert so weighty an influence on the present world. We find among them few masters of Latin and Greek, fewer still who are at all skilful in mathematics. He would be thought an indifferent French teacher whose pupils, after having been three or four years under his care, were unable to pronounce and translate a page of Molière. Yet it is common knowledge that not one graduate in three can read and translate a section of Tacitus without blundering in his quantities, if not in his rendering. *Rari nantes* are they who can solve you a quadratic equation on the instant, not to mention the more abstruse problems of the triangle and the cone. Without stopping to enlarge upon what no one will dispute, it may safely be said that a system of education that furnishes such meagre and unsatisfactory results should be looked into and reformed, if reformation be possible; and that the scrutiny should be conducted, and the plan of reformation proposed, by one intimately conversant with the broad and intricate subject of University education.

In such a matter as Collegiate Reform, the first steps towards alteration and improvement must be taken by more competent parties than the superficial public, or the newspaper. Declamation against the conservative College is utterly useless, and is often of positive injury in strengthening the evils which it strives to eradicate. Open abuse only recoils upon itself. Of all the attacks that have been made on our college

* Report to the Corporation of Brown University, on the Changes in the System of Collegiate Education. Read March 28, 1850. Providence: George H. Whitney.

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system within the last few years, there have been none in which the spirit of reckless change and undistinguishing rancor against educational conservatism was not so powerful as to baffle its object, and insure for all propositions of reform an indifferent or a hostile reception. Such means of improvement have had their day. A reformer more temperate, better instructed, and more thoroughly clothed with authority, has appeared, whose only misfortune is that his predecessors have been so unworthy of their office and their successor.

Dr. Wayland is admirably fitted for the duty he has undertaken. We do not say this unadvisedly, nor is it a hasty conclusion from the feasibility of the plans which he advocates. He is a close and logical reasoner from his premises; and if we are sure of the truth of the latter, no one can persuade us that his conclusions are erroneous. The unsoundness of the Dr.'s Political Economy arises only from the incorrectness of his premises; the reasoning is as clear and deduct, as a strict regard for the laws of language and logic can make it.* In the present instance, however, we are certain as to premises. What college education is and what it does, we know. A mere reference to catalogues informs us at once of the number of our Colleges; of their text-books and of the changes made in them from time to time; of the number of students in attendance, and of their general and specific plans. On one point only are we left in the dark, nor on this point does Dr. Wayland profess his ability to inform us, namely, the amount of funds already expended by these institutions in their endeavors to establish themselves on secure foundations. We only know that one College alone, from the many that solicit our patronage, audits and publishes an annual Treasurer's Report, and that the expense of each student's education to the public amounts in dollars to four places of figures.

Our Colleges, deficient as their graduates are in the knowledge whose badge they wear, were modelled after the English Universities, exemplars not inglorious or unworthy of imitation. In what trifling deviations their founders saw fit to make, they consulted correct judgment and popular need. The course of study remained substantially the same. The number of years was fixed by standard precedent. The education which these infant and struggling Colleges of New-England gave their pupils, although far less general and diffusive than that which they now offer, was thorough and practical. In their main object, the advancement of the ministry, they were successful even beyond hope. The early theologians of New-England afford a splendid and lasting proof of the efficiency of that system by which their growing minds were nurtured. Institutions to which Edwards, and Dwight, and Emmons were wont to look with filial and affectionate reverence, have no cause to be ashamed of the mode of instruction by which these giants of theological literature were trained; they have better reason to ponder carefully the fact that their alumni are waxing feebler

* Dr. Wayland, it is said, is a disciple of McCulloch, i. e., an advocate of the *laisser faire*, or anti-national and anti-American doctrine of trade. He appoints one term (three or four months) *only* to the study of his system of political economy, of which our urbane contributor remarks, that although logically constructed, it is weak in the *premises;* as if one should say, a very good runner, but crippled in the legs. It is said that the political system of the learned Doctor has been made a text-book at Yale and other Colleges. The first premise of the free-trade system, the right leg of the cripple, is that nations ought not to attempt more than one kind of industry;—America ought, for example, to confine herself to corn, cotton and potato culture, giving England a monopoly of all the more difficult and profitable kinds of industry. Now to carry out this "premise" (i. e., the expediency of a complete division of labor among the nations of the earth) to its logical consequences, is it not just and proper that the peculiar industry of the learned professions be divided and appropriated in the same manner? To instance: Let England have all the writers and scholars, lawyers and theologians. Let Germany have all the philosophers and metaphysicians,—Italy all the priests and clergymen,—France all the republican writers, &c., &c. Why not bring everything ready made across the water? Why work against the grain? Why kick against the pricks? What need of learning at all? Why study a course of political economy which teaches us that there is no need of political "economy,"—that *waste* and not "economy" is the true road to national wealth? Colleges in America are mere forced growths, like manufactures, and consequently they do not flourish. In fact, political economists of the free-trade school in America ought to engage in potato planting. What manner of men are these who preach one doctrine and practise another? The learned Doctor's logical legs, i. e., his premises, are indeed not only lame, but absolutely wooden,—the true living members having been cut off by the statistical quack salvers of England.—Ed.

with each successive lustrum, and are driven to take up other weapons than those furnished them by *Alma Mater*, if they would combat successfully with a stalwart world around them.

Times changed. Progress, so long the pursuer of a definite and easily discerned path, suddenly branched out in manifold forms, and tended in manifold directions. Science quadrupled its resources. Nature, interrogated by a myriad of eager questioners, spoke so clearly and divinely that her devotees increased with every word. Alas, poor Colleges! you are full of work in educating in your simple Latin, Greek, and pure numbers! What means will you employ to satisfy the clamor rising in your very halls for initiation into the profitable mysteries of practical science, and the new and captivating philosophies which, from their European cradle, are starting up with more than Herculean vigor?

It was impossible for the Colleges, conservative though they were, to preserve their course of study intact. Had they attempted it, their diminished classes would quickly have warned them of their error. Nor would it have been practicable to increase the number of years necessary to the acquisition of a diploma. Had they altered their *system*, appointing to each student such a course as he might choose, the difficulty would have been obviated, and new branches taught without serious detriment to the old. But the ancient and wonted *system*, it was thought, could not be dropped. And so as branch after branch of study was introduced, and the tree of knowledge became expanded by reason of the multitude of its boughs, each branch and bough was clipped shorter and shorter. Dropping the figure, as the number of studies increased, each was taught less perfectly.

"It seems to have been taken for granted that our Colleges were designed exclusively for professional men; that they must teach all that professional men might wish to know; and that all this must be taught in four years. The time of study was not extended, but science after science was added to the course as fast as the pressure from without seemed to require it. The extent to which this system has been carried among us may be seen by observing the annual catalogue of any of our Colleges. In the oldest and most celebrated College of New-England, the course of study pursued by the undergraduate embraces the following branches of learning, to wit: Latin, Greek, Mathematics, comprehending Geometry and Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry, Ancient and Modern History, Natural History, Chemistry, Rhetoric, French, Psychology, Ethics, Physics, Logic, Botany, Political Economy, the Evidences of Religion, Constitution of the United States, Mineralogy, Geology, and German or Spanish or an equivalent, together with essays to be written in several of these departments, and instruction in Elocution.

"There are, in the whole four years, one hundred and sixty weeks of study. Suppose that the student pursues twenty of these branches of learning, this will allow eight weeks to each. Seven eighths of the first year, and one half of the second, are devoted to Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. If we subtract this amount, fifty-five weeks, from one hundred and sixty, it leaves one hundred and five weeks to be devoted to the remainder. This will give us six weeks and a fraction to each of the other studies. But this is not all. In order to introduce so many sciences into the period of four years, the student is frequently obliged to carry on five or six at the same time; some occupying him three times, others twice, and others once in a week. In this manner all continuity of thought is interrupted, and literary enthusiasm rendered almost impossible. Such has been, to a greater or less degree, the course pursued by all our Colleges. The greater the number of studies prescribed in the curriculum, the more generous is believed to be the education imparted. When a College is not able to exhibit so extensive a course of instruction, it is considered as a misfortune which nothing can palliate but its pecuniary inability to relieve it.

"And what is the result? Can the work that is marked out in the course of studies in any of our Colleges be performed in four years? Is there any proportion between the labor to be done, and the time in which it is to be accomplished? We have stated the time that is given on an average to each of some twenty sciences, in the foremost College of New-England. Can any one believe that such knowledge of either of them can be acquired in this time, as shall advance the progress of learning, or discipline

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the mind of the student? The course of study, as we have remarked, in the English Universities, is extremely limited; the students enter the University from the best of grammar schools, and yet those who are candidates for honors are obliged to study industriously, and frequently intensely. If this is, therefore, a fair measure of what a student can do, what must be the result, if three or four times the amount of labor be imposed upon him?" (Report, pp. 14, 15, 16.)

To meet the wants of the public, and to furnish an education to each student that should enable him to speak with confidence upon the various scientific and philosophical topics of the day, this broad and superficial course was introduced, although so gradually that no alarm was felt at the lengthening list of studies and text-books in the College Catalogues. Parents viewed with delight the vast field of knowledge into which their sons were to be inducted, and if at any time misgivings arose as to the thoroughness with which this knowledge was to be acquired, they were quickly checked by the simple recollection of the wisdom and experience of the teachers who regulated the course. Young men, it is true, doubted their own capability to master all that their wondering eyes saw in the oft-referred-to and portentous scheme, but once entered within college walls they ceased from wonder and anxiety. Difficulties vanished. Science made easy met them at every step with alluring smiles; Philosophies became divested of their rigors; Languages suddenly disowned their mysterious requirements; and gently gliding over a smooth road, easy to the feet and lined with helping vehicles, the neophytes in due time grasped the honored laurel at their journey's end. And with most, the object of a four years' journey had been accomplished. Henceforth who dared question their acquirements, their acquaintance with the philosophies of the moderns, their familiarity with the stately classics? The diploma—was it not an universal passport? Were they not received with favor everywhere as a peculiar and distinguished class? Truly all this was a satisfying reward for so short and so easy a probation.

The public demand being now satisfied, and a guarantee given by the actions of the past that all future requirements would be promptly and fully answered, nothing was more natural than to expect continued and growing prosperity to the Colleges. The importance of education was fully recognized, graduates were honored, tuition was cheap; what could prevent the increase of classes in individual colleges, and the increase of colleges themselves? Surely if the commodity offered was good, and within universal reach, it would find buyers. And for a time the commodity *was* taken up. Colleges *did* increase. Classes increased. Nor did the latter begin to diminish until the truth forced itself upon the community that the kind of education which had been introduced as the necessity of the age, was an impossibility, a contradiction of itself, which professed to do everything and did nothing well,—which neither made philosophers, nor scientific men, nor linguists,—which by its multifariousness and breadth distracted the mind, and robbed it of that discipline which is the prime desideratum in study; and that the time and money spent in acquiring it might be more profitably employed in other ways.

As the number of students diminished, effort was made to arrest the decrease by lowering the rate of tuition. This could not be a local measure, for if one college was enabled to afford equally good education with others at a much less cost, it is evident that it would soon be crowded at the expense of the others. As soon, therefore, as appeals were made to public benevolence in behalf of one institution, the public was universally besieged with similar demands. Denominations rallied around their own seminaries. Competition continued. Funds were provided by which young men, who, to use a current expression, were able to bring "satisfactory evidence of poverty," were educated gratuitously. Colleges have ceased to support themselves. "If it be desired to render a college prosperous, we do not so much ask in what way we can afford the best education, or confer the greatest benefit on the community, but how we can raise funds, by which our tuition may be most effectually reduced in price, or given away altogether."

That the demands made by American Colleges have been liberally met, those acquainted with the subject will readily allow, although the magnitude of the funds contributed cannot be easily ascertained. But something like an estimate may be formed from the Report of the Treasurer of Harvard

College, touching the sum appropriated to the education of undergraduates. The fund employed for this purpose amounts to $467,-162 17. The interest of this sum, with the tuition fees, supports the institution. This interest is $28,029 72, which is the expense of education to the College, besides what is received for tuition. Dividing this sum by the average number of graduates for the last ten years, fifty-seven, the portion received by each graduate is $491 01. The money expended in buildings, land, apparatus, &c., probably equals that at interest. Whence we are forced to the conclusion that every graduate of this institution, in addition to all that he pays for his own education, costs the public about $1000. This sum is somewhat above that in most other colleges, still it points us clearly to the fact that every alumnus of every endowed institution is a pensioner upon the public, and that the expense to which both he and the public are subjected is not counterbalanced by the defective education he receives. The results arrived at do not pay for the processes. To substantiate this let us look at three statements, two of which Dr. Wayland establishes by the most irrefragable proof; the other is only capable of a moral demonstration.

Firstly, to prove that the number of educated men in the community has not been increased by the reduction of tuition and the enlargement of the course of study, a table of the annual average of students during the last twenty years in twelve New-England Colleges is submitted to us, compiled from sources abundantly reliable. We find that

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| "From 1830 to 1834, | the | average | number | was | ....1560 |
| From 1835 to 1839, | " | " | " | " | ....1803 |
| From 1840 to 1844, | " | " | " | " | ....2063 |
| From 1844 to 1849, | " | " | " | " | ....2000 |
| In the year 1850, | the | number | was | | .....1884 |

"In the year 1849, the number was only seven greater than in 1835; and in 1850 only fifty-one greater than in 1836." (Report, p. 30.)

In view of this we cannot dissent from the inference that "from these facts it would certainly appear that the number of those who are seeking a collegiate education is actually growing less, and this moreover at a time when the subject of education has attracted the attention of our whole community to a degree altogether unprecedented in our history."

Touching the second statement, we do not propose to argue upon the question whether the standard of professional ability has been raised within the last thirty years. Upon this point widely different opinions are entertained. We can only represent the general belief, that there are less inducements to enter the professions than formerly, that they are not necessarily more ennobling than the higher branches of commerce, and that the number of powerful and eminent professional men is not noticeably on the increase.

The third statement is as true, as it is indicative of a mortifying fact. The reduction of the cost of collegiate education has been made mainly to increase the number of preachers, by affording candidates for the sacred office the utmost facilities. This end attained, and the means are proved correct. Facts show us that the means have resulted in effects directly contrary to those intended.

"We take the Seminaries of Bangor, Andover, Cambridge, Newton, New-Haven, and East Windsor, and find that the average, for periods of five years, of their aggregate number of students, is as follows:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| From 1830 to 1834, | the | average | is | .....265 |
| " 1835 to 1839, | " | " | | .....346 |
| " 1840 to 1844, | " | " | | .....350 |
| " 1845 to 1849, | " | " | | .....290 |

"The whole number for the last year is 261. This is less by ten than that for the year 1833. From 1830 to 1840 the number of students increased from 253 to 373, and from 1840 to 1850 it has decreased from 373 to 261; that is, it is only eight more now than it was thirty years ago." (Report, p. 33.)

From the facts before us is it unreasonable to conclude that the education furnished at our Colleges, and the manner in which it is given, are unacceptable to the people, and are deficient in those results which alone make instruction useful? Is it a fact unworthy of notice that many of our alumni, who were certainly not idle in College, are obliged to go through with a thorough revision of classic elements upon entering professional schools, when every one who bears a diploma should be intimately conversant with the principles and structure of Greek and Latin? Must there not be a fault somewhere if the mental discipline of the professed student compares unfavorably with that of the lawyer's clerk, who has worked

his way into the office from the plough or the workshop; or with that of the young merchant whose evenings only have been spared by the relentless demands of trade? Not that this is necessarily or alwaysthe case, but that its frequent occurrence leads us to suspect that other causes than natural indolence in the student tend to bring it about. Against the influence of a constantly shifting and superficial course of study; of barren formulas whose results are never reached; of outlined philosophies, whose beauty lies only in completeness, and whose completion is never intended; of multifarious branches forced in promiscuous heaps upon the distracted mind, the ardent resolves and ambitious desires of few can hold out. In attempting to gain insight into all proposed for its examination, the reasoning power succumbs, and sinks into a deceitful and lethargic ease. The memory is overburdened, and shakes off its duties altogether. The mind, losing its wonted and healthy action, gradually becomes satisfied to take everything for granted, and to escape from the task of analyzing, through the easy road of passive belief. A few vigorous intellects conquer the difficulties of their position, and gain strength by disarming a power that has already left them the sole survivors of a melancholy contest.

The plan which Dr. Wayland proposes as a remedy for these evils is one which in its substantial features, though with slight modifications, has been gaining much favor as theory, and has achieved desirable success in practice. It is that the present system of adjusting collegiate study to a specific term of years be abandoned; that the time allotted to each course of instruction depend on the nature of the course, and not on its supposed adaptations to the wants of any particular profession; that the various courses be so arranged, that so far as it is practicable each student may study what he chooses, all he chooses, and nothing but what he chooses; that no student be admitted as a candidate for a degree, unless he has honorably sustained his examination in such studies as may be ordained by the corporation, but that no student be under any obligation to proceed to a degree unless he chooses; and that each student be entitled to a certificate of such proficiency as he may have made in every course that he has pursued.

We subjoin the courses of instruction which Dr. Wayland thinks feasible:—

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| 1. | A course of instruction | in | Latin, occupying two years |
| 2. | " | " | in Greek, occupying two years. |
| 3. | " | " | in three Modern Languages. |
| 4. | " | " | in Pure Mathematics, two years. |
| 5. | " | " | in Mechanics, Optics, and Astronomy, either with or without Mathematical demonstrations, one and a half years. |
| 6. | " | " | in Chemistry, Physiology, and Geology, one and a half years. |
| 7. | " | " | in the English Language and Rhetoric, one year. |
| 8. | " | " | in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, one year. |
| 9. | " | " | in Political Economy, one term. |
| 10. | " | " | in History, one term. |
| 11. | " | " | in the Science of Teaching. |
| 12. | " | " | on the Principles of Agriculture. |
| 13. | " | " | on the Application of Chemistry to the Arts. |
| 14. | " | " | on the Application of Science to the Arts. |
| 15. | " | " | in the Science of Law. |

This system, it will be seen, while it includes all the branches at present taught in our Colleges, and leaves ample room for the introduction of as many more as may seem desirable, permits each student to select such studies as suit his own views or those of his parents, and gives him sufficient time to acquire a thorough knowledge of every branch he undertakes. It offers no obstacles to those who are preparing themselves to enter professions, but rather favors their progress in their definite studies by releasing them from those branches which they would find of little practical use, and for which they have but little inclination. It favors such as are unwilling or unable to spend four years in a diffusive and preparatory college course, by permitting them through close study of a few distinct branches to qualify themselves for a profession. It gives opportunity to those who wish to pursue a more liberal course of education to remain in college five or six years, instead of the present number. It offers great advantages to the many young men who wish to share the general privileges of a collegiate education without a long and laborious study of the classics, and who intend to enter the more active departments of life. At present this class are compelled to depend on private, and therefore expensive study, or public lectures. Professional students, then, would not be diminished; the average number of years spent in college would remain nearly the same as at present; the number of students of all kinds would be largely increased, and the blessings of education proportionably extended. The student who used rea-

sonable diligence would gain knowledge systematically and with enthusiasm. In every step of his duty he would be attended by interest, and the alliance of interest and duty is proverbially efficient. In whatever branches he might undertake he would be stimulated by an ambition to master, and excel in, his own choice. There could no longer exist complaints against an arbitrary and unseasonable imposition of studies, since every one would be free to follow his own inclinations. Our Colleges would escape the charge of exclusiveness which is now urged against them with too much truth. That they were primarily designed for professional men is no more true, than that in confining their blessings to that class of men, they are erring grievously against a liberal and Christian policy. They make appeals to all classes of men; it is but right that they should extend their privileges to all classes, without subjecting such as would participate to an unnecessary and distasteful prescription of study. Let their diplomas, if in them there exists a magic and sacred charm, be given only to those who satisfy certain conditions; but let their advantages, which generous communities have contributed to establish, be as generously afforded to those who are willing to make a slight sacrifice to obtain them. The fear that our Colleges will become too cheap is unworthy and unenlightened. The fear that their present advantages will become less and less worthy the price demanded for them is not so irrational.

Setting aside, however, justice and expediency, is it not *necessary* that a change that shall bring about the advantages above hinted at, be introduced?

"To us, it seems that but little option is left to the Colleges in this matter. Any one who will observe the progress which, within the last thirty years, has been made by the productive classes of society, in power, wealth, and influence, must be convinced that a system of education, practically restricted to a class vastly smaller, and rapidly decreasing in influence, cannot possibly continue. Within a few years the manufacturing interest has wrung the Corn Laws from the aristocracy of Great Britain. Let any one recall the relative position of the professions, and of the mercantile and manufacturing interests, in any of our cities, twenty years since, and compare it with their relative position now, and he cannot but be convinced that a great and a progressive change has taken place. Men who do not design to educate their sons for the professions, are capable of determining upon the kind of instruction which they need. If the Colleges will not furnish it, they are able to provide it for themselves; and they will provide it. In New-York and Massachusetts incipient measures have been taken for establishing Agricultural Colleges. The bill before the Legislature of New-York provides for instruction in all the branches taught in our Colleges, with the exception of languages. It is to be, in fact, an institution for giving all the education which we now give, agricultural science being substituted for Latin and Greek. What is proposed to be done for the farmers must soon be done either for or by the manufacturers and merchants. In this manner, each productive department will have its own school, in which its own particular branch of knowledge will be taught, besides the other ordinary studies of a liberal education. A large portion of the instruction communicated will thus be the same for all. Mathematics, Mechanics, Chemistry, Physiology, Rhetoric, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and Political Economy will be taught in them all. The Colleges teach precisely the same sciences, with the addition of Latin and Greek, in the place of the knowledge designed in these separate schools for a particular profession.

"If the *prestige* of Colleges should thus be destroyed, and it be found that as good an education as they furnish can be obtained in any of those other schools, the number of their students will be sensibly diminished. If by this dissemination of science among all the other classes of society, the tendency towards the professions should be still farther arrested, the Colleges will be deserted by yet larger numbers. They may become very good foundations for the support of instructors, but very few will be found to avail themselves of their instructions." (Report, pp. 59, 60.)

The economy with which large establishments may be managed, the ease with which a skilful teacher may instruct a large number, and the existing arrangements already in our Colleges, speak powerfully against the establishment of these various new schools in which the same sciences are

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to be taught. The Colleges possess libraries, and apparatus, and buildings. By a modification of their present system these might be made far more productive and useful than they now are; and the numbers who are waiting to enter schools where their wants will be cared for, or are turning away in despair of the education they need, would immediately gather about the College, augmenting its funds, and indefinitely extending its influence. The dusty volumes that now sleep an unbroken and useless slumber on the dark library shelves would be wakened into a benign life; the apparatus now used once or twice in a year would be kept in more constant employment; and in place of a recitation room barely able to hold twenty students, there would be ampler halls more generously filled. Teachers rewarded by interested scholars would instruct with zeal and ardor, and push their own private researches with that enthusiasm which is only created by a sense of appreciated labor. Each College would become a body of many members, and each member contribute to the health and vigor of the whole frame.

We are not of the number of those who advocate a return to the primitive studies of the college course, who would lop off the beautiful and productive sciences of the present day, the subtle philosophies of metapysical criticism, the Economies of Politics and Wealth; and would confine us to Homer, Tacitus, and Euclid. Those who advise this course will not be strongly opposed, for no opposition is necessary. In our present state of enlightenment, amid the universal call for generous education, a return to such a course would empty our Colleges at once.

The change that is demanded must come in the manner we have been laboring to explain, or in some similar way. That it must come, and that too in the lives of men now living, we are fully persuaded. Meanwhile the age will labor to satisfy its wants, and if it can provide institutions better fitted than the conservative College to meet its demands, it will have no hesitation in rearing them. The Colleges cannot altogether die. They are, perhaps, needed in their present state for a peculiar class, and their duration will be coeval with the existence of Clergy, Lawyers and Physicians. But these form but a small part of the community, and so long the College restricts its especial privileges to *them*, it must maintain but a feeble vitality, do but partial good, and often call for aid on the people whom it slights. A far-seeing and enlightened policy dictates speedy reformation, a reformation which the public can only induce by opinion, but whose omission they can punish by indifference to all calls for assistance.

In education as in all things else we shall never reach perfection. In whatever system we adopt, we shall find that our theoretic wheels creak, and often clog; that results upon which we had calculated fail to appear; and that processes that we fancied clear and simple often lose us in doubt and bewilderment. Among those whom we would instruct are the negligent and vicious, whose example paralyzes industry, whom no entreaties can persuade, and no penalties reform. A lesser part sacrifice health and general knowledge to an intense application to favorite studies. The majority, of average desires and capabilities, need constant urging to their complete duty. Here the distinction between an efficient and an inefficient course of study becomes apparent, and the proper system clearly understood. Let what is to be done be suited to the power of the individual to do. Ally inclination with duty, and let the desire to do well be paramount to the desire to do much.

In an elective course of study the teacher is necessarily more confident of attaining these desirable results than in a course where he is obliged to talk to many unwilling ears. In teaching, as in oratory, success and enthusiasm depend largely upon the attention paid by those to whom we speak, and the manner in which it is given. Pupils must be interested or they cannot be taught. The instruction they receive must be given them by a zealous and enthusiastic teacher, or it will go no farther than their ears or lips. Our present College system is not calculated to arouse this interest and enthusiasm in the student or teacher. And it is not asking too much to demand that it be remodelled, and adapted to the wants of the mind as well as the wants of the age. The capacity of the individual mind remains the same, while the field of intellectual action is widening every day. A man now cannot know all sciences, any more than a workman can drive all trades. Let us divide and apportion labor, and do perfectly what we do at all.

C. B.

Google

# THE AMERICAN AVATAR:

## SAGE, POET, AND HERO.

THE People of America have shown their spirit and liberality, in vulgar matters of trade and polity, by a scrupulous attention to the advice and example of their superiors on the other side of the Atlantic; but it continues to be regretted among their friends, that in the elegancies and refinements, especially of letters, they continue blind to the advantages of some institutions. With nothing to revere but a set of traditionary parchments, and nothing to admire but the empty noises of a few orators, and the shrewd somersets of certain cunning editors,—who demonstrate by a laborious adroitness that the centre of gravity in man is nearer the stomach than the head,—the advent of a foreign wonder gives opportunity among them for the bursting forth of a torrent of long-pent enthusiasm.

On the arrival of the famous chronicler of the Two Horsemen, as well as on the first announcement of the Woolly Horse, the more thoughtful portion of the community were put in mind of the existence in the popular soul of an aching, distended faculty of wonder and worship, which seizes upon the most ridiculous and imbecile novelties to gratify itself.

The enthusiasm awakened by the arrivals above mentioned, having by this time almost subsided, and the real nature of the two *lusus naturæ* very generally known,* there is leisure to think upon the popular tendency itself, of which they were the *vents*, and to devise, if possible, some permanent institution of cure.

A monarchy, with its valuable appendages, cannot be looked for among a people so poor and rude as we; though it must be confessed, a leaning that way may be observed among the select few, whose untiring efforts to introduce the manners and morals of a court among people of leisure, deserve high commendation.

In the painful absence of that grand and natural outlet, the people fall victims to an occasional ecstacy of an hysterical kind, bursting out upon everything novel or presumptuous, or that has the least taint of mystery about it. The malady is not indeed without its doctors, who have their pharmacopœia to allay rising irritations, and avert the catastrophe of a *true mania*. One of these worthy practitioners, whose successes entitle him to our confidence and our fees, has even established a grand infirmary in this city, which is annually visited by myriads. Among the methods of cure suggested by his powerful genius, and the collection of dried simples in his Museum, there is perhaps no possible variety of the disease that cannot find its palliative at least, and perhaps its cure.

In view of the eminent services rendered by that Person, we would here suggest that a grand school of design be established by Government, and named after him, in which, by competent masters, instruction shall be given in the various curative processes invented by him. The cures are made principally through the eye, by presenting certain forms and appearances to the afflicted person. The objects used, or made, for this purpose are medicated with a substance found in the bottom of the cup that was held by the Woman in the Apocalypse, and upset by Martin the monk. It is said to be a peculiar *substance*, or first principle, without its peer in chemistry, and the person alluded to is supposed to be its rediscoverer in America.

At this school instruction should be given in the various preparations of the Substance; the secret of preparing it *in esse* to be retained by Government for the common good. As, out of sugar, figures of every kind are fabricated for the solace of children and

* The horse and the chronicler on a careful examination were proved to be in all respects like others of their species, and very plain hacks at that, the single peculiarity of the *wool* and the *two horsemen* entitling them to rank among curiosities.

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idlers, so out of this mysterious Substance, spiced, tempered, sweetened, and painted to all tastes and fancies, the pupil may be taught to mould an infinite variety of things. We trust our readers will not think it too gross a trespass on their confidence, if we aver, that no product of human wisdom or ingenuity is so rare, so exquisite, or so complicated, as to escape imitation in this art. An epic poem, a pill, a statue, an Act of Congress, a patriot, a mermaid, and a pilgrim speech for a British Minister, can be moulded with equal facility out of this plastic Substance.

Philosophers in dark ages talked of their elixirs, their universal solvents, their alchemical stones, their *magna arcana*, and what not else; but never, in all our readings, have we found a single proof of the existence of these. All, however, are comprehended under the one new Substance, since out of that, there is nothing so strange or incredible it cannot be devised.

Of the value of this invention to any government it is not our cue to speak at present; in fact, the crude material, adulterated with various inert matters, has been in a kind of blind use by politicians, time out of mind. Our Inventor lays claim only to the discovery of the *pure thing*.*

That the fabrication of *forms* and *appearances*, out of the thing which we are describing, must be classed among *fine* or *liberal* arts, might be proven by many instances. Not to mention the vast quantities of books, pictures and ornamental work, composed now-a-days entirely, or with a large admixture of it, need we name the many distinguished orators, politicians, philosophers, editors, lawyers, doctors, musicians, and managers of theatres who rely upon it? Indeed, liberality of mind is generally thought necessary to a full understanding of its nature and properties. 'Tis needless, therefore, to waste argument upon that topic.

Its original remains as yet an utter secret with the discoverer. In the absence of certain proofs we have heard various conjectures upon its nature. Botanical investigators contend that the pure *Substantia Barni* is the essential principle or alcaloid of the Humulus or Hop; averring that it was first discovered in the bottom of a glass of English ale. This opinion they weakly support from the parasitic habits of the hop, and from the quantity of it grown in England, which they also declare is the native country and true habitat of the *Principle* itself.

Another learned savan prefers the British ivy, which, he says, by its external traits betrays the presence of the substance; it is "*creeping, dirty, and dangling.*" Others name a kind of stink-weed, well known for its anti-hysterical properties, and for its constant habitat in streets, by-ways, and public squares, and wherever the earth is trodden bare by hoofs of swine.

Some of our mineralogists, on the other hand, pretend they find it in the *verd antique*, but are certainly misled by the name of that stone, *ancient greenness* being but a loose translation of the name, and signifying none of its essential properties. Others again prefer the cobalt, on Rosicrusian grounds, Kobold being the demon of the mine, who obstructs useful labor, and robs industry of its reward. By some, with a deep show of science, the mysterious properties of gold are attributed to the *substantia Barni*. These speculators ridicule the old opinion that gold is a *simple* element, saying, that as it is of all things attracted by the Substance in question, that attraction must be explained by the presence of the same as one of its constituent parts. They reason clearly from their principle of *similia similibus*—in the vernacular, "Birds of a feather," &c. Their skill in the practical uses, leads us to place confidence in their chemical derivation of the new element. As usual, the physiologists cannot be silent when their brother savans are talking, and affect to derive the new principle from a certain part of the brain of man, but from what convolution they dispute.

Unscientific people insist that it is *all in their eyes;* but prejudices of the vulgar need not occupy us; nor, if organs are in question, have the *ears* an inferior claim. Indeed, very ancient authors have obscurely hinted a virtue in long ears; impressible animals of quick hearing have long ears: it is possible that in future editions of the Pharmacopœia, the auricular appendages of long-eared animals may be recommended in decoction before sitting down to the *London Times*.

* To the curious reader it will be gratifying to learn that a series of scientific papers on some of the more recondite applications of the Substance, is being edited under the jocular title of Latter-Day Pamphlets, by one Thomas Carlyle, a Scotchman in England.

Impressed by the great importance of his discovery, we have pondered much and long by what public testimonials our Inventor may he best honored, and his name and fame transmitted to posterity. Titles and armorial bearings cannot be granted by our Government; a difficulty easily gotten over by a suitable application to the English, who have a constitutional power in such matters unlimited. Let the value of the discovery, as tested by himself in various diplomatic emergencies, be represented to her Britannic Majesty by that obsequious and obliging person, the British Minister, and a patent of nobility solicited for the inventor. A coat of arms he may adopt for himself; and we would humbly suggest, instead of the unmeaning griffon which adorns the coach-doors and tea-spoons of our republican gentry, a *Humbug rampant on a field vert.*

As a more solid testimonial, we propose that an office be established, hitherto unknown in this country, that of Poet Laureate, and that the distinguished Person so often alluded to, be made Patron of the office, with a suitable salary, to select a candidate—the merit of best celebrating the grand discovery in verse to be the test of fitness; for no man will doubt that the poet who can best celebrate a virtue or a merit in general, will be as well fitted to do the same for its particulars.

As we now enjoy the happiness of living in an age that for the encouragement of native genius excels all that have gone before it,—an age when virtue is by no means supposed to be its own reward,—we cannot but wish to see poetry restored to that dignity and profit which it enjoyed of old. And what more certain method can be found of raising it to that pristine dignity and splendor than the crowning of some worthy practitioner of the art with public honors? Nor should a more substantial testimony be neglected. Fame is said to be the food of poets, though it might be shown, with some face of reason, that the greatest conceivable quantity of fame will not outweigh at need a single ounce of bread. We are nevertheless persuaded that the airy aliment does serve upon occasions as a placebo to the appetite, cheating nature with a windy distention.

Now it is a matter of dispute among savans, whether fame itself, that airy principle hungered after by the mist-swallowing tribe of rhymesters, is not essentially one in its nature with the newly discovered *substantia Barni.* The words *fama*, fame, and *fames*, hunger, are singularly alike in sound; and if they are also in derivation, how fitting an ode, *Ad Substantiam Barni*, might not be written by the ambitious candidate. Would it not be an ode to Fame, the blest goddess of his soul?

Cavillers will object that no poet, rising from extreme want to the sudden enjoyment of wealth, would thereafter produce rhymes; an objection merely speculative, there being no instance, as we remember, of so singular an accident. The good meat and generous wine which he would discover in his crib one fine morning would doubtless raise him to a high pitch of adoration and of gratitude, passions highly conducive to the production of an ode. Objectors, a kind of people who delight in throwing obstacles in the way of all ameliorations, adduce the danger of such a proceeding from the case of Collins the poet, who was turned into a drivelling idiot by a sudden rise of fortune. Folly, they say, lurks *in esse* in the brain of the poet, and verses are the issue thereof; and it would be a piece of gratuitous malice to take away from a poor devil of a rhymester his sole means of a mental equilibrium, by choking down his humor with a fat annuity.

By this objection we confess ourselves staggered. The mild attack of verse malady which visits us in March, and about Christmas time, is a sensible relief to the brain; and while one editor indulges in a bout of drinking, another in a tremendous dose of free-trade statistics, another in an amour with his neighbor's wife, and another, more afflicted still, in a duel,—each according to the peculiar folly of his nature expelling the vicious humor,—we find ourselves fully relieved by a sonnet, which is a sensible cause of gratitude; of all vices, the sonnet being the least injurious to the public, who in fact never regard it.

To meet the danger above hinted, our Laureate might be bound as a contractor, in the penalty of his income, to furnish each year a certain quantity of verse, which shall be examined by his patron, to condemn all rotten verses, point out metrical gaps and flaws to be filled in, and remand the kidnapped and stolen ones, without appeal or benefit of *habeas corpus.*

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Quantity is an element of the sublime and beautiful. Is not beauty proportion, and proportion a species of quantity? And is not magnitude a fundamental cause of the sublime? The fecundity of Lope de Vega is an undying topic of praise and wonder, though none read his works. Through the eye, his fame lives in perpetuity to us. We have heard the authenticity of Homer seriously impugned, on the ground that no one man could have written so many verses; an objection easily set aside, since the appearance of our great American epic, "Liberty's Triumph."

And yet future generations—perhaps the very next generation of critics—so doth the wheel turn—will start a question of the authenticity of that poem, averring that no man could have written so much; and they will pretend—arrant skeptics as they are—that it is a patch-work of school histories and old traditions, strung together by some ale-house club in the country. To save the valuable time of these, our star-police of letters, let an affidavit of its authorship be cut in epic type on the base-stone of the Washington Monument.

We would here venture to suggest, though with sentiments of the deepest respect, that there remains one method of delighting and astonishing the world, as yet untried by our great Inventor, and of which we here put in the claim of first discovery. He has shown us the largest man and the smallest, side by side—contrast incredible! We have seen the most numerous orchestra, the largest hog, and the greatest fool in the universe; the longest picture too has amazed and satisfied us; but we have not yet seen the LONGEST POEM. Let him, as the patron of our bard of bards, secure the credit of its production to our beloved country, and, with the progress of the *sleepers* of our great Pacific Railroad, verse after verse, let the *longest poem* move out in the direction of eternity.

Having his stint of so many thousand lines a year of this fame's ladder, with the liberty of a corps of verse-engineers or copyists, our contractor shall be required to deposit two fair copies of each year's work of his great Bagavatgeeta, or poem of gods and heroes, in the national library, after its reading before the assembled Houses. Would not the debates in Congress, rhymed in a flowing octo-syllabic verse, be the most valuable gift of each year to the year succeeding; and would not the bosoms of our ardent patriots swell to the sonorous sound of their arguments, galloped along the metres of a vigorous epic? After such a hearing, which could not occupy above six days, preceding the business of the session, would there not be an inclination to a more summary dispatch of business, and the cost thereby saved keep a dozen epic poets in a style becoming the metrical historiographers of a great republic?

As is natural with reformers, the more objections we discover and confute, the deeper we are in love with the project. The ease with which the cavils of the bigoted and the fears of the skeptical give way before us in the course of this argument, leads us happily to believe that all men will think as we do, and concede a general approval.

Public attention would be immediately turned upon the candidate for this office; for it were an offense to decency and would raise gross suspicions were it to fall upon any obscure, or other than a celebrated person. Yet it would be unbecoming, on the other hand, to take away the breath out of men's mouths by plumping the matter in their faces without due preparation. If we first agree among ourselves upon the traits, talents and properties of an ideal American Poet Laureate, whose duty it shall be to sing the glories of each year to the audiences of the next, it will then be a task of little difficulty to select the MAN: he will be chosen, as it were, by his deeds and his character.

If we have rightly conceived him, he should be endowed with infinite humility and acquiescence, a mere mirror of his age; his own personality sunk in that which he represents. The very genius of art is representation; and could anything be more offensive than to find a poor devil of a rhymester thrusting in his penury-stricken individualities amongst those of heroes and statesmen?

By this consideration we set aside what has sometimes been offered, that the poet of a war-like people should be endowed by nature with courage, the eminent property of a man. It was indeed said of Tasso, the most courageous gentleman of his time, that in writing and in fighting he surpassed all the Italians, and on one occasion put three armed men to flight with his single rapier.

By a parallel reason our republican Laureate should excel his peers in the use of the pen, the pistol, and the sword. A nose and a rear virgin to assault, is the hard condition imposed by these unthinking critics upon our Epic candidate. We trust their arguments are already quashed.

Few will contradict us if we put a strong head for drinking second among the qualifications of our Laureate. Were it merely to be a sot, a hundred would start forward at once from the literary tribe, and a choice become impossible, through mere equality of merit. To drink always and never to be drunk is rare, and we have but one poet in our eye who can ascend upon the strength of that virtue. When we consider the demands that will be made upon the drinking powers of our Laureate, by the gratitude and good nature of the numerous orators and debaters, whose labors it will be his dignified task to do into verse—the countless dinners, jollifications, and social skirmishes, as the repository of reputations, and the celebrator of the people's idols, to which he must submit, a doubt arises whether strength of head should not be first weighed in order, by how much we value the life of a citizen above our own epic fame.

The choice of a Laureate, by the practice of antiquity, and of our patrons and models the modern English, must be for life, and by the authority of some prince or royal person; to which last we can but approximate in that king of men and wonder of the age, our distinguished Inventor. No man will be removed from the station of Poet Laureate during the term of his life, although greater geniuses and better drinkers may arise in his day. Rotation in this office cannot be thought of; for if any man has become once a professed poet, he thereby seems to signify by a kind of public confession, his incapacity for any useful art; and the function of bard, in this age of utilities, is consequently more prevalent among the gentler sex—much more then of a Laureate. It is said of poets, as of another kind of artists, once a —— always a ——, once a rhymester always a rhymester; but though a king's mistress, touching the eminence of her profession, may aspire to become the wife of a subject, the salaried laudator and bard of the nation could not with decency step into any useful employment, were it even the tending of an apple stall.

We trust our democratic friends will not desecrate the sacred office of Vates to make it a prize of demagogues, subject to a vicious majority of one, who may be, for aught they know, some rogue of a tailor, or bookseller. If the office of door-keeper could occupy two weeks of the precious assiduities of the House, would there not be serious danger the office of Laudator General, or door-keeper to the House of Fame, might excite a controversy that would consume an entire session, ending, perhaps, in the dissolution of the Union?

It is commonly believed there are but three things for which men will readily sacrifice their reputation—to wit, place, money, or a mistress; but when fame alone is in contest, it is dearer than life. Hence the requisites of our Laureate, submissiveness and a hard head. Sweet words turn away wrath, drink dissipates bad humors, and when a jolly Member finds himself eternally lampooned, and traduced to all posterity by the mere octo-syllabification of his Bunkum fustian, our Laureate will have no choice but to drink him under.

These physical qualifications are, however, among the least of our demand. Our archpoet should be an improvisatore, or chanter of extempore verses upon any accidental topic, were it only the bleeding of a horse, with a power of magniloquence to over-dress the most contemptible topics; for, sayeth Aristotle, "The ornate style is proper to the meaner parts of a discourse," as the silliest fops require the longest toilette. Great matters recommend themselves, but the meaner the person, the more need hath he of good letters.

A tender and sentimental cast of mind may be set down among the essentials, tinged, if possible, with the scriptural or prophetic, to give a little more popular dignity to the function; for, with political prophecies the ignorant are as easily amazed as with the mysterious predictions of a tricky card-player. The ace of trumps will turn up at the crisis, and for good reasons, as he keeps it in his sleeve; hence the expression, "to laugh in one's sleeve," which was not, as some ignorantly suppose, derived from the large and flowing sleeves of bishops.

Our laudator should also be a professed and most distant, and, as it were, trembling admirer of the female sex. A bachelor were preferable for the office, from the fact, well

ascertained, that your married men abate much of their poetic enthusiasm, either from too harsh acquaintance with realities, or from nature diverted and qualified.

In short, nothing should be omitted to insure a popular incumbency in an office not less important than the Papacy itself, if we consider it well, since nothing *damns* one more effectually than the praises of a mediocre poet; which are a kind of excommunication more dreadful to a man of sense, than the thunders of the Vatican; as one would rather die by lightning than fall a victim to bad smells. Besides, both are the key-keepers of eternity. *Vox vatis vox Dei.*

The learned Paulus Jovius has given an account of the ceremony practised on the induction of a Poet Laureate in the time of Leo Tenth. A learned and pious translator gives us the following version of his account:

"Camillo, a plain countryman of Apulia, excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honor in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand of verses.* All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate. He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber," (an island in the Potomac would serve,) "where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to everybody. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica, (a sort of cabbage,) so composed, says my author, emblematically, *ut tam false quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur.* He was then saluted, by common consent, with the title of *Archipoeta*, or arch-poet in the style of those days, in ours, Poet Laureate. This honor the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness. Next the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, and may be translated—

> 'All hail, Arch-poet, without peer
> Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
> And worthy of the prince's ear.'

"From hence he was conducted in pomp to the Capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

"At his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth, (*patulo ore;*) nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days, (like our Laureate,) but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half eaten his meat, (*semesis apsoniis,*) he gave, with his own hands, the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon. Insomuch, says the historian, that through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry am I to relate what follows, continues our judicious translator, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *Mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis*, etc.:

"When Leo died and poets were no more, (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate,) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his own country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital."

From this description we are led to form an enthusiastic opinion of the pastoral simplicity of those days; but it will be clearly difficult to institute a similar ceremony, from the present cold indifference to poetic merit: an indifference in some degree creditable however to the age itself, which produces so vast an abundance of bards as to have a cheapening effect upon their productions, though it takes nothing from individual merit; for clearly, the existence of a thousand Iliads of equal ability does not detract from the merit of any one of them, though it may take something from our ignorant veneration of the same.

As a faint imitation of the ceremony described by Jovius, we may substitute a magnificent Progress from the birth-place or residence of our Arch-poet to the Capitol. This progress will give the artists of all kinds an opportunity of exhibiting their parts. Statuaries, painters, model artists, singers, dancers, players upon musical instruments, theatrical performers, Bunkum

speakers, free-trade lecturers, mesmerizers, homœopathists, menagerie keepers, pill-venders, advertisers, editors, *et id genus omne*, the grand company of showmen, each with their several wares, and engaged in the occupations proper to their art, escorted by a company of poets and sonneteers, a grand festival procession of the Arts, headed by our great Inventor and his Arch-poet on an elephant, would be a spectacle to rival the World's Fair, and that would be followed by as many myriads as ever sweated at the wheels of a triumphal chariot,

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome."

Emblems and devices the most extraordinary might be devised for the illustration of so magnificent a scene.

The broad banner of the Continent, emblazoned with the grand device of the nineteenth century, a lion swallowing an eagle, beginning at the head, would float becomingly over each group.

While we were indulging our imagination with the conception of this grand occasion, sleep stole gradually upon us, and the images of fancy took a hue of reality; we seemed to see the grand pageant passing by interminable.

On a car drawn by two mules, in the guise of Harpies, with paper wings and gold claws, a dozen *authors* appeared seated, each employed in copying and clipping from the advanced sheets of some new work just received from London, which they delivered to a car of pressmen following, who printed and scattered them among the crowd. After these walked a caravan of tattered wretches on foot, driven along by a wolf, and vainly endeavoring to write on the nails of their fingers, or on the fly-leaves of English books. These were followed by a rabble of printers, tailors, and bar-keepers, hooting and pelting.

A car of well-dressed painters coloring foreign engravings followed these, with a banner inscribed, "Study the Great Masters;" and after them another miserable rout of footmen with haggard countenances, sketching snatches of scenery as they passed on, pursued by a shrewish widow in a dirty cap, with a bundle of bills in one hand, and belaboring those nearest her with a piece of cold meat in the other.

After another car bearing a set of jolly actors, ran a rabble of play-writers soliciting alms, and these followed by a tattered Hamlet of majestic port, like a grand Spanish beggar, making mouths at the crowd.

But the most magnificent and glorious spectacle of all, and most congenial to the heart of a true patriot, was a brazen triumphal car of foreign merchants, drawn by a hundred sturdy corn-growers and cotton-planters, and followed by a line of beggared artisans with their wives and children, trailing disconsolately behind, along the dusty road. Over the magnificent car the broad golden banner of the Free-traders floated on the breeze, displaying the fable of the lion and the eagle contending for a prize which the jackal steals away. The carved devices of the chariot, like those of the famous shield of Achilles, were worthy of the world's admiration, and of a Homer's descriptive skill.

The name of the chariot was Monopoly. The wheels were spoked with pleasant falsehoods and turned upon humorous deceptions. Jolly eyes winked from the naves, and grotesque grimaces grinned along the tires. The beam of the chariot was a vast sea-snake, carved in British oak, and a series of bas reliefs, representing the merry devices of the money-changers, humoring and fleecing an over-wise Yankee, raised a ceaseless smile on the faces of the crowd. The driver, a sly little man, sat holding a slack rein behind two miserable wind-galled and spavined hacks, covered with gold trappings, all dust and cobwebs, named Malthus and Ricardo. A long cord, attached to the silver hook of the tongue, and composed of a peculiar twisted gut, called Credit, a thousand times stronger than fiddle strings, gave a hold to the enthusiasts who drew the car. Behind, on a kind of platform, stood three scare-crows, made out of suits of clothes stuffed with cabbage litter, representing a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman. Each held in its hand a reciprocity treaty and a bill of exchange. Over these amiable figures floated another broad banner with the words *Ad valorem*, in black-letter, to signify that the people do not quite understand it. Ever and anon a trumpeter, an Englishman dressed like an American, blew a brass trumpet in the car. The notes of the trumpet had a queer, wiry sound, and clouds of little wiry statistics swarmed out of his mouth and filled the air with a kind of dust, which made every body cough and sneeze, and shut their eyes.

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Behind this car ran a footman with a letter of recommendation posted on his forehead, signed R. J. Walker. But the oddest peculiarity of this figure was the quantity of shirts he wore. His actual dimensions were singularly small, but, by putting on a vast thickness of shirts, he had swelled himself to a monstrous shape. The footman in the shirts was evidently much respected by the crowd of ragged literati who followed, and could hardly contain their admiration and longing. Occasionally our footman slipped off one of the shirts, and exchanged it with one of his starveling followers for a paper. This he handed up to the trumpeter who put it into his mouth, and then blew it through his brass instrument, multiplied by some wonderful magic into two thousand dabs of poisonous black mud, which fell all about, and if any of it lighted on a bit of home-made linen or broadcloth, it burned a hole through it, straight.

Immediately after the car of Free Trade came the chariot of Foreign Fashions, driven by a baby-faced fellow in white kids. This vehicle was a phaeton emblazoned all over with coats of arms, and carried the wives of the gentlemen who rode in the car of Free Trade. These ladies were gorgeously apparelled, and presented a very pretty appearance, especially when the driver turned in his seat and tickled their ankles with a neat little pen which he flourished instead of a whip. The most curious feature of this pageant was the manner in which motion was given to the vehicle itself, for, instead of horses, it was drawn by a crowd of poor seamstresses and gawky country girls, who stumbled along with their faces turned backward toward the driver.

Behind all, and surpassing all in magnificence, rode a figure on horseback, the grand marshal of the festival. On his head he wore "what *seemed* a crown," but which was in fact a steel boarding cap. The person of this horseman was entirely covered with an embroidered cloak of gold cloth, sparkling with Indian gems; and when the wind raised it, he appeared armed from top to toe, with every kind of weapon, swords, knives and daggers half drawn, pistols half cocked, and a forest of nameless arms, all, as it were, *alive and sensible.* His person seemed covered with blood and gore, as if fresh from a hundred massacres. Along the edges of the cloak, in small diamond letters, you might read "Elsinore," "Acre," "Glencoe," "Groton Heights," "Dartmoor," "The Punjaub," "Irish Famines," "St. Helena," the "Middle Passage," and a hundred other names significant of events; and some unfinished work on another seam thus, Tigre Islan——, Costa Rica, "Rotan," M—q—to, Carthage—a, Balize, which the maker of the garment had not yet fully emblazoned in the jewelled letters.

The steed of this preux chevalier was a black stud horse of Norman breed, with a brown and wicked eye, and hoofs as small and sharp as a chamois, by which he had the singular power of poising himself upon the merest point of rock, were it in the middle of the ocean, or on a single rolling pebble, so securely, nothing but the broadside of a seventy-four could drive him off. The right flank of the animal had the brand "Downing Street."

At a gesture of the horseman's arm, the procession paused, or moved on. The air rang with the acclamations of the country people; the ladies in the car of Fashion waved their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen in the Free-trade chariot give *three times three* for the rider and his good black steed.

Then I heard a long wailing cry, mingled with shouts of execration in the distance, and a multitude of men went by, driving carts and wagons, filled with haggard women and children, each with a banner inscribed, "Far West," "Ague," "Solitude," "Bankruptcy;" while in the distance rose, like a mirage, the phantasm of a deserted village, where the rafters of a huge ruin stood like a curse written on the red and tinking sun. A wretched ploughman near by left his plough in the weedy furrow, and turned the faces of his meagre oxen toward the West; and, with the sadness of the spectacle, I awoke.

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# ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

THERE is a species of even-handed justice attending literary men, which generally makes all straight in the end; the old axiom of "Extremes meet" seems to govern this rule, and in proportion as an author is abused by some, he is lauded by others, not only personally but poetically. There are, of course, the usual exceptions,—some one way, as Walter Scott,—some the other, as in the case of Southey; but action and reaction is a principle of nature.

We doubt if there ever were a writer so fiercely vilified as the author of "Wat Tyler," who had so little of the pleasanter side of praise administered to him in his lifetime, notwithstanding his influence and position. There has not even been the usual re-action when the grave has consecrated his virtues, and obliterated his failings; indeed, so far as we may be allowed to judge from present appearances, he seems already shrinking into the very narrow compass of his "Life of Nelson," and the poem he repudiated, "Wat Tyler!" That posterity may reverse this decision is possible, although, taking the past as a guide, not probable. The two causes which deprived him of enthusiastic eulogizers during his life, will operate, we think, even more conclusively as the circle expands, and deposit him on the bleak shore of respectability, leaving him farther removed from human sympathy as the tide of time recedes.

The causes we allude to are, his want of high or distinctive genius, and moral geniality. In the greatest imaginations these are generally found together, as in Homer, Ariosto, Shakspeare, and Cervantes. Some cases, however, exist in which they are separated, as in Dante and Milton; but possibly in both these latter instances political and domestic sorrows, as well as the severe temper of the times, may have had a modifying, if not an altogether deviating influence upon them, which if not exercised would have left them as jovial fellows as Anacreon himself.

That Southey was altogether deficient in that logical and creative phrenzy (if we may like Willis or Emerson coin on our own account) which *our* great Anglo-Saxon poet calls "a fine phrenzy"—(we advisedly say *our*, for Shakspeare as much belongs to the American people as he does to the English, seeing that *our* ancestors claimed him as a fellow-citizen)—that Southey was deficient in this godlike faculty is evident to any who has read all or even any of his voluminous poems; that he was destitute of *bonhomie* was as equally apparent to a casual acquaintance, or an old friend.

He had no impulse. In a word, we may define him as the Genius of Routine; that was the only *genius* he possessed. In saying this let our readers clearly understand that we neither undervalue nor disparage Southey, or the regularity of which he was so striking an example; we merely define what he *really was*, just as a mathematician means no insult to a triangle when he says it is not a circle. Indeed, to borrow a geometrical term, Southey was eminently an angular mind: he did not incorporate in his own nature the knowledge he was constantly acquiring; he merely added it to what he already had. Knowledge made Southey learned, it made Shakspeare wise; it enabled the one to alter and illustrate, the other to create and beautify; it enriched the *nature* of the one, but only the recollection of the other. Knowledge made the author of Hamlet philosophical and imaginative; it rendered the writer of Thalaba prolix and fanciful; it was a telescope and a microscope to Shakspeare, a mere pair of colored spectacles to Southey. We repeat, that in selecting the greatest of poets for this parallel, we have no wish to depreciate, but simply to take the highest of each class, in order to render the contrast more striking.

Robert Southey, working out his own original nature honestly, is entitled to as much respect as William Shakspeare: for

* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, LL.D. Edited by his son, Rev. Cuthbert Southey. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

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this we have the incontrovertible evidence of Holy Writ, as illustrated by the parable of the talents. We shall not even condemn him for his remarkable change of opinion in religion and politics: for this also he had the precedence of a sacred example in St. Paul so far as the right of search and change is concerned; but he had no authority for his malignant persecution of those who continued to hold the same opinions as he had once entertained. Surely, this ought to have counselled charity; but it is a singular proof of human blindness, that men never hate themselves for their former heresies! Let us, therefore, set an example of charity ourselves, and suggest that it is merely the opinions they hate, after all, and not the men.

We remember Sergeant Talfourd used this *argumentum ad hominem* with great effect on a trial for rioting at Gloucester. Baron Gurney, a very able but severe judge, who presided, had been, during the French Revolution, one of the Jacobin Club in London, notorious for its anarchical principles. This was well known to Talfourd, who defended the rebels, and who was so irritated at the judge's undue leaning against the prisoners, that in the defence he begged "his lordship would reflect if in his own experience he did not remember any one who had formerly been an ardent admirer and correspondent of Robespierre and Marat; one who was also a member of a club, whose toasts were such as, 'The heart of a king grilled on the ribs of his minister;' and whether he was not now one of the most distinguished ornaments of the bench; and what would have been his fate had no time been given to him to repent, and repay the society he had outraged," &c. This had so great an effect, that in his charge the conscience-struck Gurney directed the jury to acquit them, with only a severe reprimand.

Men should bear in mind that uniformity of opinion would soon become a dead level of intellect. Indeed, what diversity of scenery is to the picturesque, variety of mind is to the intellectual world. If all men thought alike, human nature would soon become a putrefaction of bigotry—a dead sea of idiocy. Heresy seems to be the gastric juice of the human race. The first utterance of a new doctrine is considered an offense; but in time it becomes the standard of faith, and, forgetful of its own youthful struggles and sufferings, assumes in its old age the persecutor. Thus, strangely as it may sound, the blasphemy of one age becomes the religion of the next; opinions like billows roll on, one after the other, swallowing each other, or harmoniously subsiding into the vast ocean of Truth.

We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary remarks in order that our readers may the better comprehend our view of Southey, and his aspect of society. It will however be advisable to glance hastily at his intimates and contemporaries before we fairly enter upon his own particular life and correspondence. These were undoubtedly some of the most remarkable men the world of genius has produced; we shall however confine ourselves to those most immediately acting upon his conduct and opinions.

Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lovell were those who were his first intellectual associates; after a time, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Cottle were added. All these were men of a peculiar stamp, some of the highest powers. The greatest was undoubtedly Coleridge, not only for his attainments, imagination, and enthusiasm, but also on account of the eloquence with which he advocated any system he adopted; even his inconsistency gave a poetical charm to his conduct! Ever the slave of impulse, but preserved from vice by one of the most gorgeous, and, at the same time, subtle imaginations vouchsafed to a human being, the author of Christabel was at once a giant and a child. While his comprehensive and logical mind detected at a glance the most plausible sophism of another, he was constantly bewildered in those of his own creation; his silken clue inevitably failed him in the labyrinth of his own planning; he was no Daniel in the den of his own lions! Coleridge was to himself throughout his life, what the Spectre was to the hero of one of Calderon's plays, the name of which we forget: he always found *himself* opposed and overthrown by *himself*. Like a silk-worm he lived in a world of his own spinning, and which was destined eventually to be his shroud. We have little hesitation in stating that we do not believe there has ever been an instance of a man of equal genius so entirely giving himself up to such flimsy delusions and sophisms as Coleridge did from his very boyhood. Lamb defined him ex-

actly when he called him "the *Inspired* Christ School Boy." He never outgrew his gigantic boyhood. Fresh from the trammels of school, he longed to plant idylls and eclogues on the banks of the Susquehanna, of which he was to be one of the piping Corydons, with some young Phillis fond of throwing love-apples at him, and listening to his strains, and always giving the award in his favor. A variety of causes combined gave a similar tendency to the more practical mind of Southey. But a *fortunate* want of money saved them from this egregious folly; for there never were two men less fitted for emigration to a new world than they were.

Love, poverty, a vague aspiration for liberty, and a restlessness, which Southey finally conquered, were the motives which led him to entertain the Pantisocratic scheme. It is a mistake to suppose Wordsworth ever for an instant was mixed up in this Utopian dream; indeed, the bare suspicion annoyed him so much, that on the publication of Chorley's "Authors of England" in 1842, the old poet requested the writer of this article to beg Mr. Chorley would correct the mistake he had made in his life of Coleridge, where Wordsworth figures as one of the emigrant party.

The head and front of this "Empire Plan" was really Lovell; but a practical view of the whole question dissipated the chimera.

Both Lloyd and Lovell were singular beings. The former was evidently tinged with insanity even at that early period; towards his middle age it showed itself so unmistakably that he was placed in a Lunatic Asylum, where he spent most of his remaining years; he was eventually killed in endeavoring to escape from one in France, not many years ago. In addition to being a lunatic, he was also a poet, and he had the honor of helping Coleridge and Southey to fill up their first volume of poems published at Bristol by their friend Cottle. Insanity and poetry are hereditary in Lloyd's family, for his eldest son, who is a scholar, a Christian, a man of fortune, and an elegant poet, has been for some years under partial restraint. We know him well, and have heard from him the statements we have just made, and confirmed by others.

Lovell was Coleridge and Southey's brother-in-law, the *three* having married the *three* Misses Fricker. Strange enough that insanity should also develop itself in these ladies. Edith, Mrs. Southey, died insane after lingering in that state some years, and Mrs. Coleridge has acted so strangely through all her life as to cause considerable apprehension in her friends' minds for the ultimate result.

Wordsworth's influence on Southey was small, notwithstanding the respect which he entertained for the great philosophical poet. This partly arose from their not coming together at Southey's plastic age; for like hot lava, Southey hardened very soon. This is curiously developed in the correspondence now before us; he seems at once to spring from Pantisocracy to common sense, in the commonest acceptation of the term. By-the-bye, while we think of it, we may ask the accomplished and conscientious editor why he has omitted a letter from his father to Coleridge respecting the latter's disinclination to marry Miss Sarah Fricker? It was written in reply to one from Coleridge, "in which he stated very weighty reasons why he should not marry just then, but leaving it to Southey to decide whether he thought he was bound in honor to fulfil his engagement *immediately*." Southey's answer was lengthy and decisive, and determined Coleridge at once to marry, among difficulties amply illustrated in Cottle's "Recollections," and from which we question if he ever thoroughly emerged. The Gillmans, of Highgate, have a copy of this interesting epistle. It would throw a little light upon the state of Coleridge's heart, which might perhaps clear up the darkness which now apparently hangs over his long separation from his "besonneted Sara!"

It is only due to the departed poet's memory to remember that his children, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara, were to the last most affectionately attached to their father, at the same time not forgetting their duty to their mother. This is a volume in Coleridge's favor more conclusive than any he has written himself; for no such three children, perhaps, ever came together, either for intellect, conscientiousness, or rectitude.

After this little sketching, let us introduce the hero of the present drama.

Southey thus records his own birth:—"My birthday was Friday, 12th August, 1774; the time, half-past eight in the morning, according to the family Bible. According to my astrological friend Gilbert, it was a few minutes before the half hou

in consequence of which I am to have a pain in the bowels when I am about thirty, and Jupiter is my deadly enemy, but I may thank the stars 'for a gloomy capability of walking through desolation.'" On his arrival the nurse declared "*he was a great ugly boy.*" So even from the very first Southey had to endure unpalatable criticism.

In his fourth year he was sent to a little daily school, where he first learned to distinguish the difference between "a B and a bull's foot," and other agreeable distinctions. Here he remained two years, passing most of his time at his aunt's, Miss Tyler, who seems to have been a sincere, though occasionally unreasonable friend, till his marriage, when their rupture was final. Southey always had a high opinion of this lady's intellect, and there is no telling how much he might owe unconsciously to her pervading influence, and constant association: indirectly she gave the bias to poetry, owing to her intimacy with the family of the manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres. We refer to this part of his memoirs for a very tragic event connected with this family. Even so early as his fourth year he was in the habit of being taken to the theatre, which fact was also impressed upon his mind by a reprimand he received for confounding the theatrical with the ecclesiastical terms, and saying after church one Sunday, "that there was a very full *house.*" The first play he saw was a comedy by Fielding, called *The Fathers*, a curious foreshadowing of the Fathers which in his old age occupied so much of his studies. At six years old he obtained without effort what our fair friend Lucretia Mott is now desperately struggling for—he was breeched: his recollection must have been singularly vivid, for in after years he remembered the dress, which was *nankeen trimmed with green fringe.*

He was now sent to Mr. Foot's, a dissenting minister, where he remained a year. His recollections of this school were very unpleasant. The death of the master released him from this bondage. He was then placed at Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol: in a poem called The Retrospect, Southey in after years alludes to it with much pathos. After a year's domicile here he was taken away, and spent the time with his aunt, who had broken up her establishment at Bath, and settled at Bedminster.

After a short holiday, he was placed as a day boarder at a school in Bristol, kept by a Welshman, who rejoiced in the echoing name of William Williams. It was at this time that Robert made his first attempts on the muse, which, he says, gave him immense pleasure. The first book he read thoroughly was Shakspeare, and Titus Andronicus was his favorite drama. Before he was eight he had read Beaumont and Fletcher through.

It was about this time that he announced to his aunt the wonderful discovery he had made, and one which most American authors think they can do, viz., write a play! Little Robert said, "It is the easiest thing in the world, aunt, to write a play!" "Is it, my dear?" replied the lady. "Yes," rejoined our little poetling; "you have only to think what you would say if you were in that person's place, and say it for them!"

We are afraid upon this plan too many dramatists write, which will account for the egotistical monologues published now-a-days.

For the gratification of those who are fond of linking names together, we may as well mention that Henderson, the great tragedian, was an intimate friend of Miss Tyler, although Southey could not remember that he had ever seen him: he however cherished a perfect recollection of the celebrated actor Edwin, who presented him with a toy.

At this time a lady gave him "Hoole's Tasso," which afforded him intense delight. Shortly afterwards his young fancy was fired by the same author's translation of Ariosto. Seeing the name of Spenser in the notes, he obtained a copy, and despite the Old English character in which it was printed, soon mastered the treasures of that most poetical of poets.

Southey truly says in one of his autobiographical chapters, "My memory strengthens as I proceed in this task of retrospection; and yet, while some circumstances—a look—a sound—a gesture, though utterly unimportant, recur to me more vividly than the transactions of yesterday, others, which I would fain call to mind, are irrevocably gone."

To a man of perfect leisure and happy circumstances, few pleasures can be comparable to thus living again in the past—sorrow taken from misfortune, and guilt from

pleasure. Moore has very happily expressed this retrospection:

> "Sighing, as o'er the shadowy past,
> Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran
> Lifting the shroud that Time had cast
> O'er buried hopes."

We now and then come upon pithy axioms, such as—(Southey is talking of his schoolmaster): "When his ill circumstances pressed upon him, he gave way perhaps more readily to impulses of anger; because anger, like drunkenness, suspends the sense of care, and an irascible emotion is felt as a relief from painful thoughts." This is however only half the case: anger is an excitement, and consequently suspends the duller sense of care, or any other equable state of mind; but Southey forgets, or perhaps never knew, that the real cause of the phenomenon is the weakness of mind, resulting from the irritation of the mosquito bites of buzzing animals, who very properly sting sleeping debtors till they wake and pay.

We have however, a few passages further on, a proof of how little a learned man is a wise one. "He would strike with a ruler sometimes when his patience was greatly provoked by that *incorrigible stupidity* which of all things, perhaps, puts patience to the severest trial."

Let us tell our readers that of the three, the blockhead, the master, and the apologist, the most incorrigible fools are the schoolmaster for striking, and the Laureate for defending the blow. Mr. Southey's joke, too, about punishing a creole, is a proof of his want of humor. We will not quote the joke, having no wish "to throw a damp upon a funeral."

We have, however, a most serious charge against the author of Kehama, and one of his own convicting: we quote verbatim his very words:—

> "One of them (evidently by his name of French extraction) was, however, the most thoroughly fiendish human being that I have ever known. There is an image in Kehama, drawn from my recollection of the devilish malignity which used sometimes to glow in his dark eyes, though I could not there give the likeness in its whole force, for his countenance used to darken with the blackness of his passion. Happily for the slaves on the family estate, he, though a second brother, was wealthy enough to settle in England; and an anecdote which I heard of him when he was about thirty years of age, will show that I have not spoken of his character too strongly. When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned his gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him; but, when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion, (who related the story to me,) he took up a large stone and knocked out the dog's brains. I have mentioned this wretch, who might otherwise have better been forgotten, for a charitable reason; because I verily believe that his wickedness was truly an original, innate, constitutional sin, and just as much a family disease as gout or scrofula. I think so, because he had a nephew who was placed as a pupil with King, the surgeon at Clifton, and in whom, at first sight, I recognized a physiognomy which I hope can belong to no other breed. His nephew answered in all respects to the relationship, and to the character which nature had written in every lineament of his face. He ran a short career of knavery, profligacy, and crimes, which led him into a prison, and there he died by his own hand."

The commonest observer must remark the tender difference with which he treats the reputation of a *living* rich man, to the dead memory of the poor dependent. Farther on we have another phase of character: our space, however, will not allow us to quote; we must therefore content ourselves by requesting our reader's attention to Southey's account of his interview with an old schoolfellow, whom he designates under the initials H. O. They will find it at the close of chapter xii. We question if a more singular confession of feeling was ever before so ingenuously given to the world.

There are many *naïve* admissions in his autobiography, which, for a man of the Laureate's caution, strike us as remarkable. In some very pertinent remarks on poetry he observes: "In the earliest ages, certain it is that they who possessed that gift of speech which enabled them to clothe ready thoughts in measured or elevated language, were held to be inspired. False oracles were delivered in *verse*, and true prophecies delivered in *poetry*. * * * Sleight of hand passed for magic in the dark ages, sleight of tongue for inspiration." We can well imagine how such a heretical or dangerous opinion in the writings of another would have drawn down his anathema as a "Quarterly Reviewer."

From the Welshman Southey was removed to a day school at Bristol, kept by a clergyman, who was a good classical scholar; under his direction our poet commenced "Greek and nonsense verses." This wa

his thirteenth year, and about this period he had written three heroic epistles in English rhyme: one from Diomede to Egiale; the second from Octavia to Marc Antony; the other from Alexander to his father Herod. He also made translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. He relates that on his thirteenth birthday he composed a very lofty piece of oratory on the awful step from infancy to the teens, being under the erroneous impression that he was only entering that solemn period instead of having already lived a year in it.

He now set to work in good earnest to become the Homer of his native land, and planned an epic, of which Cassibelan was the hero. He had commenced the Fourth Book when he went to Westminster school; this he worked at with great vigor, but writing it in short-hand, and putting it by for some time, he at last forgot the cipher, and consequently burnt the manuscript in his vexation.

In February, 1788, Southey, who had scarcely ever stirred twenty miles from his place of birth, was taken by his aunt to London to be placed at the Westminster school. He entered that foundation on the 1st April. Unfortunately for us, the poet's autobiography ends with this school, which is much to be regretted, as if he had sketched his whole career it would have formed one of the pleasantest chats of a man about himself we have met with. It offers a singular and striking contrast with Leigh Hunt's own memoirs just published. Both are excellent of their kind, but wide as the poles asunder. Leigh Hunt dwells more upon himself and his own feelings, while Southey fills up his family picture with incidental and graphic portraits which greatly increase the interest.

The editor now takes up the pen his father laid down, and supplies the deficiency, we are bound to allow, very creditably. During Robert's stay at Westminster, he formed two of his most valuable and cherished friendships, those with Wynn and Bedford; indeed we may remark that the greater part of the correspondence before us is divided between these two gentlemen. They seem, from their letters, to have cherished a true regard and respect for each other, which cannot fail to impress all with a lofty opinion of their characters.

At this early period our great Reviewer got into his first "scrape" with his pen. Having concocted, with some of the head scholars, a magazine, under the appropriate schoolboy title of "The Flagellant," (which died at the mature age of Number Nine,) the head master, D. Vincent, considered himself so grievously outraged by an article reflecting on the unsparing use of the birch at the Westminster school, that he commenced an action against the publisher for libel. The author's name was given up; it proved to be Southey's; and notwithstanding his apology the miserable pedagogue expelled him from the school.

This "untoward event" happened in the spring of 1792, and he passed the rest of that memorable year with his aunt, at her residence in College Green, Bristol. Having no settled occupation, he gave himself up to corresponding with his old playmates, and planning future schemes of literary ambition.

He was now in his nineteenth year, and during this winter his father's affairs came to a crisis, which compelled the poet to look around for some occupation. The kindness of his aunt, however, came to his rescue, and his name was put down for Christchurch College, Oxford; but Cyril Jackson, the Dean, had heard of "the Flagellant," and refused to admit him. He therefore turned his attention to Baliol College, of which he became a member on the 17th of January, 1793. He thus writes to his friend Bedford a few days before he took up his abode at Oxford:—

"My prepossessions are not very favorable. I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and bigotry, from all of which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey." And almost immediately after his arrival he writes: "Behold me, my friend, entered under the banners of Science or Stupidity, which you please, and like a recruit got sober, looking to the days that are passed, and feeling something like regret. Would you think it possible that the wise founders of an English University should forbid us to wear boots? What matters it whether I study in shoes or in boots? To me it is a matter of indifference, but folly so ridiculous puts me out of conceit of the whole. When the foundation is bad, the fabric must be weak! * * * I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow. I must learn

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to work a problem instead of writing an ode, and pay respect to men remarkable for large wigs and small wisdom!"

And yet in after years Southey would have written a volume on the heresy of boots if not considered orthodox by the authorities!

There was, however, one custom to which Southey would not submit; that was, to have his hair powdered! Putting flour upon his fine black locks was an indignity he could not allow; he resisted and kicked, and the barber was overthrown. Doubtless the barber felt a moral assurance that the young rebel would come to be hanged!

His course of study seems to have been promiscuous. A friend says, "he was a perfect *helluo librorum*." That his industry was great and untiring we have the evidence of his whole life to confirm; and doubtless he here had all the freshness of appetite awaiting a new life. His correspondence shows the imitative spirit very strongly. The style is also singularly unnatural and inflated, and as removed from the clear, manly prose of his after life as it is possible to conceive. Indeed, we think we trace in Southey that same remarkable faculty which is so apparent in Dryden, namely, their constant progression in the graces of composition. As Dryden's best poems were written within a few years of his death, so we believe Southey's finest prose was equally his later productions.

At this early period, too, he shadowed out what his definition of true happiness was. "Let me have £200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further."

In a letter written this year (1793) Southey shows how, even then, he had begun to busy himself in "reforms." It is an advocacy of "Protestant nunneries," as suggested by Richardson. Many years later, in his "Colloquies," he alludes to the subject again in these words: "Considering the condition of single women in the middle classes, it is not speaking too strongly to assert, that the establishment of Protestant nunneries upon a *wide plan* and liberal scale, would be the greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon these kingdoms."

Our young collegian spent the July of his first vacation in visiting a college friend in Herefordshire, and in August he went to his old associate Bedford's home in Surrey. There, the day after he completed his nineteenth year, he resumed, and finished in six weeks, his poem of Joan of Arc. We say *resumed*, although he had only written about three hundred lines when he took up his task to complete it. He remained for three months at this hospitable house, which is still standing at Brixton Causeway, about four miles from London Bridge. He however diversified his Joan of Arc by firing at wasp's nests with horse pistols loaded with sand—a queer anticlimax to his heroine's struggle with the English invaders. In October he returned to Bristol, and for some reason which does not appear, did not reside during the following term at Baliol College, but passed the time with his aunt.

We clearly detect at this time that the excesses of the French Revolution were disturbing a little his faith in Democracy. In one of his letters he says: "I am sick of this world, and discontented with everybody in it. The murder of Brissot has completely harrowed up my faculties, and I begin to believe that virtue can only aspire to content in obscurity, for happiness is out of the question. I look round the world and everywhere find the same mournful spectacle—the strong tyrannizing over the weak, man and beast. The same depravity pervades the whole creation. Oppression is triumphant everywhere, and the only difference is that it acts in Turkey through the anger of a grand Seigneur, in France of a Revolutionary Tribunal, and in England, of a *Prime Minister*."

It is unnecessary to point out the want of philosophy which generates the above morbid reflections.

We remember in a conversation we had with Wordsworth, even so late as in 1845, that that fine old poet gave in his usual straight-forward manner a sufficient reason for the French excesses. It must be borne in mind that he was in Paris during the earlier part of the Revolution, and, strangely enough, lodged in the same house with Brissot and Robespierre. "How could," said he, "any sane person expect the French to act rationally after so many years of frightful misgovernment? Human nature works by actions and reactions. Louis the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth had debauched and degraded the public mind to such an extent that all moral restraint had long since become extirpated. It would be as reasonable

to expect a savage to practise a Christianity he had never been taught. Had the French nation been capable of behaving differently to what they did, there would have been no revolution, because the motive would not have existed." This is of course the philosophical explanation, and had Southey argued correctly he would have recognized in the revolutionary harvest the frightful seed from whence it sprang. It is as true of a nation as a corn-field, that whatsoever the rulers sow they shall in time reap. But Southey had not a philosophical, nor yet a comprehensive mind. We doubt if he was even a logician in its highest signification. There is as much difference between the man of a logical and the man of a syllogistical mind, as there is between eloquence and rhetoric, poetry and verse. Indeed, one is founded on art, and the other on nature. One is a spirit and the other only a form. But after all the author of "Joan of Arc" was only a school-boy republican; he had by head and not by heart. It was the vague, idle dream of poetical imitation, and not a noble, glorious principle as in the breast of a Milton or a Washington. Listen to one of these absurd "day-dreams." It is in a letter to Horace Walpole Bedford:—

"If this world did but contain ten thousand people of *both sexes visionary* as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader, and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans, and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendor."

Our readers will, we think, agree with us that if this be republicanism, every young aristocrat fresh from Virgil or Livy is quite as "good a one" as the author of "Wat Tyler."

There is also at this epoch of his life a discontent which developed itself in a disposition to attack his fellow-creatures *à la* Juvenal.

In a letter to Bedford he thus writes: "Your plan of a general satire I am ready to partake when you please." Who is there that has not in the outset of a classical or literary life had similar vague intentions of reforming or smashing human nature?

Even before his acquaintance with Coleridge, our poet seems to have entertained hts of an emigration to the United States; for in another letter dated Dec. 14, 1793, he writes:—

"What is to become of me at ordination? Heaven only knows! After keeping the strait path so long, the Test Act will be a stumbling-block to honesty. So chance and Providence must take care of that, and I will fortify myself against chance. The wants of man are so very few, that they must be attainable somewhere, and whether here or in America matters little. *I have long learned to look upon the world as my country.*

"Now, if you are in the mood for a reverie, fancy only me in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice, snug little dairy with them: three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes, and, in very bad weather, take out my casette and write to you, for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine I shall leave rhyming or philosophizing; so thus your friend will realize the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion of Rousseau; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me—a most melancholy proof that society is very bad, and that I shall have done very little to improve it! So vanity, vanity will come from my lips, and poor Southey will either be cooked for a Cherokee, or oysterized by a tiger."

How little Southey knew his own nature, even if he were sincere in the sentiment we have italicized, is evident to all who know his after life. A man may recant his *opinions*, but not his *nature*.

Of his literary industry we have a proof in a letter to Bedford of 1793: "I have accomplished a most arduous task, transcribing all my verses that appear worth the trouble, except letters, [poetical epistles, doubtless.] Of these I took one list, another of my pile of stuff and nonsense, and a third of what I have burned and lost. Upon an average, ten thousand verses are burned and lost, the same number preserved, and fifteen thousand worthless. * * * I can bear a retrospect, but when I look forward to taking orders, a thousand dreadful ideas crowd at once upon my mind. * * * The more I see of this strange world, the more I am *convinced that society requires desperate remedies!* The friends I have (and you know me to be cautious in choosing them) are many of them struggling with obstacles which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas

bursts into my mind when I reflect upon this subject. In the hours of sanguine expectation these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions of futurity are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America."

So closed 1793. At the latter end of the following January, he returned to Baliol College, where his expenses were defrayed by his uncle, the Reverend Herbert Hill, chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, who looked forward with considerable anxiety to his nephew taking holy orders. To this life, though Southey made no open objection, he seemed to have cherished a private dislike quite insuperable, which his son (himself a clergyman) endeavors to apologize away, by alluding to the state of the Established Church at that period, hinting at fox-hunting, Port-wine drinking, and a few other foibles not much in the style of "Him of Galilee," leaving the silent inference to be drawn that had his father been a young man now he would not have had his old scruples.

Southey's religion at this precise point of his life, was, we have heard Coleridge affirm, "*an empty vacuum full of mythology, and craving a plenum of a comfortable income, a handsome wife, and a large epic fame.*" In a short time afterwards he grew Unitarian; there was an intellectuality about it which pleased him. We may as well in this place relate a little anecdote of Coleridge, which showed how greatly his imagination entered into his "Thirty-nine Articles," even to the very last. About a fortnight before the great poet died, the writer of this had received a letter from Mr. Wordsworth, containing a message to Coleridge, who was not suspected to be so near his death as eventually proved. We merely name this to account for the apparent discrepancy of the conversation. The "old man eloquent" was in his bed-room, a chamber which commanded one of the sweetest and greenest views in England—being from the brow of Highgate Hill, and looking over Finchley towards St. Albans. As we write all seems as fresh as yesterday—the broken-down frame of the old poet—his large, gray, fiery, yet pain-stricken eye—his flabby, pale, yet heavy face—his noble brow, not bald, being covered with silvery hair—his intermittent, yet full, deep voice—the very roll of his eye, the compressed lip, the slippered feet, the snuffed old black coat, gorged with the titillating dust down his waistcoat and cuff—all stand so palpably now before me, that the Atlantic seems a rivulet, and the sixteen years that have nearly rolled since "the noticeable man" was laid in the immortality of his grave in the old church-yard at Highgate, a mere watch of the night. But we must shake off the reverie, or we shall bury our readers in sleep.

Coleridge burst out as we were saying "Good bye," with—"Lord Brougham has been here to-day. We talked about religion. Brougham said, 'Mr. Coleridge, you were a Unitarian preacher once: define the difference between your faith as *then* and *now*. I shall remember it, and it may bring forth seed long after you dream of.' Brougham's a good man,—a kind man; his heart is right—it is his over-worked brain that has made him go wrong. Heaven help him—he is as simple as a child!"

"Well, but my dear friend," said Mrs. Gillman, who had only just recovered from a severe accident, "your definition?" Coleridge smiled: "Dear friend, cherish that cowry shell on the mantel-piece, for it has, I feel assured, converted an unbelieving Chancellor, the living Bacon of our Woolsack. I took up the shell, my dear friends, and said, 'Heaven has sent this to give me an illustration. You see how exquisitely this is worked, how wonderfully symmetrical; the tints of the coloring are miraculously artistic: on one side you have the golden flush of sunset, mingling with the purple dawn; and if you place it to your ear, imagination supplies a voice which seems to whisper an audible something, but it is only a *dead shell*—where is the living animal, for which it was created? It is only a sarcophagus. So with Unitarianism. I admire its external form, the beauty of its morality, the coloring of its logic. But where is the living spirit of Faith? Where is Christ? You have taken away the Lord, and you know not where you have laid him."

We shall not go into the theology of this simile; we merely give it for its poetry.

When Southey turned Unitarian, he became more decided in all his opinions, as we shall see.

We must, however, devote a few lines to allow the son to explain the processes through which his father passed ere he be-

came a good Quarterly Reviewer of the Tory school :—

"His opinions at this time were somewhat unsettled, although they soon took the form of Unitarianism, from which point they seem gradually to have ascended without any abrupt transition, as the troubles of life increased his devotional feelings, and the study of religious authors informed his better judgment, until they finally settled down into a strong attachment for the doctrines of the Church of England."

Southey seems to have given the Church up, that he might devote himself to Æsculapius, for he announces in a letter to his *fidus Achates:* "Very soon shall I commence my anatomical and chemical studies. When well grounded in those, I hope to study under Cruikshank to perfect myself in anatomy, attend the clincial lectures, and then commence—Doctor Southey!"

He accordingly attended for some time the Anatomy School, and the Lectures of the medical professors, but he soon abandoned the idea as hastily as he had adopted it, partly from being unable to overcome his disgust for a dissecting room, but chiefly because his love for literature was too strong within him.

He now turned his hopes of obtaining a living towards a situation under Government, as his friend Bedford had done, but it was hinted that his well-known violent republican sentiments, so freely and loudly and unnecessarily expressed, had closed that door for ever. This was a pretty situation for the future Poet Laureate. We may here however mention an anecdote which seems to fasten upon Poet Laureates a sort of political discontent. Some two years before Wordsworth was appointed as Southey's successor, a young English poet, a friend of the Bard of Rydal sent to him a sonnet written to Queen Victoria. The old poet in his reply acknowledged the sonnet, but rebuked him for desecrating the majesty of Apollo, by bowing to crowned heads. Victoria was a Whig.

Southey's reply to his friend is bold, for he is evidently annoyed:—"My opinions are very well known. I would have them so. Nature never meant me for a negative character. I can neither be good nor bad, happy nor miserable, by halves. A prudential silence would have sullied my integrity!"

At this precise minute he became intimate with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he had entered in February, 1791. He had already given the world assurance of his genius by his writings and his eccentricities, having gained the golden medal for his Greek Ode, and by his singular lecturings. In 1793, in a fit of collegiate disappointment, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Cumberback, from which "warlike position" he was extricated by his friends on the 10th April, 1794. In the June of this year, on a visit to a college friend at Oxford, he was introduced to Southey. They each seem, like the German students of Canning's burlesque, to have sworn at that instant eternal friendship: they agreed in religion, politics, and every thing! Southey thus writes of Coleridge in the first glow of young acquaintanceship: "Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham's or Edwards's. He is of most uncommon merit, of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours!"

"Alas, for the rosy dreams of youthful hearts!"

From this meeting sprang Pantisocracy. It was agreed between Lovell, Coleridge, and Southey, to collect as many adventurous spirits as possible, buy land on the banks of the Susquehanna, and taking out wives, produce children at their leisure, to inherit their estates. Stripped of all verbiage, we really believe this is as nearly as possible the bare idea of this loudly trumpeted Utopia.

The instigators or chief conspirators of this plan to inundate the United States with poets, were Robert Lovell, who had lately married one of the Misses Fricker, George Barrett, a fellow collegian, Robert Allen, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Edmund Seward: to these were soon added Southey and Coleridge.

It broke up as rapidly as it had formed. Seward deserted into the Established Church, (an ominous beginning of the campaign,) Coleridge made a pedestrian tour in Wales, and Southey went to his aunt at Bath. That however the two latter had not altogether waked from their dream, is evident from our poet's letter dated July, 1794.

"'Tis my intention to join Coleridge in

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Wales, then proceed to Edmund Seward, seriously to arrange with him the best mode of settling in America. Yesterday I took my proposals for publishing 'Joan of Arc,' to the printer: should the publication be in any way successful, it will carry me over, and get me some few acres, a spade and a plough. My brother Thomas will gladly go with us. In this country I must sacrifice either happiness or integrity."

Like all young authors, Southey had the most sanguine expectation of "Joan of Arc's" success; he talked of leaving it as a legacy to his country, of its preserving his name, &c.

In August Coleridge returned to Bristol, and, unfortunately for him, became acquainted with his future wife. The tragedy called the "Fall of Robespierre" was written at this time.

Again, too, Pantisocracy reared its head; Southey thus writes to his brother who was to join them:—

"The Pantisocratic scheme has given me new life, new hope, new energy; all the faculties of my mind are dilated. I am weeding out the few lurking prejudices of habit, and looking forward to happiness."

In October the scheme was communicated to his aunt, whose anger knew no bounds. It ended in her turning him from her house late at night, so that he had to walk to Bath, nine miles, in rain and darkness. So much for the affection of a narrow-minded old woman. Southey says in a letter to his brother, that it was the announcement of his intended marriage that most thoroughly annoyed her. The aunt and nephew never met again.

Two months after Lovell and Southey published a small volume of poems: this closed 1794.

The difficulty of raising funds for emigration now induced them to alter their scheme from America to Wales; but after a few dying reflections, even this was abandoned, and poor Pantisocracy died and was buried.

He now amused himself with planning a magazine to be edited by him and Coleridge; he also offered his services to a country newspaper, which however were declined. He then, in conjunction with the latter, gave a course of lectures at Bristol, which were well attended and much praised.

Mr. Cottle now offered to publish "Joan of Arc," to which Southey gladly consented. He had already commenced "Madoc," which he laid aside to correct his first-born epic.

His uncle, Mr. Herbert Hill, being about to return to Portugal, persuaded Southey to accompany him. Much as he disliked the idea of being separated from his fair Edith, to whom he had been for some time engaged, yet the idea of making the visit father to a volume of travels gilded the pill of separation. He however resolved to make the lady his, beyond the chance of any accident save death, and on the 14th November, 1795, they were married at Redcliffe Church, Bristol, separating immediately after the ceremony. A few days afterwards the virgin bridegroom was on his way to Lisbon, which he reached after a tedious passage, laying some time wind bound at Falmouth. After an absence of six months he returned, and took possession of his wife and some ready-furnished lodgings, and busied himself in preparing his "Letters from Spain and Portugal." During his absence his brother-in-law and brother poet, Robert Lovell, had died, and his widow soon after Southey's return went to reside with them, and remained a guest during the rest of her life.

"Joan of Arc" had been published during the author's residence in Lisbon, and had fallen still-born from the press. Southey says in August, 1796, "The sale of 'Joan of Arc' in London has been very slow indeed; six weeks ago Cadell had only sold *three* copies!"

Mr. Wynn, his old school-fellow, had, immediately on Southey's marriage, with a generosity worthy of his name, settled an annuity of £160 per annum on him. This enabled him to work at labor he had the most genius for—a great advantage; it also enabled him to put some finishing touches to his writings, which otherwise the daily necessities of his household would have prevented.

In February he came to London for a few months in order to enter himself of Gray's Inn. In April he returned to Bath, where he remained working hard at a second volume of poems, finishing "Madoc," and writing for the "Morning Post," and some magazines.

In 1800 he commenced at Bristol his "Thalaba," undoubtedly the best of his longer poems; his health however had been for some time failing, and in April he, accompanied by his wife, set sail once more for the Tagus.

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In June, 1801, they returned, restored

in health, and full of renewed plans, taking up their residence at Bristol.

Towards the close of this year he obtained, through Mr. Wynn's untiring friendship, the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, at a salary of £400 per annum. He was however only required a short time in Dublin; on his return he was steadily settled at London as Mr. Corry's secretary. In the meantime he had published "Thalaba," the copyright of which he sold for £115. In January, 1802, his mother died: this was a heavy blow, as Robert Southey was a man full of domestic feelings.

Finding his office to be a sinecure, he, with an honesty which ought to be more generally followed, resigned his secretaryship, and resolved to settle in the country. After casting "his eyes" about him, he fixed upon the Lakes of Westmoreland, to which his friend Coleridge had already retired. In September, 1803, immediately after the death of his only child, a little girl of scarcely a year old, they settled at Greta Hall. He had already made the acquaintance of the Longmans, and received several commissions from them, which afterwards led to a connection, closed only by the Laureate's death. Southey had now reached his thirtieth year, and had settled down in a spot from which he never after removed, to devote his energies to a purely literary life: perhaps we have no other instance of a man so completely following up that one idea without reference to anything else, as the distinguished man whose life we are reviewing.

His industry was the most untiring of any author's of modern times. In March, 1804, he thus wrote to his friend John Rickman:—"I have more in hand than Bonaparte, or Marquis Wellesley—digesting Gothic Law; gleaning moral history from monkish Legends; conquering India, or rather Asia, with Albuquerque; filling up the chinks of the day by hunting in Jesuit Chronicles, and compiling Collectanea Hispanica et Gothica. Meantime Madoc sleeps, and my lucre of-gain-compilation (specimens of English Poets) goes on at night, when I am fairly obliged to lay history aside, because it perplexes me in my dreams. 'Tis a vile thing to be pestered in sleep with all the books in the day I have been reading jostled together!"

In the May of 1804 he visited London, and met some new society. He however was not a very "clubbable fellow," as Johnson would phrase it. He was soon at his home at Keswick again, in the midst of his books, &c.

He had now made considerable headway in his History of Brazil, and looked forward to another sojourn in Portugal to finish it. Coleridge had been now for some time at Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, and Southey's letters to him are full of hints, which afterwards ripened into works. Coleridge had always great theories to propound, and was a most suggestive companion and correspondent, as Southey and Wordsworth often acknowledged.

We pause at this point of the Laureate's life to call the reader's attention, not alone to the singular change in his political and religious opinions, but also in his habits of daily life. From the wild enthusiast he becomes tamed town to the orthodox disciplinarian; from the dreamer of Pantisocracy he suddenly awakes to the realities of *L.s.d.*-ism; from the Lesbian heights of Pindarics' epics, and Sapphics, he leaps into the level sea of Routine!

But we must reserve the moral we have to deduce from this singular harlequinade to our next number.

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# AMERICAN AGGRESSIONS ON BRITISH FREE TRADE.

The most singular piece of assurance we have seen of late, is an expression of the *London Times*, in general a very quiet and pretty-behaved newspaper, but which bursts out occasionally in all the native ugliness of the interest it represents.

"In California," says the *Times*, "(the) production (of gold) does not seem to flag. It is true our merchants have been disappointed, but that is because the proceeds of their sales have been swallowed up in payments, which have found their way into private pockets, or in consignments of gold dust to other parties. The British merchant has to run the gauntlet of Yankee officials, brokers and tradesmen, and has not secured his due proportion of the golden stream, which has nevertheless flowed in unquestionable abundance to all parts of the world."

It would be a valuable piece of honesty on the part of this money-writer, to let us know what that "due proportion" of American gold is, which *ought* to go to "British merchants" by right. Americans, and we suppose the people of all other nations, would like to know what part of their property must go *by right* and "*due* proportion," into the "*public* pocket" of the British capitalist. Is it, as in Ireland, two thirds of all we can produce; or as in happy America, only about one fifth or a sixth; or as in India, nine tenths; or as in merry England itself, a moderate third of the earnings of labor?

"Our merchants," says this profound gentleman, "have been disappointed; but that is because the proceeds of their sales have found their way into private pockets, or in consignments of gold dust to other parties."

That is to say, they have received too little gold dust from California, *either* because they have been fleeced by their own agents, *or* because they used it to make purchases, or pay debts away from home.

That so tender-hearted and honest a man as the "British merchant" should be fleeced of his "due" share of American property, by his own travelling clerks, is a truly lamentable thing, and speaks ill for his clerks, and his discretion in employing them; but the extent of these transfers to "private pockets" must have been astounding indeed, to account for a deficiency of several million pounds sterling. There ought to be found some very rich rogues among Brummagem agents in California, with shares of British "dues" of American property on their persons, astounding in amount.

Not less painful is the other supposition, that these "dues" have gone to pay debts, or make purchases elsewhere. That American gold should be used to purchase American flour, is mainly bad for England. American produce should be paid for in British manufactures, and not in Californian gold, to please Master British Merchant. Hence the lamentations of the most decent money organ of the most decent and respectable country in the world. If England buys our gold first in California, and makes nothing by the operation, and then buys corn of us with the same gold, leaving us a small profit, it is no wonder she falls short of her "due share" of American property.

But hearken again to our polite "organ of English principles:" "The British merchant has to run the gauntlet of Yankee officials, brokers and tradesmen, and has not secured his due proportion of the golden stream." Master British Merchant, in short, thrust his portly person among a people who saw no good in him, and was trodden and elbowed out of the way, with considerable anguish to his corns, and some pains in the ribs. Other interlopers received the same hospitality.

Yankee officials very properly insisted on his paying the lawful duties on his wares, while American wares went in free. A horrid piece of injustice truly!

The goods on shore, and that odious duty paid, he wished to exchange them for gold dust, but the intervention of certain evil-disposed persons called "brokers" was found

necessary to the exchange, and a frightful *percentage* sloughed off from his "due *proportion*" of American gold.

The Brummagem agent, dissatisfied with this proceeding, another time undertakes the sales himself; he *will* try it, but finds to his great discomfiture that certain abominable "Yankee tradesmen" are selling cheaper in the tent next him.

Thus is our "British merchant's" "due proportion of Californian gold" reduced to a miserable *caput mortuum*, and a damp falls upon the household. "We *must* have a change," says he to his friend, the *Times;* "this American competition and protection are killing us. Get up a right feeling on the other side of the water, make the Americans give over the atrocious tariff system, or we shall by-and-by be reduced to a chop and pot of ale."

The same profound and valuable writer gives us a very confused and tedious homily on the depreciation of gold, and the rise of silver; events which have taken place simultaneously. The French Ministry, we are delighted to hear, have resolved that silver alone shall have its value ascertained and made legal, instead of gold and silver, and will propose a law to that effect.

Vast standing armies are suddenly raised all over Europe; the troops must be paid in silver; the country people everywhere hide their dollars, and silver in London and Paris has become consequently scarce, and is more needed as a medium of exchange, and will buy more gold and other things than it did. These we admit are fearfully profound and difficult matters, and require no less a head and boldness than the *Times* to utter them.

Our very judicious *Times* writer lets appear the true intention of our "English merchant" in the present article, by an attempt to show that the gold which is flowing into the market in so great abundance, will very soon become of no use whatever, and that silver, which is becoming scarcer and dearer every day, will take its place in Europe altogether. This speculation is intended for a stultification of everybody excepting our British merchant. Gold, it appears, is to be wholly disused in France and Europe, in consequence of a slight depreciation, arising from its greater abundance! and England will soon have the only legalized gold currency on that side of the Atlantic, and will maintain a steady demand for gold. He adds, what is well calculated to mislead, that gold in England will buy as much food in proportion as it did before the Californian mines were discovered; leaving it to be inferred that gold has not depreciated in value; and hiding the fact, that a greater abundance of provisions in London since the Irish famines began, is the cause why a gold sovereign in London will buy as much of Irish eggs and meats seized for rents, as it used to.

The object of all this is shown plainly by the paragraphs of the article which we have dissected and crushed for their impertinence. Our "British merchant" thinks it convenient to have a monopoly of gold for all the world in London; that metal, not because of its legality, but because of its providential fitness for the uses of exchange, being the true regulator and representative of exchanges, and for that and other powerful reasons, the best commodity on earth of which to have a monopoly.

In following out his grand scheme of making himself the monopolist, not only of manufacture, *the means*, but of gold, *the medium*, of commercial operations, our British merchant and his agent in California got themselves elbowed and trod upon; and their disappointment and chagrin vents itself in a "*Times* article," and the suggesting of a "Free Trade League" in America, to operate as the foul cat's-paw of that in England. Mistress Monopoly sets on all England and her friends in America to open every possible channel through which the red gold that now flows up the Mississippi, and along the shores of the sea-side States, may flow over into the "public pockets" of England, the Bank, and its secret reservoirs, the private pockets of our British merchant. Here is a pretty contriver, and very neat and civil *Times* writing gentleman, with his cobwebs in the brain and clear cunning in the stomach.

England must have a monopoly of gold as the most convenient metallic medium of exchange, that commands a market when nothing else will,—that is, in fact, omnipotent in every market and at all times, and that *ought to be* monopolized by a nation that intends to be mistress of the world, and to rob all nations of the earnings of labor by well-contrived reciprocity treaties.

California, it seems, has not yielded the British merchant his "due proportion" of the needful gold.

After expressing the opinion that the use of gold is to be in future extremely limited in Europe, our judicious money-writer continues. "There is a great demand for silver in the United States," says he, "and it remains to be seen whether the United States will succeed in relieving its straitened silver currency, with the substitution of gold." And further, the convenience of the "gold eagle" will be a poor equivalent for its "depreciated value." Profound statistician, who never heard of such a thing as a new coinage, and who supposes, that because an old gold eagle is not worth the price marked on it, Americans are to have no money but what they buy of the Mexicans, and are to make no use of the golden prize of California. England, he seems to think, is the only country that will or ought to benefit by that prize. *We* are to put up with silver, a metal, suggests our valuable mistifier, very much in demand for "large industrial operations." In the operations of that chevalier d'industrie, our British monopolist, not only silver but gold seems to be tolerably in demand; and here we have a cool piece of impudence, showing us that we are to have none of our own gold, but only he and his master ought to have, and will have, *that.*

And yet we have our fears he may be right. It is a bare possibility, so dull are we of late, that a company of German and English importers, partisans and agents of English and European houses, may, with a Free Trade League, and other detestable inventions, supported by foreign contributions, steal away their gold from the people of the United States, and leave them afloat on a rotten paper currency. And the king of their paper Chaos will be Mr. R. J. Walker, the leader of the grand project for giving England a monopoly of manufactures, and what must go with it, a monopoly of gold.

That the precious metals will ever cease to be a currency for trade and exchanges in civilized communities, there is no reason to believe, though it is highly probable, from the general tendency of the age toward mutuality and concentration of labor, that bank credit will rest less upon specie than it has.

The banking system of New-York throws the credit of the banks upon the *labor* of the entire community, taxes being the sole security of the State debts, by which the State banks are secured. In an organized community not agitated by incendiary factions, the firmest basis of credit is the united industry of all, and the united honesty of all. Labor is consequently the creator of the interest of money.

Specie having a value almost wholly fictitious, being neither food, clothes, weapon, vehicle, house, nor land, but representing the need of all, yields nothing, and creates nothing, but is continually consumed and worn away. Grain, live stock, clothes, houses, &c., yield all of them a direct benefit to the human body, but *specie*, as such, renders none. Living things, and tools, the earth and what lives upon its surface, aided by labor, increase and multiply, but *specie* as such does not, but only wastes away. Tools, though they waste away by use, with the aid of labor reproduce themselves: the water-wheel is made to manufacture an hundred other water-wheels. *Specie*, on the contrary, produces nothing of its own kind.

Gold and silver, in the form of coin, are of no use in the arts or in medicine; *specie*, therefore, as such, is not a material used in the arts, and is of no use whatever in any industrial process. It must first cease to be "specie" to be of use. Nor is *coin*, like a promissory note, a mere *witness* of a private obligation, nor, like a bank or State note, of a public one. It tells no story, it fixes no time, it is only what it appears to be. The value is attached to its *substance;* it has, if we may so speak, a personality of value ascertained and stamped upon it, without reference to time.

By the use of a figure of rhetoric, we may make what we please of it: we may call it,—

A god, a devil, a breeder of its kind, a seed of wealth, a tool of trade, or an engine, but that is poetry and not fact.

The name does not help us. "*Specie*" means *form*, shape, appearance, &c. A *coin* is a stamp or impress; *specie*, perhaps, means the same.

To know what specie *is*, let us see what it is used for.

First then, to one man or to two, or to a family, specie is of no use. A man in a desert cannot use specie, nor can a family use it, a *family* having a *community of goods.* Where there is *absolute* community of goods, there is no *specie.* Where there is *absolute* credit, (i. e. in the family,) there are no public or private promissory notes.

Specie and notes consequently indicate the existence of a *society*, i. e. a company of men united by interest, instead of affection, aiding each other by mutuality, *value for value*, under the idea of personal property. When the society breaks up, or is in danger of breaking up, *notes* lose their value, (i. e. stocks fall,) the connection of the past, present and future is broken up. A note has a certain circle of existence, and its value diminishes as it is taken farther and farther from the centre whence it came, and increases as it returns. At a certain distance it becomes worthless. The extent of this circle is measured by the power of the centre.

*Notes* do not represent coin, but *labor*,— i. e. the probability that there will be fruit of labor, i. e. *interest*. Were there no credit, no dependence upon the yield of labor, there would be no notes.

*Notes* consequently represent the *protection* given by the social organization (i. e. the organization of honor and justice) to the peaceful pursuits of industry; and the probabilities of its yield are greater as the organization is more complete and stable.

*Specie*, on the contrary, diminishes in importance, and is less in demand, as the organization of society within itself, and its *self-dependence*, is more complete. The value of gold and silver increases as public and private credit fails, and the fruits of labor become less certain.

Other things being equal, gold and silver currency is more necessary in time of war than at other times. From which it appears that *money* (either coin, or cowries, or whatever performs the part of specie) represents nothing but the *dependence of one man upon another* (without family tie, kindness, or credit) for the means of life. Every man has either labor or substance, which he cannot instantly use to maintain himself, and he consequently offers it to his neighbor; and the representative of this relationship, as common to all mankind, and recognized by all, is currency, money, (*specie*, cowries, cash, coin.)

*Specie* represents and measures the present and immediate dependence of one man upon another, and as that dependence is less, there is less use of specie.

*Notes* represent the confidence of one man in another, and in the community, in regard to the returns of labor.*

To operate successfully upon all the nations of the globe, a company of traders must consequently have a boundless control of the specie market, which is evident without argument; but to get that control they must force all specie-producing countries into a position of dependence upon themselves.

The chagrin of British capitalists at not receiving their "due proportion" of the grand weapon and "tool of trade," as it has been aptly styled, is therefore easy to understand. It is clearly the interest of Americans to keep it to themselves, and to do that they must not only drive off foreign intruders from their mines, but take care to produce such commodities as will give them a good share of the world's market, and cause the specie of the world to flow back to them in such abundance as to enable them to wrestle with the money giant of England, and throw him down breathless. It is late in the day for America to be forced to work for England, to get a little gold and silver. Let the people of America cultivate and protect every useful and elegant art, and the gold of California and the silver of Mexico will be at their command, and move to and fro for them, between all the markets of the globe.

* Metaphysically, *specie* represents the mutual dependence of men as they stand together upon the face of the whole earth, in *space*; while *notes* represent *time*, as regards the same dependence.

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# GARIBALDI—PAËZ.

[Although it is not the practice of the American Review to appear either in French or High Dutch, still we venture to break through our general practice on this occasion to place before our readers one of the most just and eloquent articles it has ever been our happiness to publish. With reference to the individuals of whom the following pages treat, the city of New-York should know something of one, as it fêted him, and the name and history of the other, who refused the tawdry honors squandered on his unworthy contemporary, are dear to every Republican. The name of Garibaldi in history will combine the attributes accorded to Rienzi and Murat—the patriotism of the Roman Tribune with the chivalry of the illustrious soldier. We have but one apology to make for not presenting a translation with the article—you may translate the verbiage, but not the sincerity or the genius of the orator; and French eloquence of this style is so idiomatic, that it is absolutely impossible to combine the manly vigor and the womanly sincerity which distinguish it with any homogeneity, or with other effect than as a contrast, setting its more prominent and characteristic features equally at fault.]

Un spectacle sans contredit très curieux à la fois et très intéressant, c'est de suivre d'un œil attentif les diverses carrières que parcourent, chez toutes les nations, les hommes lancés dans la politique.

Les uns, amans passionnés de la liberté, lui vouèrent, pendant toute leur vie, un culte pur et désintéressé, et ils eurent la satisfaction de voir leur efforts pour elle couronnés d'un succès complet. Tel fut Washington.

Les autres, d'abord républicains sincères, sacrifièrent plus tard la liberté à leur ambition. Fils de la liberté, ils assassinèrent leur mère, et ils se servirent de son cadavre, comme d'un marche-pied pour gravir les marches du trône. Tel fut Bonaparte, qui se fit Napoléon.

Quelques uns, républicains aussi dans le commencement, mais n'ayant ni assez de pureté dans le cœur pour se dévouer à la sainte cause de la liberté, ni assez de génie pour organizer une réaction à leur profit, vendirent leur bras et leur épée à des Charles Deux, et rétablirent la royauté. Tel fut Monk.

Quelques autres, toujours ardens républicains, ont été constamment fidèles à la liberté, et inébranlables dans leur foi politique; ils ont préféré mourir de faim, plutôt que de prêter leur appui et leur plume au despotisme. Tel fut Chénier.

Cet article a pour objet de mettre en parallèle deux hommes, qui, chacun de leur côté, ont été à la tête de l'armée et des affaires dans leur patrie respective. Je veux parler de Garibaldi et de Paëz.

Tous deux, pour des motifs différens, furent bannis de la contrée qui les vit naître.

Tous deux sont venus chercher un abri sous la bannière puissante des Etats Unis.

Le hazard, qui a réuni sur le territoire américaine ces deux grandes infortunés, établit entre Garibaldi et Paëz un point de ressemblance, qui, sous plus d'un rapport, est digne d'un très grand intérêt.

Tous deux furent annoncés par la voix des journaux longtems avant leur arrivée à New-York. Le comité italien et la population de New-York prirent des mesures et firent des préparatifs pour recevoir avec pompe ces deux personnages.

La manière différente, avec laquelle les deux exilés accueillirent ces preuves de protestations publiques, a vraiment quelque chose de très caractéristique, et peut, jusqu'à un certain dégré, servir de point de départ, pour porter un jugement assez net sur Garibaldi et sur Paëz.

Autre Kosciuszko, Garibaldi est un nouveau missionnaire, un nouveau martyr de la liberté. Il a été proscrit une première fois en Italie, où il a combattu pour la liberté. Il a été proscrit en France, où il a combattu pour la même cause. Il a été proscrit a Rio Grande, pour avoir concouru à la fondation d'une république. Il a été proscrit à Monte Video, où il a combattu pour la même cause. De Monte Video, il s'est transporté à Rome, dans sa chère patrie, qui, aux accents de la liberté, s'était délivrée de la cour papale, et avait proclamé le gouvernement républicain sur les bords du Tibre. Il a été proscrit pour la seconde fois en Italie, et il a demandé aux Etats Unis l'hospitalité, que lui refusait sa patrie.

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Qu'il soit le bien venu!

Garibaldi regrette de n'avoir pas atteint, malgré ses efforts, le but généreux, qu'il se proposait; de n'avoir pu implanter, sur le sol de la jeune Italie, le système républicain.

La portion patriote de la nation française fesait des vœux sincères, pour qu'il s'établit un lien solide et sympathique de fraternité entre la France républicaine et la jeune Italie; elle esperait, que cette vieille papauté rétrograde, qui a fait alliance avec tous les rois contre tous les peuples, qui a uni sa croix au bâton de l'Autriche et au knout de la Russie, serait abolie à jamais, et que, sur ses ruines encore fumantes, s'élèverait un édifice politique et social nouveau, qui revêterait des formes plus jeunes, plus conformes au style et aux besoins de l'époque. C'était là le vœu que fesaient, par patriotisme, les nouveaux citoyens de la Rome régénérée pour leur patrie; que fesaient, par sympathie, les patriotes de la France républicaine, et que devait seconder, sinon par solidarité, du moins par devoir, le gouvernement français.

Mais Louis Bonaparte, plein de gratitude pour le clergé catholique, qui l'avait porté à la présidence, jaloux d'acquitter au plutôt la dette qu'il avait contractée envers lui, et de conserver son appui pour l'avenir, n'en jugea pas ainsi. Il sacrifia l'intérêt de la république française à sa personnalité et à ses vuex ambitieuses. Il regarda, comme un titre de gloire, de prodiguer le sang des soldats français et de gaspiller les finances du trésor national, pour combattre une armée républicaine en Italie et pour y étouffer, dès sa naissance, le principe républicain, qu'il avait pour mission, comme premier magistrat, comme président de la république française, de favoriser et de soutenir en France. Grâces lui soient rendues!

Quelle belle page en effet Louis Bonaparte s'est acquise dans l'histoire de France, pour avoir rétabli le gouvernment papal dans Rome, dans la ville éternelle,—où un pape, dont je ne cite pas le nom, pour ne pas souiller ma plume, fit déterrer son prédécesseur, dont il était l'ennemi personnel, fit intenter un procès à son cadavre, lui fit couper la tête et la main, puis fit précipiter ses membres épars dans les eaux du Tibre;—où, dans le dixième siècle, le pape Grégoire VII. mit à exécution le plan le plus politique, qui ait jamais été conçu par aucun pape, celui, qui devait fournir au Saint Siège autant de sujets, qu'il y avait de prêtres dans le monde chrétien, en isolant tous ces prêtres de leur patrie respective, et en les livrant, sans partage, au chef de l'église; en un mot, où Grégoire VII. ordonna d'une manière positive, par une bulle, le célibat des prêtres;—où le pape Innocent III. établit l'inquisition dans le onzième siècle;—ou, dans le treizième siècle, le pape Jean XXII., glorieux d'ajouter le droit de crime aux droits d'annates, de dispenses, de dîmes et d'indulgences, a permis, par une bulle, à un diacre d'assassiner, moyennant douze tournois, à un abbé, à un evêque de poignarder, moyennant une somme de trois cents livres.

Qui sait, si, plus tard, après avoir détruit le gouvernement républicain en Italie, Louis Bonaparte n'aura pas la coupable pensée d'anéantir avec le secours d'un second Monk le gouvernement républicain en France?

Un écrivain français d'un mérite supérieur, a publié récemment un ouvrage dans lequel je lis la phrase suivante: "La France a besoin d'un Washington ou d'un Monk."

Que Louis Bonaparte choisisse, s'il l'ose!

Si Louis Bonaparte devient un second Washington, (et il en est peut-être encore tems malgré les fautes qu'il a commises,) il méritera bien de la France et de la postérité.

Si, au contraire, Louis Bonaparte, traitre à la liberté, traitre à la patrie, se sert d'un Monk pour rétablir la monarchie à son profit, qu'il tremble! Ce forfait parricide sera son arrêt de mort. Car il se rencontrerait, dans les rangs du parti républicain profondément froissé, et justement indigné, plus d'un bras pour venger la liberté assassinée et pour punir, de la peine du talion, l'audacieux liberticide.

Mais je m'arrête. Il ne m'appartient pas d'anticiper sur les événemens. L'histoire, ce juge souverain, est là qui épie déjà Louis Bonaparte. C'est elle, qui se réserve le droit de lui décerner la couronne civique, si sa conduite politique est celle d'un second Washington.

Mais c'est elle aussi, qui saura flageller, avec le fouet de l'opprobre et de la malédiction, la mémoire du jeune ambitieux, qui, sans génie, sans gloire, sans autre mérite, sans autre précédent que d'être le neveu de son oncle, aura eu la témérité parricide de porter une main sacrilège sur l'autel de la liberté, et de violer la constitution qu'il avait jurée.

Je termine ici ma digression relative à Louis Bonaparte, et je reviens avec bonheur au Kosciuszko italien.

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Garibaldi, fatigué des efforts surhumains qu'il a faits pour affranchir sa patrie, se réfugie dans sa tristesse et dans ses douloureux souvenirs ; il ne voit que Rome bombardée et asservie.

En vain ses compatriotes lui manifestent le désir de lui faire une ovation publique, et lui déclarent qu'ils sont les interprètes de toute la population de New-York.

Son cœur est trop navré, pour être accessible aux accens de la joie, aux fanfares, aux ovations de la population New-Yorkaise. En réponse aux nombreuses sollicitations qui lui sont faites, voici la lettre, que Garibaldi adressa au comité italien le sept août, mil huit cent cinquante :—

Messieurs,—

Je regrette d'être obligé de vous annoncer que ma mauvaise santé continue et ne me permettra pas de prendre part à la démonstration que vous projetez pour le dix août prochain.

La lenteur de ma convalescence et l'incertitude du tems où je pourrai être rétabli, m'empêcheront aussi de fixer le jour où je serai capable de me réunir à vous, conformément à votre flatteuse invitation.

J'espère que vous me permettrez de vous répéter, plus vivement s'il est possible que jamais, le vœu que j'ai souvent exprimé de voir abandonner la démonstration projetée. Il n'est pas besoin d'une telle manifestation publique, pour me prouver la sympathie de mes concitoyens, du peuple américain, et de tous les vrais républicains, pour les malheurs que j'ai éprouvés et pour la cause qui en a été la source.

Bien qu'une manifestation publique de ce sentiment peut-être un motif de vive satisfaction pour moi, exilé de ma terre natale, séparé de mes enfans, pleurant le renversement de la liberté dans ma patrie par une influence étrangère.

Cependant croyez, que j'aimerai mieux pouvoir éviter cette manifestation et devenir tranquillement et humblement citoyen de cette grande république d'hommes libres, pour naviguer sous son pavillon, pour poursuivre une carrière, qui me permette de gagner ma vie, et attendre une occasion plus favorable, pour délivrer mon pays de ses oppresseurs étrangers ou domestiques. Après la cause, à laquelle je me suis dévoué, il n'est rien que je prise autant que l'approbation de ce grand peuple, et je suis convaincu que je l'obtiendrai, lors qu'il sera persuadé que j'ai honnêtement et fidèlement servi la cause de la liberté, dans laquelle il a donné lui même un si noble exemple au monde.

Garibaldi.

Cette lettre, comme on le voit, est empreinte d'un caractère admirable d'innocence et de modestie. Elle suffit pour juger Garibaldi à sa véritable valeur, et elle pouvait donner une sanglante leçon à Paëz, s'il avait su en profiter.

Mais Paëz ne tint pas le moindre compte de cette leçon. Le général Paëz, plus ambitieux, moins républicain que le général Garibaldi, jètte le voile sur sa conduite passée, sur le siège de Maracaïbo, sur les expéditions de Calabozo et de Coro ; il oublie les arrêts de la législature vénézuélienne, la prison de Cumana, les motifs pour lesquels il a quitté sa patrie.

Par dépit pour sa grandeur passée, par haine pour le président Monagas, à la clémence duquel il doit la vie, par haine pour le gouvernement vénézuélien qu'il a combattu, par haine peut-être pour sa patrie, qu'il a laissée en proie à la guerre civile, il brave tout, il croit se venger de sa conscience politique, de l'histoire qui déjà le harcèle, et lui donne le titre odieux de Coriolan américain. Il est débordé par la soif des ovations, par les instigations des faux amis, dont il est entouré, et par l'impression que produit sur lui cette foule compacte qui se presse dans le Castle Garden, pour voir un seul homme, le général Paëz, l'ancien aide-de-camp de l'illustre Bolivar, l'ancien président de la république vénézuélienne, l'ancien généralissime de l'armée du Vénézuéla. Il se laisse complaisamment conduire en cortège à l'Hôtel de Ville de New-York, où l'attend une garde d'honneur, et où le maire le reçoit officiellement au nom de la cité impériale. Il accepte, le sourire sur les lèvres, les honneurs, qui lui sont déférés, les félicitations officielles, qui lui sont adressées.

En égard aux circonstances politiques, dans lesquelles le général Paëz se trouve placé, devait-il accéder ou se soustraire à l'éclat d'une manifestation publique ? Je laisse à l'opinion publique le soin de juger ce fait. Ce que je puis dire avec la franchise d'un homme qui n'a jamais craint de dire la vérité, c'est que le général Paëz s'est mépris étrangement sur l'accueil, qu'il a reçu lors de son arrivée à New-York.

Cette réception a été primitivement provoquée, non pas précisément par la population New-Yorkaise, qui ne connoissait pas la vie politique du général Paëz, mais par les agens de la politique anglaise, qui l'entouraient alors, qui l'entourent encore, qui lui donnent de perfides conseils, et qui, s'il n'y prend pas garde, exciteront en lui, lorsqu'il sera tems, des sentimens de jalousie et d'ambition, dans le but de le pousser encore vers les rivages du Vénézuéla, et de lui faire ar-

borer une seconde fois l'étendard de la révolte contre sa patrie.

Voilà la vérité toute entière ; c'est presque déjà de l'histoire.

Que des journalistes contemporains aient donné, dans leur articles complaisans, le nom d'erreur à la marche politique, qui a été suivie, depuis ces dernières années, par le général Paëz, dans le Vénézuéla, qu'ils aient essayés de l'excuser, en disant : " Le général Paëz a pris les prétentions des oligarques pour la voix de la nation entière elle même ; il s'est mépris sur la popularité et sur le patriotisme de ce parti, qui vise plutôt à ressaisir le pouvoir qu'à consolider le bonheur du pays ; malgré son erreur, le général Paëz peut porter le front haut, et Monagas a su presque joindre, en la personne de Paëz, l'auréole du martyr à la couronne du guerrier." Sans doute ces journalistes ont fait acte d'un extrême bienveillance, mais le général Paëz ne doit pas se croire justifié, par ce fait, devant le tribunal auguste de la postérité. L'histoire impartiale ne se paye pas de pareille monnaie ; elle se sert d'autres termes ; elle ne se enveloppe pas dans les replis de tant de ménagemens.

Sous un gouvernement républicain, les hommes d'état n'ont qu'une route à suivre pour défendre la république ; c'est la route du patriotisme et de la liberté. Quiconque s'en écarte, quiconque, par jalousie ou par ambition, prend les armes pour renverser le président de la république librement élu par le peuple, pour détruire la forme de gouvernement établi, pour jeter le pays dans les dangers, dans les hazards, dans les fureurs d'une guerre civile, est nommé par l'histoire Coriolan, Catalina, Monk, traitre, conspirateur ; voilà les noms que lui donne l'histoire.

Garibaldi, permettez à un vrai républicain de vous offrir le témoignage pur et sincère de mon admiration enthousiaste pour vos vertus civiques, et de jeter avec vous quelques cendres sur la tombe de la liberté italienne.

Mais ne vous découragez pas ; ne désespérez pas de l'affranchissement de votre chère patrie. Tôt ou tard la liberté italienne renaitra de ses cendres. Tôt ou tard, bientôt peut-être, l'heure de sa résurrection sonnera.

Ce sera alors le moment d'agir. Soldat intrépide d'avant-garde, soyez toujours sur le qui vive, prêt à voler au secours de la liberté, aussitôt qu'elle réclamera votre assistance. C'est là votre mission providentielle ; dussiez vous être encore une fois martyr !

Garibaldi, combien j'envie votre sort malgré vos malheurs, malgré vos désappointements !

L'histoire reconnaissante vous tiendra bon compte de vos énormes sacrifices, de votre admirable désintéressement. C'est une tendre mère qui vous traitera comme son enfant de prédilection. Vos bonnes œuvres auront leur récompense dans la mémoire des hommes. Jouissez avec bonheur de votre renommée sans tache.

Adieu, Garibaldi, adieu ! je vous bénis.

Quant à vous, Paëz, permettez moi aussi de vous adresser des reproches et des conseils.

Vous avez fait dernièrement hommage de votre épée à la ville de New-York. Mais avez-vous bien réfléchi à toute la portée de cette démarche ? Non ; je ne suis pas disposé à le croire ; car, sans cela, vous ne l'auriez jamais tentée. Malheureux, qu'avez vous fait ? Quel mauvais génie vous a poussé dans cet écueil ?

Donner votre épée en présent à la ville de New-York, c'était lui dire à haute voix : " New-York, fille de Washington, prends cette épée, que porta le général Paëz. Cette épée est aussi pure que celle des Washington, des Kosciuszko, des Bolivar, des Garibaldi. C'est elle, qui, aux accents sacrés de la liberte, chassa les espagnols du territoire vénézuélien. C'est cette épée, qui a combattu contre mes concitoyens dans la guerre civile, que j'ai allumée dans ma patrie, sous le prétexte apparent de secourir la liberté en péril, mais, en réalité, bien plutôt pour satisfaire mon ambition personnelle. Déposez la dans les archives de votre ville à côté de l'épée de Washington ; qu'elle soit, pour les citoyens des Etats Unis, comme un drapeau consacré à la liberté ; semblable au panache de Henri Quatre, qu'elle soit toujours présente devant vous, et qu'elle vous guide toujours dans le sentier de l'honneur et de la victoire."

Voilà ce que vous avez dit, en propres termes, à la ville de New-York. Jugez d'après cela. Voyez quelles sont les conséquences de votre démarche.

Croyez moi, Paëz ; écoutez les conseils d'un homme, qui vous veut du bien, et qui vous regarde comme une victime de la politique anglaise : Renoncez à la vie politique, du moins pour le moment. Autre Cincinna-

tus, reprenez la charrue, non pas pour labourer le sol vénézuélien, puisque vous vous êtes fermé à jamais les portes de la mère patrie, mais pour soumettre à la culture le sol vierge de Téxas. Soyez planteur américain.

Plus tard—qui le sait, qui peut lire de si loin dans le livre du destin?—plus tard, si jamais un Monk osait s'armer d'un poignard parricide, et formait le projet odieux de le plonger dans la sein de la patrie qui vous vit naître, ce serait alors pour vous une glorieuse occasion de vivre d'une vie nouvelle. Le cri de la liberté en danger dans votre patrie vous ferait un devoir de voler à son secours. Vous redemanderiez à la ville de New-York l'épée que vous lui avez confiée, vous la réhabiliteriez alors, vous la régénéreriez en lui donnant une trempe nouvelle dans le feu sacré de la liberté.

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# "MORE OF IT;"

## BEING ANOTHER CHAPTER ON "LONDON ASSURANCE" AND NEWSPAPER DECEPTION.

IN WHICH IS FAITHFULLY RECORDED HOW OUR FORMER HERO, THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE, BOLTED OUT OF ONE DIFFICULTY INTO ANOTHER; ALSO SHOWING HOW, BEING VERY MUCH ENWROTHED ABOUT HIS FRIEND, SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER'S HARD TREATMENT, HE INDISCREETLY EXHIBITED HIS NATURAL OPINIONS ABOUT THE ATROCIOUS RASCALITY AND COWARDICE OF ALL IRISHMEN; AND OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE SAME, WITH OTHER SINGULAR DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SCIENCE OF EDITORIAL FALSEHOOD, AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF TRIBUNITIAL BILLINGSGATE, AS ILLUSTRATED BY OUR HERO.

"And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother—I will!"
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

(1.) OUR HERO ACKNOWLEDGETH THE CORN.

"On the 4th of December, having heard of the outrages committed on an American steamboat by British officials at Greytown, or San Juan de Nicaragua, we spoke of those outrages in the terms they deserved. * * * * But the next day we received information which left no doubt on our mind that our former inference, natural and justifiable as it was, did not accord with the fact—that in fact the outrages at San Juan were *not* authorized nor justified by any instructions from the British Government since the Clayton Treaty was ratified, but that, on the contrary, repeated dispatches from Lord Palmerston had been transmitted to San Juan, (which must have arrived there very soon after the perpetration of the outrages complained of,) ordering the British officials thereabouts to refrain from any interference with or assertion of authority over American vessels in those waters or American citizens on their shores. This information entirely changed the aspects of the case." * * * *

AND REPEATETH HIS DELINQUENCY.

"All the facts since transpired have strengthened our conviction that this is the real truth—that Great Britain does not mean to assert pretensions of sovereignty over 'San Juan' or 'Greytown,' or any part of Central America, by reason of her alleged Protectorate of 'Mosquito.'" * * *

HE REPLIETH TO THE REVIEW.

"All these statesmen [meaning of the present and two previous administrations] understand their country's interest quite as well, watch for encroachments upon them as vigilantly, and are quite as tenacious of American honor as their critic in the Review, [meaning ourselves,] whose entire diatribe smacks of a hereditary proclivity to annihilate the British Empire by flowers of rhetoric, and demolish English domination by liberal allowances of Billingsgate and bullyragging."

HE DISCOURSETH OF THE CHARACTER OF IRISHMEN.

"We venture to say that any shrewd Briton who should read this Review diatribe would say at once and unhesitatingly—'That never was written by a descendant of the gray-coats who fought us so manfully at Bunker Hill and flogged us so fairly at Bennington and Saratoga. Men who *do* such deeds are never so ready to *threaten* them. But this must have originated with some scion of a race accustomed to revenge itself for ages of abject subjection by voluble and grandiloquent threats of the vengeance and discomfiture it might, could, would or should visit upon us on some future occasion.' And he would apparently be not far wrong." * * *

HE DEFENDETH BRITISH AGGRESSION ON THIS CONTINENT, AND SHOWETH THAT THE BALANCE OF AMERICAN POWER PROPOSED TO BE ESTABLISHED BY GREAT BRITAIN BY THE SEIZURE OF CENTRAL AMERICA IS ACCORDING TO THE "LAW OF NATIONS."

"To put forward an assumption of guardianship over the whole Continent, and an inherent right to resent and resist any future acquisition thereon by a European power, while discussing events in Central America, is to befog and com-

plicate a question which the Clayton Treaty has happily stripped of all embarrassments. It is to court the opposition of all Europe to our policy, when we might as easily command its countenance and support." * * * *

AND DISCOURSETH OF AN EMPTY STOMACH.

"To say to Europe, '*We* will seize and acquire wherever and so fast as we can; but if *you* grasp another acre on this Continent, we'll flog you,' what is this b t to put forth great, swelling words, such as all the world recognizes as coming off an empty stomach?"

HE SHOWETH THAT AMERICA, NORTH AND SOUTH, BELONGS TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND THAT WE SHOULD BE VERY THANKFUL TO GET LEAVE TO LIVE ON SO MUCH OF IT.

"What gives us such special and exclusive rights on this Continent, whereof Great Britain owns a larger area than we do, or at least than we did till lately? Remember that Brazil is nearer to Europe than to us, and that we have claimed and exercised the right of colonizing a portion of the *Old* World, no one objecting."

AND DESCRIBETH "GAS."

"The whole assumption that we will flog any European nation which extends her sway on this Continent, when no treaty with this country is violated thereby, is simply gas," &c., &c.—*New-York Tribune, Jan. 9th*, 1851.

(2.) *The New-York Tribune showeth herein that its assertions of two days previous were entirely unwarranted, and are really false.*

OUR HERO MEETETH AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"We had an interesting call on Thursday from an old subscriber, Mr. Doane, of Berrien county, Michigan, who left home on the 17th of January last for California, was among the earliest of the great emigration across the Plains to that country, arriving in June, and leaving late in October, to return by the Nicaragua route." * *

AND TELLETH OF HIS TRAVELS.

"He came down to Realejo in a sail vessel; was detained there two days; was five days coming thence to Grenada on Lake Nicaragua; was there detained two days longer; was two more in traversing the Lake (by schooner) to the San Juan; then detained again; and came down the river (in a *bungo*, or long narrow boat) in two days more. He was sixteen days in all from the time he landed at Realejo till he was ready to take ship at San Juan de Nicaragua on the Gulf.

HE SHOWETH WHAT WAS DONE WITH HIS OLD SUBSCRIBER, AND CONSOLES HIM FOR BEING DEPRIVED OF HIS ARMS—AND BEING TRANSPORTED OUT OF GREYTOWN, LEST HE SHOULD EAT TOO MUCH.

"*Our citizens, landing in the night and thoroughly drenched with rain*, were at once deprived *of all their arms by the British police in 'Greytown,'* as they call San Juan de Nicaragua: but they were otherwise treated very kindly, and finally conveyed to Chagres by the British brig Inflexible, which was *professedly blockading* the coast. But for this lift, they might have remained at San Juan for weeks. *But they were likely to create a famine there, and had already raised the price of provisions, and the British were glad to help them away.*"—*Same paper, two days after, January 11th*, 1851.

(3.) OUR HERO FURTHER DISPLAYETH THE DESIGNS OF THE BRITISH AGAINST CENTRAL AMERICA, AND TREATS OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR, AND OF THE DIREFUL VENGEANCE THREATENED BY THE TERRIBLE MR. CHATFIELD, "A SHREWD BRITON."

"The brig Masardis, Captain Hampton, which arrived at this port on Saturday from Belize, Honduras, confirms the previous accounts we have received of hostilities between the States of Guatemala and San Salvador. Several skirmishes have taken place between the troops of the two States. The difficulty has been brought about by the blockade of the port of San Salvador by the British squadron on the Pacific coast. Against this blockade Vasconcelos, the President of the State, strongly protests in a proclamation issued on the 24th of October, considering it as a pretext to get possession of the country. The troops of Honduras and San Salvador had invaded Chiquinula, in the State of Guatemala. On the 16th of November the President of the latter State addressed a circular to the representatives of foreign powers communicating the fact. Mr. Chatfield, in reply, states that Great Britain will not look with indifference on the proceeding, but will hold the States responsible for any damage to British interests."—*Same paper, three days after that again, January 14th*, 1851.

(4.) THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE SHOWETH IT WAS IN POSSESSION OF A LETTER WHICH IT SUPPRESSED.

"We have received from Mr. C. H. Halsey, of Long Island, a more detailed account than we gave in our last of the treatment of American citizens at the port of San Juan, by the British authorities at that place."—*Same paper, January 13th*, 1851.

(5.) *Extract from the letter of Mr. Halsey, an American citizen, as published by him in the Sun newspaper of the 20th January, showing that the Editor of the Tribune had been in possession of positive and reliable information to the contrary of that which he had previously published, which truthful statement he deceived his readers, by suppressing.*

HOW THE PLEDGES OF THE TRIBUNE ARE FULFILLED.

"*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

"* * * We left San Juan in the English steamer Trent, on or about December 15th, which is as late, within a very few days, as any advices from that place received here. I can assure you that no such orders from Lord Palmerston, as you speak of, have been sent to San Juan. As for the English not exercising any authority over Americans in San Juan, it is *absolutely false.* Every American citizen is watched and guarded in the most rigid manner by a band of negro police from Jamaica. The first moment an American touches his foot to the shore, he is required to walk up to the Police office and deliver up ALL HIS

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ARMS, *guns*, pocket-pistols, knives, or whatever they may be. * * * *

"In coming over from Realejo, the party of which I was one reached San Juan in the middle of the night. We were in all, twenty. We came down the San Juan river in an open boat, and when we reached the town our native oarsmen anchored off the Custom House, and said we must remain there till morning, as the English allowed nobody to land in the night. Our party were determined not to submit to any such humbugging as that, and so we seized the boat ourselves, and went ashore. Just as the boat struck, up came a negro patrol, and ordered us off. We drew our revolvers, determined to brave a fight. On this, up came an English officer—sergeant—and on our expostulating upon the unnecessary rigor in wanting us to go back and stay in our boat all night, he finally consented that we might stay ashore, if we would go up to his station, and deliver up our arms, *which was done.* * * * *

"Over one hundred Americans from San Juan came in the Crescent City, and two or three hundred in the Georgia. They will all tell you that they received similar treatment. They will all tell you, that up to their leaving San Juan, three weeks ago, the English *did*, and *were exercising their authority over American citizens.* They will tell you also that the *place is in possession of the English*, and that if they have taken off the duties and made the port "free," they still command it, and subject American citizens to the *control* of negroes, and other indignities.

"CHAS. H. HALSEY, Sag Harbor, L. I."

(6.) OUR HERO, WITH MR. HALSEY'S LETTER IN HIS POSSESSION, SUPPRESSING IT, AND YET COMMENTING ON IT, RENEWETH HIS PROMISES FOR SIR H. L. BULWER.

"Great Britain will therefore relinquish her pretensions to San Juan, or Greytown, as she has clearly contracted to do."

AND SHOWETH THE POWER OF ENGLAND, AND HER PLAIN RIGHTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

"Before agreeing to that treaty, she could have held the mouth of the San Juan against the world, and called it 'Greytown' as long as she pleased."

HE SPEAKETH LIGHTLY OF THE TAX.

"She has already taken off American vessels the trifling duty imposed by her authority on vessels visiting that port; she has rebuked the insolence of her officials who annoyed and bullied the captains and crews of our little steamboats hitherto sent down to try the navigation of the San Juan; and she will have to withdraw her authorities from the port altogether, according to the plain letter of the treaty."

AND HE RENEWETH HIS DELINQUENCY.

"Meantime, we do not learn that any serious annoyance, any wanton insult, was suffered by our citizens who lately came down the San Juan to the port; on the contrary, they were helped on their way, and fared very much better than they would have done had there been no British within a hundred miles of that point. Still, they will be obliged to shut up shop there, and it will not require any pot house swaggering, any penny-a-line bluster, to effect this result."—*Same paper, January 13th, 1851, acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Halsey's letter.*

(7.) THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FATHERS A LITTLE ANNUAL.

"THE WHIG ALMANAC.—At last, and much too late, we have our little Annual ready for those who desire it. * * * * Unusual care and labor have been employed this year to make the Almanac full and reliable in its Returns, and though it is of course not absolutely faultless, we are very sure that no manual at all comparable with this, for completeness and correctness, has hitherto been issued.

"The Members of Congress, present and prospective; with a sketch of the doings of last Session; * * * Central America; * * * &c., &c., such are the subjects treated with the utmost power of condensation in the closely printed pages of the Whig Almanac."—*Same paper, January 7th.*

(8.) One of the first things the little Annual said after it was born, and which it was taught to say by its father, showing that he knew the true state of affairs in Nicaragua, that what the *American Review* said on the subject was strictly true, and, by consequence, what he said to throw discredit on the statements of the *Review* was as strictly false.

OUR HERO'S LITTLE ANNUAL ON BRITISH ABSURDITIES.

"In 1529, Captain Diego Machuca explored Lake Nicaragua, and went down the river San Juan (one of the rapids of which still bears his name) to the ocean, at the point where now stands the town of San Juan de Nicaragua. Machuca proposed to found a colony here, and it is believed did make the attempt, but was interrupted by Robles, then commandant at Nombre de Dios, who also meditated the same enterprise. These facts are mentioned here as showing the absurdity of the claim to that port recently put forward by the British Government."—*Whig Almanac, p. 49, art. "Central America."*

HOW ENGLAND FURTHER INTERFERED IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

"After the expulsion of the Mexican troops, and the defeat of the aristocrats, the delegates of the several provinces or States met in General Congress, and adopted a Constitution of Union, under the name of the 'Republic of Central America.' This Constitution endured until 1838, when, in consequence of dissensions in and between the States, *industriously fomented by British agents*, it was dissolved, and the five States again severally assumed their sovereign character."—*The "little Annual," ibid.*

THE FURTHER BAD FAITH OF ENGLAND.

"Previous to 1763, Great Britain made some pretensions upon the Mosquito Shore,—not, however, as protector of any Indian tribes, but in absolute sovereignty. These were sweepingly disposed of by the treaties of 1763, 1783, and 17 between Great Britain and Spain, in which former agrees not only to evacuate the Mos

Shore, but to withdraw her protection *from her own subjects* who should be so 'daring as to presume' to remain there, or 'to obstruct the entire evacuation agreed upon by His Britannic Majesty.'"—*The Tribune's Vade-mecum, ibid.*

OUR HERO'S OWN HISTORY OF MOSQUITO, AS GIVEN BY HIS LITTLE ANNUAL.

"Subsequently, a treaty was negotiated by Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State of the United States, and Sir Henry Bulwer, Minister of Great Britain, providing for extending the protection of both countries over any route of communication which may be opened across the continent, and also for the abandonment of British territorial pretensions, and the withdrawal of British establishments, on the coast of Central America.

"The British pretensions consist in an alleged protectorate over a mixed brood of Indians and Negroes, who have maintained a miserable existence on that part of the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua bearing the geographical designation of the 'Mosquito Shore,' and who, it is claimed by the British Government, are entitled to be considered as a sovereign people. They have, however, no written languages, no religion, no laws--not a single feature to elevate them above the lowest order of savages. Under the pretense above indicated, the agents of Great Britain have undertaken to fix the limits of the supposititious Mosquito Kingdom, as including the entire coast from Cape Honduras to the boundary of New-Granada, a line of more than 800 miles, and extending inward indefinitely. This preposterous claim, of course, takes in the mouth of the river San Juan and the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, the only possible Atlantic terminus of the proposed canal. This port, which, as we have seen, was occupied by the Spaniards as early as 1529, and which was subsequently, by royal decree, made a port of entry, and fortified by the Spanish Government, and afterward captured from the Royal forces by the Republican army of Nicaragua, peaceably occupied by the people of that State, and, as a part of Nicaragua, blockaded by the English in 1844—this port was wrested from the Nicaraguans in January, 1848, by a British force under the command of Captain G. C. Loch, of H. B. Majesty's ship 'Alarm,' and has since been occupied by English authorities, under the pretense of belonging to the so-called Mosquito Kingdom. It has not been surrendered to Nicaragua, nor has it been formally ascertained that British assumptions have been in any degree relaxed in consequence of our treaty with England above referred to; but we are reliably assured that they have been, and that the British occupation will soon be abandoned."

*The difference between the same man, as political editor, and as father of a little Annual.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF NICARAGUA TO THE UNITED STATES, AS PUBLISHED IN THE TRIBUNE.

"The State of Nicaragua—that is, the inhabited territory so named—lies almost wholly westward of the Lake Nicaragua, between it and the Pacific Ocean, though it stretches some miles north of the river San Juan drains the Lake, runs wardly into the Gulf of Mexico, about 150 miles. North of the river and east of the mountains which approach the Lake is the 'Mosquito Coast,' so called, which Great Britain has long ruled in the name of a succession of savage Chiefs, or pretended Chiefs, whom she has christened Kings of Mosquito. But neither by the Nicaraguans nor the Mosquitoes and their British masters has the valley of the San Juan been peopled at any time within the memory of man. It is a dense forest or mass of luxuriant tropical vegetation, filled with wild beasts, but rarely penetrated by man, save in navigating the river. A small village (San Carlos) marks the point of its departure from the Lake; another collection of huts (San Juan de Nicaragua, the British 'Greytown,') is found at its mouth on the Gulf of Mexico, and there may be half a dozen huts, inhabited by negroes and demi-savages, at two or three intermediate points where the 'piragua' or 'bungo' navigation is interrupted by rapids; all the rest is wilderness."—*New-York Tribune, Jan. 13th*, 1851.

THE LITTLE ANNUAL ON THE SAME.

"Indeed, it is very evident that Central America must be to California and Oregon what the West Indies have hitherto been to our confederacy. Sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa, rice, indigo, tobacco, maize—in short, all the staples and fruits of the tropics—are produced in Nicaragua in the greatest abundance and perfection. There are a large number of cattle-estates in the country; and hides, with indigo, coffee, and Brazil-wood, form the principal articles of export."—*Whig Almanac, Greeley and McElrath, New-York*, 1851.

We need not continue—*Ohe! Jam satis!*

In again stooping to notice the irregularities of the *New-York Tribune*, after its publication of the first of the above extracts, (Ex. 1,) we must descend still lower from our dignity than we had previously anticipated it was possible, by the "proclivity," whether hereditary or not, of its editor's character, to be compelled at any time to descend in replying to him. It is not necessary for us here again, in this connection, to renew the subject of British aggression in Nicaragua, and to expose still further than the above extracts do, the sinuosities, the groundless statements, the reckless inconsistencies, printed day after day by the editor of the *Tribune*. To the newspaper publisher, who alone of all the American press has presumed to defend the rights of Great Britain, or any other European power, to seize territory after territory on this continent, and who has presumed to maintain that these United States have no right to interfere; to the unscrupulous apologist and defender of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer; to the reckless falsifier in one publication of state-

ments to which he has contemporaneously pledged himself in another; to the exhibitor of *quasi* assurances which he had not, and the suppressor of positive evidence contradicting them which he had, it is not in our power to offer any suggestion or advice which could serve him in the peculiar line of business he has selected. The country whose hard-won rights he ignores; the people he has attempted, under a mask of moral puritanism, to deceive; the foreign Government whose usurpations he upholds; the servants of Barclay street to whom he is so thoroughly devoted, and the other charlatans and mountebanks whose blowing-horn he is ambitious to be considered, will take care of him. To them, with the sincerest good wishes we are capable of giving for their behoof, we leave him and his services in this regard.

But the laws of debate, the laws which from time immemorial have regulated the decorum of argument, both in the schools of Aristotle and Zeno, and the columns of the modern newspaper; the Republican Constitution and equality of the American people; the injustice of stigmatizing any portion of them as citizens of foreign birth; the reckless treason of carrying a war of races into this continent, of splitting up every State into foreign and native factions, as multitudinous as the cuts of their beard, or the diverse colors of their hair, are principles on the present occasion more worthy of being sustained by us. Who the writer of any article in this Review may be, is a matter which concerns the editor and the writer only. If the facts put forward are not facts, if the arguments advanced are unsustained or sophistical, let the falsehood or the fallacy be exposed; and we undertake that neither will the editor of this Review shrink from his responsibility by throwing it on his contributor, nor will the contributor, whoever he may be, (and dozens of gentlemen are in the habit of enriching our pages with their thoughts,) evade the duty of sustaining the position to which he has committed himself and us. We are satisfied with this rule, and as we bestow much more consideration and forethought on the papers we select for the public, than necessarily is the wont of publications more frequently issued, and less expensively conducted, we will be the last of the American press to transgress it in the case of others, or permit it to be transgressed in our own. It is sufficient for our readers to know that the articles we publish are the articles of the American Review. Let them be judged in that light—defended or refuted in that light. While, therefore, the newspaper prolétaire, or daily-talking class, must be quite content to receive them as our articles, and ours alone; while we are always pleased at their good-will, interested in their candid discussions, and extremely indifferent to their ill-considered abuse, it may be interesting to our readers to see how some of this very daily-talking class of publications evade an argument fairly directed against them.

We had, more than once, occasion to refer to the manifest inconsistencies with regard to the Central American question, of a certain portion of the newspaper press. After witnessing such exhibitions for several months, we considered we would be doing the cause of American right and good faith a very evident service, by exposing it in a single instance. Accordingly, taking up the *New-York Tribune* as the nearest to our hand, and as being nominally Whig, we collated some extracts from it, published on successive days, and appended to them an article which has effected all we sought for. The *Tribune* replied by acknowledging its inconsistencies and repeating them—by further burying itself in the most reckless assurances for which it had not one particle of foundation—by evading the arguments we advanced, and then, through sheer anger at our calm and clear exhibition of its own misdeeds, by endeavoring to screen itself from public indignation, by personally attacking some imaginary individual whom it, in its witless fancy, supposed to be the writer of the article in question, as a "scion of a race;" and by further attacking the supposed race and nation of the imaginary writer as one in the opinion of some "shrewd Briton" (the "shrewd Briton" being the editor of the *Tribune*) "accustomed to revenge itself for ages of abject subjection by voluble and grandiloquent threats," &c.—as a race "of a hereditary proclivity to annihilate the British empire by flowers of rhetoric, and demolish English domination by liberal allowances of Billingsgate and bullyragging." The "shrewd Briton" is further made to say that our article "never was written by a descendant of the gray-coats who fought us (the *Tribune's* kept Britisher) so man-

fully at Bunker Hill, and flogged us so fairly at Bennington and Saratoga." How the "shrewd Briton" found so much out we cannot imagine; we would say it was by the aid of the Rochester knocking girls, but that it is strictly true we believe; but surely the noisy young women referred to would be more at fault if they said, with reference to the *Tribune's* reply, "that *it* was written by a descendant of the gray-coats" aforesaid. The "gray-coats" were good republicans; did not traduce men simply because they may have been born under a different meridian; the "gray-coats" being Americans, and consequently very much traduced and abused by "shrewd Britons," did not care much for what the shrewd Britons said about themselves, and still less what falsehoods they advanced against other peoples, whom it was equally their interest and desire to traduce; but above all, the gray-coats were men, and it is to be hoped they begot men, and not beings in gray coats so cowardly as to evade a direct and fair argument by a sneaking attack upon a nation, dozens of whose children lie buried side by side with them on Bunker Hill, and in Lexington and Concord; one of whose sons was one of their noblest and most chivalrous generals—nor beings so lost to decorum as to add to the meanness of the unworthy attack, an "allowance of Billingsgate and bullyragging," perfectly unevolvable by the largest termagant of abandoned character domiciled in the negro quarter. A heritage of gray coats on such a being, even though the editor of the *Tribune* might possess the same, would be but the more positive evidence that he was justly entitled to the honors of the bar sinister. If such a being had one such coat, he should deposit it carefully, on occasions like the present, among the archives of his family secrets; for it is an old French adage, and a good one, that "people should not wash their dirty linen before the world."

If it were necessary to heap superabundant ridicule on the use of such language by the editor of the *Tribune*, we would have but to refer to the harmonious patronymic in which he rejoices, and to a rumor we have heard, that it and he are not removed by many degrees of consanguinity from the soil and the people he calumniates in epithets so vituperative and unmeasured. But, anxious as we are to abstain from the peculiar line of "argument" the *Tribune* has itself adopted, we will not lift the veil from its genealogy, and prove it guilty of moral matricide. Thank Heaven, in this country, at all events, it matters nothing whence any individual may have descended, and we will abstain even in this instance from contravening this sound Republican principle to exhibit the unfilial ingratitude of an opponent so reckless, so egotistical, so violent and so unjustifiable in attack. But the editor of the *Tribune* is at all events the erstwhile member of Congress from one of the most Irish districts of New-York; the bepraiser on all occasions which may bring to himself electioneering success, partisan favor or monetary profit, of that portion of our population which owes its mediate or immediate origin to Irish soil. We have already in matters of more moment exhibited, in a very limited degree, the manifold examples of extravagant inconsistency, of reckless prevarication and contradiction, of the prodigal waste of any political reputation the *Tribune* may have at any time acquired, on the single question of British aggression in Nicaragua. Can its editor have imagined that this more recent unmeasured and "shrewdly British" attack on the Irish race resident on this soil, *his* new attempt to raise against them the shibboleths of a forgotten and ridiculous faction, is calculated to show to our readers or his own that we were wrong in our representation of his conduct and his character? On the contrary, does not the article to which we have referred prove incontestably, even on its own pages, that his journal is not only thoroughly inconsistent either from recklessness or want of memory, but thoroughly faithless and thoroughly insincere in its warmest professions? We had given the editor of the *Tribune* some credit for an unscrupulous worldly wisdom; but our error in doing so will ere long be proved to his satisfaction and our own, by men of the very race he has so recklessly calumniated.

However, to place this recent exhibition by the editor of the *Tribune* in a light merely personal to him, is but to hide the greater questions which have been thrust upon our attention. It is none of our business to defend the character of the Irish nation from the most unwarranted attack, or to apologize for their existence here. If any inhabitant

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of this country of Irish descent or birth thinks himself called on, before he can meet Americans, or even "Anglo-Saxons," on an equality, to defend his ancestors or his brethren from such misrepresentations as the British nation, government, or organs, may have at any time for some five or six hundreds of years thrown upon them, even though such representations may have been taken up and refulminated by a "liberal" and "moral" editor of New-York—the man so thinking had better go home. This Republic is, thank God, no place for him. From the time when British governments, British writers, and British speakers represented the citizens of this country as the sons of thieves and murderers, and as the spawn of every rascaldom and vagrancy, to the later days when the same reliable authorities designated us as a nation of swindlers and pickpockets, we have been taught by the British themselves that, in their relations to other peoples at all events, they are by nature liars, and by policy liars.

But were it even not so, the Irishman would be unworthy of citizenship, who, to justify his liberty of speech or action on this soil, stooped to defend by argument, from British calumny, his country or his countrymen. In this country they who have to appeal to ancestors, are only those devoid of personal character or strength. It matters nothing who a man's ancestor may have been, what may have been the faults of his origin, or the misfortunes of his progenitors, provided he be himself a man, worthy of the good opinion of his fellow-citizens, and loyal to their laws. None but an aristocrat dares, on this soil, to insult a man for his birth, and to an aristocrat of such contemptible character and vulgar deportment, an argument is not the answer which should be given. Nevertheless, an Irishman is the last man of foreign birth on this soil, at whose door an insult on the score of nativity can lie. A man so lucky as to be born in the free oak openings of Michigan, within reach of a common school, of an egotistical character, and a limited education, may consider himself warranted in treating with contumely a people which, no matter what great men it may have begotten, has been in the main cooped up for centuries in a narrow island, and therein subjected to the cerebral pressure of a foreign anarchy, a native oligarchy, and two organized superstitions like those of the Roman and the English "religions;" but the less prejudiced and larger-minded man of the world will take the egotist himself, so drunken with his worldly luck as to hazard the vulgar reproach, and having subjected him in fancy to the same tyranny and tyrannies, ask the interested audience, What a sorry fool must this fellow's self become, when he is so vain and utterly insensate as to charge as a crime the sustentation of human life and genius for ages under a system he has not strength of frame or of mind sufficient to endure for an hour? An American who would give up without a blow the isthmus of Central America to the rapacity of England, must no doubt regard it as extremely ridiculous and absurd in Irishmen, after having kept up a fruitless war, interrupted only by peaceful famines, from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, against England and Englishmen,—must think it, indeed, very absurd in such men to hope, even at the present day, of ever regaining their own country; but Americans of more Republican sympathies, and less ignoble soul, will rejoice that our country numbers among its immigrant populations millions of a fecund race, so immovable in their hatred of oppression and their antagonism to wrong. An editor who, if a British fleet were lying at anchor in the Hudson, would surrender New-York rather than incur the pecuniary and sanguineous loss of a valiant defense, may affect to despise a race who, even when beaten, are not wise enough to give up; but the Republican, wherever he may be born, will place the philosophic editor who would give up all rather than fight, and the ignorant peasant who would fight even after losing all, side by side, and acknowledge that the one merits the doom of ignorance and pauperism, to which the other has been brutally and undeservedly subjected. To such a race no insult can be given by such a man. That which he attributes to them as a crime, becomes, when compared with his meanness and his want of decent manhood, a pride; and that of which he boasts—the chance of birth, the vulgar attribute of position, and a full, not an empty stomach—proves, when compared with their lot, how utterly unworthy he is of the attributes which have befallen him, and which he has so idiotically abused.

But independently of any considerations with reference to the land of their nativity, the Irish by birth or descent of this country are from their position in this country, and from their services to her, the last of our immigrant population against whom could be directed with justice, or even without manifest indecency, language of the character we have extracted from the *Tribune*. The exploits of Irishmen in Ireland, the probabilities they may attempt hereafter, we leave entirely to those catch-penny newspapers which live upon the earnings of the immigrant by repainting, recasting, and reduplicating the obsolete traditions of his far-off home. It may suit the proprietors of these and other prints to propagate an Irishism on this continent, but that is the very opposite of our intention. Even the American, desiring to know something of the history of the Irish, need not expect any from us. Let him consult the first of modern historians, Augustus Thierry the Frenchman, and even the pages of the English Hollinshed, Davies, Hume, and Musgrave, that is, if the said American knows how to glean one grain of truth from a mass of falsehood. Even the student, curious in history, may follow their footsteps through the wars of Europe and Asia from the age of Louis XIV. to that of Napoleon; from the field of Lannes to the defense of Cremona, and the sieges of Belgrade and Pondicherry—may take up their history in Spain and Russia as the legion of Napoleon; in the Netherlands as the avant-garde in one century of Le Grand Monarque, and the next as the flower of that army which conquered Europe on the field of Waterloo; and may thence derive a very excellent lesson on the consequences to humanity of permitting a brave and hardy nation to be first conquered, and then conscribed into the armies of the conqueror. But with these matters we have no present concern. Our business is to speak of Irishmen in this Republic; and here at all events, to tell the simple truth, it must be acknowledged that the fulminations of the *Tribune*, and men of his kidney, are utterly inapplicable. Here, at all events, the Irish have stood the brunt of danger, and have faithfully discharged the requirements of citizenship. If they do possess a high position and an extensive power on this continent, they have earned it well, and used it becomingly. Here, at all events, no American can say that they have been used to avenge themselves or defend themselves by Billingsgate or bullyragging. On the contrary, wherever a stand-up fight for American liberty or American right against England or any other power was to be had, since the first dawn of the Republic's existence, there, and in our ranks, were Irishmen to be found. On the battle-fields of Massachusetts, as we have said, in those very identical gray coats and in homespun, have these islanders fought and died for the liberty their children and America attained; and base indeed is the man who would seek to deprive them of that glory which is his own. The Puritan State itself has not scrupled to erect monuments and dedicate slabs to record how well Irishmen fought, and how manfully they died for American liberty. Without distinction of creed or party, whenever American liberties were attacked or even threatened, they have been found on the right side and in the right place. From the Irish gray-coats who followed Warren to immortality, to the farmers of Vermont and Maine, of Irish descent, who were found in the ranks of Starke, a "scion of the race"—from the Irish population which turned out with their priests at their head to throw up the works around Philadelphia, to that General who in 1812 guarded the abandoned city of New-Orleans, the Irish of America have done their work like men. The fields of Mexico are too fresh in our memory to need recapitulation. But within sight of the City Hall of New-York, before St. Paul's Church, stand two memorable monuments—they are those of the brother of Emmett and of the hero of Quebec—that Montgomery, whose disinterested chivalry ennobles him, in the liturgy of American martyrs, as second only to Washington, and these both were Irishmen. The presidential chair was once at all events filled and honored by a man who only escaped being an Irishman to enable him to become chief magistrate of this Republic. Irishmen native-born and by descent have been over and over again members of American Cabinets and Secretaries of State—one "scion of the race" lately dead, and whom in his grave all honor, Calhoun. They are and have ever been found among State and Congressional representatives and senators, on the benches of judges, and among the most honored of our professions; and the only instance of "Billingsgate and bullyragging" which can

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be attributed to them is that speech of Patrick Henry, which will live while the Union lives, and which he would utter again to-day had he the misfortune to exist and witness the United States pandering to the outrages of his enemies on their sovereignty and that of an allied Republic. Would to Heaven we had a little more of that "Billingsgate;" it is plentifully lack just now. In the records of inventive genius, to which, even more than to military exploits or forensic eloquence, we owe the astonishing progress of the United States, not a few Irish names are also to be found; and that of O'Reilly stands second to Morse alone. But the Irish of America are not to be judged by the pre-eminence of individual mind, or by the honors or emoluments which may have justly fallen to the share of individuals of their countrymen. The Irish race as a mass in this country are deserving of the highest respect and honor by every true American, and the citizenship they have acquired they have earned well. We have seen them aiding in the presidential chair, in leading the armies, fighting the battles, and constructing the Constitution and the laws of the Republic. But alone of all the races which have migrated to this continent within this century or the last, they have never failed to expend their industry on the severest labor, and the most thankless offices known to the State. The German immigrant becomes a farmer if he be wealthy, otherwise a huxter or a pedlar, or a slop-worker. The Englishman seeks out polite and easy employment, wherein he can live without much personal exertion on the labor of others. But the Irishman graduates for citizenship by long years of service in building up our railroads and viaducts, tunnelling mountains, carrying rivers from hill to city, draining the foulest place of habitation, and performing the most arduous and menial duties essential to the greatness of that Republican empire of which he desires to be a portion, and necessary to the very life of its inhabitants. In the higher grades of industry, among builders, architects, engineers, among merchants, manufacturers, you will find Irishmen too, and in our great cities, among the most influential for personal probity, clear intellect, enterprise, and humanity, are to be met hundreds of "scions of that race" vituperated by the *Tribune*. American literature too owes not a little to Irishmen, for if the genius of the dead Goldsmith has formed the most eloquent and exquisite of our authors, Irving, who of our generation has not listened in rapture to the genial eloquence and original fancy of Henry Giles? Far off too in the western lands, reclaiming new States for the seed-time of civilization, the Irish farmer is to be found everywhere vieing with the nomadic New-Englander in the subjugation of the forest. Can, then, any impertinent and supercilious effrontery exceed that of the Editor of the *Tribune*, when he ventured, even in anger, to direct against an American race, which has produced such men as we have hinted at, and done such deeds for their adopted country as we have barely noticed, a diatribe so unscrupulous, so false, and so offensive to every Republican? Were the Irish in Ireland even the lowest mortals, the most despicable specimens of humanity known to history or men, surely their acts in this country should protect them from malicious falsehood, and entitle them to the warmest friendship and sincerest esteem.

There is one more reason why the Irishman should stand highest of all foreigners on this soil. For, arriving in this country under greater disadvantages than any other immigrant, he alone of them all, from the very moment he touches this soil, embodies himself heart and soul with the Republic, yields to it a full and generous loyalty, and strips himself of every sympathy and allegiance which could intervene between him and his duties as a citizen. Contrast him with the "shrewd Briton," who makes this country a field for personal emolument, who can see nothing in our Republic but themes for jibes and ignorant derision, who lives and dies upon the soil which gives him food and shelter, a monarchist, envious of its success, abhorring its greatness, and at war in soul with its institutions and its laws, and answer, which is the most worthy of respect?

We have dealt temperately and tersely with this subject. But the conduct of the *Tribune* strikes even deeper at the social basis of the Union and of every State of it, than it does against an individual race. If there be one essential paramount to all others in the vitality of the United States, it is the amalgamation of all races on this continent into one American whole. It may not be treason by law, but it is in soul, treason the most deadly, to endeavor to foment a social

or servile war either between classes or races in this Republic. The Editor of the *Tribune* has already expended much energy to that end in his abolition gambols. From such a man only could an attempt originate to split up the compact society of every city and State, into "races" at war with each other and the land which protects them. With such a man only could the scheme find favor of pitting on this soil the Pole against the German, the Hungarian against the Austrian, the Italian against the French, the Irishman against "the shrewd Briton;" of carrying into the bosom of this society the vituperative epithets used by the conquering races against the conquered of Europe of stigmatizing race after race with the slang of falsehood used by its more fortunate antagonists, and reproducing, North, South, East and West, a war of races to which any insurrection of negroes against white men would be mere child's play, and a few of the effects of which we have not very long since seen in the Nativist "riots" of Philadelphia, Boston and New-York.

Such is the position the editor of the *Tribune* has now assumed. To notice him in future may perhaps be to descend even still lower from our dignity than we have heretofore done. But if for the nonce he may assume the bearing of a gentleman, speak in language not positively indecent, and remove the stigmas he has already drawn upon his paper, we may honor him again with our attention. Meantime he must be content to bear not only the reputation of the ready upholder of every public delinquency and private charlatanism, from the assurances of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer to the Rochester knockings, and of an individual who seeks by negro-disunionism, to drive the South into separation that it may protect its State and inalienable rights, but further as a public incendiary among white men, a schemer so unscrupulous as to plot a war of races even in the North—in short, a NATIVIST of the worst type, and that, too, without a particle of sincere affection for the Republic of whose fallen citizens he is a melancholy example, but actuated solely by the sympathies, opinions, and desires of his adviser, "the shrewd Briton," whose identity, as at present we have no communion with the other world, we cannot pretend to determine in this.

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# MISCELLANY.

## CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

"NICARAGUA" IN THE SENATE.— A motion has been unanimously passed by the Senate, on the motion of General Shields, calling on the Executive for information relative to British outrages in Central America.

On New Year's Day, 1851, the American steamer *Director*, with the U. S. flag at the fore, having overcome the rapids of the river San Juan, and the still more insuperable obstacles of British interference, shot out into the waters of the great Lake of Nicaragua—the first vessel larger than a bungo or piragua which ever floated on the inland sea of Central America. This intelligence reached this city on the 21st January, by the *Prometheus* steamer, from Chagres and "Greytown." Fully six weeks ago, at all events, certain prints, of memorable assurance, stated that orders had been sent to the British agents in Central America, to discontinue certain outrages on American citizens travelling by the Nicaraguan route from the Pacific to the Atlantic States of this Union. Of course, the mere discontinuance of these outrages would amount to nothing in the true issue. But the arrival of the *Prometheus* proves incontestably, that the statements of the papers above referred to are false; for, within twenty-one days before the arrival of the *Prometheus*, her mails show that the same system of outrage had been, without the slightest interruption, as complacently and determinedly as ever pursued by the British. We ask our readers to compare dates, and judge for themselves. So vile a system of systematically misinforming the public has never before been known in the United States. It has been practised by British cabinets, and their hired newspapers, from the days of the elder Pitt to those of Lord Russell, but by whom imported here, unless by "Sir Henry," the Future must determine. One thing we know at all events, we enjoy its practice. In this connection, however, it may be well to do justice to the good, and even to the contrite sinner. From the *New-York Tribune*, of the 13th January, we extract the following, with reference to the treaty violated by every negro policeman smuggled by British agents into the territory of the State of Nicaragua. In connection with some other extracts of an opposite tendency on the same subject, which we have heretofore taken from the *Tribune*, the following affords a remarkable example of the science spoken of in our last number, viz., the science of taking the opposite sides of a question in turn, without being committed to either, and (while in indifferently good temper) without offending anybody. The Editor of the *Tribune* is one of its ablest practitioners. No matter what may eventuate on this matter—no matter what result may follow—no matter which side, his country's or the British, may be declared right, he can say, "Didn't I say it would!" So of the Rochester knockings—"Do the dead converse with the living in this world?"—Paine's gas, Bulwer's character, &c. &c. &c. Let us, therefore, record, that in one instance, at all events, the Editor of the *Tribune* has taken measures to dodge to the *right* side of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty. He lately wrote as follows:—"The first and most material section of that Treaty reads as follows: 'ARTICLE I.—The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare, that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or *maintain* any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or *occupy*, or fortify, or colonize, or *assume or exercise* any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of *occupying*, fortifying, or *colonizing* Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence, that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.' This article, we maintain, is conclusive as to the main point in question. No matter whether San Juan de Nicaragua belongs to Mosquito, Nicaragua, or any other power, neither Great Britain nor the United States can *occupy*, fortify, assume or exercise any jurisdiction over it, whether in her own right or as the protector and ally of some other power." Let us be just to the evil-doer. The above is from the *New-York Tribune* of the 18th January, 1851. There is balm in Gilead still, and much hope for all sinners.

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THE POLITE MR. BULL!—Certain stories and rumors full of nauseous sentimentalism have been current in the newspapers of late relative to the very great politeness of Mr. John Bull, Mr. Irascible Chatfield, and British policemen Sambo and Quashee, towards some unfortunate American citizens passing from the State of California to the States of New-York, Louisiana, &c., through the "British territory of San Juan de Nicaragua." We would hardly think it worth while noticing such shallow

deceptions in the columns of our Miscellany, were they not intended to cover the base duplicities of Sir H. L. Bulwer and his abettors, and to produce the idea among unsophisticated old women of both sexes (of whom, God wot, we have overmuch) that the British usurpation in Central America is a fact really beneficent to all humanity, and specially abounding with comfort, "protection," happiness, and divers prospective blessings to American citizens. Nothing, it appears, can, in the judgment of these newspapers, exceed the politeness with which British Sergeant Quashee deprives American citizens of their arms and locks them up for the night—the urbanity of British Lieutenant Sambo in rummaging the trunks and baggage of American citizens while actually passing from one portion of the North American continent to another, and from one State of this Union to another, is so entrancingly delicious, his ogle is so bewitching, and his guffaw and chit-chat to "Massa" so exceedingly harmonious and agreeable that our "daily organs of opinion" *are* of opinion an American should be delighted to subject his traps to the supervision, curiosity, and manipulation of his polite highness Lieutenant Sambo! Nay, when he comes to rifle your pockets, to poke his sweetly-flavored paw into the inner crypts of your waistcoat, the interstices of your shirt, and even to examine therewith your person, that no single pistol, pop-gun, small dagger or corker-pin may remain in your possession to the peril of his existence and that of British dominion in Greytown,

> "His lips so like a muffin
> And his walk am so genteel;
> His eyes so like fried oysters
> On a streak of Indian meal,"

that in the opinion of the recording newspapers the pain, the plunder, the indignity and the outrage you endure are more than counterbalanced by the extravagantly pleasing deportment of the colored gentleman. These newspaper editors never examine the question of right—the question what *right* have British to be there at all, robbing you with their black policemen under Sergeant Quashee, seems to be utterly lost in the much larger question, "How *politely* they do it?" Politeness seems in American nineteenth-century ideas to be equal to charity, if not superior to it, in "covering a multitude of sins;" and of all politeness negro politeness! These newspaper editors would no doubt regard the knocking down of a man in the highway, and the robbery of his person by a white man as an astounding crime of the most abominable character, and to be punished after an exemplary fashion. But if the thief be a "gentleman" of the swell mob, even a nigger gentleman of the swell mob, our editor would no doubt beg the gentleman's pardon for troubling him unnecessarily, hand him his watch and pocket-book, make him a low bow, and express his deep and lasting indebtedness for the polite deportment and pleasing attention of the urbane gentleman who had "relieved him." Surely Mr. Frederick Douglas should be a very proud man—negroism has attained a triumph under the humane institutions of Great Britain altogether unhoped for. We can realize a northern negro demagogue coolly persuading recusant white men who refuse to give up their watches by exhibiting examples of Greytown practice, and the happiness there experienced by whites under the hands of "colored officers." Nay, we think a triumphal oration by a negro eloquent, would be highly appropriate and justifiable in our modern world, showing that the negro race is after all the paragon race of humanity, and that the coming man, the second Messiah, is after all neither a Jew nor an Anglo-Saxon; nay, not even Mr. Quarrelsome Chatfield, but Lieutenant Sambo, or Sergeant Quashee! May not such a Demosthenic negro prove to the conviction of all reasonable men, that Sergeant Quashee *has* attained the "perfectibility of human government," that of committing outrage without giving offence, and plundering a man without exciting any feelings in his bosom but those of thankfulness and worship! May he not say in his melodious gibberish. The British formerly as now attempted to outrage you, white Americans, on this continent, but you got vexed, fought, and beat the British; but the British having employed us as police, we rob you day after day, take even your arms from you, and leave you as tame and harmless as castrated specimens of the feline species, and you are thankful, and you are happy, and you go your way rejoicing! What with nigger politeness there is surely no more need of wars—the millennium of "peace" under all circumstances has come, and British Sergeant Quashee *is*, we maintain it, the coming man.

One humanitarian journal in particular, the *New-York Tribune*, seems to gloat with singular satisfaction over the fact that white Americans have now to submit, as well as they can, to negro manipulation in "Greytown," and adds that if "Greytown" were not in the usurped possession of the British, it would be all the same—white Americans would still be subjected to negro or other outrage. Now Sergeant Quashee knows that "am not de fact," but simply the very opposite of a fact, or in polite diction a very great falsehood. Sergeant Quashee will inform the editor of the *Tribune* that he was expressly imported from Jamaica to be a Greytown policeman, and still further to insult American citizens passing through the dominions of his master, and excite negro agitation in the United States. Sergeant Quashee will still further inform the editor of the *Tribune* that his native country, Jamaica, is entirely ruled by blacks under British auspices—that it is the wish and intention of the English Government to weed the white race entirely out of Jamaica and rule it by black agencies, black officers, armies and police, under an English governor or viceroy, not with the hope of getting anything out of that fertile island, but with the design of preventing it from falling into the hands of any white inhabitants who would; and that he, Sergeant Quashee, has been expressly transferred to Greytown to establish therein a similar state under the very same auspices. Further, the Sergeant will fully inform the *Tribune* that if *he* were not there, if the territory of Nicaragua which he "occupies" were in the possession of Nicaragua, no outrage whatever would be offered to American

citizens, but that the greatest friendship and respect would exist and be shown towards them—and Sergeant Quashee might assign many facts in proof.

But the most recent instance of politeness afforded by Mr. Bull, and the urbane Sergeant Quashee, is recorded at full length in the *New-York Herald* of 24th January. That our readers may understand this last dodge of Mr. Bulwer's, we beg to explain, that the territory about the port of San Juan is uncultivated and for the most part barren—its present possessors being in hostility to the natives of Nicaragua, permitting them only to approach on submitting to the grossest outrages, are compelled to depend for food on a very limited native supply, with such imports in British bottoms as they can obtain; the tax on American ships and cargoes, and the negro police inspection, having prevented, almost altogether, American ships laden with produce from entering that port. Hence the "remission of the tax," to get more food, and the other fact that food is so scarce with Mr. Chatfield and his negro police, that should any extraordinary advent of Americans to "Greytown' take place, the latter, after a few days, would have to eat the present black and white possessors, or all must starve. The fear of being masticated by gentlemen from the gold region bound homeward, who in the matters of cooking and gastronomy are said not to be over particular, may have probably been one reason why Mr. Chatfield and his sable satellites established the "law," forbidding the entrance of such vagrants unless unarmed. But it has led to another singular instance of British urbanity. Not content with depriving American citizens of their arms, the British have further "handsomely"—yes, *handsomely*—volunteered to transport all Americans out of "Greytown," to Chagres, to Brazil even, nay to Cape Horn, or the Devil, anywhere, where they cannot eat Mr. Chatfield's dinner or that of his negro police. But here is the extract from the *Herald*:—

"Handsome Conduct of Englishmen at San Juan de Nicaragua.—Three hundred and seventy-seven American passengers, from San Juan, were taken to Chagres on the twentieth of December last, by Her Britannic Majesty's steamer Inflexible, commanded by Captain Dyke. These passengers have passed resolutions, in which they tender their thanks to Captain Dyke, to Her Majesty's Consul, Mr. Green, and to Post-Captain Foote, for their kindness, and for the generous manner in which they were taken to Chagres, on their way to the United States. Provisions were short at San Juan, and, till the Inflexible rendered this assistance, great suffering seemed inevitable. They were all very handsomely treated on board the Inflexible, and the conduct of the officers generally excited the respect and admiration of our countrymen. This act was certainly a very remarkable one; and is the more praiseworthy as many of the passengers were prostrated by severe sickness."

Really these American gentlemen should be very proud of themselves and devoutly thankful—the philanthropic hospitality and exquisite politeness of sending your visitors away, lest they should eat your dinner, exceeds the charity and self sacrifice of any but an Englishman; "and is the more praiseworthy as many of the passengers were prostrated by severe sickness." Such is the gospel of the new Samaritan,—Do not give up your dinner, pour no oil into the wounds of the afflicted; send them off—away with them, to Chagres, to the devil, but, Quashee, see you do it *politely*. In future we should, in accordance with the above precedent of politeness, send out our cards of invitation as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Bull's compliments to Mr. ——— —— and family, and request they will do Mr. and Mrs. B. the favor of taking themselves off, as there is not enough in the house for Mr. and Mrs. B.'s own dinner;" and notes of acceptance should be returned as follows: "Mr. So-and-so, a very humble American, begs to return his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bull for not getting leave to share their dinner." Well, we are a great people—"politeness *is* cheap."

It is almoft as great folly to dwell on such proceedings as it is viciously deceptive to record them after the manner of the *Tribune* and the *Herald*. But let us put to all concerned one or two questions—1st. If the British had nothing to do with "Greytown," if they were transported out of that, with their police and tax, would not food flow into the port of San Juan from Nicaragua, and from the United States, sufficient to fill to repletion all the Americans who could congregate there in a century? And secondly, if a British official and an American meet together on American soil, and the British official says, "My good fellow, there is not food enough for us both here, but there is my boat and you can go aud look for it elsewhere"—should the American bow thankfully and go—or answer, "My very bad fellow, I won't go, for this is my soil and not yours, and if that be your boat, go; for if you don't"——but we forget, this is the age of "peace!"

P. S.—Since writing the above the following has appeared in the *New-York Sun*. The notion of charging a man $15 for *not* giving him his dinner, appears to us only less funny than the more ridiculous notion of paying it:—

"Credit has been claimed for the English Consul at San Juan, because he sent a steamer to convey a number of returning Californians from San Juan to Chagres. We were previously informed that the Consul anticipated trouble from the large party, who at first refused to deliver up their arms to the English police, and therefore wisely took the readiest means to rid himself of his fears by shipping them to Chagres. We now learn from the *Panama Star*, that each individual was charged *fifteen dollars* for his passage, which, for the 480 persons hurried off from San Juan, amounts to the nice sum of $7,200! This is the liberality boasted of. The distance from San Juan is about 160 miles."

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The Latest News from Europe is without interest, save that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have agreed, in obedience to the convincing reasons of the Tzar, to invade Schleswig-Holstein, for the purpose of restoring peace by butchering the citizens of the Duchies, and annihilating their oldest political rights.—

"God save the king, or kings;
For if *he* don't, I doubt if men will longer."

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Mr. Miles, author of Mohammed, recently delivered a lecture in this city called, "On the Crisis and the Struggle." Not knowing what Crisis or what Struggle, (both families being large,) we had recourse to the *New-York Tribune*, which gave us the following luminous and singularly generous explanation:—

"Mr. M. referred to the genius exiled by the disturbances in Europe. Thousands of feverish idealists are out of employment, and an asylum for them is quite as incumbent on society as poor-houses upon Legislatures. They are a body to be dreaded. Denied their legitimate avocations, and averse to uncongenial pursuits, they emerge from the Crisis (if they survive it) desperate demagogues, or worse, and take revenge on the world by destroying themselves and others. Shorn of their hair, and apparently helpless, we cannot tell how soon the locks of hair may sprout in their prison, and when called to assist at the feast, they may uproot the columns of the edifice, and bring down ruin upon the guests. Perhaps the only home they ever had, or ever will have, was in the Monasteries of the Middle Ages."

Generosity, Mr. Miles, should induce you to ask whether such language is dignified or becoming before you used it. To say the least of it, such of these men as come to our shores should not therefore be treated as madmen. We never knew before it was a sign of madness in the distressed to take refuge under the American flag. Truth, also, has something to do with the matter; and turning over the pages of American history you should inquire whether or not, Mr. Miles, "genius exiled by disturbances in Europe" has ever "emerged" in this country "in desperate demagogism, or worse, taking revenge on the world by destroying themselves and others;" or whether, on the whole, from Lee, and Montgomery, and Kosciusko, down to the last emigrant laborer set to work on our railroads, they have not turned out very excellent and discreet citizens, fighting battles, tunnelling mountains, building viaducts, that "fevered idealists" might more freely and easily approach a great city, and abuse them. Besides, it would be time enough to offer them "asylums" when they ask them. But as to "shaving their hair," and jailing them up in "modern monasteries of the middle ages, or model prisons," we would not recommend Mr. Miles to try the experiment lest he should discover, as the Mayor of Bradford remarked to Queen Elizabeth with reference to the recent attempt of the King of Spain's armada, that he too "had the wrong sow by the lug."

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The New Postage Bill.—A bill has passed the House establishing a uniform rate of postage of three cents, on all pre-paid letters, with other improvements.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Country Year Book: or, The Field, the Forest, and the Fireside.* By William Howitt. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Howitt knows how to make a book, and this is certainly one of the most readable. It is in fact delightful reading for the winter fireside, or the summer hill side. There are some interspersed reflections of no small moment, one of which we will give as a fair specimen of the book, calling the reader's attention to its bearing upon one of our favorite politico-economical topics. And that we may do no injustice to the author's patriotic feelings for his "dear old England," we must make it rather long, so as to embrace his statement of the ameliorating influences at work, only leaving it to the reader's reflection to consider whether individual exertion can ever be sufficient to counteract the effects of a vicious sy-tem, the evils of which appear so widely extended and deeply seated:—

"What a country this used to be for jollity and heart's ease! What a change there must have been! We see the ruins of old castles and old abbeys standing, and we think them beautiful. And we read of old fasts and festivals, and days on which the people of England came out into the sun, and the heart of gladness and kindly good fellowship was as one great dancing heart throughout the throng. We recall those doings, and think them beautiful. Are they not picturesque ruins, too, like the castles and abbeys? Is not one thing gone just as much as the other? What we would recall is a thing that belonged to the days of these castles and abbeys, and not to ours. It is a thing that belonged to our ancestors, and not to us. If we could recall it, it would be like calling back the ghost of one of our ancestors. Not the jolly ancestor himself, in all his bodily presence, his soul-and-body union, the daylight man in his earthly solidity, but his ghost—a phantom! a thing to startle and confound us. It is not the kind of mirth that our forefathers had that we would bring back again. We might as well bring back their suits of armor, their old windy rooms, their jack boots, and farthingales. No! it is a mirth and holiday pleasure of our own, that we must have. It is an enjoyment of our own—not an echo and a spectre of theirs—that we want. And why should we not find it? Our ancestors found what suited them in this country—why can we not find what suits us? And yet England was not a tenth part so wealthy or powerful then as now.

'Has wealth done this? Then wealth's a foe to me.'
Bloomfield.

"Restore holidays, says my worthy friend. True, but first we must restore that which made the holiday spirit of old—ease, sufficiency, and content.

"Where are these things gone? What has become of this ease, this sufficiency, this content?

They are not among the nobility—they complain of the times. They are not among the farmers—they complain of heavy burdens and low prices. They are not among the laborers—they complain of low wages. They are not in the shop, the mill, or the factory; every place and class has its bubby-jock. It is an odd circumstance, and worth soundly inquiring into, that just as a nation grew rich it grew melancholy; that the mass of people who had accumulated those riches grew poor, lost their joyousness, their time and taste for recreation, and became the common drudges of the dull treadmill of poverty and labor. This was not always so. As we have seen, our ancestors had their high days and holidays; never was there a merrier race. England was merry England then. The people of the continent are a merry people now—merry with a fifth part of our wealth.

"Should this be so? Should the greatest, the most industrious people on the face of the earth; the people who have wrought the greatest miracles of energy and ingenuity that this world has seen, be the only people who do not enjoy the fruit of their achievements, and rejoice in the good things they have created? Yet let any one say what is his first impression on landing in England after some sojourn abroad? That every one is pondering on some tremendous event. There is a stern, eager expression on every face; a hurrying on as to some intense object; a print of care on feature and on limb, on the individual and the mass, which are most startling to the mind which has been so lately filled with the gay imagery of happy peasantry and citizens of the working class, amidst their holiday music and their social dances.

"In 1842 I was reading the English newspapers in the public news-room at Heidelberg, in Germany. What was the great topic of the day? The horrors just brought to light by the Parliamentary inquiry into the state of the people, and especially of women and children in the coal-mines, and factories, and workshops of England. I was actually sick. I walked out into the air. It was bright noon—the bright, clear, joyous noon of the south of Germany; and at this moment, out burst from the public schools of the working classes, hundreds of little boys and girls, released to their twelve o'clock dinners, and all healthy, happy, merry, and shouting, as if they had five times too much pleasure in them for their need.

"But what a contrast! Proud England—rich England—mighty and free England, grinding its children to death in mines and mills, in subterranean darkness and nakedness; and poor, despotic Germany guarding its children till their twelfth year, and giving them all an education! And this had gone on for years; the child-murder of the mill and the mine had gone on, and men had gradually accustomed themselves to it, till they did not see its enormity. Liberals and philanthropists applauded it, and called it free trade. Gracious Heaven! free trade in the sinews and lives of tender children of eight years old! Little children pitched against the Juggernaut of steam; and those who denounced this immolation to the trading Mammon, were sneered at for the cant of humanity by the most hideous of all cants, the cant of cruelty! Free trade, forsooth, in the lives and happiness of children! 'Twas a vile abuse of terms. Trade is trade only when it deals in legitimate articles; beyond that it is far too free—it is then free outrage.

"But the British humanity stepped in and rescued the victims of our trading cupidity. In country as well as in town the great and influential are awaking to the fact that the working man must be better remunerated. We need not, therefore, go further into the explanation of the repulsive mystery of the greatest people on earth piling upon their heads by their unexampled energies only toil never ending, and recompense never beginning. That is now well enough understood. It is because labor has been defrauded of its due.

"The public has now discovered what the amiable poet Bloomfield discovered long ago. He found

> 'The aspect still of ancient joy put on,
> The aspect only, with the substance gone.'

And he cried:

> 'Let labor have its due! my cot shall be
> From chilling want, and guilty murmurs free.
> Let labor have its due! then peace is mine,
> And never, never shall my heart repine.'

"That is the true secret of restoring to England its fine old character of merry England. Let labor have its due, and joy will spring up thick as the flowers of the field. We shall again see the rural dance and hear the sound of rural music. Make the heart glad and the song will burst forth from the mouths of young men and maidens. Let labor have its due; let a good supply of bread and beef, and tea and coffee, find its way into the poor man's pantry, as the just reward of his exertions, and there will be merry times again in England. Ay, never was there such a merry England as there will be then. Never had England in her holiday times a tenth part of the people, the knowledge, the power, the capacity of enjoyment, that they have now. And these times shall come. They are not far off. Great changes have taken place and are taking place. The public mind of England has satisfied itself that a better state of things is necessary—that the people who have made England, be they of what class they will, must enjoy England. The people have now read and thought, and above all, they have suffered, and out of that suffering they have derived a deep wisdom; they have learnt to know their own rights and the rights of others. They will now combine not to attack but to assert; not to tread on the privileges of others, but to claim their own. They will combine to dig new channels for the current of public wealth, to make a due portion of it to flow into the track of labor; and not only so, but to make labor itself flow into the true channel. They will spread themselves over the field of labor, as the general good requires it.

"Already the crowd who have trodden on each other's heels have discovered that steam and science, commerce and literature, have made three fourths of the globe but an expanded England. In England or Ireland, in America or Australia, wherever the British tongue is spoken, and British

blood flows in the people's veins, there they are still of the great English family—can enjoy English thoughts, feelings, and privileges, and can elevate and combine the true interests of the English race. Therefore emigration is leading its quarter of a million now annually into the more distant fields of the British empire, an empire extended beyond the nominal shadow of the British Crown. In new homes, but all made such by Anglo-Saxon enterprise, amid new mountains, and on the green banks of new and majestic rivers, these annual detachments of the great army of civilization are sitting down to create at once domestic plenty for themselves, and fresh sources of industry and wealth for the brave old mother country.

"As our population thus diffuses itself on all sides into the fields and forests of God's plenty, and at the active centre better principles of social economy are recognized, as they are every day becoming recognized—then for holidays.

"But when the people do find leisure and hearts for holidays, they will be such holidays as the world never yet saw. We are no longer the same people as our ancestors were. They were great children, and could leap and laugh, and play with hobby-horses; but we have read and thought, and the poorest artisan has now more refined taste and intellectual wealth than a king had of old. In the words of one of them:

> 'Ay, they are thinking—at the frame and loom,
> At bench, and forge, and in the bowelled mine.'

"Then, our holidays must be holidays of a higher stamp. There must be music, and dance, and sport, for youth and glad hearts; but there must be more—there must be a mixture of the intellectual in our pleasures. We must have books, and talk of matters of mind, and sights of works of art as well as of the works of nature, to give to our holidays a charm which, though it will be fit for a philosopher, shall thrill through the soul of the working man like the first rapturous outburst of his marriage bells. We must have a preparation for the holidays that are coming. We must have those public walks and gardens that are talked of for our large towns. We must have that £10,000 that is lying in the treasury, voted by Parliament years ago for that very purpose called for by public-spirited men of our towns, and thus employed. We must have in each of these gardens a public building—the people's house of recreation. They shall find a dancing-hall, a coffee-room, a reading-room, and a conversation-room. The people in every large town of Germany have such a house—their *Harmonie*—where they come together to enjoy themselves, and do enjoy themselves in a manner that a prince or a princess might be proud to share in.

"And then, for the enjoyment of all these delightful pleasures, in which not only physical health and excitement, but intellectual tastes unite, for which the people are daily preparing themselves, what a world has science opened! Think of the steam-boat and steam-train, ready to bear away their thousands to the very scenes where they would wish to be. To carry the people of the cities, especially of enormous London afar into the country; to the open heath—the fresh forest—to the sea-side—to old halls and gardens where the mysterious spirit of beauty has been waiting their arrival for a thousand years. To carry the country people, on the contrary, to the towns—to the sight of the cheerful, happy crowds, rich shops, noble buildings, and galleries of painting and statuary; to zoological gardens and scientific spectacles, full, to them, of the enchantment of wonder.

"Do we talk of impossible things? The cheap trains already make such things within the reach of every man, woman and child, that can get but a single day, and a few shillings to spend on it, in the year. On one day last summer, seven thousand people visited, by means of an excursion train, the splendid house and grounds of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, in the Peak of Derbyshire; and every day there, and at the old hall of Haddon, and at numbers of noble halls all over the country throughout the summer, the coming and going of the people is like the visiting of a fair.

"Better times are coming, when these things shall be still more within the reach of every one of our fellow-countrymen; for they are not only awaking to a knowledge and a taste for these things, but they are laying up fruits for their own purposes. The alarm that some time ago was felt on the subject of popular education, lest knowledge should spoil good servants, and destroy the spirit of industry in the laboring masses, has received an amazing answer. While the people were ignorant they continued in destitution. What they gained they spent in a drunkenness that has now nothing like it in existence. But while they have been acquiring knowledge they have also acquired a great capital, and have actually laid up in savings banks upwards of £30,000,000 of money!

"This is a social phenomenon such as all the ages of the world before have not produced. That is the effect of the industrial and economical stimulus of knowledge on the people. That has come, and the holiday times will come. And still further, the spirit of improvement has been met by a fitting spirit in high quarters. Our excellent Queen has thrown open Windsor, the most royal of all royal palaces in the world, to the free and unpaid entry of all her loving subjects. The royal example, as we have seen, has been emulated by the nobility, who have thrown open their parks, their gardens, and their fine old picture galleries, like their royal mistress, to the feet and the eyes of those who have so long fought, worked and suffered for the maintenance of the stately glory of those things.

"These are great forebodings of the future holidays of a great and educated people; and this lovely isle of ours, with its rivers and mountains, its sweet fields and villages, its cities and ancestral halls, its palaces and its monumental churches, shall open up the world of its delights to a people worthy of beholding them, and by that very communicativeness of its beauty shall sink deeper and deeper into the heart of their love."

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THE

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## A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.*

### PART ONE.

Among the public men of the past generation who may be styled *representative* characters, few stand higher on the list than William Harris Crawford. His name and political character have been indelibly impressed on the history of the country, and long succeeding generations will look to him as an eminent republican exemplar. His fame, therefore, will be permanent; but the remains of his public career, owing to his peculiar temperament and habits of life, are singularly intangible, and belong entirely, as naturalists would say, to the fossil species. There was nothing in his private or public character to invite the gossipry of history—that surest method of emblazoning one's reputation. He did not belong to that class of politicians whom crowds follow and admire, of whom every penny writer has something to say, and whose journeys form one continuous and glaring pageant. He never acted for the multitude. If he had ambition to be great, it was of that elevated order that looked less to ephemeral popularity than to great and durable results. When the ends for which he strove had been accomplished, he did not pause, like most other leading statesmen, to preserve the means of such accomplishment. History, therefore, is barren of his deeds, and perpetuates his name only. It is true that, now and then, as we wade through ponderous tomes of the national archives, we stumble on some majestic record of his genius that shines forth from the dreary waste with surpassing splendor; or that, like some towering column among ancient and unidentified ruins, unbroken by age and erect amidst the crumbled masses around, tells of a giant race that have passed before.

The sketch before us, understood to be from the pen of his accomplished son-in-law, Mr. George M. Dudley, of Sumpter county, Georgia, was not designed, as its limits evince, to be full or satisfactory. We must say, however, that the deficiency appears to have proceeded more from injudicious and unauthorized *prunings* by some witless paragraphist, than from any original omission

* Sketch of the Life of William H. Crawford. National Portrait Gallery. Philadelphia. 1839.

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in the article itself. The arrangement does not quite indicate the tasteful handiwork and nice discrimination which we happen to know to be characteristics of the author. We have been informed, in fact, that the sketch was unwisely mutilated, and so sheared and nipped as to entirely pervert its chief purposes and intended historical effect. At all events, however, the world is indebted to Mr. Dudley for the only authentic biography of his illustrious relative. We have, therefore, chosen to make his sketch the text of the following article; with no view, let us say, to criticism, for, under the circumstances, that would be neither allowable nor tasteful,—though it is possible that we may take the liberty of dissenting, in an instance or two, from what we candidly think to be, perhaps, some of its too ready conclusions. We design, however, not so much to confine our objects to mere succinct biographical detail, as to briefly review the prominent features in the life of an individual reckoned among the greatest of his day, and of times which form an important epoch in the political history of the Republic. We address ourself to such task not without considerable embarrassment and distrust. The difficulties already intimated are very discouraging. Mr. Crawford left no materials on which to build any connected account of his life. His contemporaries are ready to expatiate largely concerning his greatness, but they can point to but few recorded monuments of his fame. Although twenty years have not elapsed since the period of his decease—although numbers even of the rising generation have seen and spoken with him—yet is he already shelved as the Hortensius of his time—who, while glimmeringly acknowledged as a greater than Cicero, and whose *name* will be familiar through countless ages to come, has left "not a wreck" of his genius, and lives only in tradition and in the eulogies of his rival. This is not the only difficulty. The history of the period in which Mr. Crawford figured as a statesman, apart from its mere general features, has never been compiled; and it is not only undefined, but is quite obscured from ordinary research. It embraces much collateral interest that must be patiently gleaned from scanty and scattered remnants, and which we are obliged to introduce very detachedly in the course of this review. It extends through a period which witnessed a total dissolution [illegible] absorption of one of the ancient political parties, the re-construction of the other, and the establishment of a third of which he himself must be reckoned the principal founder, but which had not obtained its present identity and compactness when disease hurried him prematurely from the theatre of political life. It also embraces some points personal to himself, and to other distinguished public characters, which render their evisceration and discussion quite a delicate undertaking, but which, nevertheless, ought not to be passed over unnoticed—especially by the candid and privileged reviewer. Thus much we have deemed it necessary to premise, as well to explain the meagreness of what might be otherwise regarded a prolific subject, as to advertise the reader of the more immediate purposes of this article.

Crawford was born, as we are told, in Nelson county, Virginia, in February, 1772. While yet quite a youth his parents removed to Georgia,—first to near Augusta, and afterwards to Columbia county. Here he was sent to school, and learned the ordinary English branches of education. He had scarcely attained the sixteenth year of his age when his father died, leaving the family in very reduced circumstances. Young Crawford immediately turned his yet scanty learning to active account, and supported his mother and family by teaching school, until he was twenty-two years old. At this time he began to feel a desire to obtain a classical education, and was not at all deterred, even at his comparatively advanced age, from seeking its gratification. There was, in the same county as his own little school, an academy of high repute, under the superintendence of a teacher who afterwards became famous as the instructor of the leading statesmen of the South. Even then, his obscure literary realm contained subjects who, in after years, adorned the national councils, and filled the country with their fame. That retired academy was, in fact, the nursery of Georgia's most distinguished sons, in politics, literature, and religion. The rector was the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddell, who, at a subsequent period, became widely known as the founder of Willington Academy, in Abbeville District, South Carolina,—celebrated as the matriculating font of John Caldwell Calhoun, as also of many others whose names are eminently renowned in the land.

In 1794 young Crawford entered Carmel Academy as a student. He soon obtained

the confidence and favor of Dr. Waddell, and was promoted to the situation of usher, receiving, as his compensation, one third of the tuition money. We have heard it told of him, that while at this academy, in the double capacity of tutor and pupil, it was determined by himself, and some few of the elder school-boys, to enliven their annual public examination by representing a play. They selected Addison's Cato; and in forming the cast of characters, that of the Roman Senator was, of course, assigned to the worthy usher. Crawford was a man of extraordinary height and large limbs, and was always ungraceful and awkward, besides being constitutionally unfitted, every way, to act any character but his own. He however cheerfully consented to play Cato. It was matter of great sport, even during rehearsal, as his young companions beheld the huge, ungainly usher, with giant strides and Stentorian voice, go through with the representation of the stern, precise old Roman. But on the night of the grand exhibition, an incident, eminently characteristic of the counterfeit Cato, occurred, which effectually broke up the dénouement of the tragedy. Crawford had conducted the senate scene with tolerable success, though rather boisterously for so solemn an occasion, and had even managed to struggle through with the apostrophe to the soul; but when the dying scene behind the curtain came to be acted, Cato's groan of agony was bellowed out with such hearty good earnest as totally to scare away the tragic muse, and set prompter, players, and audience in a general, unrestrained fit of laughter. This was, we believe, the future statesman's first and last theatrical attempt.

In the fall of 1796, leaving his situation in the Carmel Academy, he bent his way to the then young city of Augusta, and became principal in one of the largest schools. It was here that floating dreams of professional eminence first passed through his mind; suggesting, at the same time, more enlarged plans of accumulation. He accordingly set himself to studying the law, and pursued his task with an assiduousness and diligence that knew no abatement, and that augured a speedy and successful accomplishment. He was admitted to the practice in 1798; and the year following, with a view to seek a suitable theatre of pursuit, he removed into the county of Oglethorpe, and opened an office in the little village of Lexington, its county seat. "Such were his perseverance, industry, and talents," says Mr. Dudley, "that he soon attracted the notice of that distinguished statesman and profound jurist, Peter Early, then at the head of his profession in the Up Country, and to whom he became ardently and sincerely attached. His great professional zeal, that always made his client's cause his own, his unremitted attention to business, his punctuality and promptness in its dispatch, his undisguised frankness and official sincerity—disdaining the little artifices and over-reaching craft of the profession—combined with a dignity which, springing from self-respect alone, was entirely unmingled with affectation; his honesty and irreproachable moral character, accompanied with manners the most plain, simple and accessible, secured for him a public and private reputation seldom equalled, and never surpassed in any country." This graphic account, tallying with the whole character of the distinguished subject, is not at all exaggeration, but is testified to by the speedy advancement of Crawford,—who, indeed, after Mr. Early's entrance into Congress during 1802, might fairly be said to stand at the head of the bar of the Western Circuit.

These arduous professional duties and this severe mental discipline were not without early and abundant fruits. The greatness and overshadowing lustre of his expanding mind began soon to diffuse an influence elsewhere than in the court-room. The dull precincts of the bar, cramped jury boxes, stale law arguments, and the harsh routine of office business, abundant though it was, were insufficient to afford that scope which might satisfy the intellectual energies of such a person. The excitement of the political arena tempted him to the trial for larger honors; and in the fall of 1803 he was called by the people of his county to represent them in the Legislature of Georgia. In this station a new field of ambition was suddenly opened to the grasping intellect of Crawford; and plunging as he did forthwith into the absorbing vortex of politics, we lose sight of him as a professional man for many long and eventful years—years of triumph and of trial, of pride and of affliction.

At this period began also a new and most memorable epoch in the political history of Georgia, which, dating from Crawford's

entrance into the Legislature, controlled her destiny for well nigh thirty years, and continues its influence, though in a greatly modified degree, to the present time. Indeed, it is a striking and most remarkable fact that the grapple of great minds, stimulated by malignant and inveterate rivalry, never fails, even in the mild contests of civil life, comparatively speaking, to imprint lasting and influential traces on the age which witnesses the struggle. This is eminently the case in political circles, from which, for the first time, are to be drawn the bitter elements of party. And so it was, as we have already intimated, in the present instance. At one of the sessions of the Legislature, during the time of Crawford's service in that body, it so happened that a member introduced a series of resolutions which looked to the impeachment of a leading judicial incumbent of one of the Georgia circuits. The individual thus assaulted had been long a prized friend and confidential associate of Crawford. He had been also an active and industrious opponent of another personage who was then becoming rapidly conspicuous in the political world, and whose prominent position had already enlisted the sympathy of such as were placing themselves in opposition to our distinguished subject. This was General John Clarke. Clarke, finding on the present occasion an opportunity to vent his intolerance and vindictiveness, supported the resolutions with ardor and unabating zeal. On the other hand, Crawford opposed them with the energy of fast friendship, and with a violence that betokened at once the depth of personal feeling, and the indignant contempt in which he held those who were urging their adoption. As might have been expected, this fierce collision of master minds soon diverted attention and interest from the true issue, and all eyes fastened eagerly on the hostile champions. Parties and factions were formed, and the limits of social intercourse were jealously confined to those of factional sympathy. The soirées of the fashionable world were governed by like envenomed rules. Innkeepers, and publicans of all descriptions, imbibing the excitement, eschewed indiscriminate gatherings, and advertised their cheer as being intended only for those who espoused the cause, respectively, of Clarke or of Crawford. The contagion spread through all castes and classes of society; it, in fact, found way even to the bosom of hitherto harmonious and exclusive religious fraternities. Nor was it a strife alone of words. Forensic weapons were soon laid aside, and the rival champions, urged on by implacable and impulsive factionists, resorted to weapons of a deadlier character. A challenge to mortal combat passed, and was accepted. The terms were soon arranged, the parties met, and a fight with pistols, at the usual distance, ensued. Crawford, though brave and fearless to a degree scarcely compatible with his polished amiability and amenity of disposition, was naturally awkward, nervous, and every way unqualified for a genuine duellist. Clarke was, on the contrary, a practised fighter, and highly skilled in the use of weapons, while, at the same time, of equally unquestionable courage. The result might have been anticipated. Heedless of all precautionary monitions and instructions from his friends who accompanied him to the field as seconds, Crawford took his position at the peg with the same carelessness as he was wont to swagger to his seat at the bar of a county court, exposing his left arm in a manner to catch the ball of even the rawest duellist. Consequently, when fires were exchanged, Clarke was found to be entirely untouched, while his unerring ball had taken effect in the wrist of his antagonist, horribly crushing the bones, and producing the most exquisite pain.

This shot, of course, terminated the fight; and Crawford was removed from the field to linger for months in expiatory anguish. But so far from appeasing factional differences, the fight only served to add fuel to the flame. The news of the duel, and of its unpleasing result, spread rapidly through all portions of the State, stirring up new and fiercer elements of strife, and confirming and strengthening all previous animosities. Hill and vale, mountain and plain, echoed to the war-whoop of arousing factions, and rang with the angry notes of a gathering that might have startled "Clan-Alpine's warriors." Men waited not to hear or to argue the causes and grounds which divided their respective champions, but each side mustered to the banner of its favorite, and formed in line for a long, bitter, and distracting conflict. The names of the rivals were assumed as the watchwords of the two parties, and for many years afterwards every election, from that of beat constable or militia captain to that of

Congressman or Governor, was decided, not with regard to principle or qualification, but by a trial of strength between the friends of Crawford and the friends of Clarke. Even after Crawford had been transferred from the councils of the State to those of the Nation, the flame of dissension was kept alive with vestal-like fidelity and tenacity; for there arose up in his place a successor who, from the first, asserted a full right to the fiery inheritance by his high-handedness and party bigotry, and whose name, when uttered even at this day, stirs up within the bosom of the old Georgian a wild association of ancient party jealousies and of long-gone personal predilections. Indeed, the election struggles of the Clarkites and the Troupites have been too recently absorbed by those of Whig and Democrat, to have passed from the recollection of even the youngest of the present generation of voters.

This ferocious contest, even after one side had changed its original battle-cry, lasted continuously and with ever-increasing malignancy for twenty years. At the great State elections of 1825, victory, no longer uncertain and wavering, perched finally on the standard of the Troup party. A pitched battle, decisive in its results as that of Pharsalia, had been fought by mutual consent. Every log had been rolled—every stone had been turned. Obscure, unfrequented county corners had been diligently scoured to swell the voting hordes. The sinks of cities had been ransacked. Cross-road and village drunkards, who had slept for months in ditches or in gutters, and whose sober moments had been as few and far between as angel visits, were assiduously excavated and hauled to the polls. The prison doors were flung open to pining and hapless debtors, who, but for this fierce war of parties, might have languished away the prime of their lives within the gloomy walls of a dungeon. Old men who had been bed-ridden for years, and who had long since shaken adieux with the ballot-box, were industriously hunted up, and conveyed by faithful and tender hands to the nearest precinct. Patients shivering with ague or burning with fever, struggled with pain long enough to cast their votes; and it is within the recollection of many now living, that drooping paralytics, unable to move from the carts or dearborns which had borne them from their couches, were served with the box at the court-house steps, by zealous and accommodating officers. Nothing, in fact, had been left undone which might contribute to bring the struggle to a decisive and unquestioned issue. Accordingly, when the day arrived, each party, marshalled by its favorite chieftain, was ready for action; and amidst drinking, cavillings, partisan harangues, quarrels, and ring fights, the polls were opened. Every minute of time was wranglingly contended for in favor of lagging voters—every suspicion was made the pretext for a challenge. But the scrolls soon showed on which side the tides of victory were rolling. The contest resulted in a complete triumph of the Crawford or Troup party, while the Clarkites, chagrined and crest-fallen, acknowledged for the first time that they had been fairly overcome.

When the issue of this memorable election had been fully ascertained, and disseminated through the State, all Georgia became a scene of rejoicing and revelry. Magnanimity was forgotten in the maddening mirth of triumph at the defeat of a long despised foe. The ordinary greetings of civil life were ungenerously exchanged for taunts or exultant blusterings when in the presence of a vanquished adversary. Little children ran about singing and shouting from the very contagion of gladness. Women threw aside the needle and the shuttle to prepare for the dance and the feast. The men gave up business for merry making; and many who had been long famed for their severe morality and ghostly manner of life, were surprised in the joyous *mêlée*, and were seen reeling about and carousing with their less austere neighbors. The day was enlivened by hilarious and gratulatory gatherings, and the night made beautiful and merry by gorgeous illuminations and garish festivities.

Such is, briefly and imperfectly, the origin and partial history of those local factional issues which so long distracted the State of Georgia, during the stirring times of Crawford's political life. During the period of their baneful ascendency, society was awfully afflicted. Friendships were often rudely severed, families divided, and whole neighborhoods broken up and made hostile by the deplorable influences of this partisan rancor. In fact, the Presidential election of 1840 was the first contest since 1806 which possessed sufficient strength, as regarded other issues, to overcome this ancient embodiment of party warfare; and it

is remarkable that, even at this day, the Democratic and Whig parties of Georgia are composed, in the main, of these old factions—the Clarkites being mostly of the former, and the Troupites of the latter party.

At the session of 1807 the Legislature of Georgia had elected Crawford a Senator of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Abraham Baldwin, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and of the Federal Constitution. This flattering mark of distinguished merit, thus early conferred on one so recently an humble and unaspiring pedagogue, evidences, in a striking manner, the brilliant dawn of those splendid talents which, while yet in the meridian of life, soon lifted him to the highest honors of public office, and gave him in the political world an influence that has survived his death. When it is stated, however, that these superior mental endowments were aided by a rare boldness and independence of character and of opinion, it will not be difficult to account for this rapid preferment.

The political sentiments of Crawford were decidedly liberal, and, in some respects, differed widely from those which have been promulged and advocated as the peculiar tenets of the Jefferson school. He marked out his own course, and pursued his own conclusions, little regardful of those party trammels which have generally obtained a controlling influence with prominent national politicians. Accordingly, at an early period after his entrance into the Senate of the United States, he joined issue with William B. Giles, of Virginia, the veteran debater of that august body, and the acknowledged spokesman of the Jefferson Administration. The contest was on the Embargo question; Giles earnestly advocating its policy, while Crawford opposed it as a measure fraught with mischief and distress, and a useless and unwise preliminary to a war already virtually begun, and which was clearly inevitable. Crawford had very little tolerance for concessions and dilatory action, in a cause which he conceived to have been closed to amicable adjustment. He was no half-way man. He never paused to compromise, when he could see his way to a favorable result by risking a less indirect procedure. In fact, Crawford was in favor of declaring war from the moment that the British Government refused to make proper amends and satisfaction for the unwarrantable attack of the Leopard on the Chesapeake, off the harbor of Norfolk; and, in after years, did not scruple to charge Madison with ambiguousness on the point of war or peace in his celebrated message of 1812, characterizing it as akin to the sinuous and obscure declarations of a Delphic oracle.

The Embargo was the darling scheme, along with the Non-intercourse Act of 1809, of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. Crawford was thus thrown into an attitude of partial opposition to the Democratic leaders of that day, although far indeed removed from any fraternizing sympathy with the then unprincipled and rancorous remnant of the old Federal party. From these differences, slight as they were, sprang the germs of that conservative, national party which, soon gathering compactness under the lead of Madison, of Clay, and of the younger Adams, has opposed, ever since, a steady and unyielding barrier, amidst varying fortunes, to the unbridled radicalism of Democracy, as also to the baneful extremes of Federalism. The declaration of war, it may be observed, was not favored by Jefferson. With him the milder and, as he thought, scarcely less effectual remedy of spirited retaliatory measures, as concerned the British orders in Council and the French decrees, was the preferred line of conduct. Madison, long his warm adherent and premier cabinet officer, had his doubts and his difficulties. The multiplied aggressions of the British Government had, indeed, stirred up within the American nation fierce and ominous fires of resentment. Still they perceived that the business men of the country deprecated hostilities. New-England had gone quite to the point of rebellion on account of the Embargo and restrictive measures. She was now loud in her denunciations of war. The commercial cities of the North were scarcely less reconciled to the commencement of hostilities that would certainly depress and cripple them. The cotton-planters and the tobacco-growers dreaded the ruinous depreciation in the then high price of their staple productions, which was sure to result from a declaration of war. The Federalists, rejoiced to take hold of aught that might offer to prop their sinking fortunes, or to worry their exultant opponents, harangued hitherly against

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the rupture of peaceful relations with England, and bullyingly defied those who advocated the last resort. The Democrats hesitated; and although Madison afterwards broke through these procrastinating counsels, and staked his administration on the issue of the war, yet there was a time when his delay had called forth no light reprehension from those of his political friends who coincided with Crawford. His decision lost him some friends and gained him legions of malignant enemies; but, at the same time, it operated to change wholly the original complexion of the Jeffersonian Democracy, and gave vitality and impulse to a third party, which had suddenly emerged from the chaotic political elements, under the bold lead of William Harris Crawford. But in 1811 the transition had been powerfully aided by the position which had been taken by Crawford and his Republican friends with regard to the question of rechartering the Bank of the United States; and the final concurrence of Madison in this policy was the closing scene of the ancient organization of parties, and marked still more fully the differences of the liberal and the radical wings of the original Democratic party.

At this point opens a brilliant and most important period in Crawford's political career. His reputation up to this time, although gradually spreading, had been mainly confined within the limits of his own State. The slight differences which had separated him from the immediate body of Mr. Jefferson's party, as concerned the policy of the Embargo, and which had given rise to the encounter between himself and Giles, had not drawn out the full powers of his mind, or unfolded to the eye of the nation those vast intellectual treasures and inward resources, which afterwards outshone and eclipsed all competition, and marked him as one of the leading statesmen of his day. His fame now expanded and spread, and Georgia surrendered her favorite son to the nation.

From 1790 to 1840 the various questions connected with the constitutionality and expediency of the United States Bank engaged more deeply the public mind than any others belonging to the history of the country. Indeed, the interest thus excited began under the previously existing government, and originated with the project of chartering the Bank of North America. The ery of the then opposition soon became sufficiently effective to induce the stockholders to surrender their Congressional privileges, and to accept a charter less objectionable and less precarious from the State of Pennsylvania. But when in 1791, immediately after the adoption of the present Constitution, the project of a National Bank was revived under the auspices of Alexander Hamilton, a steady and furious opposition arose, which, only checked for the moment by the overawing influence of Washington, soon swelled into a large and jealous party, and has succeeded in bequeathing its rancor and vindictiveness to every succeeding generation from that time to the present. Previously to this the organization of parties had been based on the approval and disapproval of the Federal Constitution. But the agitation of the Bank question, and its charter by Congress, gave a complexion to political divisions which begat a new era in the history of parties. On this subject it was that Hamilton and Jefferson first crossed weapons; and on this the tocsin first sounded the hostile notes of that factious warfare which led to such acrimonious encounters and differences betwixt their respective adherents. No two men could have been brought together more entirely opposed in opinion, or in habits of thought, or in modes of action, than Hamilton and Jefferson. Their disagreement grew into an implacable hostility, which defied the mediation of Washington himself, and, as might have been expected, hurried each to rash and unwary extremities in the formation and maintenance of their political opinions. Hamilton was an extreme Federalist; Jefferson was an extreme Democrat. Hamilton leaned to and advocated a strong and centralizing government, wholly disallied with all genuine republican notions. Jefferson was a rabid and uncompromising radical, and promulged doctrines and principles at once abhorrent and dangerous to the permanence and safety of any form of government. The first favored English politics; the last was an ardent friend to French politics. They differed on every and all subjects, and always quarrelled. It was not to be expected, therefore, that they would agree on the question of establishing a National Bank. Washington, when the bill was sent to him for signature and approval, with a decent respect to the sharp conflicts of opinion among his friends, de-

manded an opinion from each of his four ministers. Three of them, at his request, reduced their ideas to writing. Knox, who was a poor hand with the pen, gave his in conversation, and they were found to coincide with those of Hamilton. The Attorney General, Randolph, sided with Jefferson in an unqualified opposition to the scheme. How far the personal animosities and differences of the two Secretaries may have affected this great public interest, may never be known. At all events, Washington decided according to the views of Hamilton, and signed the charter. He carried along with him a sufficiency of the Republican influence to rescue the scheme from the odium of an extreme Federal measure; and thus the question had rested from 1791 to 1811.

At this session, to the confusion and dismay of the ultra Democracy, the friends of the Bank again entered the arena, and applied for a renewal of its charter, under the advice and lead of Crawford. Crawford had not taken his position inconsiderately or unwarily. He was, in his sentiments, a firm Republican and supporter, in the main, of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. But his mind was of too comprehensive and active a cast to be fettered by narrow party ties, when reason and experience pointed to a useful result. In tracing the history of banking institutions, he was doubtless forcibly struck with the fact that they had found admission and patronage among the principal and most enlightened commercial nations; that they had successively obtained in Italy, Germany, Holland, England, and France, as well as in the United States; and that, after a candid estimate of their tendency and an experience of centuries, there existed not a doubt about their utility in the countries where they had been so long established and so fairly tried. Wherever they had been created and properly sustained, industry and trade had been indebted to them for thrift and important aid, and Government repeatedly under the greatest obligations to them in dangerous or distressing emergencies. In reviewing the history of the Bank of the United States, he found that the greatest amount of good had followed its establishment, and that for twenty years every department of industry, as well as of government, had received timely aid and advantages from its beneficent operations. These facts weighed heavily with one of his eminently practical constitution, whose mind, directed always to great and expanded measures, was wholly incapable of being dwarfed to the pitiful dimensions of insane factious opposition; and was impervious alike to the threats or the allurements of sectarian predilections. He decided promptly on his course of action, and determined to advocate the renewal of the expired charter openly and zealously. With him were ranged Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, Pope, the Senator from Kentucky, and some few more distinguished Democrats, or Republicans. But against him there appeared a formidable host of talents and influence, and the entire prejudices of the Jeffersonian sect. The principal of these opponents were Smith of Maryland, and Henry Clay, the Senatorial colleague of Mr. Pope. William B. Giles sided with the opposition, but made a speech so rambling and tortuous as to leave his opinions on the main question well nigh undefined, and which his then coadjutor, Clay, wittily characterized as having "discussed *both* sides of the question with great ability, and as having demonstrated to the satisfaction of all who heard him, both that it was constitutional and unconstitutional, highly proper and improper to prolong the charter of the Bank."

Crawford was Chairman of the Committee to whom the application of the stockholders, praying Congress to renew the charter of the Bank, had been referred. He applied himself to the duties of his station with an ardor that showed his disregard of party associations where the public good was concerned, and with a zeal and fidelity that eminently evinced the depth and sincerity of his convictions. He fortified his cause and himself with every necessary extrinsic aid; took the elaborated opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury; and consulted extensively with deputations from the commercial and industrial interests of the great sections of the Confederacy. But the mastery of extrinsic facts did not alone serve to fit him for the ensuing struggle. The benefits arising from the establishment and continuance of the Bank were unquestionable. The necessity and expediency of renewing the charter could not be successfully controverted. The battle had to be fought on the ramparts of the *Constitution*, and of this Crawford was fully aware. He had calculated

that the opposition would direct their main efforts against the *constitutionality* of the measure, and thus drive the petitioners out of Congress without allowing them to bring in their array of popular evidence and convincing facts. But he had prepared to meet them at the very threshold, and armed himself with a panoply of reason and argument, which, supported by unquestioned authority, effectually dislodged his adversaries from their defiant position, and threw them at once on the defensive. He courted, and evidently desired them to attack; but, failing in this, he was nevertheless fully prepared to assume the offensive.

On the 5th of February the report of the Committee had been made to the Senate, and a majority concurred in the motion to accompany the same with a bill to extend the expired charter of the Bank. The bill was subjected to some amendments, and its consideration postponed for one week. On the morning of the 12th, Mr. Anderson, of Tennessee, moved to strike out the first section, but declined giving any reasons in support of his motion, on the ground that the question had been doubtless already decided, in the mind of every Senator, as of every man in the nation. This course at once unfolded the policy of the opposition. Crawford easily perceived that, confident of numerical strength, they had decided either to provoke assault, or else quietly to demolish the bill section by section. He replied to Anderson by observing that such a method of dispatching business was novel and astonishing; that a bill had been presented to the Senate to continue the operation of an institution of twenty years' standing, whose good effects were universally admitted, and whose influence on the public prosperity was not to be denied; and yet, in place of giving any reason against the continuance, the Senate was told that public sentiment had decided the question. He appealed to the mover if this was a fair and magnanimous mode of procedure? How was it possible, he asked, for the friends of the bill to meet objections never made? When a question of such magnitude was to be decided, he contended that it was proper to offer some reasons why the bill should be rejected. It was answered by General Smith, that there was nothing novel in the course suggested by the Senator from Tennessee; that it was parliamentary to make such motion; and that it always became the introducer of a bill to give some reasons to induce the Senate to give the same its support. Anderson concurred, and again repeated his former motion.

Crawford promptly rejoined. He intimated that his remarks had been misconceived; that he made no complaint against the motion; but that it was not usual in any deliberative body that a chairman should be called on to state the reasons which induced a Committee to report any provision to a bill, when a motion was made which went to put an end to any discussion of the detail. "Gentlemen," he said, "were about to defeat the bill, and it was fair that they should assign their reasons. How could he foresee their objections? Or if, perchance, he should foresee and answer them, would not gentlemen say that such were not the reasons which influenced their votes? It was like pursuing a *will-o'-the-wisp*—you can never arrive at the true object of pursuit."

He was again answered by Gen. Smith, that it was always the duty of a Committee to inform the Senate of the reasons which induced them to report a bill; that it was expected by himself and others that the chairman would favor them with an argument to induce their support of the bill, and that *then* he might consider of his duty in making answer.

This last rejoinder fully exposed the plan of action which had been agreed on by the opponents of the bill. It was clear that they did not intend to take the initiative in discussion, and Crawford persisted in his endeavor to provoke assault no longer. He asked for no postponement, he craved no further time for preparation, but proceeded forthwith, and to the surprise of the opposition, to deliver his views in a speech which, for vigor and originality of thought, cogency of argument, and power of intellectual research, has never been surpassed in any parliamentary body, and which fixed his claims to greatness. He begins by boldly laying down the premise that the Federal Constitution had been so much construed as if it were *perfect*, that many of its best features were about to be rendered imbecile, and that prejudice was thus tending to actually destroy the object of affection; that when this was carried so far as to endanger the public welfare, it was necessary that its *imperfections* should be disclosed to public view; which disclosure, while

it might cause the adoration to cease, would not, therefore, necessarily place the Constitution beyond the reach of ardent attachment. He follows up this startling declaration with a severe analysis of the Constitution, to prove its force; showing that the very numerous *incidentalisms* which appertain to its express grants of power, clearly demonstrate the *fallibility* of the instrument, with all its just claims to our respect and deep veneration. After going through thus with the entire list of the specified powers of Congress, adroitly using each to illustrate his premise, he finally seizes on the fourth article of the Constitution to prove "the absurdity," as well of the idea of its perfection, as of the construction that the enumeration of certain powers excludes all other powers not enumerated. His method of reasoning this point is so novel, so interesting, and so resistlessly convictive, that we shall venture to transcribe the portion which embraces this head of his speech.

"This article," he says, "appears to be of a miscellaneous character, and very similar to the codicil of a will. The first article provides for the organization of Congress; defines its powers; prescribes limitations on the powers previously granted; and sets metes and bounds to the authority of the State Governments. The second article provides for the organization of the Executive Department, and defines its power and duty. The third article defines the tenure by which the persons in whom the judicial power may be vested shall hold their offices, and prescribes the extent of their power and jurisdiction. These three articles provide for the three great departments of government, called into existence by the Constitution; but some other provisions *just then* occur, which ought to have been included in one or the other of the three *preceding* articles, and these provisions are incorporated and compose the *fourth* article. The first section of it declares, that 'full faith and credit shall be given, in each State, to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State; and the Congress may, by *general* laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.' In the second section it declares that a person charged, in any State, with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, 'shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.' A similar provision is contained in the same section, relative to fugitives who are bound to labor, by the laws of any State. In the first case, which has been selected, express authority has been given to Congress to prescribe the manner in which the record, &c., should be proved, and also the effect thereof; but, in the other two, no authority has been given to Congress; and yet the bare inspection of the three cases will prove that the interference of Congress is less necessary in the first than in the two remaining cases. A record must always be proved by itself, because it is the highest evidence of which the case admits. The effect of a record ought to depend upon the laws of the State of which it is a record, and therefore the power to prescribe the effect of a record was wholly unnecessary, and has been so held by Congress—no law having been passed to prescribe the effect of a record. In the second case there seems to be some apparent reason for passing a law to ascertain the officer upon whom the demand is to be made; what evidence of the identity of the person demanded, and of the guilt of the party charged, must be produced, before the obligation to deliver shall be complete. The same apparent reason exists for the passage of a law relative to fugitives from labor. According, however, to the rule of construction contended for, Congress cannot pass any law to carry the Constitution into effect in the two last cases selected, because express power has been given in the first, and is withheld in the two last. But Congress has nevertheless passed laws to carry those provisions into effect, and this exercise of power has never been complained of by the people or the States."

The speech then proceeds with an able argument to prove that there must necessarily exist, in the Constitution, powers derivable from *implication*. He contends that it is only by *implication* that Congress exercises the power to establish a Supreme Court, because the *express* grant is limited, as concerns the action of Congress, only to the creation of "inferior tribunals." Thus, he argues, is derived the sole power to accept or purchase places for the erection of forts, magazines, dockyards, and arsenals; as also the power to build lighthouses, and to legislate for the support of the same. These all being clearly *implied* powers, and having never excited complaint when exercised by Congress, he maintains that the same ancient and thoroughly settled rule of construction will leave Congress with the power to create a Bank, derivable from the clause which gives the power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises." He argues:—

"A law to erect lighthouses is no more a law to regulate commerce, than a law creating a Bank is a law to collect taxes, duties, and imposts. But the erection of lighthouses tends to facilitate and promote the security and prosperity of commerce, and, in an equal degree, the erection of a Bank tends to facilitate and insure the collection, safe keeping, and transmission of revenue. If, by this rule of construction, which is applied to lighthouses, but denied to the Bank, Congress can, as incidental

to the power to regulate commerce, erect light-houses, it will be easy to show that the same right may be exercised as incidental to the power of laying and collecting duties and imposts. Duties cannot be collected, unless vessels importing dutiable merchandise arrive in port; whatever, therefore, tends to secure their safe arrival may be exercised under that general power: the erection of light-houses does facilitate the safe arrival of vessels in port; and Congress can, therefore, exercise this right as incidental to the power to lay imposts and duties."

Pursuing this course of syllogism and logical deduction, he goes on to argue that the creation of a Bank is necessary and proper, as the *very best means* to collect, safely keep, and disburse the public revenue; not because the National Government is actually dependent on a Bank, but that it is materially aided by a Bank, and that it must, therefore, be a constitutional agent indirectly or impliedly contemplated as necessary. Adverting to the idea that the States have reserved to themselves the exclusive right of erecting Banks, he boldly promulges the doctrine that, so far from such power having been reserved, the States are actually prohibited by the Constitution from exercising this power. He says:—

"In the tenth section of the first article of the Constitution, it is declared, among other things, that no State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold and silver a tender in payment of debts. What, Sir, is a bill of credit? Will it be contended that a bank bill is not a bill of credit? They are emphatically bills of credit. But it may be said that the States do not, by the creation of banks, with authority to emit bills of credit, infringe upon the Constitution, because they do not emit the bills themselves. If they have not the power to emit bills of credit, *a fortiori*, they cannot delegate to others a power which they themselves cannot exercise. But, Sir, according to the maxims of law and sound reason, what they do by another, they do themselves."

Leaving the field of solid constitutional argument, the speaker next proceeds to discuss his proposition with reference to its alleged party connections, and, incidentally, as regards the competency of a State Government to resist the establishment, within its limits, of a branch of the United States Bank. At the time that the constructive rules obtained which authorize the erection of a Bank as the fiscal agent of the Government, he contends that party, in its present sense, was unknown; that the Constitution itself was just framed, and not beyond the influence of unquestioned first impressions; and that the Bank had then been sanctioned by the best authorities, and in the best days of the Republic. After contrasting those purer times with the rancorous scenes in which he was then mixing; denouncing the intolerance and vindictiveness of the then "Democratic presses;" and protesting against the illegal interference of certain "great States" with the regular operations of Congress, he gives vent to the following splendid philippic:—

"The Democratic presses have, for more than twelve months past, teemed with the most scurrilous abuse against every member of Congress who has dared to utter a syllable in favor of the renewal of the Bank charter. The member who dares to give his opinion in favor of the renewal of the charter, is instantly charged with being bribed by the agents of the Bank—with being corrupt—with having trampled upon the rights and liberties of the people—with having sold the sovereignty of the United States to foreign capitalists—with being guilty of perjury by having violated the Constitution. Yes, Sir, these are the circumstances under which we are called to reject the bill. When we compare the circumstances under which we are now acting, with those which existed at the time when the law was passed to incorporate the Bank, we may well distrust our own judgment. I had always thought, Sir, that a corporation was an artificial body, existing only in contemplation of law; but if we can believe the rantings of our Democratic editors, in these great States, and the denunciations of our public declaimers, it exists under the form of every foul and hateful beast, and bird, and creeping thing. It is a *Hydra;* it is a *Cerberus;* it is a *Gorgon;* it is a *Vulture;* it is a *Viper.* Yes, Sir, in their imaginations, it not only assumes every hideous and frightful form, but it possesses ever poisonous, deleterious, and destructive quality. Shall we, Sir, suffer our imaginations to be alarmed, and our judgments to be influenced by such miserable stuff? Shall we tamely act under the lash of this tyranny of the press? No man complains of the discussion in the newspapers of any subject which comes before the Legislature of the Union; but I most solemnly protest against the course which has been pursued by these editors in relation to this question. Instead of reasoning to prove the unconstitutionality of the law, they charge members of Congress with being bribed or corrupted; and *this* is what they call the liberty of the press. To tyranny, under whatever form it may be exercised, I declare open and interminable war. To me it is perfectly indifferent whether the tyrant is an irresponsible editor, or a despotic monarch."

But Crawford was not content even thus to rest his case on the solid basis of primitive republican authority. Assuming that the Democratic or regular Jeffersonian party were opposed, on principle, to the establishment of a Bank, he proves that their public acts give the lie to their opinions, inasmuch

as this same party indirectly sanctioned the Bank by establishing a branch in Louisiana in 1804, and, in 1807, by passing laws to punish offenses of counterfeiting, or otherwise improperly interfering with the Bank monopoly; and this, too, with such unanimity, that the bill glided through both Houses without a call of the yeas and nays on its final passage, or any of its intermediate stages. And it is under this head of the speech that, speaking of the right of States to oppose the erection of branch Banks within their borders, we find the following emphatic and unqualified declaration of opinion on a point which, so far as the name and authority of our distinguished subject may be regarded, must startle and disconcert the wild secessionists and ultra States' rights men of the present critical times:—

"Permit me, Sir, to make one or two observations upon this competency of the State Governments to *resist the authority or the execution of a law of Congress.* What kind of resistance can they make, *which is constitutional?* I know of but *one kind*—and *that is by elections.* The People, and the States, have the right to change the members of the National Legislature, and in that way, *and in that alone,* can they effect a change of the measures of this Government. It is true, there is another kind of resistance which can be made, *but it is unknown to the Constitution.* This resistance depends upon physical force; it is an appeal to the sword; and *by the sword* must that appeal *be decided,* and not by the provisions of the Constitution."

After a concise and lucid exposition of banking principles as illustrated and developed in connection with the history of many of the States, and the special benefits to be derived from a National Bank, the distinguished speaker, towards the end of his argument, notices the objection raised by many to a Bank, because a portion of the stock may be owned by foreign capitalists. Formidable as this objection may at first seem, he seizes and wields it as an affirmative argument, proving that what has been so generally deemed a disastrous policy, is really an advantage to the country. He argues that if, by investing their principal means in an American institution, dependent entirely on the will of the American Government, and existing by the sufferance of the American people, foreigners acquire any influence over such institution, it is their *interest* to exert the same in our favor. A country in which the capital of foreigners is employed, and whose Government can, at any moment, lay its hands on the same, must of necessity possess more influence with these foreigners than they possibly can over us or to our injury; besides the important fact that, in case of apprehended war between their nation and ours, self-interest would impel them to exert a beneficial influence in favor of that which holds their money.

The conclusion of this finished argument is worthy of its principal features and main body, and is eminently characteristic of its author:—

"Sir, we have the experience of twenty years for our guide. During that lapse of years your finances have been, through the agency of this Bank, skilfully and successfully managed. During this period, the improvement of the country and the prosperity of the nation have been rapidly progressing. Why, then, should we, at this perilous and momentous crisis, abandon a well-tried system—faulty, perhaps, in the detail, but sound in its fundamental principles? Does the pride of opinion revolt at the idea of acquiescing in the system of your political opponents? Come! and with me sacrifice your pride and political resentments at the shrine of political good. Let them be made a propitiatory sacrifice for the promotion of the public welfare, the savor of which will ascend to heaven, and be there recorded as a lasting, an everlasting evidence of your devotion to the happiness of your country."

This speech, and the one which followed a few days afterwards from the same source, proved to be unanswerable in every respect. Crawford had forestalled and neutralized the whole plan of argument in opposition, both within and without the pale of the Constitution. He had gone over the whole ground, and surveyed it in its every point, before he engaged in the conflict of debate. Consequently, the speeches of his opponents which followed the delivery of his own, are mostly discursive and declamatory, rarely ever argumentative. They did not bring forth a solitary new objection, although, as we have already intimated, the speakers were among the most talented men of the country. Their efforts seemed to be mainly directed with a view to defeat the bill by conjuring up against it long dormant party prejudices, and to enlist all the rabid animosities of political warfare. And so irrefutably had Crawford planted his positions, that even Henry Clay, with his spicy variety and raciness, was forced to the unworthy resort of meet-

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ing argument with the usual demagogical appeal to the lower and baser prejudices of the mind. But, at the same time, it is not unlikely that the boldness and independence displayed by Crawford on this occasion, served first to attract and wean him from the ultra Democracy of the true Jeffersonian school, and to direct his ardent and high-toned ambition to the attainment of great political purposes and ends, which rose above the circumscribed and impracticable views of the radical sect in whose opinions he had been raised.

The discussion, however, was not altogether of a peaceful and quiet character. Most of the opposition speakers, aware of Crawford's extreme sensitiveness and irascibility of temper, were careful to avoid all exceptionable allusions to the differences of opinion which separated him, on this question, from the main body of his political friends, and to eschew all course of remark which might induce unpleasant personal application. But Whitesides, a Senator from Tennessee, was not so prudent and forbearing, and declared, in the course of a very indifferent speech, that members of the Democratic party who were now found making common cause with the friends of the Bank, must be regarded as political apostates. This remark stung Crawford to the quick, and aroused at once that deep sense of resentment which possesses all spirited persons who are conscious of honest motives. In reply, he denounced the use of such language, in connection with a member or members of the Senate, as indecorous and unbecoming; declaring that no one should, without the walls of the chamber, apply such to him with impunity. Whitesides attempted to exculpate himself by an explanation; but explanation had then been offered too late to restore friendly feeling. He did not deny having used the expression, and Crawford persisted in denouncing it as an assertion made without the proof to sustain it, and which was plainly contradicted by the record. This closed all doors to an amicable adjustment, and, so far as appears, Whitesides made a merit of submission to the denunciation.

It is known that the bill, reported by the Committee, failed to pass at the session of 1811. Crawford, therefore, did not succeed in accomplishing his main object, although he paved the way for a resuscitation, at a future session of Congress, of the expired charter; and the stand he had taken lent a support to the Bank which sustained its political fortunes through many years of trials and struggles. But the debate, in view of the previous party relations of those who participated in it, gave rise to political events of the most important and permanent character. The whole project of the National Bank was conceded to Federal paternity. This fact at once arrayed against it the entire forces of the Democratic or Jeffersonian party, and among these was James Madison, then President, though known to be less attenuated in his opinions than the illustrious leader and founder of that hide-bound sect. Crawford had entered the Senate, a member of the same party, but, as we have seen, crossed swords with its prominent champion, on a vital issue, at the very first session. The gap thus made was never fairly closed; and although Crawford was reckoned an anti-Federalist during his entire public career, it is yet a remarkable fact that he never acted with the Democratic party on any of the important issues at stake. When, therefore, in 1811, he was put forward as the leader of the Bank party, it became evident that a confusion of parties, already foreshadowed in 1808, must speedily ensue. The main body of the Federal party gladly followed his lead. The prominent liberal Democrats took their stations by his side. At the session of 1816, the Bank charter, thus aided by this timely co-operation of dissentient factions, was passed. In this manner a third party began slowly to emerge from the confusion; for the largest portion of the Federalists, although co-operating with their opponents on the Bank question, had marched off under the anti-war banner, sheared, however, of its brightest ornaments, and of its most patriotic and liberal members. While, then, the new party did not absorb this rancorous phalanx, their ranks were soon swelled by important accessions from the Democratic fold. Chief among these was President Madison, who, after signing the Bank charter, became its hearty and powerful advocate, and, of course, approached Crawford with every demonstration of confidence and political sympathy. Clay soon followed, and publicly announced, as he has repeatedly done since, his entire change of opinion on the Bank question; while, on the floor of the House of Representatives, C...

houn himself was recognized as the prime mover and leader of those who favored the re-establishment of the Bank.

These events gave birth to the Whig party; which, soon gathering compactness and strength, has exercised great influence in the political world from that day to the present. Men may since have changed, and run the gauntlet of political tergiversations; but the party is essentially the same, and at its head may still be recognized many who were principal actors in its original formation.

It is painful to pause, at this interesting period of Crawford's political history, to record the unwelcome fact that his opinion, as concerned the constitutional power of Congress to charter a Bank, underwent in his latter life an entire change. His great speech in support of the Bank had not been successfully answered at the time of its delivery. It gave birth to an influence that shortly afterwards created the elements of a new party organization, converted to its opinions many of the most distinguished of the Bank opponents, and brought about a train of legislation that established the Bank as one of the cardinal means of carrying into effect the granted powers of Congress. This legislation remained unaltered, and almost undisturbed, for nearly twenty years after the charter of 1816, during which time the Bank had faithfully and correctly transacted all the fiscal business of the Government; and at last its political fortune had only gone down before the selfish animosities of jealous politicians, and the indomitable will of an equally implacable and intolerant party chieftain. During all this long period, Crawford was alive, in retirement at his rural seat of Woodlawn. His Bank speeches, if they had not made for him all the political consequence he ever enjoyed, had at least first introduced him to the nation, and laid the foundation of his greatness. The fruits of his bold exertions and labors were manifested on all sides, and in every quarter of the Union, by an unparalleled progress of general prosperity. He had made the Bank a favorite with the nation, and, in the outset of his brilliant career, had staked his fortunes on its single issue. Long years rolled away, and his fame became identified with this first object of his public devotion. But time, which had developed the full scope of his policy, verified his expectations and predictions, and crowned his efforts with unsurpassed success, had touched him with a heavy and blighting hand. Disease had made rapid encroachments, and dealt him a blow from which he never recovered. Artful and unprincipled men, seeking his confidence under the guise of friendship, had abused his weaknesses, and inveigled him in unpleasant personal controversies, which subjected him to the merciless assaults of ancient political enemies whose rancor he had been led to provoke, and which grew to be too serious, too bitter, and too intricate in their final connections, not to dislodge an equanimity, which, never very settled, had now been so severely ruffled by disease. It so happened, too, that Clay and Calhoun, with whom he was then so fiercely engaged, and originally his opponents on the Bank question, had become of late the peculiar friends and guardians of the Bank interests. It is not, therefore, surprising that, under such circumstances, he should have been dispossessed of his calm judgment and discretion—especially when it is further considered that the varying tide of politics had thrown him alongside of those who were moving their whole official and personal influence to the destruction of the United States Bank.

It was at such a time, and in the midst of such exciting events, that the world heard first of Crawford's change of opinion on this question. It occurred just before the close of his life, and after he had been in close retirement for more than seven years, during which time the whole complexion of parties and of politics had undergone a change, leaving no outward discernible marks of the eventful era in which he had figured. His immediate circle of intimate and confidential friends were all opposed to a Bank. A distinguished member of Congress from Georgia, his early friend and political follower, was leading opposition to the Bank in the House of Representatives, and against him, in favor of the Bank, was arrayed the entire South Carolina influence, headed by McDuffie, who had just publicly assailed Crawford's veracity on a delicate and important point. Thus was presented to him the unwelcome spectacle of enemies sheltering themselves from overthrow behind the solid ramparts of his own previous opinions, while his friends were being daily confused and driven off by the exhibition of this proof armor which himself had forged.

It would be attributing to him more than human endowments, to suppose that these facts did not materially influence the apparent change of opinion to which we have adverted.

About this time, as our information unfolds, Crawford, in his capacity of Circuit Judge, went over to the county of Elbert for the purpose of holding the semi-annual term of its Court. He staid there over night, as had long been his custom, with an ancient and confidential friend, himself an active and zealous politican. Conversation turned on the proceedings of Congress, as regarded the Bank, and, incidentally, concerning his own former political relations with that institution. During its progress, the host adverted to a copy of the debates, in his possession, on the formation of the Federal Constitution, and its adoption by the States. The book was placed in Crawford's possession; and then it was that recently engendered prejudice found, as it was thought, a genial and strong covert behind which to plant and sustain the change of opinion so much desired by friends, incautiously excited, and perhaps so long meditated by the veteran statesman himself. These debates show, among other things, that the framers of the Constitution failed to pass a resolve giving to Congress the express power of chartering corporations. The importunities of friends, powerfully aided by the very natural bias of personal resentments, induced him to seize on this as the pretext for a change; and as conviction is not difficult where inclination leads the way, the change was easily accomplished and was soon announced. This account of so strange a revulsion of opinion, once, in the zenith of intellect and of life, deeply entertained and cherished, is fully confirmed both by his own pithy letter to the editor of the *Savannah Republican*, and by the admission of Mr. Dudley in the sketch to which we have elsewhere briefly adverted. It is an account well worthy of nice and scrutinous examination; and we should scarcely deem our task to be fairly fulfilled did we not address an effort to that effect. The justice of history requires, especially at the hand of impartial and candid reviewers, to be fully vindicated in connection with one whose opinions will inevitably exercise great influence with the future generations of the Republic, as they have eminently done with those of his own times.

It is true that the Convention of 1787 failed to engraft within the *express* powers of the Federal Constitution the power of chartering corporations. But it is equally true that a proposition to invest Congress with the *direct* power of erecting forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, also failed.* And yet Congress has always exercised, and must continue to exercise both powers. The principle of implication reaches and covers both cases, and we contend that Crawford's own argument, to prove the existence of implied powers, is irrefutable. The context and tone of the Constitution tend clearly to show that only general and cardinal powers were intended to be expressly granted; for to have burthened a written form of government with the distinct recitation of every grant necessary to put in operation the whole machinery of legislation, would have been to swell the present admirable limits of the Constitution into crude, indigestible, and impracticable dimensions, would have sheared it of that remarkable simplicity and comprehensiveness which render it so accessible and practical, and would have entailed upon the country a tome of Institutes or Pandects as intricate as those of Justinian, instead of establishing a constitution as the *fountain* from which to draw all proper laws. The grant "to regulate commerce" is an elementary and cardinal grant of power, and needs to be amplified by all proper species of legislation tending to promote the ends of commerce, in order that it may be rendered tangible and operative. So also with the power "to establish post-offices." A post-office would not be desirable without the supervision of a postmaster; and this officer, by the will of Congress acting under the implied power drawn from this clause, is appointed by the Executive or his cabinet. These two instances are sufficient to show the *nature and character* of the Constitution, and fully establish Crawford's own former position, "that the enumeration of certain powers does not exclude all other powers not enumerated."

How then could the bare fact, that the Federal Convention of 1787 had rejected a proposition to invest Congress with the *express* power of chartering corporations, while the same Convention had rejected similar

* Viz.: in the rejection of Pinkney's draft. The power was afterwards made an *incidental* one.

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propositions as applied to other enumerated grants, and while his own argument on the point, more than twenty years previously, still remained without answer,—how could this naked fact operate to produce a change of opinion so sudden and wonderful in Crawford's mind, as regarded the constitutionality of the Bank? A change on this point involves a change of all his former ideas concerning the character and context of the Federal Constitution; and the fact that the Convention had rejected the proposition to insert, *directly*, the power to erect forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, similarly construed with the fact which induced his change of opinion on the Bank question, would have compelled him to deny all such powers to Congress. The labors and the reflections of his whole political career, directed, as they were, with an energy and talent that never stopped short of complete satisfaction, would thus have been forced to succumb to the unsettled impressions of an intellect, shorn by disease of its meridian strength and lustre, and naturally impaired, to some extent, by long retirement, and premature old age. Our admiration for Crawford's character and talents, our sincere respect for that greatness which filled the world with his fame, would forbid us rashly to yield the ability of the splendid argument which distinguished his Senatorial career, to the less studied and undigested opinions of his latter years.

There are, moreover, very strong reasons for supposing that this fact, alleged in after years as the cause of his change of opinion on the constitutionality of the Bank, could not have weighed very heavily with him at the period of 1811. He may not have then examined its history as minutely as he did afterwards; but the fact that such proposition had been rejected in the Convention, was evidently before him. It was alluded to in the debates which first occurred in connection with the charter of the Bank in 1791. It was incidentally brought up in answer to his own speech of 1811. His investigations must have brought the fact to his eye in the elaborate opinions officially submitted by Edmund Randolph and Jefferson, when required to do so as cabinet officers by President Washington; not to name that of Hamilton, who argues the point at considerable length. The contents of these papers were known well to the politicians of the Revolutionary era. Besides, Crawford was in the habit of frequent intercourse with members of the Convention who voted on the very question mooted, and from whom he must have learned the history of the proceeding. We yet find no allusion to the matter in either of his speeches; and the fair conclusion is that the fact then weighed very lightly in his estimation. And why should it not? How could it be regarded in a serious view? Ought not the Constitution to be decided on by the import of its own expressions? Crawford was too astute a politician not to be aware of the evil consequences which might result, if an obscure and scantily reported history, as to certain matters which occurred in the Convention, shall govern the construction of the Constitution. The instrument, like all other written forms, is entitled to a fairer and less attenuated measure. All must admit that there are incidental powers belonging to the Constitution. If the conclusion shall, therefore, be, that because some incidental powers are expressed, (as those for erecting forts, dock-yards, &c.,) no others can be admitted, it would not only be contrary to the common forms of construction, but would reduce the present Congress to the feebleness of the old one, which could exercise no powers not expressly *granted*.

Crawford, even in his latter days, could not have questioned the power of Congress to grant a charter of incorporation to the municipal body of Washington City. And yet no such power is expressly conferred by the Constitution. If, because the Convention rejected a proposition to insert the express power to charter any incorporations, the Bank is unconstitutional, the same rule must hold good as concerns any other description of incorporation. A corporation is the same, whether applied to a bank or to a municipality; and if the absence of express power constitutes a restriction, the rule must be universally applied to all subjects of legislation coming under that head. Such a mode of reasoning would capsize the legislation of every State in the Union, as well as of the National Government. It must be remembered that the express power to charter banks or incorporations is not given in any State Constitution, any more than it is given in the Federal Constitution.

But the validity of such a reason, as the basis of a radical change of opinion, may be impeached on other and stronger grounds.

The mere rejection of a proposition to insert an express power to grant charters of incorporation, is not, *à fortiori*, the evidence of opinion, on the part of the framers, hostile to the proper exercise of such power. In arranging a form of government adapted to the growing and varying wants of a country which bid fair, even then, to become a populous and an enterprising empire, it is scarcely allowable to suppose that a Convention would have assumed the responsibility of fixing as an immutable feature of the Constitution a special fiscal agent which, for better or for worse, was to be the perpetual depositary of the government funds. This would have been absurd. The Bank, in the process of time and amidst the vicissitudes of trade and commerce, might have been found less convenient as a disbursing agent than some other project. The means by which national exigencies are to be provided for, national inconveniences obviated, national prosperity advanced, are of such infinite variety, extent, and complicity, that there must of necessity be great latitude of discretion in the selection and application of those means. The wisest course under such circumstances was, as the Convention fortunately decided on, to engraft a *general* clause based on *necessity* and *propriety*, leaving it to the judgment of the legislators of each succeeding age to select the means of procedure. Besides, the debates and proceedings of the Convention on the subject of adopting the proposition in question, clearly show that its rejection was carried on numerous grounds, none of which refer to a decided opinion as to its incompatibility with the general powers belonging to the Constitution. Some friends of the Bank of North America, as it existed under charter of the old Government, voted against the insertion of an express power to erect incorporations. The Constitution had been, after much contention and struggling, nearly perfected. The elements of opposition had sprung up at every step in its progress to formation. Each express power had been jealously argued. It was only after mutual concessions that opposing factions had coalesced on its main features. It was known that fierce and powerful opposition awaited the question of its adoption before the people of the States. Every thing, therefore, which might tend to feed this opposition was strictly excluded; and it is probable that, after agreeing upon the few express grants of cardinal power, the clause giving to Congress the *general* power to pass all laws necessary and proper to carry into effect the express powers, united more differences of sentiment in its support, and at the same time was intended to convey more extended import, than any clause of like size ever united or conveyed before.

Now it is well known that, throughout his entire political career, Crawford had been distinguished by bold expansion of thought and liberality of opinions. He had been in advance of his friends and of his political party on all the great practical questions at issue. He had planned his action on these views, and never varied from their pursuit. The views we have here set forth are deducible from his own speeches and reports to Congress; and it is hardly to be presumed that his sagacious mind had, in its zenith, failed to take in and act upon their full scope. We cannot, therefore, consent that the foundations of his fame and greatness shall be thus undermined by arraying the prejudices of his latter years, as of superior authority to and against the splendid achievements of his meridian life. Leaving, then, these facts and reasonings to be appreciated as may best chance, we shall now proceed with the regular course of narrative.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss.

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A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHIG REVIEW,

ON THE

# DISADVANTAGES OF BEING BORN IN ONE'S OWN COUNTRY.

Charles Lamb once presented to the world a capital and conclusive paper on the inconveniences of being hanged; and, prompted by my own experiences, I shall be able to establish, I am pretty sure, that one might as well be hanged as——

This is broaching the matter too bluntly: I must approach the grand Quod Erat Demonstrandum with a little preparation. It will not do to state, in so many words, that it would have been more comfortable for me to have been born a Caribbean, with the privilege of wielding a club in my own defense; or a Choctaw, with the inalienable natural right of cleaving my enemy's skull with a tomahawk; or a Hindoo, with idols of my own to worship, and not imposed on me by other nations, although they might be of wood; or, in a word, any body else, or any where else, than a free Republican citizen of this vast confederacy. I propose to begin at the beginning, and to show, in my own simple history, the utter absurdity of being born an American; that in the creation of an American Nature intends a huge joke; or, to sum up all in brief, that it may be fairly doubted, if not entirely demonstrated, whether, properly speaking, there is any such place as America. I am willing to admit that the title "America" does appear in various geographies, gazetteers, and other publications of a like kind; also, that there is a certain considerable superficial space marked off in many, perhaps in all of the maps or atlases in common use, which passes, also, under that designation: but whether there is any distinctive country, with its own proper customs, habits and self-relying usages, answering to that name, or any such characteristic creature, representing such customs, habits and usages, called American, will appear or not, when we have advanced a little further in the subject.

I was first led to entertain doubts in this way. It was the custom of my father—peace to his memory!—to have me accompany him to the shop of the barber, where he submitted every other day to his quarterly shaving. In these visits, it happened, not rarely, when the shop was well attended with customers, that I, a lad perhaps some five or six years of age, was prompted to mount a chair, and recite or improvise a brief oration on some current subject arising at the moment; and my success was often so considerable that I received an honorary gratuity of a sixpenny piece—which altogether inspired me with the feeling that native talent was held in high esteem among my countrymen. This opinion I cherished and held fast to till my tenth year, when my mind was disturbed by the unusual commotion in the same shop at the announcement of the death of the British Premier, George Canning, and the appearance, shortly thereafter, in an honorary gilt frame, of a colored head of the said Canning, assigned to the most conspicuous position on the wall. This shock was followed up with a pair of boots, purchased for my juvenile wearing, which I heard named Wellingtons, and which, vended as they were freely in my native city here of New-York, I learned were so named in honor of a distinguished general who had spent his life in fighting the battles of the English Government.

As I grew in years evidences thickened upon me. To say nothing of Liverpool coal, Kidderminster carpets, and such indoor importations, I found the same shadow crossing my path in the public streets, laid out by the same native corporation. I struck out to the east, and found myself rambling in Albion Place; I wandered to the west, and landed in Abingdon Square; I pushed for the north, and came square upon the snug of London Terrace. I used to rub my eyes and wonder whether I was in the New

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World or the Old; and was afflicted with the uncomfortable sensation of the man who went to sleep in the mountains, and waking up after a twenty years' nap, opened his eyes under a Republican government, although his slumbers had begun under a royal rule. Mine was merely reversed: I fancied I had slept backward to the good old times of George the Third, and was surprised to miss the statue of that excellent king from its old post of authority in the centre of the Bowling Green next to the Battery.

When I had grown up to be old enough to take an interest in books, I found the same happy delusion still maintained. I put out my hand, as I suppose boys do in other countries, to seize upon some ballad, history or legend connected with the fortunes of my own people; and I found twenty busy gentlemen zealously filling it with English publications. Whatever my humor might be, to laugh or weep, for a glimpse of high life or low, for verse or prose, there was always one of these industrious gentlemen at my side, urging on my attention a book by some writer a great way off, which had no more to do with my own proper feelings or the sentiments of my country than if they had been Persian or Patagonian—only they were in the English language, always English. I said to myself, as I began to consider these matters, I'll take to the newspapers; surely these, as belonging to the country, published in the country, and by men like myself, must make me ample amends for being practised upon in the bound books: I will read the newspapers. Never was boy, thirsting after patriotic reading, more completely duped. One after the other, here were police reports, with slang phrases that certainly never originated in any of the courts or prisons of the New World; elaborate accounts of prize fights and cricket matches, and what not of that sort; and withal, such an outpouring of small-beer scandal and little nasty vituperation of my decent fellow-citizens, that the shadow fell upon my spirit again, and I was more than ever clear upon the point, that whoever had the naming of this quarter of the globe in the maps and gazetteers had clearly committed an egregious mistake in calling it America: he should have named it Little Britain.

In spite of these discouraging convictions, I saw that the people about me were given to laughter, and, in a way of their own, had something of a relish for merriment. I have it at last, I said to myself: they let these heavy dogs of Englishmen name their streets and edit their newspapers; but when they come to any thing elegant, sportive and cheerful, they take the matter into their own hands. I'll go to the Museum and see what the Americans, my fellow-countrymen, are about there. Will you believe it?—as I live, the first object I encountered in the hall was the cast-off state-coach of her Majesty Queen Victoria, so blocking up the way that I made no attempt to advance farther; but, turning on my heel, I determined to indemnify myself at one of the theatres. I struck for the nearest, and, as if in conspiracy with the state-coach, the first notes I caught from the orchestra were "God save the Queen," played with great energy by the musicians, and vigorously applauded by a portion of the audience. I tried another house immediately, where I was entertained during my short stay by an old gentleman in a wig, (unlike any other old gentleman I had ever seen in my life,) who was denouncing some body or other, not then visible, as having conducted himself in a manner altogether unworthy an "honest son of Britain!" There was still another left to me—a popular resort—where flaring bills, staring me in the face every time I passed, had promised abundant "novelty suited to the times." I have you at last, me-thought; you cannot escape me now; this is the theatre for my money. What was my astonishment, on entering and possessing myself of one of the small bills of the evening, to discover that they had taken one of those new books I had come away from home to avoid, and made a play of it; it was really too much partridge by a long shot. There was not a mouthful of fresh air, it would seem, to be had for love or money: the moment I opened my mouth, wherever it might be, at home or abroad, for health or pleasure, these busy dietarians were ready with their everlasting partridge, to gorge me to the throat.

Where was the use of repining? Time heals all wounds of the youthful spirit. I grew to man's estate. Now (said I, chuckling to myself at the thought) I will set this matter right. These men mean well: they would give just what you desire, b

poor fellows, they haven't it to give. That (I continued to myself) is easily settled: I'll write a play and present it to them: I will take an American subject, (allowing, for the nonce, that there is such a place as America;) I will represent a man of character, a hero, a patriot. I will place him in circumstances deeply interesting to the country, and to which the republican feeling of the country shall respond with a cheer. No sooner thought than done. The play was written: an American historical play. With some little art a hearing was procured from one of these gentlemen—a stage-manager, as they call him. I stuffed him, that all the pipes and organs of his system might be in tune, with a good dinner; which he did not disdain, although I may mention that the greens were raised in Westchester, and the ducks shot on the Sound. I announced the title and subject, and proceeded to read: during this business he seemed to be greatly moved. At the conclusion of the MS. I found my manager in a much less comfortable humor than at the table. In a word, with ill-concealed disdain, he pronounced the play a failure, and wondered that any body would spend his time on subjects so unworthy the English Drama, as little provincial squabbles like those of American History. He was right: American History is not a suitable subject for the English Drama. With doubts still thickening in my mind whether this was America, I paid the reckoning, thrust my play in my pocket, and hurried home, anxious to consult some authentic chronicle to make sure whether there had been such an event as the Revolutionary War. Such an event was certainly there set down, at considerable length, and one George Washington was mentioned as having taken part in it. The printed book I read from was called the History of the United States; but from all I could see, hear, and learn, daily, about me, the United States so referred to was decidedly non-existent, at least so far as I had yet pushed my researches.

But I did not, even now, altogether despair. I said again, Perhaps I am limiting myself to too humble a range of observation; why should I confine myself to the city of New-York, Empire City though it be, and capital of this great Western Continent? I will change the scene; I will go a journey; I will strike for Bunker Hill: if I find that, all is safe. Boston is not at the end of the earth, nor is one a lifetime in getting there. I found Bunker Hill: I could not easily miss it, for there was a great pile of stones, a couple of hundred feet high, which a blind man could not have missed if he had been travelling that way. You are mistaken, young man, (I again addressed myself, as I contemplated the granite pyramid:) there has been a Revolutionary War: the American colonies fought it, and after a severe struggle, great waste of blood, treasure, and counsel of wise men, they severed themselves from the Mother Country, and they were free! The little grievances which have irked you, such as names of streets, playhouses, and such trifles, are scarcely worthy of consideration: politically you are free. You have your own political institutions, with which no stranger can intermeddle: what more could you ask?

I was hugging myself in this comfortable conviction, pacing proudly in the shadow of Faneuil Hall, that venerable cradle of our boasted Independence, when a boy placed in my hand an "extra" sheet, from which I learned that a steamer had just arrived from England, and had that moment landed on the very wharf of Boston where the tea was dumped, an emissary, apparently authorized by the Mother Country, for he was a member of the British Parliament, who had come to resume in due form the old political authority of the Mother Country, and to direct us *ex cathedrâ* in the regulation of those very political concerns of which we fancied we had acquired the exclusive control by fighting through that old Revolutionary War. You see, my dear Mr. Editor, it was all a mistake: the whole thing is a cunningly devised fable; there was no such contest as the Revolutionary War; there was no such man as George Washington, (facetiously represented as the father of his country;) and there is no such country as America. The sooner we reconcile ourselves to the facts the more comfortable we shall all be. Christopher Columbus, in the order of Providence, was a grand mistake; at least such is the settled and unshakable opinion of your obedient servant,

BELLEROPHON BROWN.

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# USES AND ABUSES OF LYNCH LAW.

## No. III.

Blake found the Mississippi conspirators firm in their bad purpose, and willing to second him; but those of the adjoining States were terror-stricken and demurred, so that he was forced to confine his operations to the former.

Every preparation was made, and the whole affair actually conducted to within eight days of the proposed crisis, when an exposure took place. A lady residing in Livingston county, who had been induced to watch her slaves very closely, from a singular alteration in their demeanor, overheard a conversation between two of them on the night of the 26th June, which filled her with terror and apprehension. She immediately informed her son, and one of the parties, a girl, was summoned into the house, informed of what had been already heard, and finally induced to confess.

The information was laid before the "Committee of Safety" of the county, early the next morning, and they proceeded to investigate the subject in the most active manner. The knowledge of the conspiracy was traced back to four slaves, who were the ringleaders among the negroes, two of them preachers; and their guilt being fully established, they were hung.

Up to this moment no agency of a white man had been discovered; but on the next day further information was furnished the Committee, and then through this second channel they at last reached the fountain-head of the mischief.

Our space prevents us from describing the scenes that followed, but we will glance at the proceedings in Livingston.

With every certainty of the correct and forcible administration of the law, there would have been now no time for its formal delays; but knowing as the citizens did that they stood as it were upon a volcano ready to explode, that the law was utterly impotent in the premises, and that no man could be depended upon save him who went heart and hand with them in crushing the conspiracy in its bud, but one course was open. The Committee did all that could have been expected from them. As fair a trial as it was possible for them to give, was allowed the accused. The Governor of the State was consulted, and issued a proclamation approving of their proceedings.

The most important conspirators that were living in Livingston were Ruel Blake, Cotton, Saunders, Donovan, and Dean. A man named Lee Smith was found guilty of some knowledge of the plot, but allowed to depart upon the condition that he would leave the State. He fell into the hands of the infuriated citizens of Hinds county, and was slain. Two Earls were also arrested, and made confessions. One hung himself in his cell, and the other was sent to Vicksburg, and we believe escaped.

The guilt of these men was proved by the most clear and indubitable evidence; by their confessions upon the gallows, and by their implicating one another.

We give below the confession of Dr. Cotton:—

"I acknowledge my guilt. I was one of the principal ones, with Boyd and Ruel Blake, in getting up this conspiracy. I am a member of the Murrell clan, and belong to what we call the Grand Council. I have counselled with them on an island in the Mississippi, and once near Columbus, this spring. Our object in undertaking this clan was not to liberate the negroes, but to get plunder. It has been in contemplation several years, but fell through on Murrell's conviction and imprisonment. We sought to revive it on the plan laid down in Stewart's pamphlet. From the exposure of our plans in that publication, we feared the citizens would be on their guard on the night of the 25th December, so we thought we would take by surprise on the night of the 4th July, and it would have been to-night (and may be yet) but for the detection of our plans. There are about one hundred and fifty of our clan in this State. Boyd is the leader, and the Earls, who swore for us on the 1st, were his main men. Saunders was in the plot. Blake's boy, Peter, was justly punished, for he was very active in corrupting his fellow negroes. There are arms and ammunition deposited in Hinds county, near Raymond.

(Signed) Joshua Cotton.

July 4th, 1835."

The gang of villains whose projects were thus frustrated was very far from be

annihilated. They had learned too well the benefits to be derived from a mutual system of assistance and co-operation by a combination of persons in the different walks of life,—from a proper apportionment of labor, in the true spirit of Adam Smith's doctrine of economy,—to again recommence the career of iniquity, unaided and unabetted.

They had learned that by proper management, by the application of brute force, of threats, of example in some situations, and the juggling of courts, witnesses, and juries in others, that any confederate was comparatively safe from every danger of being overtaken by retributive justice, save by the dreaded and fatal Lynch Law.

The members of the band generally changed their posts; those who were planters and merchants, finding themselves objects of suspicion, sold out, often to others of the clan, whose characters were as yet unknown to their new neighbors, and moved to some adjoining State.

The Grand Council was probably done away with, and having now no acknowledged leader, they divided themselves into numerous small parties, each with their chosen chief and manager, and unconnected with the others in any momentous project, but still known to each other, and furnishing shelter and assistance to any villain or villains who might require it.

Many of them emigrated to Texas, and it is of this section that we would speak, being intimately acquainted with their movements from personal observation.

One of the first who met with his deserts was an old man by the name of Yokum, who had been the terror of the part of Louisiana where he formerly resided, we believe upon Plaquemine Brulé, or in that vicinity. It has often been told us by old settlers from that portion of the State, that not one of Yokum's family, or of the gang whom he kept around him, had met with a natural death.

This patriarch in crime selected "Pine Island Prairie," in the lower part of Eastern Texas, a place where he would be but little troubled with inquisitive neighbors; and where, from its location upon the road leading from Belew's Ferry upon the Sabine through Liberty, and crossing the San Jacinto at the Attascaseta ford to Houston, he would be sure to *entertain*, that is, "keep" or "receive," almost every traveller that chose [illegible]

Knowing the advantages of a good character at home, he soon, by his liberality, apparent good-humor, and obliging disposition, succeeded in ingratiating himself with the few settlers who were, with backwoods courtesy, called neighbors,—any one within fifteen miles being entitled to the benefit of the term.

The first thing that attracted general suspicion and inquiry, was the appearance of his stud. Planters and stock-raisers in Texas keep many horses, but they are universally of the small breed of Louisiana Creole ponies, or those of the Spanish kind. The larger breed of horses from the Northern or Western States are designated as "American horses," and are seldom met with, unless perchance a physician, lawyer, or wealthy planter may keep one as his especial saddle-horse. Travellers, however, almost invariably are mounted upon them.

No Texan can conceal his stock of cattle or his stud, as every acre of prairie and timber is thoroughly hunted over once and often twice a year, by large parties of stock-raisers, who join together and ride over the whole country within twenty and thirty miles of their residences, and very frequently much farther, gathering every four-footed beast into the nearest pen, and selecting out their own for the purpose of branding them. Ignorant except of their own peculiar business, their knowledge of everything pertaining to cattle, their recollection of, and skill in managing them, is wonderful. It is not surprising, then, that the large and increasing stock of fine American horses, which were found grazing in the prairie near Yokum's, excited their suspicion. Inquiries for missing travellers, and the non-appearance of some who were known to have stopped upon the road at houses east of Yokum's, but who did not make their appearance again, furnished additional cause. At length, by a very singular train of events, things came to a crisis.

A man named Carey, an industrious, hard-working person, settled upon a prairie near Cedar Bayou, in company with a Mr. Page. They owned a small tract, and cultivated a small farm jointly.

Near them—in fact, the fences of their plantations joined—lived a Mr. Britton, a blustering, quarrelsome Down-easter, who in consideration of his Goliah-like proportions, determined upon ruling the prairie.

Britton, Page, and Carey occupied the same "league" of land, and ere long the former was embroiled with the two latter in a violent dispute, commencing with a difficulty in the division of the property, and aggravated by that fruitful subject, a quarrel about their dogs.

Page kept sheep, but no dogs; and Britton dogs, but no sheep. Britton's favorite dog killed Page's sheep, and Page or Carey killed Britton's dog. Here, now, was a germ for a serious difficulty, and in itself a very pretty quarrel as it stood. Soon after, Britton met Carey upon the prairie, and horse-whipped him. Threats and recriminations followed, but nothing serious resulted from them for nearly a year.

At last, something again excited Britton's ire, and he sent word to Carey that he was braiding a lash for his especial benefit—a lash that would cut him to the bone.

Carey's business that afternoon caused him to visit a neighbor, a new settler, who was living, *pro tem.*, in a small log pen, or house. Here he found his antagonist, sitting in the door, and leaning his head back against the door-post; and also two or three other persons, who had called upon the new comer.

Carey entered, placed a rifle which he was carrying upon the bed, and, after remaining some half an hour, during which time nothing had passed between him and his enemy, rose to retire. His gun lay with its muzzle toward the door, and Carey stepped round the bed, as if to raise the gun by the breech. As soon as he put his hands upon the piece, it was discharged, and a ball passed through Britton's brain. He fell dead instantly, without groan or word. We are in error, however, in stating that he *fell* dead; for so quickly did death supervene the rifle's report, that he remained sitting bolt upright, and the spectators did not know until Carey had left the room, that anything more serious than an accidental discharge of the rifle had taken place.

The perpetrator of this homicide (whether accidental or intentional none but his Maker and himself can tell) immediately fled from the county, and took refuge with old Yokum, probably judging that his late deed would be a fitting letter of introduction.

Yokum received him with open arms, promised to protect and defend him, and, if necessary, to secure his retreat from the county in safety.

This, however, was very far from his real design, and he kept Carey housed for a long time, a prey to agonizing fears, which were not allayed by the tales he was told of the threats which the county had made of taking him by force, and lynching him.

Thus working upon his fears, Yokum prevented his prisoner (for such he really was) from carrying out the intention which he had expressed soon after his arrival, of delivering himself up for trial, as soon as the momentary excitement of the people had died away; and ultimately persuaded him of the absolute necessity that existed for him to dispose of his property in Texas as best he might, and then to fly from the country. Yokum offered to purchase the "improvements," which were valuable, and to facilitate his exodus and that of Page's family; and placing full faith in his honesty of purpose, Carey gave him a letter to his friend, directing him to make a deed of sale of the plantation, &c., to Yokum.

Yokum immediately rode over to the scene of the late disturbance, and finding Page ready to comply with his partner's wishes, left with him several of his fine American horses, with which the family were to escape, and which was to be the first payment, with a sum of money which he promised them toward the purchase of the estate.

During Carey's residence in this backwoods Alsatia, he had formed an acquaintance with one of the clan, who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, and to whom he probably was indebted for his life. While Yokum was absent, this person opened Carey's eyes as to the whole plot, which was now drawing to its close. The whole property was to be transferred to Yokum by Carey's agent, Page, for a nominal consideration, and Yokum promised to hold it until he could sell it to advantage, and then to send the money to Carey, or to pay it over to his agent. In the meanwhile, the horses were given, or lent, and a small sum of money.

This, however, was all pretense, and Yokum's true design was to obtain a legal title to the plantation, and then to dispose of Carey in such a manner that there would be no danger of his turning up again. There was another necessity for this course; Carey had learnt too many and too dangerous secrets for Yokum to trust him out of his sight. Carey escaped, and fled to the

house of one of the most influential men in Liberty county, to whom he confided all his knowledge of Yokum and his doings, and also stated his intention of delivering himself up immediately for trial.

The people were called together, and determined to take the law in their own hands, to punish the guilty, and to drive the entire clan out of the county.

Upon their arrival at Yokum's house, they found that he had escaped, and setting themselves to work to make such investigation as they could, they soon satisfied themselves of his undoubted crime.

A negro informed them where the bones of a traveller could be found, viz., in an old well; and those of another were said to have been discovered bleaching upon the prairie. Yokum's family were ordered to leave the house, the furniture was removed, and then the premises were set on fire. The family, and all of the hangers-on, had a certain number of days allowed them to move their effects and leave the county, being threatened with death if they ever returned. This last measure was one of necessity, as the safety of all those concerned in their removal depended upon it.

A party meanwhile set forth upon Yokum's trail, and succeeded in finding him at a house near Spring Creek, in the present county of Montgomery, and then known as Spring Creek county. The culprit was secured and carried some miles on the homeward route, when his captors dismounted, informed him that his time had come, and, giving him one short half-hour to repent the villainies of a long lifetime, shot him through the heart.

The family of Yokum, and all connected with them, left the county and emigrated further west, denouncing the Lynching party and swearing that they would be revenged upon every one who had a hand in the affair. There is no doubt but that some of these threats would have been fulfilled, had not the citizens of Liberty county proved that they were terribly in earnest in their determination to take instant and fatal measures with any one of the clan who should dare to again cross the county line.

The least objectionable of all of Yokum's tribe, his son Christopher,—perhaps the only one against whom some heinous crime could not have been established,—had married but a short time before the general breaking up of the gang. His wife refused to accompany or to follow him, but promised to live with him if he would return; and after waiting a year he determined to do so. Whether this was a mere ruse to obtain a foothold again, and to provide a house of refuge for others to carry out their threatened revenge, we know not, but it proved a fatal affair for him. As soon as the sheriff heard of his presence he immediately put him in the jail at Beaumont, in order to save his life, and if possible assist him to escape. But all precautions were useless. The people rose immediately upon learning of Yokum's arrival, and taking him out of jail hung him upon the first tree. Thus was entirely destroyed the branch of the Murrell gang in Liberty county, and the prompt action of determined men prevented it from becoming an abiding-place for thieves and a den of murderers.

Concerning the after fate of Murrell, and his conquerer, Stewart, many contradictory reports are in circulation. We have seen a statement that the former, broken down in health and spirits by his long confinement, died of consumption soon after his release, and that the latter was at the present time a wealthy farmer in the interior of Pennsylvania. With regard to Stewart we *know* this to be erroneous, and have good reason to believe that Murrell did not die from the disease or in the manner related.

After Murrell's imprisonment, and the *éclaircissement* which followed, furnishing proof indisputable of the correctness of Stewart's statements, his enemies, the yet undiscovered members of the clan, in a thousand ways sought to poison the public ear. They denounced him as a member of the clan, induced by hope of reward, by cowardice, or a spirit of revenge, to betray the plot. When a man has hundreds of secret enemies thrusting their stealthy but fatal daggers into his character, with but few friends who can but ward off the more open blows, his chance for obtaining even-handed justice from any community is small, and so it proved with our hero. For a time his popularity was great, and the Legislature of Mississippi voted him ten thousand dollars to pay his expenses to and in Europe, under the impression that his life was in great danger in any part of this country. Stewart declined the money and refused to leave, but determining to test his popularity and

the strength of his enemies, he ran for Congress and was defeated. Justly disgusted and indignant at the ingratitude of those for whom he had sacrificed so much, he left the State and country, and settled upon Peach creek, within a few miles of the Colorado river, in Western Texas.

Even here he deemed his life in constant danger, and from this time he did not dare to venture out from his cabin after dark, to have a light in his room, or to sleep in the same chamber as his wife. His hair and beard were neglected, and he sought to disguise his appearance, but all these precautions would have been of but little avail had not a secret but potent fetter been applied to restrain the hands of his revengeful enemies. It was said, and openly, by those of whose knowledge there could be but little doubt, that Murrell had commanded his friends to let Stewart alone, to reserve him for his own vengeance. Immediately after his release he left for Texas, but had scarcely crossed the frontier when he was attacked by a fever which speedily terminated his infamous career. Stewart survived him a short time, dying a natural death.

Murrell was no common man. Possessed of an indomitable energy, great quickness of perception, an unshaken nerve, a power to influence and control all with whom he came in contact, it is probable that under different circumstances, and unexposed to those temptations which early led him astray, he might have been an honor and a blessing to his country in the council or in the field.

We add a sketch of his phrenological developments, as given by Professor O. S. Fowler, in the State Prison at Nashville, December, 1835:—

"John A. Murrell has a very strong constitution; is well formed, tall, active, muscular, very fond of motion, and works and moves with more ease than most men.

"His phrenological organization indicates a marked character. His head is high and long, and his brain of full size, which, with a predominance of mental and motive temperaments, gives clearness, activity, and strength of mind. One of the leading points in his character is *energy*, arising from large Combativeness and Destructiveness. He is uncommonly forcible and executive, and is prepared to go through thick and thin to accomplish his purposes. He never stops at trifles, and has any amount of courage and presence of mind in times of danger. He is fond of excitement, and not at all daunted by opposition.

"His Acquisitiveness is fully developed, giving rather a strong desire for property; yet it is not a ruling passion. Secretiveness is quite large, enabling him to exercise a high degree of tact and management, and also giving him perfect command over his countenance, and ability to conceal his real feelings, and act in disguise if necessary. Cautiousness is only moderate; hence, he is bold, daring and hasty. Approbativeness only average, with large and active Self-esteem, making him manly, dignified and authoritative, and more than polite, affable and familiar. He is disposed and qualified to take the lead, instinctively commands respect, and easily secures and influences others, and, at the same time, acts regardless of their opinions. He is prepared to take any amount of responsibility upon himself, if necessary, to carry out his plans. He would make a superior general in time of action.

"His Firmness is very large and active, giving great strength of will, determination, and perseverance. This is another most distinctive feature of his character, and to it he is indebted, in a great degree, for his success and influence.

"His sense of justice is not so small naturally as might be supposed; yet it is not large. If he had been educated under different circumstances, this faculty might have been as active and influential as in the majority of men. His Hope is quite prominent, and, joined with Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-esteem, and Firmness, gives him an uncommon degree of enterprise, and disposes him to large plans and to anticipate great results. He has fair Marvellousness, rather large Veneration, and full Benevolence; hence, under religious influences he would be capable of sustaining a religious character, which would, comparatively speaking, do credit to the profession.

"As to his social feelings, some of them, namely, Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, are well developed, but Adhesiveness is not large. He is a friend so long as it is his interest, but no longer. His Concentrativeness is large, giving him great power of application, and continuity of thought. He has considerable ingenuity, scope of mind, and sense of the witty, and, under favorable circumstances, would show them in character to quite an extent.

"Intellectually, he has great powers of observation. He is forcible and clear as a reasoner, and quite safe in planning; he is seldom at a loss for ways and means to accomplish his purposes. His most successful manner of reasoning is by analogy and comparison. He is neat and systematic, has a good mechanical eye, superior practical judgment, and good general memory. He is decidedly a matter-of-fact man, and uncommonly quick and accurate in his judgment of the character and motives of others.

"His Language, Individuality, Eventuality, and Comparison, enable him to entertain company agreeably, relate many anecdotes, and show off to the best advantage.

"His notorious rascality does not depend so much upon a bad phrenological organization as upon the wrong direction of his mind when young, as history will probably show. He has natural ability, if it had been rightly called out and dire

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for a superior scholar, scientific man, a lawyer, or a statesman."

The application of Lynch Law in large cities, in densely populated counties, or in any place where law and order rule, is to be deprecated as the greatest of misfortunes. Where such rude justice is not only excusable, but peremptorily necessary, it yields, after a short space, to the more slowly-moving and deliberate decision of the law of the land. But when peace and order have been once fairly established, to permit of their overturn for a moment is to establish a precedent for riot and murder—to open the door for anarchy and incalculable mischief.

The hanging of the gamblers at Vicksburg, an affair which made quite as much noise in the world as the burning at the stake of so many martyrs would have done, is by no means a case in point, and has been very unjustly, although almost universally, censured.

It occurred during the Murrell excitement, when it was known that the gamblers as a body belonged to, or were cognizant of, the conspiracy. At this time every boat that plied upon the Western rivers was infested by gamblers, every village and town overrun with them. Reckless men, without hope or fear, they herded together, setting all law both divine and human at defiance, and shielding their companions from the consequences of any act, however heinous. Their only argument was the bowie-knife, their only rejoinder the pistol-bullet.

The movement against them was not confined to Vicksburg, but with scarcely an exception, they were driven from all the minor cities of the Southwest. At this time the people became aware of the imminent danger which they incurred, and the gamblers, in the very spirit of the old adage, "*Quem Deus vult perdere*," &c., conducted themselves with increased audacity. They mustered in such force at Montgomery, Ala., as to set at naught all municipal authorities and regulations. A hotel which they frequented was unlicensed, and the keeper, prompted by his customers, refused to pay fine or tax; and when an attempt was made to enforce some of the more forcible arguments—the stocks and stones—of the law, the officers were met with closed doors, and the appearance of a very ugly assortment of fire-arms at the windows.

The crisis was at last attained, and the citizens, assembling in numbers, declared that they would rid their city of the scum which had infested it, at any cost. Arming themselves, they proceeded to invest the enemy's head-quarters, which they found prepared to sustain a siege,—the doors barricaded, and the windows filled with desperadoes, rifles in hand, who dared them to advance, and swore with horrid oaths, that the first man or men who should attempt to force the door, or even approach, should be perforated with bullets.

We have now to record an act of cool and determined, almost unexampled, bravery upon the part of Edward Dargin, at this moment a Judge of the Supreme Court. Seeing that his party hesitated, he seized an axe and deliberately advanced to the door. The gamblers covered him with their rifles, but entirely disregarding the danger, he ordered the citizens to advance, fire the house, and massacre every man within it, if the besieged dared to fire upon him.

The cool bravery of the man cowed the ruffians, and Dargin dashed in the door with his axe, apparently regardless of the muzzles of eleven rifles directed against him. The gamblers submitted and left Montgomery, where, had it not been for this act of heroism, a more bloody tragedy than that of Vicksburg would have been enacted.

In Tuscaloosa the gamblers were driven out at the point of the bayonet, or to speak more correctly, at the muzzle of the rifle. The other towns imitated the example, especially those upon the Mississippi and Red River. For a time the *chevaliers d'industrie* scarcely dared to show themselves upon the boats, and when they did, were forced to conduct themselves with great circumspection, for upon the least disturbance the boat was rounded to at the next wood-yard, and the culprit discharged. In any aggravated case some of the uninhabited islands of the Mississippi were colonized by a set of modern Robinson Crusoes, whose chance of escape was rather slim.

At Vicksburg and Natchez, they had reigned supreme. They obtained complete and undisputed possession of a certain portion of the latter place, known as Natchez-under-the-Hill. This was of necessity the landing, and where all the warehouses for cotton and heavy merchandise were located, surrounded by dancing, drinking, and gambling houses.

No man's life was safe in the streets one moment after dark, and passengers of the steamboats lying there, who returned to their boats after sundown, ran through the lower town as if the avenger of blood were behind them. The gamblers were expelled in a body, and shortly afterwards the lower town was destroyed by fire, doubtless an act of revenge on their part.

Vicksburg boasted of no "under-the-hill," and so the gamblers, unable to colonize as in the case of Natchez, determined to take the town itself, or at least to hold all the peaceable citizens in subjection, and all authority at defiance. So for a time they did, but *their* harvest time came at last. In a quarrel one of the party shot a Dr. Bradley, and when an attempt was made to arrest them, they barricaded the doors as their friends had done in Montgomery. Had they submitted quietly at first, their fate would not have been more severe than that of the latter; but when the armed citizens approached the house, they were fired upon and several wounded, if not killed.

It needed but this; their cup of iniquity was full. Five of them were seized and hung; and had the entire gang in the Southwest met with the same fate in the same manner, their destruction would have been an incalculable blessing to the country.

The man who, really knowing the condition of this section at this time, and yet could stigmatize this action of the citizens of Vicksburg as a "barbarous murder,"—which hundreds of prints, at home and abroad, have done,—would be a fit candidate for the Non-Resistant Society, or Douglas, Smith, Kelly & Co.'s Liberty party of saints of the lower house.

Among the many "abuses of Lynch Law" which have occurred, we shall cite two, which we select for the reason that we are personally cognizant of the one, and are intimately acquainted with the facts of the other. Moreover, the circumstances of the latter bear a striking resemblance to those attending an exhibition of popular vengeance in the quiet and law-abiding city of Edinburgh, during the regency of Queen Caroline. If any other reasons were necessary, we might further state, that these two events have been held up to the world, with their attending circumstances, atrociously misrepresented by that precious collection of "Glauber" salt of the earth, Garrison's generation of knaves and fools. And we also believe, that the days upon which these unhappy deeds occurred are marked as red-letter days upon the truthful (?) pages of the Anti-Slavery Almanac.

The small city of Grand Gulf, in Mississippi, was, on a certain Saturday night in May, 1848, a scene of the greatest alarm and excitement. A most brutal murder, and, as it was supposed at the time, a double murder, had been committed by a notorious negro, named Dick. He was a man of great muscular power, activity, and resolution, and but for his uncontrollable temper and savage disposition, would have been of great value to any master. A gentleman named Taylor originally owned him, and although a person of great strength and courage, found much difficulty in keeping the refractory slave in subjection. At times he would run away, and remain for days in the bush, and no one save his master cared to seek him. Mr. Taylor informed us that upon one occasion, when he came upon Dick unperceived by him, the fellow had a long knife in his hand, with which he was butchering, in imagination, all of those who had incurred his displeasure; and his recollection of causes of offense must have been very accurate, and the list of offenders a long one, to judge of the number of those over whose ideal slaughter he was gloating.

It is said, that when the idea of committing murder once fairly enters a man's brain, it never again abandons possession, but haunts him like a demon, urging him on, and, like the air-drawn dagger of the Thane of Cawdor, "marshalling him in the way that he is going." And so it proved with Dick.

A man named Greene, who owned a small "force," was engaged in the brick-making business, and, envying Taylor the possession of so valuable a man as Dick, endeavored to purchase him. For a long time Taylor refused, telling Greene honestly that Dick was a very troublesome negro, one that could be kept in order only by an owner that he feared, and that he (Greene) had neither the physical ability nor the resolution to conquer him.

At length, wearied with Greene's pertinacity, Taylor set a price upon his man, so exorbitant indeed that he had no idea of its being paid; but Greene quickly closed the bargain, purchasing, at the same time, a

tyrannical master and his own death-warrant.

As soon as Dick was released from Taylor's control, he gave free vent to his natural disposition, and in a very short time inspired his master, his overseer, and in fact every one upon the plantation, with such fear, that he became virtually the master of the place. His owner did not dare to punish him, nor did he think it at all safe to hint of selling him; and things went from bad to worse, until finally a tragedy was enacted, sufficiently bloody to gratify even the morbid tastes of the readers of Reynold's raw-head and bloody-bones school of novels.

Greene, returning to the house very early upon the above-mentioned Saturday, and feeling quite unwell, ordered Dick's wife, a house servant, to make him a cup of tea. He then threw himself upon the bed, and had nearly fallen asleep, when a loud noise in the kitchen, shrieks, and cries of murder, aroused him. A negro-boy rushed into the room, and begged him to come into the kitchen and prevent Dick from murdering his wife. P. P.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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# MEREDITH DEMAISTRE,

## THE PET OF THE PARVENUS.

### CHAPTER VI.

*(Continued.)*

#### THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

The party at Conrad's consisted of four persons. Jotting, the least significant man, as usual, had the best of it, contriving by every imaginable device to direct Sir Charles's attention upon Sir Charles, and Sir Charles's travels, to the utter annihilation of Jenkins and the German.

Sir Charles adored the beautiful. The essence of the beautiful is repose, equilibrium of parts. Sir Charles lived a life of intellectual repose, of the equilibrium of parts. Jotting drew forth a small portfolio, which he handed, with an air of triumph, to Conrad. It was a portfolio of Sir Charles's sketches. He protested he had stolen it from Sir Charles's table. Sir Charles protested faintly; his features preserved their equilibrium. Conrad laid the portfolio on the table unopened, and continued the conversation, endeavoring to elicit something from his visitor on the prospects of Republicanism in Europe. His visitor was from Munich, the seat of the fine arts in Southern Germany, and he despised Republics. They discompose.

Moved by a scornful curiosity, Jenkins went to the table and opened the portfolio. All the figures were classic and in repose. A Virgin, asleep—a Cupid, asleep—a German man-at-arms on horseback, of the thirteenth century; both man and horse apparently asleep. It was clear Sir Charles had studied Winckelman. An irrepressible desire to yawn seized upon the party. There seemed to be nothing in it, until Conrad, grown desperate, opened a discussion upon art.

"You have no art in America," observed Sir Charles.

"No," said Jenkins, "we have Art Unions."

Sir Charles replied that he considered an Art Union, under good patronage, a valuable aid to poor artists.

Conrad denied it. The pictures sold in the Art Unions are scattered abroad and lost, both to the artist and the public. A painter, said he, sells his reputation when he sells a good picture by lottery. An artist lives upon the past; what he *may* do is judged by what he *has* done. If his works are distributed over a continent, his fame perishes as fast as he creates it. The lottery system, Conrad thought, would end in the destruction of the art of painting, and the painters would be turned into engravers and draughtsmen.

Sir Charles and Jotting yawned simulta-

nedusly. The conversation had become too general. A pause.

"Pray, Mr. Conrad," asked Jotting, with an effort, "what do you propose to do for the artists?"

"Nothing," replied Conrad, "unless it be occasionally to buy a good picture and condemn a bad one. That is all. I do not propose to erect a hospital for bad taste and stupidity. I buy what I like, and neglect what I do not like. If every man would do the same, we should have good artists, and they would live as other men do, with tolerable comfort, in the enjoyment of their occupation. The life of a good artist is happy even when he is not rich. That of a bad one is miserable, were he a millionaire."

Sir Charles pulled out his watch.

"You, Sir Charles, must know," he continued, doggedly, "that for all the profit it would ever bring you, art is a humbug."

"Aw! yes!" replied our amateur, lifting his eyebrows, as if to say, "An impudent dog!"

"Well, then," said Conrad, "it is the love, the passion, the ardor of fame, that guides your pencil, in making these little what d'ye call 'ems, these sketches," said he, nodding at the portfolio.

"Aw! no, by no means; quite past any thing so boyish."

"The devil you are! I ask pardon," said Conrad, with a peculiar mixture of sarcasm and politeness. "True it is, ambition and ardor, and all that, are d——d boyish and silly. Pray, Sir Charles, by what motive should a gentleman and a man of sense be actuated when he makes pictures?"

"Motive—hem—I cannot tell. A grace, an amusement, perhaps. Were you ever in England?"

"No."

"I saw a gentleman at the hotel who has evidently been in England. His name, if I remember it, was Demaistre."

"Foppish," said Conrad, with a sneer.

"Aw!—dresses. It will do. I allude to a peculiarity of manner."

"Very insolent, I think."

"If I may venture to differ," said Sir Charles, with a bow——

"Certainly," replied Conrad, politely; "we all venture a little that way—it is a republican fashion."

"Mr. Demaistre strikes me favorably. The manners of a man who has seen the world. The most complete gentleman, I think, in your city."

"By what mark, Sir Charles, do you judge he has been in England?"

"The manner of the man. A peculiarity—I cannot tell."

"A cool indifference, with great suavity," said Conrad.

"Aw! yes—an indifference, as if one should rely much upon one's position."

"Assumption?" asked Conrad, mildly.

"Assumption? Eh! no. The advantage, not the assumption of it. Demaistre is of a good family."

Jenkins laughed. The Englishman moved himself uneasily in his chair. He was discomposed. Jotting suffered intense agony, and for a moment lost confidence in his lion. He expressed it by twitching his chair instinctively away and leaning over toward Conrad.

"Of English extraction, I am told," continued Sir Charles.

Another smile from Jenkins increased the Englishman's uneasiness, and elicited from Jotting an expression of alarm.

"Demaistre," said Jenkins, "is a pure Yankee, and has never been in England."

Sir Charles absolutely started, and discovered a remarkable perturbation of spirits. Jenkins and Conrad became interested to know the cause of his, discomposure. Politeness forbade inquiry, but Sir Charles soon gave them an opportunity. With a sudden and complete transformation of manner, with the look and phraseology of a stock-broker, he began to make inquiries of Jenkins as to our hero's pecuniary resources, and the degree of confidence that might be placed in him, and receiving very vague and unsatisfactory answers, he pulled out his watch, declaring it was late, and took his leave, followed by the alarmed and crest-fallen Jotting.

Jenkins fell back in his chair and laughed long and heartily. "I have discovered," said he, "the foundation of an Englishman's composure; it rests on the stability of consols and U. S. 5s. The depth and profundity of it is equal to the breadth of the cash foundation. At a hundred thousand one may begin to cultivate composure; at a million one may see nothing in it; at that point the equilibrium may be quite undisturbed. It was once a fashion of En gentlemen to be spendthrifts and have

and then they were a rakish, jolly, good-humored race of cavaliers; their fathers were court favorites, and they were the bloods. Now, England has become a huge shop—a kind of magazine of cutlery and ginghams: London is the till, Liverpool the packing-room, Manchester the manufactory, the House of Commons is a board of directors, the Court is a silk show, and the royal ministry a wholesale office. The younger partners of the concern, the gentry and aristocracy, are composed, and cultivate an equilibrium of parts which they catch by sympathy and imitation from their fathers' salesmen and auctioneers, a class of men whose business drives all expression out of their faces. Any skilful stock-broker in Wall street will illustrate the manner for you, in the face with which he shaves a note. He is high art and composure itself."

"There is more truth in what you say," said Conrad, "than you may imagine. The age of chivalry has been succeeded by the age of cotton, and the affairs of all nations turn upon a debit and credit account between Milord Anglais and Bowie the planter. Courts, church establishments, royal ministries, all turn upon that, and live by that. But, whom have we here? Politics avaunt—a lady at this hour!"

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CLANDESTINE VISIT.

JENKINS took up his hat, and made a sudden exit, notwithstanding Conrad's efforts to detain him. A lady entered in deep mourning, with a green veil over her face. Conrad was left alone. Being emphatically a nervous man, his trepidation was excessive. The veiled visitor found a seat for herself as near as possible to the door. Conrad in his efforts to snuff the candles put them out, and overthrew several pieces of furniture in his endeavors to find matches. The candles were at length relighted; he wiped the perspiration from his brow and sat down upon a lounge. The veiled visitor began:

"Mr. Conrad's reputation for honor and generosity has led me to apply to him for assistance in my distress. I am a poor widow with several children, in danger of immediate starvation. I have money owing to me by a gentleman who uses every pretext to defer the payment. If Mr. Conrad will assist me with his advice and influence, and the temporary loan of a few dollars, I shall be eternally bound to him."

Conrad rose gradually from his seat as the lady continued, and helped out the conclusion with:

"A set thing, madam—'Yours in misery. The forlorn Angelina.' Whew! I cannot help you. You should have chosen another hour for your visit. It is 12 o'clock, midnight; you come alone, in disguise. You are not a starving widow; you have a scheme. Shall I light you to the street door? I have nothing to do with ladies in green veils, after midnight, madam."

"Are the miseries of the unfortunate nothing to you, sir?"

"It is a trap, a trap; you are no widow, but a hussy, madam," said the German, taking snuff nervously. "Your hours are bad; it is bad for the health, madam, to walk so late. You can go."

"Will Mr. Conrad forgive an old friend," said the lady, rising and throwing back her veil, "for deceiving him?"

"Mrs. Tipptoff!" exclaimed the German, with unfeigned astonishment; "what in the name of folly can have brought you here?"

"My carriage is at the door," said the lady, "and you are supposed to be a homœopathic physician—you understand. The real doctor has his office under your room—it was lucky."

"Really, madam, if in *any* way I can aid you," said the other, approaching and taking her hand.

"You can, materially," said the lady, with a fascinating smile.

Conrad led her to the sofa—she glanced uneasily at the door. He locked it, and returning, sat down by her side, and took her pretty little hands in his with an air of unfeigned affection, dashed, however, with sarcastic humor, as if to say, "The situation we are in is not of my creating, my pretty lady, and if anything happens it is no fault of mine."

The lady allowed him to keep possession of her hands, while she made the following development:

"Our friendship began a year ago," said she, blushing.

"A year ago, madam, at Baltimore, I had the honor"——

"Of becoming the friend," said she, "of a

foolish woman, unworthy of so honorable and so generous a confidence."

"My poor lady," he replied, "you abuse yourself!"

"I know, Conrad, you pity and despise me! You will do more; you will renounce my friendship utterly when I tell you how unworthily I have acted! (*Tears.*) My poor husband!"

"Surely, madam," exclaimed Conrad, in a thick voice, "you have not"——

"Oh!—no, I have only"——

"Only what?" said the German, his face relaxing again into its usual sarcastic expression.

The lady made a slight effort to withdraw her hands. Conrad retained them. The situation was peculiarly exciting and delicate. Conrad perceived its full merits, and retained the advantage. She continued:

"I was giddy and ambitious. You were grave and prudent. Our friendship was the most disinterested, the most prudent!"

"True, my dear Mrs. Tipptoff, it was a prudent and disinterested friendship. You would not have it now become imprudent and selfish."

An expression, slight, very slight, of disappointment passed over the features of the lady. Conrad perceived the same emotion in her hands, which he held tenderly, but not lovingly, in his own.

"Our engagement, madam, was, I think, very properly broken off by your father. He was right in saying that our dispositions would not harmonize. You were fond of show and of society; I was half a hermit, and am so still. I am older and you are younger than we seem. I can advise you and be a friend to you," said the German,—"what is your trouble?"

"A fool, a fool, Conrad! a fool is my trouble. My husband is a dear old fool!" said the fair unfortunate, gently withdrawing her hands, and covering her face with them.

Conrad was silent. His silence was habitually sarcastic. The lady could not sustain it. She looked at him through her fingers, which were pressed over her eyes, adorned, whether more beautifully with sparkling diamonds or pearly tears, we leave the taste of our readers to determine.

"Truly, madam," said the sympathetic Conrad, "it is a frightful thing for a pretty woman to have a fool for a husband. But it is past counsel; we must make the best of it, madam," said he, with an air of deep respect. "If my poor advice can be of any use, if I can aid you in curing Mr. Tipptoff of that terrible disease with which he is afflicted, command me; but I fear it is a calamity past cure. I have heard of wise men made fools by pretty women, but never of the converse. One cannot love, you know, and be wise."

"I do not know that you can change his nature," replied the fair visitant, sobbing violently, "though you know and can do *so* much."

"True, madam, I know a good deal, and can do some difficult things—with modesty I speak; but the thing to be done in your case must be done by yourself."

"By me!" said the lady, with unaffected surprise. "Can I change my husband's nature?"

Conrad eluded the question.

"The institution of marriage, my dear Mrs. Tipptoff," said he, "is a peculiar one."

"*Very*," replied the lady with a sob.

"The most peculiar imaginable," said Conrad, delighted with an opportunity of venting a generality.

"I *know* it," said the lady, recovering herself.

"Your husband, you say, is a fool."

"I do."

"The term, madam, is too general. Give me an example of his folly, and perhaps the remedy will suggest itself."

"He gambles!" (*A sob.*)

"A very bad fault."

"He drinks!"

"Worse yet."

"He is a gallant!"

"At his age, madam, a desperate fault. Has he any other peculiarities?"

"Yes, one, the worst of all; he cannot afford anything." (*A flood of tears.*)

"The vice you mentioned last, my dear madam, is one of the basest and meanest doubtless of the whole catalogue. A husband who cannot afford anything is certainly a brute."

"I thought you would say so," said the lady with deep emotion, "and I came here to ask your advice about it. What shall I do? You know how necessary it is to me to have money."

"And yet you will admit poor Dick is a kind-hearted fellow."

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"I don't think it very kind in him to deny me the necessaries of life," said the lady pettishly.

"Your expenses are, I believe, about ten thousand a year?"

"I don't know,—something like that."

"And poor Dick's income is at least six thousand. The fellow must be a brute; an abominable husband that."

"Then why does he not do as other men do, make it larger?" said the lady, arguing sharply. "There is old Squabb, with a head like a pudding, has made a yearly income of twenty thousand out of nothing. There was Tibbs left his widow a million; he began with a dollar. My husband's fortune, when we married six months ago, was larger than it is now."

"It was certainly a wicked thing in Dick to lessen his estate, when it was necessary to your happiness that it should be made larger. He gambles, you say?"

"Yes; in less than a year he has lost nearly five thousand."

"Thirty thousand more sunk in the purchase of an establishment for Mrs. Tipptoff; five thousand more in splendid entertainments; five thousand more in every kind of luxury and amusement for *poor* Mrs. Tipptoff. Indeed, at that rate methinks this brute of a husband is in danger of losing not only his entire fortune, but the respect and affection of his wife."

The lady was silent awhile, and then said:

"But he is a gallant."

"That is a serious fault. Have you reason to doubt his fidelity, or is this gallantry a foolish bachelor's habit?"

"I could forgive him all," said the lady, "if he would only give up that vile brandy and water after dinner."

"Truly, madam," said Conrad, "I would have him take a little brandy with his water, as in these times cold water after dinner is esteemed unhealthy, and it is dangerous to make sudden changes in one's habits."

"That odious gambling!" said the lady, faintly.

"As for that, it is a mere love of play. Indulge it; play with him yourself; keep him at home."

A long silence ensued, which it seemed impossible to break. Conrad at length spoke:

"If your husband is a natural fool there is no hope for him; but if he is only what you describe him, a good-natured, careless fellow, the victim of bachelor habits and extravagance, his folly is of a curable sort, and quite in your own power to amend."

"Mr. Conrad," said the lady, "forgive me if I say, that is not all."

As she spoke a sound of footsteps and of boisterous laughter in the entry alarmed them both. The lady dropped her veil and drew her cloak about her, and with the instinct of fear ran into the adjoining bed-room, shut the door, and locked it. There was no other exit. At the same instant a roisterous knock at the door, and the voices of Jenkins and Dick Tipptoff, calling for admission, gave a turn to the feelings of both Conrad and the lady which it is needless to describe.

Conrad hesitated a moment. He remembered the carriage at the door. His new visitors were drunk, or nearly so. There was no alternative but to let them in.

"Begad, Conrad, I have you now!" said Tipptoff, staggering into the room. "Where's the girl? Begad, I will see the little widow in the green veil. You're a rogue, but a sly old proser. A little widow in black with a green veil. Eh! Jenkins—carriage at the door. Eh! ah! what an abominable sly old dog. By-the-by, now I think of it, that carriage and grays look very like mine."

"Tush, tush," said Jenkins, pushing him down upon the sofa; "like yours! indeed, do you think your grays are the only pair in New-York? What a vanity!"

"I could not keep him away," whispered Jenkins. "I was joking about the woman, and your gravity, and he insisted on coming up. He swore he would fight the way through a crowd to catch philosopher Conrad with a woman in his room at midnight."

"Take him away at your peril, sir," said the German, angrily, "and to-morrow send me an apology for this vulgar intrusion."

Conrad's reply was in a whisper, but the quick suspicion of the drunken man was aroused.

"Intrusion, sir, intrusion! it was a joke; damme if it wasn't. Apology, sir! I apologize now, and will fight you to-morrow. Damme, it is queer. That was my carriage; I know the grays among a thousand. I will go down and see."

Conrad rushed to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Tipptoff staggered across the room and fell headlong against

the door of the bed-room. A faint scream was heard and a fall within.

Conrad took Jenkins by the shoulder and forced him out of hearing of the other. A hurried explanation ensued. Jenkins threw off his coat, and leaning out of the window, suffered Conrad to pour a pitcher of ice-water, which luckily stood at hand, over his head. He was sobered in an instant, and hastened down to the street. The coachman had stepped into a neighboring dram-shop. Without an instant's hesitation Jenkins mounted the box and drove off to a neighboring hack-stand, where he left the carriage in charge of a driver, and drove back in a hack which he bade wait for him at the door.

The interval of ten minutes was passed by Conrad in repeated struggles with the drunken man, who raved about his grays, and roared at the top of his voice for the police, swearing he was robbed and murdered and betrayed. Shrieks, sobs and cries issued from the bed-room, serving only to infuriate Tipptoff, who swore it was a rape, and that he would rescue the woman from all the philosophers in Christendom. The scene ended with Jenkins's speedy return. Tipptoff was taken up bodily by his two friends and carried off by Jenkins in haste to a hotel, where they two spent the rest of the night in drinking, and heaping curses on the philosopher, of whom Tipptoff remarked, in a lucid interval, that he considered him a brick, but hypocritical.

Jenkins had taken the precaution to inform Conrad where the carriage of the lady had been left.

Conrad went in search of the coachman, and found him in that happy condition between drunkenness and stupidity, which enabled him to find his carriage and bring it to the door without any serious accident, and at the same time without inquiry as to the reasons of its absence.

When Conrad entered the bed-room, after having locked the door of his room, he found the unfortunate Mrs. Tipptoff stretched upon the floor and perfectly insensible. He carried her in his arms to the sofa, and waited for some time in expectation of her recovery. Finding her continue insensible, he awakened the doctor in the room below. Dr. Vacuum, the German Homœopathist, did not express any surprise at the condition or situation of his patient, whom he recognized. Dr. Vacuum's discretion was rewarded by Conrad with a handsome fee. They together took the lady to her carriage; the doctor saw her home; and the next day it was reported, on the representations of the doctor and coachman, that the unfortunate and interesting Mrs. Tipptoff had been carried home insensible from the room of a German magician or clairvoyant, who had shown her some disagreeable passages of her future life.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SUPPER AT DELMONICO'S.

"The life of a man of letters in New-York is one of peculiar severity. The simple exercise of the pen, under the guidance of talent or of genius, or both, commands only the precarious wages of an artisan whose occupation is in little request and in small repute. Whether it be the fault of authors themselves, or of the public, or of those middlemen the publishers and book agents, or the great abundance of foreign publications in our tongue, I know not. The spirit of imitation possesses us, and we cannot thrive in competition with our models. The imitations of Dickens and Macaulay fall dead in a market which furnishes Dickens and Macaulay cheap to all readers. If to be an American author is to be an imitator of one's ablest contemporaries, to be an American author is to be poor. In vain we lecture against originality as an unholy thing; in vain we impregnate our brains with the genius of Shakspeare, of Scott, and of Fielding—no man reads us; we have neither friends nor enemies."

The tone of deep despair with which Jenkins delivered this half-soliloquy, carried his sentiments clean over that fatal verge which parts the silly from the sublime. The company of laughing listeners before whom he delivered himself, consisted of our Hero the Elegant, Tom Jotting, Mr. Crabb, a publisher, and Mr. George Destin, the well-known editor of a now celebrated weekly. It was a supper at Delmonico's; Demaistre entertained his friends of the press. The company was doubtless as humorous an assemblage as ever came together on such an occasion. Every requisite of good lowship was there. Jotting the be scandal-monger, with store of fopper

a silvery, affected tongue; Crabb, with his rough, keen, appreciative intellect; Jenkins, tender and morose in a breath, with dashes of humor and observation; Destin, a man at all points, and a classic; and to crown all, that profound master of the world, the handsome Demaistre, whose beauty of person, set off and heightened by the most absolute taste in dress and composure of manner, took nothing from the freedom of his conversation.

What know ye of conversation, ye male spinsters, ye prosy haunters of the Respectable Club, with your twittering, simpering, *seedy* "remarks," your stale jokes, and shallow "observations?" Here was life, nature itself, in all shapes, and of all intensities. No envious prigs, with understandings fanatically decayed; no "snarling bastards" of literature, carping at words and cutting sentences on Blair and Alison; no puny Zoiluses, sounding the lungs and smelling at the breath of genius in hope to find them decayed; no "botchers of old threadbare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and pieced together"—wretched bunglers who can do nothing but grimace their betters. Here was talent, shining, keen, and full of pith and purpose.

The bottle went modestly about, paying large tribute only to the glass of Jenkins, of whom it may be said, that though never drunk, he stood always upon the verge of it, like genius on the brink of madness.

Humble observer as I am, without fancy to invent, or talent to describe, coarse copyist of reality, dare I, kind reader, introduce you to such a circle? The poor siftings of memory, gathered from the narrative of my friend Jenkins, will seem to you thin substitutes.

"The lamentations of discontented authors," replied Crabb, after indulging a laugh at Jenkins, "remind me of old maids carping at the girls."

"Your comparison, Crabb, will not hold water," said Destin. "I compare Jenkins with a young beauty outshone by some foreign chit, covered with spangles and millinery."

"It is even so," groaned Jenkins; "one fights in vain against these foreign fopperies."

"Trade," said Crabb, "knows no tastes. It can only buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. Mr. Jenkins here, though we are friends, is eternally abusing the publishers."

"By insisting they shall buy his manuscript?" asked Demaistre.

"No, sir, worse than that; he wishes us to read them, never reflecting that publishers don't read the books they issue. A publisher who pleases his own taste is a bankrupt. As for me, gentlemen, I read Tom Paine, and publish Doddridge. Would you have the apothecary taste the physic he sells? A new author is a new commodity; to buy of him is to buy in a lottery. Among native authors we draw more blanks than prizes. With foreign books it is different. What has sold well in France or in England, we judge, will sell equally well in America. Demaistre, boy, pass the sherry. Here's to Native Genius: May it never languish."

Jotting here made rapid notes with a pencil.

"A spy!" cried Destin, throwing his wine over Jotting's paper; "we shall all go into the 'Maniac.' Crabb's treason must not be published."

"Sir," said Jotting, angrily, "you have spoiled my paper and my clothes."

"Gad! Destin," said Jenkins, "you have spoiled the whole man."

"Not so," interposed Demaistre; "Jotting wet is better than Jotting dry."

"Gentlemen," said the butt, "you may run me as you please——"

"But we shall never win," rejoined Jenkins.

"I say," said Jotting, enfuriated, "you may run me as you please; wet or dry, I am equal to the occasion."

"Even were it the curling of a whisker," said Jenkins.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," shouted the choleric little scribbler, "I will show you ——"

"A deal of fun," replied Jenkins.

Jotting rose from the table, buttoned up his coat, and would have gone out. Demaistre caught him at the door.

"Mr. Jotting," said he, "Mr. Jenkins will certainly apologize."

"Certainly," said Jenkins, "I am ready to apologize."

"And I, Mr. Jenkins," said Destin, "will do the same."

"They will both apologize," added Demaistre.

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In the soul of Tom Jotting an apology had something glorious and manly about it, and was any day worth the bearing an affront.

"My apology," said Jenkins, standing up, "or rather, with your leave, Mr. Destin, *our* apology to our much injured friend——"

"No, no, sir," said Jotting, testily, "not much injured, only much insulted."

"Our apology," said Jenkins, correcting himself, "to our 'much insulted' friend——"

"I beg, Mr. Jenkins," said Jotting, "you will let us have it plain. You bedevil the thing."

"Our apology," continued Jenkins, "shall be a toast and a sentiment. The toast is: The Weekly Press. The sentiment is: The Maniac, a paper of which our friend here is one of the truest representatives."

The toast being drunk with decorum, Jotting set down his glass, and with an expression of much deference said:

"My dear Mr. Jenkins, the respect you have manifested for my calling, the sentiment you offer, the 'Maniac,' a paper, I may say, in whose prosperity I have a profound and startling interest——" Here Mr. Jotting hesitated.

"Say no more," cried Demaistre. "With your leave, gentlemen, I will offer a toast." The bottle went about, and Demaistre gave: "The authors and editors," bowing to Destin.

"Destin," said the bookseller, with a grin, "you must reply to that. I am always ready to say a good word for my friends, but when they are present they can speak for themselves."

Destin rose and replied very gravely:

"The gentleman on my right has thrown upon me the responsibility of a reply to the toast. For the authors I dare not presume to speak; let the immortals do that—when they come. For the editors I am not deputed; their choice would be more popular and doubtless more able: for the cause only, will modesty or duty permit my speech in this critical presence. My audience is a representative one: the book merchant, the author, the second controller of that mighty engine the 'Maniac press,' and the critic and man of taste," bowing to Demaistre, "compose a representative body, before which the most adroit and accomplished orator might stand abashed and silenced. It is mere despair that gives me tongue; I throw myself upon your mercy; I avail myself of your virtues. From the man of assurance and strategy, the hero of the drawing-room and the dictator of taste, may I not learn courage to speak when I have nothing to say? From the essayist and humorist may I not gather some grace to defend a cause which, were it a good one, should be its own defender? From the book merchant may I not take wit to advertise a profession that exists by self-praise, and of which the left hand cordially shakes the right? From the associate conductor and gatherer of *facts*, (of which a mighty genius has remarked they are divine,) ought not a sentiment of reverence and awe to impend over me, and temper my speech with the quality of sublimity—with respect?" Destin paused and fixed his keen gray eyes gravely upon Jotting, who blushed and trembled as if caught in a theft. "I appeal to the chair," said Destin, in a tone of injured modesty, "against the proceedings of the gentleman opposite."

"I will not put it in," said Jotting, eagerly.

"Then why, sir, commit it to memory?" inquired Destin, in a tone of great anger.

The expression of surprise and inquiry on the faces of the other three, changed into one of suppressed mirth and affected indignation.

"The interests of the Maniac," said Crabb, "are very strangely uppermost in Mr. Jotting's thoughts."

"But it is a breach of decorum," replied Demaistre, "to bring any interests whatever into this occasion; and though the words of our friend are forcibly impressed upon the minds of all of us, a deliberate attempt to coin them into *items* is not only out of order but an offense. Mr. Jenkins, you are deputed by the chair to administer a reprimand."

"Do you hear, Tom?" said Jenkins, with a grave twinkle of the eyes. "I am bid to reprimand you."

"Well, Tim, fire away," said Jotting, with a grin; "whatever you say about me will recoil upon yourself."

"Gentlemen," said Demaistre, "you trifle. The occasion is serious; the presence dignified, the theme solemn. Mr. Jotting, you must rise."

With a countenance full of humor and severity, Jenkins began:

"Mr. Jotting, you are a man——"

"Who," interrupted Crabb, blowing on the '*who*.'

"I am not 'a man who,' sir," said Jotting, unable to repress his sudden vexation.

"A man *which*, will do as well," rejoined Crabb.

"Silence!" cried Demaistre.

Jenkins continued:

"You are a man of honor, and will understand the delicacy of my position. Bidden by a superior authority to reprimand you for a misdemeanor, I am restrained by my own feelings from inflicting a wound upon yours."

"Allow me to suggest, Mr. President, that the reprimand is sufficient," said Crabb.

"How do you show that?" said Demaistre.

"Sit down," said the book-seller to Jotting, who had risen up he knew not why; "sit down, sir, and I will tell a little story. You know we of the trade, middle-men between the authors and the public, are but the carriers of science and virtue, expresses between brain and brain; and with what we carry we are as little conversant as the mail driver with the letters in his bag. Our wisdom, such as we get, comes to us by observation. We see men in the light of interest chiefly; but dry as we are, we too have our pleasure in it, as the Devil said to Faustus, when we bring an author to the public, or what is much more common, the public to an author. We are Fame's brokers, the pimps of reputation, the go-betweens for Tom Ticklebrain and Miss Betickled. An author came into my shop, a tall, seedy-looking devil, half-author, half-blackguard, and throwing a package upon the counter, said he would call for it again in a week, and went out, looking very fierce. Accordingly, a week after, he returned, and finding his package lying just where he had left it—'Mister,' said he, 'have you read this?' 'Read what?' said I. 'This manuscript,' says my blackguard, with a stare. 'I did not know it was a manuscript,' said I. 'Well, it is,' said he, 'and I will leave it here a week longer;' after saying which he went out fiercer than before. In a week he returned. The package lay there as before. 'Mister,' said he, gathering his brows and frowning on me like a storm, 'have you read this?' 'By no means, sir,' said I, looking very polite; 'I trust I am not so ignorant of good manners. If it has been opened, some of the boys have done it. I will have the matter looked into.' 'Mister,' said this tall, lantern-jawed savage, 'I am not to be trifled with. This is a manuscript, a History, sir, of the Mexican War. I was a captain in the Volunteers. The history is the only authentic one in existence.' 'Thank ye,' said I; 'I am obliged by the information.' 'I go,' said he, drawing himself full six feet two, 'but I return.' 'Very good,' said I; 'hope nothing 'll happen to you disagreeable.' You know my cheerful way of talking.

"Another week passed. Mr. Lantern Jaws came as before—found his package as before. But this time the fellow looked famine-struck; I never in my life saw any thing so savage or so gaunt. In a fierce, hollow voice he asked me if I had read his manuscript. I said, 'No; I never read any thing.' With a volley of oaths worse than I ever heard, he asked me 'whether I meant to insult him.' 'Insult you, Mister!' said I, keeping my pleasant manner, and feeling sorry for the poor devil, he looked so hungry; 'it was far from my thoughts.' 'Did I not leave this manuscript here to be read?' said he, hoarsely. 'Very possibly,' said I, quite cheerful; 'but you did not say so, and if you did, who was to read it?' 'Don't you read here?' said he, looking wildly about at the book-shelves. 'No, we sell books.' 'And who, then, (another volley of curses,) *does* read?' 'The public,' said I; 'the public read, or pretend to; it wouldn't be decent to say the contrary.' 'Do the public read this, or this, or this?' said Lantern Jaws, touching Dr. Gag's, Dr. Glib's and Dr. Gorgon's systems of Divinity, very handsome books, and saleable. 'I suppose they do, sir,' said I; 'they *buy* 'em.' 'I'll see what they are,' said my savage. So he took off his battered Genin, showing a shock of wiry black hair, and a head like General Jackson's, and taking a seat by the stove—'Mr. Bookseller,' said he, 'by your leave I'll sit and read here awhile. I'm an author, and like the fowls in a freshet, I've nowhere to perch.' 'Make yourself at home,' said I; so down he sat and began reading. He read all that day till night; finished Gorgon, and the next two days he read Glib and Gag. One of your wizened, white-faced ministers would have taken six weeks to read what this bony ruffian drove through in three sittings. Once in about an hour he would take mouldy bread and cheese out of his pocket, and eat it. I saw the handles

of two bowie-knives, and a pair of revolvers sticking out here and there all over him. He read with his eyes flashing and his hair on end, like a lunatic. At the end of the third day—'Mister,' says he, 'is that all?' 'All for what?' 'To write on Divinity, something that will sell?' said he. 'God bless you! Mister,' said I. 'Well,' said he, drawling on the word, 'I hope he may, but if he don't, I can't help it.' I am not an atheist, gentlemen, though I do read Tom Paine, and helped celebrate his birth-day; but this awful lantern-jawed animal made me pray a little inwardly, there was such a God-scorning pride in his snarl. 'Do you intend,' said I, 'to write a book on Divinity?' 'I do,' said he, 'and I intend to found a system. I am a philosopher. I shall restore the old religion of king David.' 'God save you, sir,' said I again, 'that's the modern religion.' 'It's a lie,' said my savage, quietly. 'When king David hated a man, he fought him and cut him down. That's my religion.' 'It will not do, sir,' said I; 'such a system would never sell.' 'Are you sure of that?' said he. I hesitated. 'It would be a good thing in the country I came from,' said he; 'the people there haven't any religion.' A thought struck me: possibly it might be a novelty, and have a good sale in the western market. 'If you will write something,' said I, 'I will break a rule and read it myself.' He asked for pen, ink, and paper, and said if I would come to his den, as he called it, next evening, he would show me something powerful.

"At the appointed hour I went in search of my savage, and found him in a garret in a back street, sitting on a trunk, and writing on a bit of board which he held before him on his knees, instead of desk. There was no furniture in the place, and no fire. A roll of blankets in a box of shavings was all the bed he had, and yet he received me like a lord, made me sit down upon the trunk, and offered me a quid of tobacco, which he said was all the refreshment he had to offer. I was astonished at the politeness of the man, and his poverty touched me. 'Sir,' said I, 'if you have any thing written, go with me to my house; it is dinner time, and when we have dined, we can talk matters over comfortably.' Without showing the least surprise or satisfaction, my savage, without saying a word, took some papers out of the trunk, put them in the pocket of his seedy black coat, took up his battered Genin from the floor, and bowed with a grave business-like air, as if he were a Secretary of State taking a foreign minister to dine snug with him on the South Carolina business. I am a widower, you know, without children, and can take *any thing* home. So cannot a Secretary.

"After devouring an immense quantity of beef and chicken, and finishing two bottles of my best Hock, which he did not know the name of, my savage grew communicative and happy. He talked, Lord bless you, like a philosopher. I never heard a man talk better, or use better language, though now and then a few South-western phrases would drop from him, and then he would apologize. He said he had the Old Testament by heart, and admired king David and Moses, though he held Solomon in little estimation. 'Solomon,' said he, 'was the Lord Bacon of the Jews, and a man of a mediocre conscience. His wisdom was the wisdom of experience. First he was a naturalist, and then a very great rake; he had a large head and a small heart; and as is commonly the fact with such men, his wisdom has the air of discontent and is remorseful; while David's is full of hope, and courage, and passion.' David, he said, was a desperado, and a protectionist. Next to his honor, which was the image of God in him, he loved his country. David hated the Egyptians, and the pagans that lived about the edges of Judea. He fought them and cut them up. He made Judea a great State.

"I cannot tell you, gentlemen, one half, no, not one tenth the odd things my savage said to me. He talked, not like a book, but like a statesman, who knew the world outside and inside, and the pith of it. He knew politics and religion, and he had so little fear in him he could believe any thing. I asked him what he thought of the miracles. He said he thought nothing either way; he did not trouble his head about them. When he read the Old Testament he paid no heed to any thing but the actions of the men described there. Some he thought were beyond him and came from God, others from the devil, others signified nothing either way. I used to think much of Tom Paine till I heard my savage talk. Paine was a boy to him, a mere simpleton. Paine was afraid of being thought superstitious; this man was afraid of nothing.

About many things he was as ignorant as a child, and as simple in his beliefs. He did not believe in martyrdom. It was better to fight and kill the wicked than to let the good be killed. Great men, he said, must be fighting men, and not martyrs. Goodness without valor was a pretty thing, but inferior to valor alone. He told me stories about himself. He had fought duels, killed several men, thought it all right and necessary, and quoted the Old Testament; and when I quoted the New against him, he said if both were inspired, as it was agreed they were, he might take his choice; that it took many to make a world, and that David was as good a model in the West at this day as he was in his own time in Judea; that different times and states of society required different virtues, and though his might be those of a barbarian, God gave all.

"This man wrote as he talked. I bought his manuscript, which he spent the next month in producing, and then on a sudden he left the city. I have not since heard from him."

Demaistre and his friends listened very attentively to the bookseller's description of the philosophical desperado. Destin was profoundly interested. Jenkins, on the contrary, drank sneeringly and in silence. "For desperadoes," said he, "I have but little relish, and philosophers bother me. Let us gossip." Jotting was quite bewildered, and made several very thin remarks. Demaistre looked polished and gentle. "These rude virtues," said he, "strike one with admiration at first, but we soon weary of them. Art triumphs over strength. Intellect rules the world. Mr. Destin, try a little of this Greek wine; the boquet is magnificent."

## CHAPTER IX.

### INTERLOCUTORY.

Good reader, I am about to sketch thy picture. Thou hast never been correctly delineated; the artists, false rogues that they are, have given a stiff, classic, or sentimental air to thy limbs, drawn thee in the unnatural attitudes of a jointed doll of wood, which they call a "lay figure," set up in their mechanical oil-paint shops, which they affectedly call "studios." Egad! much study is done there, by the cat and a tame owl, on the catching of mice. And they have so far befooled thee with a pretended likeness of thyself, thou esteemest thyself one of the silliest fellows in the world; but it is false, they lie on their vile canvasses, the scumbling dogs! Thou art not the intolerable wax-nosed simpleton their pictures make thee: on the contrary, thou art a bold, stout, lean, valiant, stomachy fellow, scorning a lie as if it were poison, and hating a trimmer, or a hypocrite, as if he were a villainous imp of Satan. Thou hast a strong liking for honest, clear-hearted men, and brave fellows, and a corresponding detestation of flunkies, and soft-hearted framers of excuses. Thou art a whole-souled fellow, and as haughty as Lucifer; and if a good thing comes to thee, thou makest no inquiry of its origin: whether it be base-born or lawfully got, home-spun or made abroad, a patent of the devil, or a gift of Gabriel, it is all one to thee. Thou hast one infallible test of the good that is in every thing: does it speak to the manhood and jolly scorn that is in thy noble heart? thou askest no further. Look what a picture of thee I have made! Here, away with this detestable, hypocritical canvas, made by that base emasculate dog, Megrim. Throw it out, tear it up, burn it; whatever you do with it, never set your eyes upon its mealy face again. Fie! my friend; they would persuade thee out of thy opinions, would they, the villains! Thou art no critic, art thou; thou knowest nothing? Oh, no; thou hast no legs, hast thou? and must limp vilely upon their crutches, I fancy. Here, take this little tickler; it is a cat, and the tails thereof are nine,—and their names are, *courage, wit, will, pride, scorn, jollity, foresight, facts, force:* have at 'em, drive, lash, lay it on with a will; see how they caper and run, the meagre, mealy-visaged, convicted rogues! Never mind you; the squalling is good for ringing in the ears and deafness. And now let us sit down and drink,—beer, ale, wine, brandy, whiskey, what you will, strong or weak,—we'll have our glass, and let the others preach; they their sermon, we our glass, well divided. If we did not drink, they would not preach, so we are necessary to them, but they are not necessary to us: good again; here, fill away. Waiter, a tankard of ale for Mr. Bull, he repents; here's to him; see, the tears trickle from his eyes. Alas! my brother, I weep, I faint with sorrow; leave off your bad ways, you fat

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scoundrel, or I will beat you within an inch of your life! No, no, he repents—or is it only too much beer? To you, Pat, you blethering villain! Yes. Here, waiter, son of O'Brien, king of Cork, whiskey and water for the son of your mither: he drinks; it has no effect; again, again, again, and the drinking doth not slack. Oho! I have you there, Pauthrick; you'll not get us drunk quite yet, my lad! no, no, no, time enough for that, my boy. To you, Sandy, my philosophic guardian of the saxpence; to you, canny Scot, servant of kings, servant of self,—how is it thou makest so good a republican? Honest reader, this is Sandy the stern republican,—drink to him. There is humor in his eye: beware his jest, beware his bargain; treat him well, or take thyself away.

Ah ha! Mein Herr! quit thy native humility; think thyself a man, else the good God will not let thee be a republican. I cannot drink Rhine wine, it is a cold drink. Monsieur, my service to you; we drink to you in champagne of Cincinnati, the best and bravest wine in the world. Thou art a brilliant fellow, Monsieur, but is there not a corner in thy heart reserved for kings? No? Then let us drink again in wine of France. Here is confusion to despots, honor to the braves. Have you any men left in France; were they *all* guillotined? No! Then let us be united, Citoyen, and we two will stand together, and beat the world.

A brave company of jolly fellows, are we not, hey, brother Bull? Let me introduce to you all, gentlemen, my friend the Reader, the honestest, bravest, hard-featured dog. You see that little instrument he carries: it is a shooting tool; a rifle, gentlemen, a very dangerous weapon for boys; never let your children use it, brother Bull; they commonly hit their fathers, without much practice. Here, my friend, call for what you like. Monongahela for the stranger; he takes it pure! Bacchus defend me! I acknowledge the weakness; I cannot drink fire; here's to ye in ale. Have you come all the way from the backwood to find men in New-York? Look, hunt, advertise, inquire; call here, call there;—faugh! you are a fool; that is a whiskerando, a barber's doll. Let it alone; we will go out early in the morning and look for one; meanwhile, here are a few tolerable substitutes, good fellows all; and one of them you see, the fat boy with the tankard, a scoundrel cousin of mine, very companionable; an excellent solid rogue and the best target. He weeps; d'ye see the big tears upon his manly cheeks? The woes of all humanity oppress him; he is grieved for his portionless younger brothers and poor relations. He means to give them each a little bit of land to till; he will give us all a bit of land, and make us all happy;—and yet, in your ear, the fat rogue is broke with mortgages. Here he sits all day, drinking, while the rats are eating holes in the sides of his ships. No voice of that, it is a great secret.

(*Bull sings:*)

Now let us sing,
*God save the king,*
Or queen, (if yet there be one.)

(*Pat sings:*)

And the next boy
That gives us joy,
Let's pray it be a *he one.*

For you must know, my masters, there is a dirth of virility, and the women and fops are getting the upper hand. And so good-night, and dream of your sweethearts.

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# THE EAGLE AND THE ANCIENT ELEPHANT.

BY REYNARD THE FOX.

[Whether any political significance ought to attach to the following anonymous production is a point which the editor submits entirely to the superior penetration of the reader. We ourselves do fancy we see something in it, notwithstanding the decision of our elbow critic, Mr. Simple, who is ready to make out it is a mere prose poem, with no more significance than one of Æsop's Fables.—ED.]

IN the forests of Bămangwătoo, the great Elephant, Sadi, had led the herd an hundred years. At night he withdrew to the summit of a mountain, bursting his way through the forest, and in his sullen rage tearing off great branches from the oaks, and trampling the young trees to death. The steep rocks echoed his moans. The roaring waterfall could not drown his voice. Dire was the tumult in the soul of the mighty Sadi.

"True it is," said he groaning, "what the inspired Giraffe, Erson, said, looking fiercely through his liquid eyes, 'Sadi has not done the work of Sadi.' When the Quaggas rush headlong over the desert, if the leader of the mighty herd stops to bite a leaf, the following thousands rush over him and trample him to death. The heart of Sadi is old. He communes with the past. The glory of his youth is the food of his soul. Ancient rivers, mighty torrents, heaven-high rocks, and ye stars of the deep heavens, ye are congenial to the soul of Sadi. Your glory comes to you. God gives it; ye ask not for it; but for living creatures there is no glory but in *action;* the flame of victory bursts from the ardor of conflict.

"The Lions come upon us, they lurk amid thickets, they cry not; their voice is hushed. They wait for night and the tempest. Out on the desert I hear the sound of their gathering. The ear of Sadi is quickened with grief. The Leopard came to me and said, 'Sadi, thou art the King of the West. The She Lion, the Queen of the East, sends thee greeting, and desires thy love.' My soul was moved within me by the false words of the Leopard, and I said to him, 'Stay in the West and hunt in the great forests of Bămangwătoo;' and he found out the secret thickets, and the [illegible]le and the Foxes obe[illegible] moved all the beasts of Bămangwătoo to let the Lions come in and feed: to feed upon grass, and the fruits of the soil; but they feed not upon these. Their food is the flesh of tender beasts, friends of my friends, friends of the mighty Elephants, the lordly Elephants, the defenders of the West. Wo is me! The heart of Sadi is dead: he communes with the past. The glory of his youth is the food of his soul!"

The cataract sounded afar, the wind roared in the forest. The Black Eagle, the unconquered king of air, heard the sorrows of the noble Sadi; and his victorious soul grieved for the sadness of his friend. "Sadi," he cried, "where is thy brother, the Gray Elephant of the West, thy great companion?" And Sadi answered and said, "Are not his tusks broken, is he not worn with age?" Then said the Eagle, "The fire of glory is in his soul; but thou, Sadi, hast thou betrayed the beasts of Bămangwătoo? I see the Leopard ranging in the forests; and the Jackals run to and fro, the Jackals of the Lion Queen."

Then said Sadi to the Eagle, "Bird of God, bird of victory, child of the lightning, I am betrayed. Age and weakness have betrayed me; the false Leopard is a liar: I will slay him, I will crush him with my tusks."

Then said the Eagle, "Greatest of Elephants, have a care of thy fame. They say the Leopard was thy knave and emissary. Thou hast talked with him in secret. The Foxes of Bămangwătoo have listened, and heard what the Leopard said to thee in secret, and thou didst not crush him."

"He said I was greater than the Gray Elephant," replied the mighty Sadi.

"Fool!" screamed the fierce Eagle, the bird of God, the child of the lightning, "he only is great who loves Bămangwătoo, and hates her [illegible]"

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The mighty Sadi was amazed, and trembled, for never before had the Eagle spoken fiercely to him.

And the form of the Eagle was changed. His wings expanded like a morning cloud. He was the genius of freedom and of victory. His eyes were lightnings, his voice thunder. The beasts of Bămangwătoo heard the rush of his wings and the thunder of his voice, and their spirits were roused, for they knew that the Black Eagle was the bird of God; and they assembled together and killed the Jackals and drove out the Leopard; and the mighty Sadi was left alone. Alas for the mighty Sadi! he no longer leads the beasts to victory; his soul communes with the past; the glory of his youth is the food of his soul.

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# THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON FREEDOM OF TRADE.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF FEBRUARY, 1851, WITH REPLY.

## FREE TRADE.*

START not, reader dear! The bill of fare is no doubt formidable; and of a verity thou mayest well entertain some gastric misgivings. But we are yet in holiday times, good friend, and there is digestion in the winter breezes, coming down upon us booming from far lake and forest. So be of good cheer; take an easy chair, or a hard one, if none other be at hand, and, cocking your toes, and nose if so minded, "draw near the ingle," determined to go it with right good-will, and we assure thee, if thou be not a man of the "*dura ilia*" stamp, or a woman after the heart of Lucinda Stone, thou shalt find nothing in the above, or our reficiamento thereof, to breed thee mental spasms, impart a twitch of statistical night-mare, or raise one blue-devil or blue-stocking before thy distempered vision. In sooth, good friend, 'tis not our intention to make a book. "*Some books*," thou knowest, "*are lies frae end to end*," as that ungodly Vates, the highland chiel, hath in malice sung; and some—but it is submitted that the "o'ergrown bulk" of many a goodly volume has resulted from "taking the sow by the wrong ear" at starting, and waddling, splashing and stumbling through the remainder, endeavoring to convert it into the right one; the application of which philosophy is, in this instance, left to thine own sagacity. Having, as we trust we have, by this time established ourselves in thy intimate confidence, we beg thee to be assured, that of Mr. Carey's facts and figures we shall be as sparing as possible, leaving some millions thereof untouched or unhashed for thy palate's tempting. So, too, of the American Review. We shall not seek to solve the problem, "*Who feed the English?*" inasmuch as we are determined they shall not be fed by us Americans, unless for a substantial "quid pro quo"

With the red hot bolts both have flung at the heads of that "iniquitous" people, this child does not purpose to meddle, albeit he is impressed with the conviction that they are brimful of mischief and destructiveness, and very undeservedly hurled at that mildest, most inoffensive, and most forbearing type of Christianity and thrift, "*Johann Bool.*" Whether he abstains from handling such hot and hissing combustibles through simple respect for his fingers, or that he believes the peculiar chivalry which would, without further aim or cause, stake its life of life for injured innocence or outraged virtue, is gone clean out of the world, he does not choose to explain. With respect to Ireland, that she hath been used as a pack-horse, a poor dumb drudge, a long and callous-eared donkey, goaded, scourged, blasted and tortured by steel, and whip-cord, and flame, he is willing, for the argument's sake, to admit. Nay, to the end of redeeming her from that unworthy comparison—alas! too meet for her condition—he will not gainsay that, although she sitteth wailing by the way-side, betrayed, ravaged and desolate, with ashes on her head and agony in her heart; and although she is crowned with a crown of thorns only, yet is she a rightful queen, and of royal beauty ineffaceable. Whether true or not, he has not the heart to deny that her grace and loveliness have been to her a fatal dower, serving only to lure her despoiler. And if, shaking off her dream of death, she turn her to the rising sun, and invoking freedom fresh from the breath of God, spring at her defiler, then would he proudly deck her brow with garlands of everlasting radiance. But, meantime, he has his own views in her regard. The stain upon her name of damnation's deepest dye can only be removed by her own hand. He fancies that until it is removed, 'tis vain to tell her sorrows—how her rich luxuriance hath been

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* The Past, the Present, and the Future. Harmony of Interests. By Henry C. Carey. British Policy Historically Considered. American Review, November and December. Horace Greeley, *passim*.

plundered, and her fécundity made the *nurse* of death. The real difficulty in solving the problem of her destiny is, that her courage and the conscience of England have been both *negative* quantities. One never will change, the other may; then, and not till then, will her day begin to date.

These are, in part, his reasons for thus in the outset dismissing these topics, on which two of the writers, whose views he proposes to test, are so nobly eloquent. The question he purposes to discuss cannot be illustrated by the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland; nor can it subserve her prospects or her hopes. If other interests were out of view, and that it remained to be considered how her injuries could be avenged, then possibly the plunder committed upon her would be entitled to weight in the commercial polity of the United States. But, even then, it would be little worthy of a great nation to baffle her rival through the medium of a little custom-house thimble-riggery. If we, in good earnest, desire her downfall; if her day of retribution be at last come; if she is to feel reacting, on her own heart, the broadcast felony she has scattered over land and main; and if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice, let us, in God's name, go right straight about it, as we would to bore the blue mountains, or marry the oceans.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to the consideration of the works above quoted, in the order in which they are given.

Mr. Carey's elementary book is exceedingly agreeable. It is evidently written with a purpose intensely in earnest. By many it is deemed original, by some profound, by some instructive, by some abstruse, and by some absurd. With this man it is "authority," with that a paradox or a burlesque. One thinks it infallible—facts, figures, deductions and conclusions—the other heterodox and heretical all. Here, either general commendation or condemnation is needless; it is needless even to refer to more than a few of its leading propositions and arguments. For instance, its first chapter is an original picture of primeval rusticity—whether it be according to nature or not, is immaterial. But, supposing it a fancy sketch, it is not void of attractions. There stands the naked man confronting the old Titanic forest, accustomed to bow to no influence but the spirit of the tempest. How he fells it, tree by tree; how he stitches his garment of fig leaves, sows his first seed grain, and builds him a rude wigwam, and how he fares therein, is an interesting inquiry to all. To break a spell so agreeable would be rude and ill-natured. But how it so chanced that the lucky settler, when selecting the mountain slope for its freer air and lighter soil, should find ready to his hand iron, and copper, and zinc ores, and how he was blessed with means and sagacity to smelt, and mould, and temper them to use, is a question intended to affect the one now in discussion; and while we freely admit that it is well calculated to set village wonder all a-gape, may we humbly hint that in the mind of a rigid philosopher it would possibly provoke a sneer? It serves the same purpose, and stands on the same basis, as the prophecy sung by Virgil for Anchises some thousand years after the old seer had gone to his everlasting rest. The trapper's protectionist instincts are so immediately developed, and the agencies, resources, and essential elements necessary for a prosperous forest manufacturing interest are so available to his hand, that one wonders a beaver or a griffin is not found to present him with a veritable, ready-made "spinning jenny." Nevertheless, the connection between the brass hatchet and the present inquiry (the very one Mr. Carey had in view) is not so clear. Nor is it explained in the text whether this original feller of pine would or would not prefer, or would or would not be benefited, if a keen polished steel axe had come to him, no matter if from the moon, so he got it for the produce of one day's labor, instead of ten he must have lost tinkering at, and hundreds he must have lost tinkering with, the blunt instrument. We have our suspicions on that head, and if we thought them needed, we would print them. For the rest, Ricardo's philosophy of rent supplies Mr. Carey with an opportunity for much eloquent and indignant commentary. The discussion turns on the question whether the first cultivators do not naturally select the "best soils," and proceed downwards as these are exhausted, which Mr. Carey denies with vehement enthusiasm. They naturally, he asserts, begin with the worst, like children at a feast, and leave the choice morsels for the last. Hence is deduced this consoling philosophy, that the supply afforded by the earth will always be in proportion to the demand of its inhabitants; and that as rent increases, so will the prosperity of those who pay it, the cash of the landlord and that of the tenant making a harmonious jingle together. This is gratifying to more than the mere philanthropist, the only drawback being, that stiff-necked and stiff-willed tenants in general can, with extreme difficulty, be made to believe that the more they pay out the more they have left. To every appeal in proof they would be inclined to answer by a useless fumble in their empty pockets. If Mr. Carey takes three from six, and tells them that three remain, they will comprehend and assent; but if he takes four from six and assures them that four remain, in the absence of practical proof they must only refer the thing to some occult science, and go their way, lamenting their ignorance of such lucrative philosophy. "Dub, you know what be animal magnetism?" said a Yankee Moor to his sable brother, fresh from the South. "No; for what should I noo? Massa nooa." "Well," replied the philosopher, "I'se larn you; hab you a half dolla?" The coin being produced, he placed it between his digit and palm, and interrogated the proselyte: "Dub, you see that there half dolla?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi." "Am you sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi." "Am you quite sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi; ha, ha, hi, hi." "Well, you will neber see him again, and that be animal magnetism." The tenant who pays his half dollar to the landlord for the purpose of experiencing our friend's philosophy, would find himself equally wise and equally empty-handed. But the rent discussion does one thing: it shows how much can be made of the lana caprina logic, and how a man can become violently earnest in proving the difference between tweedledum and twee-

If Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evi-

dently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly; for he admits it is because it will yield most to such labor as he can apply, the rude cultivator selects the light, dry land of the hills. It is, under the circumstances, the "best soil;" and thus antagonistic results are drawn from precisely the same axiom expressed in different words. Mr. Carey's experience is of a wilderness, and as far as locality goes, he is right; but if he extended his inquiry to other countries, he would find, that where the land is cleared and cultivated, and men are free to choose, the rich valleys are first seized on. Let him take England at the time of the Norman invasion, or Ireland at the period of the Cromwellian one, and he will find the track of the freebooters every where along the teeming vales, and their castles rising in the lap of fertility. The present writer has often looked from Irish green hill-sides on scenes of luxuriance and abundance unrivalled. He has dwelt with gladness on the western prairies, seemingly illimitable in extent, and inexhaustible in fecundity, and on the blithe and prosperous homesteads of Pennsylvania; but while acknowledging the grandeur and sublimity of lea, and wood, and lake, and gushing river, in his glorious home, he must be permitted to say, that from ruined abbey walls and the ivy towers of long fallen fortresses in Ireland, he has beheld scenes bright as morning rays, and fruitful as omnipotent mercy, spread out before him, which no time, no expenditure, and no labor can produce the equal of in this country. And these are the scenes that tempted her robber invaders. These are the scenes which became their booty; and upon that theatre has been tested the problem, which to Mr. Carey seems inexplicable. Ricardo's theory has been there realized—there, on the richest soils in the world. Rent has eaten up the whole produce of the land, the most fruitful land, mark you, Mr. Carey, ever yet brought into activity. Rent has been increasing, and the produce decreasing, year by year; and as men spread themselves out on bog and moor and mountain, to raise clammy potatoes, the rent on the good soil has become higher and higher. Rent, more recently, has devoured the produce, and at the same time the sweat and marrow of the tenants. At last their vitals only remained, and it took them. Rent, more insatiable than a vampire, has fed on human flesh and blood. However irrelevant to the topic in issue, this sanguinary fact suggests one ominous warning to America. From many an Aceldama it shrieks, *No rent! no rent!* Yes, "*no rent!*" for of all the curses that ever befell humanity, socially considered, rent—the institution of landlordism—is the direst. No matter what the form of government under which it exists, in its very nature it contains the germs of slavery. When one man *owns* the land and another pays him rent therefor—pays him, in fact, for the privilege of toiling thereon, the privilege of raising the produce, and transmitting it to the owner, for his sole use, sinking his flesh and blood in the soil, that it may become richer, with the chance of being turned to beg on the high road in the end; that man is a slave, and the vices of slavery stamp their impress on his heart. This is so, however much wealth may increase. This is so, no matter on how large a scale the "richer soils" are cultivated.

To some extent we have digressed. We are not canvassing the question of landlordism; and Mr. Carey does not, in words, commend the relation it expresses between man and man. He does, however, call rent national wealth; he justifies it as the consequence of capital spent in improvements; and he tells the tenant, that by increasing the landlord's wealth he increases his own; and, on the whole, rent is so mixed up in the theory as to justify this brief commentary.

How far Mr. Carey's philosophy controverts the principle of FREE TRADE, it is not very easy to find, though the purpose lurks through his entire argument. Nevertheless, he sometimes unconsciously affirms it instead. Not a few of his inferences would make it even ancillary to that highest aim of social economy and Christian philanthropy—bringing the "*good soils*" into cultivation. Here, for example, is one—page 115:—

"A change has come over the system, and England is now making a market at home for labor and capital. She is at present fairly engaged in building up the great food-producing machine, and preparing to supply the necessaries of life up to a level with the demands for consumption."

The change above indicated is the repeal of the corn laws, which Mr. Carey elsewhere condemns as arbitrary impediments in the way of "Freedom of Trade." These laws furnish the strongest instance of protection, and that which is most pregnant with instruction and warning. Though for a long period the object of gigantic intellectual assault, before which they at last fell, their most vehement assailant never predicted the result, which Mr. Carey says has actually occurred, namely, the advancement of agriculture itself, which he announces in our quotation; and he thus further emphatically testifies to the necessary consequences of this advance:—

"She (England) is substituting the permanent for the temporary, and with each step of her progress in this direction, capital and labor are becoming more valuable."

The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work, is the perpetual advocacy of centralization. Mr. Carey's highest stage of progress is in mixed communities, in having the consumer side by side with the producer, so as that, as he expresses it, the machinery of exchange would become as inexpensive as possible. As this position is more forcibly urged and more practically illustrated by Mr. Greeley, we shall defer examining it until we come to review his opinions and arguments.

That cultivation begins on the poorer soils and proceeds to the richer ones, is not the leading idea—it is the one idea of the book. It is repeated in one form or other at least a thousand times. There is not a single proposition used, of which it is not the minor or middle term. Upon it every thing depends, and, in turn, it depends upon every thing. It is at the same time cause and effect, effect and cause. Where there is wealth, men cultivate the "richer soils." Where men cultivate the "richer soils," there is wealth. In peace, men cultivate the "richer soils." Where men cultivate the "richer

soils," there is peace. Morality, integrity, all the cardinal virtues, are concomitants of the cultivation of "rich soils," and such cultivation is sure to be accompanied by the virtues. So in like manner of the vices and the cultivation of the "poor soils." Take one example:—

"The lonely cultivator of the almost desert land is forced to depend on the thin soils of the earth for his support, and is in constant fear for his life and the safety of his little property. In every stranger he sees one as poor as himself; one to whom his little stock of wealth, trivial as it is, would be a treasure. Or if perchance the stranger comes from distant and civilized lands, from among a people who cultivate the rich soils of the earth, the lonely man sees in the nails and beads of his visitor what 'would make him rich indeed,' and avarice seizes on his soul. His labor, severe as it is, scarcely yields him food, and he has no means wherewith to buy it. He murders his visitor, and seizes on his goods. Here we have combined, fear, rapacity, cruelty, and such are uniformly the characteristics of men who are forced to rely on the poorest soils of the earth."

This is a gloomy picture; of which not the least startling figure is the poor foredoomed stranger. Let him doff his rich gear and ask shelter as a beggar, he is murdered because he is poor; let him display his wares, even a horse nail or a wooden comb, and he is massacred, because he is rich. Herein is to be found the clue to the first murder. No doubt, Cain shed his brother's blood, not because he was thereunto tempted by Satan in the guise of jealousy or pride, or because he had been corrupted by his mother's sin, but because he was forced to cultivate the "poorer soils." 'Tis somewhat of a marvel, that even now a new sect of predestinarians, starting at this point, and making this discovery their gospel, have not grown into sturdy existence. No doubt they would have followers. The creed would be saving and attractive, conferring blessings innumerable in time, as well as eternity. But, how far it is flattering to the pilgrim fathers, on whom the writer elsewhere bestowed an enthusiastic eulogy, we leave to Mr. Bulwer or Mr. Webster to determine.

Dismissing Mr. Carey's elements of economy, and descending to his practical knowledge, our feeling is one of unmixed astonishment. While the picture is imaginary, he has a shade appropriate to every theory. He butters his parsnips with soft words, notwithstanding the apophthegm. He manures by a phrase and enriches by a dexterous turn of his pen. But when he comes to handle a spade or a reaping hook, he is at once confounded. Hear what he says of an acre of potatoes and an acre of wheat—page 299:—

"An acre of potatoes will outweigh an acre of wheat a dozen times, and its refuse will fertilize an acre of poor soil; but from the produce of an acre of wheat sent abroad to be exchanged, nothing goes back on the land."

The coolness of this assumption is amusing. It may pass muster, notwithstanding, with the philosophers. But there are few rustics whom it would not tickle exceedingly. Because the potatoes weigh a dozen times more than the wheat, therefore the former is a preferable crop. But this is not so bad as the assertion, that the refuse of an acre of potatoes will manure another acre. It is, of course, after such fashion, that he would perpetually fertilize the earth, so as to keep its produce up to the level of the demand of its inhabitants. There is not a man, however, who has tilled a rood of land, that does not know, that the refuse of ten acres of potatoes would not manure a square perch. No vegetable is so substanceless as the potato-stalk—it is, in fact, almost as perishable as the argument that is based on it. Thus far with respect to the refuse of the acre of potatoes. Then as to that of wheat, he says it is nil. But it so happens, nevertheless, that the straw on an acre of wheat would yield more manure than fifty acres of potato-stalks.

Before passing to Mr. Carey's other book, we are tempted to give an illustration of his grand theory in his own words:—

"A and B have each a horse and cart, and a farm, from which they can have 300 bushels of wheat, or its equivalent. An offer is made to give them each that quantity: but the distance is so far, that the hauling will occupy precisely the same time that the raising would do. A accepts, and B does not. A spends his time on the road, and B stays at home. When it rains, A stops at the way-side tavern, B spends the same day at home repairing his house. When A's horse feeds and rests, his master has nothing to do; B grubs up an old root, or repairs a fence. A's horse deposits his manure in the road, that of B goes on his farm. A's horse hauls every day, and the service performed, nothing remains. B opens a marl pit and puts on his land manure for two or three years. At the end of the year A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost as good as new. The farm of A has deteriorated, while that of B is greatly improved. Both have done the same number of days' work, and both have received the same compensation, yet A is poorer, and B richer than at first. Every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange tends to increase the quantity of labor, both of body and mind, that may be applied directly to production, and such labor is rewarded with an increased return, and an increase in the powers of the machine itself. Such has been the case in all past times, and such will it ever continue to be."

The naked proposition at the base of this comparison is incorrect. That proposition and the supervening facts are contradictory. Some of these facts are false statements, and all the intervening deductions are false logic. The comparison, to be a fair one, should rest on an immutable basis. This would require that the 300 bushels should be a fixed and absolute maximum, *in the production of which alone* all B's labor is to be absorbed. If he can apply some to meliorating his farm or his house, then he gets more in fact than A, and the fallacy in stating the question is apparent. Again, if the return be not determined and definite, we might calculate a tolerable column of casualties against B, such as the worm, the wet, the drought, the blight, while A's bushels remained sound and whole, and every grain available. If again A and B get the same thing exactly, then one cannot be richer; and if, on the other hand, one be richer, they cannot get the same remuneration; one must get a higher and a better one. But the supervening facts not only contradict the terms of the proposition, they contradict each other, and each contradicts itself. Suppose we take these two:

The hauling will occupy precisely the same time and *labor* that the raising would do. B manures three acres, and he raises besides; yet A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost new. The first and second branch of this sentence contradict each other. If it be true that the "hauling" and raising occupy precisely the same time, then it is untrue that there is time for manuring three acres. The second is self-contradictory.

How A's horse became a year older, while B's remained as young as before, is a phenomenon that Mr. Carey does not deign to explain; or how the cart which is most worked continues new, while that which does least is worn out, supposing them equally new, strong and durable at the beginning of the year. He leaves us hopelessly in the dark on the subject, and utterly incapable of comprehending it, save on the principle that, in political economy at least, the less is greater than the greater; while even that will scarcely aid us, in regard to the age of B's horse, which must be referred to some process similar to, and more successful than, that tried by the daughters of Jason when they boiled their father's old bones. The exact meaning or bearing, we should say, perhaps the depth of the conclusion is, we must needs confess, beyond our powers of comprehension. But if the offer of Mr. Carey were made, subject to every disadvantage and casualty, for our parts, we commend the choice of A. If not, the deductions are false in fact as well as logic. Land does not improve by growing corn; it seriously deteriorates, a fact which may be learned without the lights of philosophy or chemistry. It must be restored by manures. Some of these are enriching, some of a stimulating character only. The latter in the end will make rich land poor, instead of poor land rich. Even the former have their limits, both as to quantity and power, and there is a point of fertility, beyond which the earth cannot be pressed, so that, twenty to one, B's farm must have been deteriorated by being worked, A's improved by lying fallow. This would surely be the case, were Mr. Carey at hand to help B with his bundle of potato-stalks.

It will be seen that we have, in our last quotation, inserted the word labor. Mr. Carey must have intended it, or he intended to deceive. We prefer believing the former. Without it, the question would be unfair and unintelligible, and would bespeak a design on his part, which we would be sorry to impute to him, of relying on a contemptible "arrière pensée." But supposing A poorer, and B richer, where is the connection between that fact, and the general conclusion which follows, upon the truth of which, standing alone, every fact stated in the comparison must depend? To us it is precisely as intelligible, and we suspect it must have been used with about the same view, as Professor Fiechte's celebrated data. The professor having duly stroked his moustache, as it becometh all bearded thinkers to do, and having meditatively paced the floor, in sight of a small class of admiring disciples, thus began: "Gentlemen, *think the wall.*' After due time was allowed for this rather flinty performance, the man of learning asked the pupils whether they had in fact thought the wall: to which, in proof of their capability, the disciples gave an affirmative response. "Now," he resumed, "*think the thing that thought the wall;*" wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey's Elements, confessing our incapacity to comprehend either the data of the professor, or the conclusion of the economist.

Most of our readers are, we presume, aware that an association has recently been formed in this city called the "Free Trade League," having for its object the abolition of all custom houses, and the establishment of a system of direct taxation for the purpose of raising the supplies needed for the support of government. Among its most prominent and active members are the gentlemen connected with our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*, whose articles may now, we presume, be considered as the authorized expression of the views of the League in regard to all politico-economical matters, and as being therefore entitled to particular respect. Under this impression it is that we have transferred to our pages the above, constituting the whole of the first chapter of a review of Mr. Carey's works, intended and expected, as we believe, to annihilate both himself and the doctrine of which he is the earnest advocate, to wit: *that the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade lies through perfect protection*, and that every attempt to seek it in any other direction must result in failure and ruin. In thus laying it before our readers we have a two-fold object.

First. We wish them to see for themselves the arguments of our opponents in favor of maintaining the British system which looks to monopolizing the machinery required for the production of cloth and iron for the world, and which preaches *free trade* as a means of maintaining this *monopoly*. To carry out this British system, advocated by our contemporary, it is essential that England should be made "the workshop of the world," and that she should be enabled to compel the farmers and planters of the world to bring to her all their raw products, that she may take what she needs *at prices to be fixed by herself*, and also to compel them to look to her for all their supplies of cloth and iron, *at prices to be fixed by herself*, thus reducing them to the condition of hu

dependents upon a small number of wealthy cotton spinners and iron masters. Such is the object of the *British system of free trade*, whose principal advocates are to be found in the editor of, and contributors to, the *Democratic Review*, and it can scarcely fail to interest our readers to know, and to understand, if they can, how the cause of *American Democracy* is to be aided by placing the whole body of our agriculturists in the power of *the moneyed aristocracy of Britain.*

Second. We desire, if possible, to induce our opponents to do the same by us, in laying before their readers our arguments on the opposite side of the question, that they also may have the opportunity to judge for themselves. In preferring, as we now do, this request to our contemporary, we must at the same time express our doubts of having it complied with, it being the uniform practice of the advocates of the British free trade, or monopoly system, to shut out every thing like free discussion of this important question. Nevertheless, we still have hopes that our contemporary may on this occasion pursue a different course, for the advantages we offer him are great. In the first place, we now lay his views before many thousands of Whigs, steadfast advocates of protection, that he may convert them if he can; and if he thinks his arguments calculated to open the eyes of our benighted readers, he must rejoice at the occurrence of such an opportunity to try their effect. In return for thus enabling him to lay his powerful arguments before our readers, all that we ask of him is that he will lay our weak ones before his own, for the purpose of strengthening their faith in the present revenue system, or in the future "free-trade" system, under which we must abandon the making of cloth and iron, and a thousand other commodities, yielding to Britain the entire and exclusive command of the trade of the world. Such an opportunity for converting the protectionists and strengthening the convictions of the free-traders, should not, and we trust it will not, be lightly rejected. We shall hope, therefore, to see this article transferred to the pages of our contemporary, and in return we pledge ourselves for laying before our readers his comments upon it. We seek the truth and desire to aid our readers in their search for it, and therefore do we give us of the question. Let our opponents prove their confidence in the truth of their doctrines by following our example.

Before proceeding to a detailed examination of this article, we desire to call the attention of our readers to its general tone, and to the claims, as scientific men, put forth by the members of the League, of whose views our contemporary is the organ. The subject chiefly referred to in this chapter is one of the deepest interest to all mankind, being no less than the question whether there do or do not exist divine laws, in virtue of which population tends to increase more rapidly than food, rendering necessary the constant recurrence of wars, pestilences, and famines, for the purpose of restraining numbers within the limits of the means of subsistence. Such a subject would, we might suppose, be treated with a gravity proportioned to its importance, particularly by the representatives of a school that claims for itself all the scientific knowledge, and quotes so fluently Bastiat, Mill, Say, Ricardo, and Malthus, in opposition to the "exploded fallacies" of protection to American labor. Far otherwise, however, is it. Instead of gravely discussing this great question, it is here, as is seen, treated with a degree of levity scarcely, as we conceive, to be excused in a journal with any claims to character, were the subject of discussion of little more importance than would be one in reference to the comparative merits of a couple of rival rope-dancers. In illustration of the views of our contemporary in regard to the cause of value in land, and the law of the distribution of its products, we are treated with a dialogue between a couple of negroes; while the question of the advantage to the land and its owner from the existence of the power to restore to the former the manure resulting from the consumption of its crops, is settled by a bunch of potato stalks! Such is modern British politico-economical science, as transferred to the columns of our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*, which claims for itself and its friends the possession of exclusive scientific knowledge! They constitute, in their own estimation, "all the talents" party of America.

The course here adopted appears to us to be precisely that of the skilful advocate who knows that his cause will not bear examination, and that the less that is said of it the better it will be for his client. He therefore

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passes from subject to subject rapidly, touching as lightly as possible upon the merits of his own case, dodging every difficult question, dwelling upon the trivial errors or omissions of his opponents, and endeavoring wherever possible to raise a laugh at their expense, hoping to deceive the court and the jury into a verdict in opposition to both law and justice, at which their cooler judgments would be shocked. With a case that he feels to be strong, how different is his course of action! He then passes from point to point, dwelling on each in proportion to its importance, making his ground sure as he advances, certain to obtain from the cool and deliberate judgment of both the bench and the jury the verdict that he seeks, and he leaves the court feeling that he has done his duty both to his client and to the cause of justice. Such, however, is not the course of the advocates of the British monopoly which seeks to maintain and extend itself under the mask of freedom of trade. To pin them down to the examination of either facts or theories appears impossible. If the former do not suit their views, the answer is found in the brief words "political arithmetic." If the latter be not agreeable, they cry "free trade," and nothing more. The word itself is deemed a sufficient reply to the benighted people who cannot agree with them as to the road by which freedom of trade is to be sought. Now, we too are free-traders. We look with longing eyes for the time when perfect freedom of trade may be rendered possible, and therefore it is that we desire to see a full and free discussion of the question as to which is the true and profitable mode of reaching it. The experience of the nation has, as we think, proved that it can be done only through perfect protection. Mr. Carey has now fortified the believers in protection by showing that theory is also on their side, and the admission of the truth of his doctrine of the occupation of land and of the distribution of its proceeds, would be so fatal to the British monopoly system, called free-trade, that the advocates of the latter find it necessary to sneer it down, if possible, but at all events to avoid discussion of its merits. Our contemporary therefore tells us that it is by some deemed to be "original," while by others it is regarded as "profound, instructive, abstruse, or absurd," and closes by assuring us that for his part he is unable to "comprehend either the data of the professor or the conclusions of the economist;" and yet he undertakes to instruct the world in regard to the greatest of all questions, that of the divine laws which regulate the growth of food and population. For his inability to comprehend it several reasons might be given, but a single one will probably suffice for our readers, and that is, that *he appears never to have read the book*, a fact of which we hope to satisfy them, and that conclusively, before they shall have finished the perusal of this article.

The British politico-economical system may be stated in a very few words. Men are supposed to commence the work of cultivation upon the richest soils, those capable of yielding the largest returns to labor. As population increases it becomes necessary to have recourse to inferior soils; and the consequence of "the constantly increasing sterility of the soil" required to be cultivated is that the difficulty of obtaining subsistence increases with the increase of numbers, producing a necessity for dispersion over the world in quest of the original rich soils. The more they separate from each other the larger, it is held, is likely to be the return to labor employed in agriculture, and the more necessary is it that they should employ themselves in the work of cultivation alone, sending to England their raw products that she may maintain her monopoly of machinery for their conversion; and every attempt at interference with this monopoly is denounced as being in opposition to the true principles of trade. It is thought best that one nation should raise corn and cotton and transport them thousands of miles, that the two may be combined in the form of cloth, and that another should raise sugar and a third refine it; expending in the work of transportation, annually repeated, treble the labor required for raising the corn, the cotton, or the sugar, instead of at once bringing the consumer of food to the side of the producer of food and cotton, as urged by Adam Smith, the great founder of the politico-economical school which teaches the advantage of making a market on the land for the products of the land.

It will now readily be seen that the whole British monopoly theory, known by the name of Free Trade, hangs upon the question whether men do or do not, in the early period of every society, commence the work of

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cultivation on the richest soils. *If they do*, then is it profitable that men should disperse themselves over the world in quest of those soils, applying thereon, when found, their whole labor, and leaving Britain the full enjoyment of the monopoly of machinery which it has been the object of her whole system of legislation to establish. *If they do not*—if, on the contrary, the early settlers commence invariably on the less fertile soils, leaving the rich bottom lands, and the beds of marl and lime, to their successors—and if it is only with the growth of population and of wealth, that these richer soils can be brought into activity—then is dispersion to be avoided, and then is concentration for the cultivation of those rich soils to be sought. Dispersion must tend to diminish the productiveness of labor. With each step in its progress, men become less able to combine their exertions for the common good, and their land becomes less productive, because of the increased necessity for sending abroad its raw products, wasting labor in transportation, and returning to the soil none of the manure. The powers of the soil constitute the farmer's capital. *In exhausting these powers, he is wasting his capital*, and therefore it is that all those nations which are compelled to export their raw products are seen to become impoverished, as witness Ireland, Portugal, and India, and as further witness all the lands of the Southern States.

When, on the contrary, the artisan is enabled to take his place by the side of the ploughman, eating his food on, or near, the land upon which it had been produced, the latter is enabled to return to his land the manure, and he not only ceases to waste his capital, but he increases it, because the same process which saves manure, saves also the labor of transportation, and he has more labor to give to his land; and therefore it is that land becomes valuable, and its owner becomes rich, wherever a market is made on land for its products. The two systems look in different directions—the one to the centralization in the hands of the British moneyed aristocracy, of power over the farmers and planters of the world, and to the exhaustion of their land and of themselves; the other to the establishment of power over their own actions among those farmers and planters, and to the enrichment of their land and of themselves. Which of the two is theoretically right, the British monopoly system, or that American one which looks to the establishment of perfect freedom of trade on the ruins of this monopoly, is to be determined by the settlement of the question, whether men do or do not commence the work of cultivation on the richest soils; whether the doctrine of Mr. Ricardo or that of Mr. Carey is the true one.

Our readers will now, we think, understand the cause of the indisposition of our Democratic reviewers to examine this question, and of their obvious determination to sneer down, if possible, the novel theory of our countryman. The latter once admitted, the system of the British monopoly school must pass away, for it must then be also admitted that with the increase of population resulting from bringing the loom and the anvil into connection with the plough and harrow, men are enabled to cultivate richer soils, to apply their labor more continuously to the work of cultivation, to maintain and to increase the powers of their land, and to give increased value to both their land and their labor; and that in case of the existence of any disturbing cause tending to prevent the artisan and the agriculturist from thus combining their exertions, their duty to themselves requires the adoption of such measures of resistance as shall appear likely most speedily and most effectually to remove the cause of disturbance. This has been done in Germany, and in this and other countries, by the adoption of measures of protection against the British monopoly, with a view to the ultimate establishment of perfect freedom of trade. The theory on which British free-trade rests, falls with the fall of the British doctrine of rent, and hence it is that our Democratic reviewers view with such hostility any attempt to lessen the authority of Mr. Ricardo. They desire to sustain him and the monopoly together, for divided they must fall.

The reviewer informs us that "if Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evidently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly;" and he is of opinion that the difference between them is just the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee." Passing by the beauty of this most happy illustration, which is so precisely in keeping with the rest of the article, we would beg to inquire if he ever read Ricardo? We

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presume not, for otherwise he could make no such assertion. Ricardo is often quoted, but rarely read, and few of those who use his name have taken the trouble to endeavor to follow him in the infinite complications and inconsistencies to which he was led in the attempt to establish a system, now admitted to be unsound and untenable by many who were once his devoted followers. Mr. Ricardo meant what he said, that men took first those soils that were by nature the most fertile, for if he had meant otherwise, how could he have stated that the productiveness of the soil decreased with the extension of cultivation over newer soils, and that with that extension there was a perpetually increasing difficulty of obtaining food—that its price, as compared with labor, perpetually increased—and that the reward of labor, in food, was perpetually diminishing? Had his meaning been such as our contemporary has chosen to attribute to him, what could his successor Mr. McCulloch have meant when he spoke of the "perpetually increasing sterility of the soil in cultivation?" We would earnestly request our Democratic reviewer to study Ricardo, before he has occasion again to quote him.

A natural consequence of such "decreasing fertility" was supposed to be, that the owners of lands in cultivation were enabled to demand and to obtain as rent, a *constantly increasing proportion* of the *constantly diminishing quantity* yielded by the land in return to the labor employed upon it. In the infancy of cultivation, rich lands were supposed to be abundant and open for universal occupation, and no rent was then paid. With the next step in the growth of population, it became necessary to occupy No. 2, and then the owner of No. 1 could demand, as rent, the difference between the products of the one and the other. With the occupation of No. 3, the two first could pay rent, and so on successively, the proportion of the land-owner *increasing* with every *diminution* in the productiveness of the labor applied to agriculture, until at length the farmer would absorb the whole produce. Under such circumstances it is not extraordinary that a recent eminent writer should say, in speaking of this system of Mr. Ricardo, that "our own social system seems to harbor within itself the germs of ruin. Either we must destroy rent, i. e., that which causes rent, or rent will destroy us."*

It is obvious that with this increase in the proportion of the land owner, and this diminution in actual quantity going to the laborer, the latter must become daily poorer, and more and more a slave to the caprices of his landlord. Equally obvious is it, that according to Mr. Carey's theory, directly the reverse would be the case, and that as the rich soils came gradually into cultivation, labor would become more productive, the power of accumulation would increase, and capital would be more required to seek for labor, enabling the laborer to retain for himself a constantly increasing proportion of a constantly increasing quantity, and consequently to exercise a constantly increasing control over his own actions. The one system teaches thus, that there exist divine laws in virtue of which men must necessarily become enslaved as population grows, and that is the British monopoly one. The other teaches that there exist laws in virtue of which men must necessarily become more and more free as wealth and population grow, and that is the system of Mr. Carey. Now, the laws of God tend to the establishment and extension of Democracy, or they do not. This was an important and highly interesting question to be examined by a *Democratic* journalist, but how is it examined? How has this reviewer treated of a great law of the distribution of the proceeds of labor between the capitalist and the laborer, first announced by Mr. Carey, and now admitted to be true by some of the most eminent members of the reviewer's own politico-economical school in Europe? We pray the reader to look, for an answer to this question, to the article itself, where he will find it dismissed with a sneer in relation to the "useless fumble" in the empty pocket of the rent-payer; and yet the author of this article undertakes to lecture the world upon both democracy and political economy! Why it is so dismissed, may easily be explained. To sustain the British monopoly system, the theory of Mr. Ricardo, that there exists a law of God in virtue of which men must become gradually more and more enslaved, must be sustained by our *Democratic* contemporary. From such Democrats, the poor

* De Quincey, Logic of Political Economy

laborers of this country might well pray Heaven to deliver them.

It is somewhat unfortunate that our reviewer should not have made himself acquainted with the meaning of the word "Rent," as it would have saved him much useless, and, if it were not for the necessity of copying one of his own epithets, we might almost be tempted to say "absurd," declamation. The interest upon the value of property constitutes its rent, as is known by almost every school-boy. The man whose farm will sell for $20,000 knows well that his rent is $1200, and that to that extent the return obtained is interest upon his capital, the surplus alone being the reward of labor. As land increases in value, rent increases in *amount*, but diminishes in its *proportion* of the commodities obtained from it; because labor increases still more rapidly, and the laborer obtains a larger proportion and rapidly increasing quantity. When land prepared for cultivation is scarce, little rent is paid; but the *proportion* of the land sown is large, as in Ireland. When such land abounds, much rent is paid; but the *proportion* of the land sown is small. The interest paid for the use of other capital is its rent. When capital abounds much interest is paid, yet the rate of interest is low. When it is scarce, little interest is paid, yet the rate is high. The man who uses his own capital instead of lending it, knows well that to the extent of what he could obtain from others for its use, his profits are only rent, or interest, and that the surplus only is the reward of his labor or his skill. All this seems so very obvious, and is so well known, that we are surprised our reviewer should have so long remained ignorant of it, which we think he would not have been had he found leisure for reading Mr. Carey's book before reviewing it. Whenever he shall read it, we incline to think he will agree with him in the belief that increase of rent is a sign of increasing "national wealth," and also of increasing happiness and freedom to man.

The denunciation of rent by our reviewer is accompanied by an earnest desire that men should cultivate their own lands, becoming themselves their own rent receivers. Had he found leisure to read the book he was reviewing, he would have found that Ricardo's system, *of which he is the advocate*, teaches the existence of divine laws under which the land must necessarily be more and more monopolized, and man more and more enslaved; while the system of Mr. Carey, *at which he sneers*, teaches the existence of other laws, the real laws of God, under which land tends to become more divided, and man more and more free. It is much to be regretted that gentlemen should undertake to review books without having read them. Had our reviewer read that of Mr. Carey he might, however, have incapacitated himself from defending the system under which Britain seeks to tax the farmers and planters of the world, because he might then have learned that that system, and the growth of democracy, are incompatible with each other.

The natural consequence of this "diminishing fertility of the soil," taught by Mr. Ricardo and his successors, is seen in the admiration of ships and wagons, sailors and wagoners, in preference to the land and its cultivators; the labor of the man who *transports* the food being regarded as *more productive* of the necessaries and comforts of life than those of the man to whose cultivation of the earth its production is due. Thus, Mr. McCulloch says:—

"There are no limits to the bounty of nature in manufactures; but there are limits, and those not very remote, to her bounty in agriculture. The greatest possible amount of capital might be expended in the construction of steam engines, or of any other sort of machinery; and after they had been multiplied indefinitely, the last would be as powerful and efficient in producing commodities and saving labor as the first. Such, however, is not the case with the soil. Lands of the first quality are speedily exhausted; and it is impossible to apply capital indefinitely even to the best soils, without obtaining from it a constantly diminishing rate of profit."

Of this Mr. Carey says:—

"All this might be true if man *did* speedily exhaust the best soils; but, as he is always going from a poor soil to a better, and then returning on his footsteps to the original poor one, and turning up the marl or the lime; and so on, in continued succession; and as he has done so in every nation of the world where population and wealth have been permitted to increase; and as, at each step in this course, he is making a better machine; the converse of Mr. McCulloch's proposition may prove to be true. It is held that there are *no* limits to the capital that may be profitably expended in engines, because all are *equal* to the first; but that there *are* limits to that which may be employed in agriculture, because the last is necessarily *inferior* to the first. If, however, the last agricultural machine be always, as it always is, *superior* to the

previous ones: then capital may be invested in agriculture with *more* advantage than in engines, because the last are *only of equal*, whereas the other is of *superior*, power.

"A steam-engine *produces* nothing. It diminishes the labor required for converting wool into cloth, or grain into flour; for freeing mines from water; or for transporting wool, or grain, or coal. The gain from its use is the wages of that labor, *minus* the loss by deterioration of the machine. Labor applied to fashioning the earth produces wages, *plus* the gain by improvement of the machine. The more an engine can be made to yield the worse it will become. The more the earth can be made to yield the better will it become. The man who neglects his farm to employ himself and his engine in the work of fashioning or exchanging the products of other farms, obtains wages, *minus* loss of capital. He who employs himself on his own farm obtains wages, *plus* profits resulting from the improvement of the farm, to the extent that that improvement exceeds the loss from the deterioration of the spades, ploughs, engines, or other machinery that is used."

In illustration of this, Mr. Carey has given the case of the two men, A and B, which the reviewer has taken the trouble to extract* for the purpose of offering almost a page of comments, the object of which we suppose to be that of proving that the carter who transports the food is a more productive laborer than the man who produces the food. The exact "meaning or bearing" of the extract he has given is, as he says, beyond his comprehension, a fact which results probably from his having accidentally alighted on this passage somewhere, and not having read the previous or subsequent paragraphs. We do hope, and that most earnestly, that before he shall again undertake to review this book, he will take the trouble to read it. If he shall do so, he will then probably be enabled to teach his readers that in the school to which he belongs it is taught that the larger the proportion of the population that employs itself in the work of transportation, the greater will be the quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life produced; and the greater the proportion employed in the production of those necessaries and comforts, the smaller will be the quantity produced. The whole system is an almost endless mass of contradictions.

If men do commence the work of cultivation on the rich soils of the earth, and if with the growth of population it becomes more difficult to obtain food, then is dispersion necessary, and the more widely men are separated from each other the greater is the necessity for ships and wagons, and the larger must be the proportion of the population engaged in the work of transportation and exchange. This is the state of things advocated by the school of the British moneyed aristocracy, as being the most productive.

If, on the contrary, they commence with the poorer soils, and if with the growth of population and wealth they are enabled to obtain the command of the richer ones, then there must be in the natural progress of society a tendency to concentration, with steady diminution in the proportion of ships and wagons, and equally steady diminution in the loss of labor employed in the work of transportation and exchange. Ships and wagons produce nothing, but ploughs and looms do produce. The fewer sailors and wagoners needed, the more numerous will be the men who can follow the plough and drive the shuttle, the more productive will be the labor, and the more readily will the laborer rise to be a capitalist. This is the state of things advocated by the American Democratic free-trade school, but which is denounced by our *Democratic* reviewer.

It will now be obvious to our readers that the more exchanges are made on the spot, the less will be the *necessity* for transportation, and the greater will be the *power* of the farmer to bestow both labor and manure upon his land, and that with every such increase of power the productiveness of labor must increase. Further, labor, applied to the great machine of production, the earth, is productive of permanent results, whereas that applied to changing the mere form of the things produced, as in converting cotton into cloth, produces only temporary ones, and the growth of wealth is always in the ratio in which labor is applied in the former manner. The English school teaches directly the reverse of this, and the reverse of what is everywhere seen and known to be the fact; and our American *free-traders* follow blindly in their track.

"The earth (says Mr. Carey) is the sole producer. Man fashions and exchanges. A part of his labor is applied to the fashioning of the great machine, and this produces changes that are permanent. The drain once cut, remains a drain; and the limestone, once reduced to lime, never again becomes limestone. It passes into the food of man and animals, and ever after takes its part in the same round with the clay with which it has been incorporated. The

* See page 236, *ante*.

iron rusts, and gradually passes into soil, to take its part with the clay and the lime. That portion of his labor gives him wages while preparing the machine for greater future production. That other portion which he expends on fashioning and exchanging *the products* of the machine, produces temporary results, and gives him wages alone. Whatever tends, therefore, to diminish the quantity of labor necessary for the fashioning and exchanging of the products, tends to increase the quantity that may be given to increasing the amount of products, and to preparing the great machine; and thus, while increasing the present return to labor, preparing for a future further increase.

"The first poor cultivator obtains a hundred bushels for his year's wages. To pound this between two stones requires twenty days of labor, and the work is not half done. Had he a mill in the neighborhood he would have better flour, and he would have almost his whole twenty days to bestow upon his land. He pulls up his grain. Had he a scythe, he would have more time for the preparation of the machine of production. He loses his axe, and it requires days of himself and his horse on the road to obtain another. His machine loses the time and the manure, both of which would have been saved had the axe-maker been at hand. The real advantage derived from the mill and the scythe, and from the proximity of the axe-maker, consists simply in the power which they afford him to devote his labor more and more to the preparation of the great machine of production, and such is the case with all the machinery of preparation and exchange. The plough enables him to do as much in one day as with a spade he could do in five. He saves four days for drainage. The steam-engine drains as much as without it could be drained by thousands of days of labor. He has more leisure to marl or lime his land. The more he can extract from his machine the greater is its value, because every thing he takes is, by the very act of taking it, fashioned to aid further production. The machine, therefore, improves by use; whereas spades, and ploughs, and steam-engines, and all other of the machines used by man, are but the various forms into which he fashions parts of the great original machine, to disappear in the act of being used; as much so as food, though not so rapidly. The earth is the great labor savings' bank; and the value to man of all other machines is in the direct ratio of their tendency to aid him in increasing his deposits in the only bank whose dividends are perpetually increasing, while its capital is perpetually doubling. That it may continue for ever so to do, all that it asks is that it shall receive back the refuse of its produce; the manure; and that it may do so, the consumer and the producer must take their places by each other. That done, every change that is effected becomes permanent, and tends to facilitate other and greater changes. The whole business of the farmer consists in making and improving soils, and the earth rewards him for his kindness by giving him more and more food the more attention he bestows upon her."

"... less the necessity for wasting labor in transportation, the greater is the amount of labor that can be thus bestowed; and "with every improvement in the machinery of exchange," says Mr. Carey,

"there is a diminution in the proportion which that machinery bears to the mass of production, because of the extraordinary increase of product consequent upon the increased power of applying labor to building up the great machine. It is a matter of daily observation that the demand for horses and men increases as railroads drive them from the turnpikes, and the reason is, that the farmer's means of improving his land increase more rapidly than men and horses for his work. The man who has, thus far, sent to market his half-fed cattle, accompanied by horses and men to drive them, and wagons and horses loaded with hay or turnips with which to feed them on the road, and to fatten them when at market, now fattens them on the ground, and sends them by railroad ready for the slaughter-house. His use of the machinery of exchange is diminished nine-tenths. He keeps his men, his horses, and his wagons, and the refuse of his hay or turnips, at home. The former are employed in ditching and draining, while the latter fertilizes the soil heretofore cultivated. His production doubles, and he accumulates rapidly, while the people around him have more to eat, more to spend in clothing, and more to accumulate themselves. He wants laborers in the field, and they want clothes and houses. The shoemaker and the carpenter, finding that there exists a demand for their labor, now join the community, eating the food on the ground on which it is produced; and thus the machinery of exchange is improved, while the quantity required is diminished. The quantity of flour consumed on the spot induces the miller to come and eat his share, while preparing that of others. The labor of exchanging is diminished, and more is given to the land, and the lime is now turned up. *Tons* of turnips are obtained from the same surface face that before gave *bushels* of rye. The quantity to be consumed increases faster than the population, and more mouths are needed on the spot, and next the woollen-mill comes. The wool no longer requires wagons and horses, which now are turned to transporting coal, to enable the farmer to dispense with his woods, and to reduce to cultivation the fine soil that has, for centuries, produced nothing but timber. Production again increases, and the new wealth now takes the form of the cotton-mill; and, with every step in the progress, the farmer finds new demands on the great machine he has constructed, accompanied with increased power on his part to build it up higher and stronger, and to sink its foundations deeper. He now supplies beef and mutton, wheat, butter, eggs, poultry, cheese, and every other of the comforts and luxuries of life, for which the climate is suited; and from the same land which afforded, when his father or grandfather first commenced cultivation on the light soil of the hills, scarcely sufficient rye or barley to support life."

It will be observed that among the most important advantages enumerated as result-

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ing from making a market on the land for its products, is that of being enabled to return to it the refuse of its products, the manure, thus preserving and increasing the farmer's capital. That idea is repeated throughout the work, and it is shown that the dispersion every where taking place among our own population is a necessary consequence of the British system which compels our farmers every where to exhaust their land, and thus waste their capital. How it operates on the planters is thus shown :—

"The Kentuckian exhausts his land with hemp, and then wastes his manure on the road, in carrying it to market. Had he a market on the ground for corn and oats, peas and beans, cabbages, and potatoes, and turnips, he might restore the waste: but the rich bottom lands must remain undrained until he can place the consumer side by side with the producer.

"Virginia is exhausted by tobacco, and men desert their homes to seek in the west new lands, to be again exhausted : and thus are labor and manure wasted, while the great machine deteriorates, because men *cannot come* to take from it the vast supplies of food with which it is charged. Thousands of acres, heavily timbered with oak, poplar, beech, sugar-tree, elm and hickory, are offered at about the government price, or a dollar an acre, and on long credit, but they are not worth clearing : and they cannot be cleared, until there shall arise a demand for lumber for the construction of houses, mills, and railroads : and that cannot arise so long as men shall continue to be limited to the use of the worst machinery of exchange ; wasting on the roads the manure yielded by the products of their poor soils, and the labor that might be applied to the clearing of the rich ones. An acre of wheat has been made to produce a hundred bushels, and such will, at some future day, be the produce of these lands : but the consumer and the producer will then be near neighbors to each other, and all the manure produced by the land will go back again to the great river of these rich supplies. She pays well those that feed her, but she starves those who starve her : *and she expels them.*

"The cotton planter raises small crops on thin soils, and he, too, is ruined by drought. He tries rich soils, and rains destroy his crop, even to the extent of more than two hundred thousand bales, worth many millions of dollars, in a single season. Were he near neighbor to consumers of food, vegetable and animal, he could raise large crops of grass and food on rich lands, and manure the poor ones; and then he would suffer little from drought or rain. He would have always at hand aid in harvest, and his cotton fields would yield him larger crops from smaller surface.

"South Carolina has millions of acres admirably adapted to the raising of rich grasses, the manure produced from which would enrich the exhausted cotton lands : but she exports rice and cotton, and loses all the manure, and must continue so to do until the consumer of veal, and beef, and corn, shall take his place by the side of the producer of cotton. When that time shall arrive, her wealth and population will both increase : but until then both must continue to diminish."

The meaning of this is not to be doubted. The manure is the refuse of the crops. Nevertheless, the reviewer undertakes to amuse his readers by endeavoring to have them believe that the refuse of an acre of potatoes consists of nothing but potato stalks, and that the meaning of the author whose work he was reviewing, was that those potato-stalks were more valuable as manure than an acre of wheat straw.

We are quite unwilling to believe our contemporary to be capable of intentional misrepresentation, and to that unwillingness is due our belief that the writer of the review had never read the book. The article throughout looks as if it had had two fathers, one of whom read the volume and selected the passages to be extracted, while the other wrote the commentary. If we are wrong in this, we shall be glad to know who will be willing to assume the responsibility of so gross a misrepresentation as that to which we have here called the attention of our readers.

A still more remarkable one will be found in the following passage :—

"The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work is the perpetual advocacy of centralization."

An entire chapter of Mr. Carey's volume is devoted to the exhibition of the advantages resulting from that combination of effort which results from concentration, and the exposure of the injurious consequences resulting from centralization such as England desires to impose upon the farmers and planters of the world, in constituting herself sole factor and sole manufacturer for the world. At the close of the first portion of this chapter, devoted to concentration, Mr. Carey says :—

"Such is concentration. Opposed thereto is centralization. The one looks inward, and tends to promote a love of home and of quiet happiness and a desire for union ; facilitating the growth of wealth and the preparation of the great machine of production, and enabling man to acquire a love of books and a habit of independent thought and action. Here each man minds his own business, and superintends the application of the proceeds

of his own labor. Centralization, on the contrary, looks outward, and tends to promote a love of war and discord, and a disrelish for home and its pursuits, preventing the growth of wealth, and retarding the preparation of the great machine. Under it men are forced to move in masses, governed by ministers, and generals, and admirals; and the habit of independent thought or action has no existence. Here no man is permitted to mind his own business, and no man controls the application of the proceeds of his labor. The State manages every thing, and the State is composed of those whose profits are derived from managing the affairs of others."

The reviewer having asserted, in the face of all this, that Mr. Carey was the perpetual advocate of "centralization," we really do not see how he can escape from the charge of wilful misrepresentation, except upon the plea that he had reviewed the book without having read it. For ourselves, we are willing to permit him to determine upon which horn of the dilemma he will hang himself.

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We now desire for a moment to call the attention of our readers to the views of a person of very different calibre from our reviewer,—to those of a man who has read the book he has undertaken to review, or, in other words, of an eminent British agriculturist, who has travelled over a considerable portion of the Northern, Middle, and Western States, and has himself personally examined into the condition of both the land and its owner.

At a recent meeting of the Berwickshire Farmers' Club, Professor Johnson, then just returned from this country, delivered an address, from which the following passages are extracts:—

"I will briefly refer to some points which came under my observation in that part of the country which I visited. First of all, as to the state of agriculture in the northern parts of America, in our own provinces and in New-England, with which we are ourselves more familiar, when I tell you generally that the state of agriculture in those parts of America is what the state of agriculture in Scotland probably was eighty or ninety years ago; and when I tell you that in some parts of New-Brunswick they are very nearly in the precise condition in which Scotland was one hundred and twenty years ago, you will have an idea of the state of agriculture in North America. The system of agriculture is no farther forward—it is exceedingly far behind.

"Now what has been their procedure—by what kind of procedure have they brought about *the state of exhaustion to which the soil has been re-*

Of course, in speaking of the exhausted soil, I do not refer to the virgin soil which has never received the plough or the spade, but to the soil under their cultivation, and *which they are now exhausting.* When I tell you how the land is cultivated, you will understand how this exhaustion has been produced. The forest is in the first place cut down and burnt, after which the ashes are scattered, and a crop of wheat and oats is sown. When this crop is cut down another is sown; but they do not always remove the straw—they do not trouble themselves with any manure. The second year they sow it again and harrow it, and generally take three crops in succession. When they can take no more out of it, they either sow grass seeds, or as frequently let it seed itself. They will then sometimes cut hay for 12, 14, 16, 18, or 20 years in succession; in fact, as long as they can even get half a ton an acre from it. And you may suppose what is the natural fertility of the land, when they are able to obtain as much as three or four tons per acre at first, and go on cutting it for twelve years. They will probably have two tons an acre during all that length of time. The land is then broken up, and the crop of oats taken, then potatoes, then a crop of wheat, and then hay for twelve years again, and so the same course is repeated. Now this is the way in which the land is treated—*this is the way in which the exhaustion is brought about.* This exhaustion exists in Nova Scotia, New-Brunswick, Lower Canada, in Upper Canada, to a considerable extent, over the whole of New-England, and extends even into the State of New-York.

"Now, the condition of things in the Western States, in reference to England, is precisely the same as the condition of England in reference to the wheat-producing countries of the Baltic. The condition of the farmers is exceedingly bad, and in Maine I was informed that they were all in a state of bankruptcy. The land is all mortgaged, which hangs like a mill-stone round their necks, and is worse even than the state of farmers in this country. They are thus unable to compete with the western parts of New-York or Lake Ontario. You have all heard of the famous wheat of Genesee, where the land is more fertile than in any part of Great Britain; and I learned there that they are laying the land down to grass, *because they cannot afford to grow wheat.*

"In New-Brunswick, New-England, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Connecticut and New-York, the growth of wheat has almost ceased, and it is now *gradually receding farther and farther westward.* Now, when I tell you this, you will see what I believe to be the case is really the case—that it will not be very long before America will be unable—in *fact the United States are unable now—to supply us with wheat in any large quantity.* If we could bring Indian corn into general use, we might get plenty of it; but I do not think that the United States need be any bugbear to you. I believe the great source of competition you will have to contend with is the Baltic, and the countries on the borders of the Black Sea."

Such are the results of agriculture in every country that makes no market on the land

for the products of the land. In Ireland, the soil has been exhausted, and such has been the case in India and in Portugal, and in every country subjected to the British monopoly system, so strenuously supported by our Democratic Reviewer. The farmer is every where wearing out his land, wasting the manure yielded by his products, and annihilating his own capital, the consequence of which is a perpetual diminution in the return to agricultural labor. In Ohio, even now, the yield of wheat is under twelve bushels, and it diminishes from year to year, because of this perpetual destruction of the farmer's capital. In New-York, the average yield of potatoes is but seventy-five bushels, when it should be three hundred; and that of corn but twenty-five bushels, when it might be seventy-five; and yet the system which looks to the exhaustion of the farmer's capital is taught in a journal that looks to the farmers and planters for its circulation!

[In the April number will appear a review of the second part of the Democratic Review article.]

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# OUR TRANSATLANTIC ARTICLE.*

BEING A REVIEW BY AN ENGLISH HAND OF THE RECENT TRAVELS OF ONE OF HIS TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.

[At what cost, and by what pains, the manuscript of the following article was procured, it were unbecoming to say. It bears internal marks of having been written for *Fraser's Magazine*. The style is Fraser's, and the fire and vivacity of the writer, who tears up his wretched subject with the courage and discrimination of a true "British critic," show a Fraserian pen. Public sentiment among the better class demands a British model for our Review; but who would not prefer originals before their imitations! The extraordinary prices given for a tearing article in London and Edinburgh puts a sharp restriction as to quantity upon an American editor publishing original British matter. We did not doubt, however, our readers would prefer a single original article intended for Fraser, and written by a genuine "shrewd Briton," to the entire year's price of the Review. If others can be obtained, at whatever cost, written for Blackwood and the Edinburgh, they will appear hereafter; but the difficulty of procuring these is understood to be extraordinary. And thus we are suddenly become international;—a generous emulation is established between ourselves and our superiors. Let us hope, under these new auspices, that the spirit of calumny and villainous personality which disgraces the American press will hereby receive a check, by the gentlemanly example of more polished and judicious writers, whose acknowledged aristocratic advantages must be respected by all deep-thinking Americans.]

THIS is a disgusting book, its author a squint-eyed hypocrite. What business the despicable puppy has to get his dirty publication reprinted in England, his master who sent him knows best; but, for our part, we think it would have been a mercy to the poor peeping rogue to have hung him out of hand: his life must be a burthen to him, if he has any consciousness of it.

A police officer, who was put upon the track of this mischievous adventurer, and who noted every action of the creature from the moment he set foot in London, has furnished us, by permission from high quarters, with full information of his movements and designs.

The preface of his pitiful performance is a lie from beginning to end. The author professes to be a clergyman. He is, in fact, a preacher of that detestable, heathenish sect of Unitarians, of whom, we regret to say, a few may be found in England in the manufacturing suburbs.

"I brought letters of introduction to several noblemen and gentlemen of distinction—Lord L., Lord C., and Lord B., and many others; but selected only a few of the best, and found my advantage in it. And let me here take occasion to observe, that the nobility and gentry in England are the only classes with whom an American can

* Travels in England. By Rev. Thomas Trueboy. London: Higginbottom, Johnson & Co. 8vo. 2 vols.

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associate with comfort or decency. Lest I may seem to do injustice to the lower and middle classes of England by this observation, I must justify myself by an explanation in full. Americans admit no distinction of ranks, and one meets with no examples among them of servility or assumption, unless it be among some decayed old families, whose pride has sunk them out of notice. In England, on the contrary, the lower sort, especially in the country, expect a gentleman to maintain a marked superiority, and if he does not do this he is very sure to be insulted. An American is consequently never at his ease until he gets among those with whom he can maintain an equal footing, and who will never offend him by exhibitions of servility or insolence. I say, therefore, that an American who wishes to enjoy himself in English society should avoid the lower and middle classes, especially the authors and artists, and seek that of gentlemen, of whom the only unquestionable examples will be found in the upper classes. In America the noble spirit of freedom, the original birthright of gentlemen, has penetrated downward, and, in general with the name, pervades all society alike. The haughty frankness of an American Westerner or Kentuckian is the rough soul of chivalry itself. It knows no superior, but is always ready to recognize equality.

"Of all classes in England, I would caution my countrymen against the literati and artists. The arts here lean entirely on patronage, and nothing is of consequence to an artist but a lord, or, at least, a member of an Art-Union Committee, who is something more. The taste of the Italian artists, in the days of Leo X., was directed to sublime and national subjects; but in England the taste of the artists, of necessity, directed by their patrons, runs in a low channel. Hence the vast number of dogs and horses painted and engraved in England, and these generally spiritless and incorrect. Landseer, the dog painter, is the artist most in repute in England. Maclise, Eastlake, and a few others of a superior school, are admired indeed, but produce very few pictures for want of due encouragement. Dogs and horses being the only national topics, their genius has no medium of communication with the popular mind.

"The authors are especially to be avoided by travellers, as they are most part the mirror and embodiment of class prejudices. With one or two exceptions, I found them a well-meaning but narrow kind of men, servile to noblemen, and thorough haters of Republicanism, if not in theory yet always in practice. They know nothing of America except through the book piracies of our publishers, and the imitative talent of our writers. Irving they call an Englishman, and eulogize him much; Prescott and Bancroft, they say, have studied Gibbon and Macaulay to some purpose. One of their *Times* writers assured me, with great gravity, that the history of America could not be written until the States became independent of each other, and made a tolerable subject by their civil wars. He writes the revolutionary articles in the *Times*, when the English merchants direct the Ministry to create a European revolution, in order to clear the foreign markets of French and German goods."

It is unnecessary to dissect this tissue of abominable lies. We can only make our acknowledgments to those authors and artists who, by some open slight upon this bore Trueboy with his pestering letters, have planted in his breast the salutary dread of them he expresses. For political reasons, it appears, certain distinguished persons have chosen to endure the society of impertinent Yankees, and, among others, of this odious Tommy. Perhaps the creature did contrive, by some low flatteries, to force himself upon the notice of one or two persons of importance. We find him toadying to Lord Grub, on his lordship's magnificent estate in L——shire. His lordship's well known hospitality, in fact an open house for all comers, very well accounts for the appearance of this travelling Tom Peep in aristocratic circles. "His lordship," says our traveller, "has at least 10,000 sheep upon his estates, as he himself assured me." The low propensities of the fellow may be seen by his pestering inquiries about the sheep. In the society of gentlemen his thoughts run upon rams and ewes. It is a well-known fact that his lordship is the best sheep-breeder in all England, and has the largest number of those fine and valuable animals on his own grounds; but who but the son of a sheep-stealer would, at Lord Grub's own table, be annoying his lordship with counting them? Now we happen to know, from his lordship's principal farmer, that the number of sheep on the Grub estate is exactly 9,090; and as it is impossible to attribute inaccuracy to his lordship, we catch our Yankee sheep-stealer in a double lie,—first representing that his lordship spoke about his sheep at all; and secondly, distorting the information vouchsafed by his lordship to so unworthy a questioner.

The notice taken of him at Lord Grub's, where he was entertained for a specimen of a backwoods barbarian, and admitted to a common intimacy with the parlor cat and the monkey, emboldens our observer of sheep to take some higher observations. He casts his insolent eyes upon his lordship's beautiful daughter, whom he has the audacity to pronounce equal in beauty with the "most beautiful American girl he had ever seen." That a travelling sheep-observing Tom Peep, capable of the insolence of picking and choosing among his letters of recommendation to "several English lords,"

and of the other gross violations of decency of which we have convicted him, should not only penetrate the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth, but should publish what he there saw, exposing to the world the veiled beauties of a young English heiress, is a circumstance to excite rather detestation than surprise. His lordship's daughter, the beautiful and thoroughly accomplished Lady Julia Grub, will feel her native modesty and honor profoundly shocked to find her beauty profaned before the world by a travelling idiot like this ridiculous Tommy Trueboy. To his narrow soul the honor of an English lady is doubtless as fair a topic of calumny as any, and likely to afford as much amusement to the prurient souls of his Yankee readers. Let this dirty little fellow have a care how ever he sets foot again on British soil; a punishment awaits him against which his cloth will be no protection, the punishment of a peeper and calumniator, the scorn of every true Briton.

Enough of the Rev. idiot. By him we have done our duty. The quotations we have given are quite enough to characterize their author as a puppy and an American. The book is a mere traveller's farrago of pretended information upon the condition of the agricultural districts of England and Scotland, the style low and vulgar, with an affectation of simplicity. American writers ought to stay at home and confine themselves to their scurrile daily prints, and that coarse and abusive style of criticism which is congenial to the republican mind. When they are sick of that, let them study their betters.

In the discussion of any thing serious, such as the comparative value of republican and aristocratical forms of government, we regret the necessity of using so miserable a fellow as Trueboy, and so wretched a production as his book; but Tommy is certainly a very fair specimen of the Americans, probably the best of them, and we must take him for want of a better subject. The fact that not a single clergyman in America enjoys a salary equal to that of a first-class newspaper editor in England, is proof enough of the utter degradation and poverty of the class. They are a kind of charity priests, like the begging friars, and live on the voluntary alms of the women and superstitious. They cultivate a peculiar enthusiasm very like the Hindoo Juggernaut mania, by which they excite miserable crowds of devotees to the highest pitch of ecstatic fury. Under the excitement of these beggarly exhorters, thousands have been known to become permanently insane, struck, as it were, by the wrath of Heaven, as a punishment for spiritual indecency.

There is little doubt but that the continued prevalency of republican sentiment in America, after the wretched experience of a century of civil discord and insurrection over the entire continent, is to be attributed mainly to the influence of these begging clergy. The enthusiasm they excite is of the most ungovernable kind, and agrees perfectly with the atrocious libertinism of the democratic masses.

No more satisfactory proof can be offered of the utter corruption of society in America, and the deep discontent of the majority, than the almost ridiculous delight of the people at the visit of any Englishman of distinction. Mr. Dickens, though only a melodramatic tale writer of the popular sort in England, made a progress through America, like a conqueror. Thousands rushed to catch a sight at him; he was fêted and applauded to his own disgust. Her Majesty's Minister in America, as we are credibly informed, has made so deep an impression on the minds of the Americans, merely because he is a polite English gentleman, the most important affairs of the nation are intrusted to his hands. He advises the Congress, regulates the tariff of imposts, controls the press, and rules the manners. Sir Henry has a slight uneasiness, or nervousness of manner, which it has become fashionable among the wealthy Americans to imitate. As for his influence over the public counsels, it must be superior to that of any American, for we are authentically informed by a person who saw the paper with his own eyes, that the Committee of Foreign Relations of the American Parliament have before them a draft of a treaty made for them by Sir Henry, between the United States and some one of the Central American Republics. This is as it should be. American statesmen have no foreign policy, and in their dealings with foreign nations should consult with more experienced governments who have.

The respect shown for English opinion in this instance by the Democratic chaos, is proof of an approaching change. We

confess, we are not without some feelings of regard and affection for America. There is a great deal of talent and some genius of a practical order among them; but it must continue depressed and vulgarized, while they continue to hug the old and exploded notions of democratic equality. Democracies time out of mind are wholly incapable of adopting or carrying out any system of policy, and it would be an act of pure humanity, and show a true disinterestedness, if some of our young nobility would go to America, (the voyage is now become easy,) and by a personal example and influence teach the Americans how to behave and how to make laws and treaties.

The horrible system of negro slavery, supported by the southern inhabitants of North America, can never be ameliorated or abolished but by the advice and aid of Britain. The most feasible scheme we have heard of for its abolition, is that adopted by the present Ministry. In her grand policy for the civilization and christianization of the world, Great Britain has adopted a plan the most profound and successful. By persuasion, and if necessary by a gentle violence, she dissolves those unholy compacts of semi-barbarous States, which like the American Union are erected for the perpetuation of the worst institutions and the propagation of the most injurious opinions. Lord P——n has hit upon a method which has thus far worked very well. Instead of a single embassy to the Central Government, he dispatches several, to the separate disaffected States, with orders to point out to them the peculiar disadvantages of their position. The colonies separately operated upon in this way, have awakened to a keen sense of their dependent and miserable condition. These separate agencies, operating together with the central one already all-powerful at the seat of the Central Government, are doing wonders. Numbers of the more enlightened American citizens, among whom we are happy to name the distinguished historian of colonies, Mr. B——t, entertain opinions very favorable to the interests of British civilization and the spread of Christianity. The wealthier classes on the sea-coast very generally incline to us; and taking all these evidences, together with the violent animosity of a strong faction in the northern colonies against the southern, which needs only a little of the same skilful fostering that created it, to create a civil war, cast a strong light upon the future, and inspire us with a Christian hope and sympathy for our benighted and struggling brothers on the other side of the Atlantic.

[We have to apologize to our readers for the abrupt termination of this powerful and characteristic article. The remainder miscarried. The Rev. Mr. Trueboy, with whom we have long been upon the most intimate terms, and for whose character we have the greatest respect, will pardon us for suffering the expression of some harsh opinions of himself and book. The humane and Christian spirit which marks the latter part of this article, and the strong interest the author manifests in the welfare of America, will surely enable his mild spirit to bear the brotherly correction which is given in the first part.—Ed.]

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## COPTIC SONG.

Go!—but heed and understand
This my last and best command:
Turn thine Youth to such advantage
As that no reverse shall daunt Age.
Learn the serpent's wisdom early,
And contemn what Time destroys;
Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,
Choose thy rôle, and choose in time,
Since the scales of Fortune rarely
Show a liberal equipoise.
*Thou must either soar or stoop,*
*Fall or triumph, stand or droop;*
*Thou must either serve or govern,*
*Must be slave, or must be sovereign;*
*Must, in fine, be block or wedge,*
*Must be anvil or be sledge.* Goethe.

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# AMERICA AND EUROPE:

## "PEACE" AND "FOREIGN RELATIONS."

For the first time since the year 1847, "universal peace, law and order," can now be found every where over the world. We of 1851 have at last arrived at one of those periods, so critical in Roman history that they occurred but to presage the birth of the Republic or its downfall, when for us, too, the gates of the temple of Janus may be closed: but not for us, on this occasion, the proud triumphs indulged in by the Roman citizen on an event which realized to his mind the supremacy of his country's arms, and the establishment among all men against whom he fought of the peculiar municipalism with which he desired to begird humanity; not for us, either, the relief from unjust aggression, the momentary release from suffering, which, on such occasions, a suspension of arms afforded even to the Scythian and the Gaul. The closing of our temple of Janus is an event which tells of the defeat of our friends, of the temporary suppression, at all events, of the principles upon which our Republic is founded, and which alone make our nation strong and powerful among men; and assures us at the same time that these friends, nationally or individually, have *not* been released from bondage, but that their sufferings are but the more inexorably renewed, while it brings with it too the conviction that the enemies of our principles and of our nationality are, by the peaceful climax of their rule, but the more strengthened against our own Republican existence, and the integrity of our continental empire. The peace of the world is the triumph of the monarchs; the peace inaugurated in this unhappy year by the enforced termination of the Schleswig-Holstein war, thereby extinguishing the last small but vivifying flame of Republican contest in the old world, signalizes to all men, present and to come, that the free States and insurgent populations of the entire modern civilized order have been utterly defeated, after one struggle of three years' duration, by a handful of kings. From Cálpe to Leucadia's steep, no hand is longer raised for liberty; from the fair Mediterranean isles, dear to Greek and Roman story, and now crushed at the feet of a British or Neapolitan despotism, to the snows of Rurik, and the realms of the Norse of old, "peace" rests like death upon the soil of the earth and the hearts of men; from gory pikes, grim heads look down upon the living; and from the peasant as he strays over the land he curses, or the prisoner as he roams his cell, there rise up groans and sorrows, commingling in one eternal wail of blasphemy and woe. The Roman wanders by night by the ruins of his own Colosseum, an outlaw and a vagabond, whom it is lawful to kill by a French bayonet, or a Papal rope; to whom is not given the power of saying his own city, his own land, his own soul is his: but let the dog rejoice—has he not "peace"? The Hungarian has liberty no more: he may remember his mother beaten on a gun-breech, or his wife handed over to the savagery and lust of a horde of Croats; he may recall the smile of his children lying in death with faces upturned to his, or the last agonizing cry which rose from his burning hut: but why should a past like this grieve him? Has not the God he ought to worship mercifully afforded to him "peace?" Widows and the orphaned young may weep over the graves of German martyrs; Blum may sleep amid gore and kindly worms unavenged, and Viennese maidens steal in the darksome twilight to the spot behind the barrack wall where their lovers and their brothers were shot down in troops: but Germany can bear with slavery and sorrow—she has "peace." In Asiatic jails, in Australian penal colonies, in the foul cells of the Roman Inquisition, in those prisons of St. Mark where the burning leads or the flooded vault bring to the prisoner a slow and agonizing death; in that dungeon of Spielberg where the Carbonari chiefs died for years; in that gaol whence a French Imperial

ist only escaped to imprison the honestest of his countrymen; in cells so foul and abominable that the humanitarian liberalist would not consign thereto the thief, the ravisher, or the murderer, lie in unsympathized misery. the bravest, the noblest, and the most unselfish of the few great men with whom our world has been blessed: but yet shall we not rejoice that runaway kings have returned to their thrones; that imperilled and shaking aristocracies have been bolstered up into a new though temporary vitality; that the accursed of humanity and the doomed by God have, by the sheer force of sword-edge and gunpowder, been blasphemously re-established in their murderous dominion over men? More massacres there will be throughout Italy, Germany, and that region formerly called Austria; more famines there must necessarily be in Ireland, more slaughters in Ionian Islands and India, more misery and cruel wrong every where: but will not kings be still enthroned; will not oligarchies be still empowered to live upon the labor and the lives of the people; will not church systems go on finely, the Pope in his Vatican, the Queen in her palace; will not our ambassadors have longer opportunities of imitating the gestures and bow-scraping of courts, and so improve their manners and education; will not merchants buy and sell, brokers quote stocks, free-traders sing psalms, make peace resolutions, and import cutlery and cloth, the same as ever; will not all fanatics and enthusiastic persons be put down, and will we not have "peace"? Of course we will. Who cares for the people!

Besides, in this universal failure of European Republicanism, we of America can find for ourselves peculiar themes of glorification. We predicted this result; worldly wise and highly influential persons amongst us warned our countrymen of the lower, or as some mistaken individuals will call them, of the Republican classes, that when the Roman, the Sicilian, and the Lombard awoke to a sense of national life; when the Magyar essayed to keep out the tide of tyranny with his sword-point; when the capitals of Europe were turned into shooting galleries for the practice of the million on kings; when a universal *bouleversement* was knocking over throne on throne, and respectable classes on respectable classes, it was all vain. Speciously, and with much worded rhetoric, did Review writers, both of the Papistical and New-England order, would-be Archbishops of New-York, and would-be arch-professors of Harvard, make it known to the American people, that the revolution in which Europe was engaged was not based on the same principles, nor directed to the same ends, as our own—and that *therefore* the former was wrong. Eloquent statesmen of the expounding sort, sympathizing newspaper-editors of Janus-faced physique, maintained with evident decorum and pharisaical sincerity, that the American policy for seventy years had been established on the soundest do-nothing principles, and conducted on the broadest grounds of national humility and political negation; and that *therefore* it would be absurd to think of it at the age of seventy years doing any good either for itself or others. Even when one old man, a President with more Republican spirit in him than ordinary, desired to recognize, merely recognize, the then existing Governments of Hungary and of Rome, he was warned by wise and discreet persons that though the American policy required the recognition of the government in being as the government in right; and though the governments aforesaid were necessarily of right, and actually in being; yet safety required that he should wait till these governments were either overthrown or so firmly established that they might treat our cautious policy with derisive scorn, before that he should display his lingering ideas of having at some remote and probably fabulous period intended to proffer them, if they got on well, not the services of his country, but merely that passing courtesy of nations, which is equivalent in domestic politeness to a "How do ye do?—a fine morning—I wish you success;" a form of salutation we throw away in private life a dozen times a day, without thinking we have lost any thing, and receive as often in return, without considering ourselves in the smallest degree complimented, and not very enormously enriched. And the warning of the dramaturgic croakers was eminently fortunate. Rome and Hungary have perished. True, we had been in the habit of recognizing kings for years, without the certainty even for an hour that they might not perish too; but then it was so respectable, so conservative, so well calculated to keep us on good terms with all the monarchies, to recognize even a runaway brother,

that we did it. True, we ran the risk of placing ourselves in the predicament of the worthy Abbé of Notre Dame de Paris, who, on the morning after the fall of Charles X., ascended his altar with his prayers all pat, nothing thinking about the holes and rents made in his ballad by the bullets of the barricades, but, having recited his *rôle* as usual, till he arrived at that loyal prayer, now obsolete, "Domine salvum fac regem," balked at the "regem," and balked at his Latin, and ended, blushing deeply and in great tremor, with the singular invocation, "Domine salvum fac—*le—le gouvernement provisoire.*" But then, even such a predicament would have proved only our loyal conservatism and ineffable consistency to the do-nothing policy, so worshipped by statesmen deficient in originality of thought and American character. True, we had ambassadors at courts, where there were no courts; sent letters to kings, where there were no kings; indited graceful epistles to a Louis Philippe at Versailles, when there was nothing but a Count Neuilly taking off a red cotton muffler on Dover beach: but all these follies only proved that, like Brutus, but in a different manner, it is sometimes politic to play the fool. True, by such conduct we have lost the friendship of many, the admiration of all the peoples of Europe, but then we have retained the friendship of kings, and got on in the general riot without having our shop windows broken in, without having lost our sales of bacon and breadstuffs, and without offending our titled customers. We can still sell raw cotton to kings and potentates, receive imperial ambassadors, and nod and smile at aristocratic tables over the misfortunes of a Republic. We can still creep on in our isolated, raw-producing existence, the market gardener of monarchies, the buyer of their stocks, the pander to their tyrannies over the people: but herein how unlike Lucifer the demon-angel, how truly Christian, how ineffably humble our deportment; for though he desired rather to rule in hell than be last in heaven, we prefer to be last even in the train of the monarchic brood which, crawling forth from the ebon gate of Hades, still agonizes the world, than first among the Republics of men.

These European Republicans must indeed be wild, very wild, enthusiastic, and very impracticable men. No doubt they may be very honest, very brave, very straightforward in their ideas and conduct; but then, they do not understand our policy, and what is more, they never will understand it. There are depths in the abyss of want of intellect which it is below reason to comprehend. During the Revolution of '76, it required but the enthusiasm of a returned French Republican to create among the French people, and even in the French monarchy, a friendship which, more than once, saved our fathers from ruin, and ourselves from servitude. Then the voyage across the Atlantic may have been three or four times as long in duration as it is to-day. Then the United States, north of Massachusetts, west of New-York and Pennsylvania, and south of the Carolinas, was a wilderness. Even in the inhabited region there was little wealth, small hope of ultimate and complete victory, no seductive day-dreams to beguile the wanderer from Europe, and a very remote possibility of preferment and renown for the European soldier. Nevertheless, such is the guileless enthusiasm of these European Democrats that there flocked to our ranks thousands, of whom history preserves the names of a Kosciusko, a Lafayette, a Lee, and a De Kalb. Then and afterward we formed alliances of the sincerest outward character, with France and the French Republicans and Republic, to last during the terrible war into which it had entered for the liberation of all humanity, and first of ourselves. And so we conquered; but they did not understand our policy, for when their day of trial came, and they, poor fools, applied to us for such aid and assistance as we justly owed them, we were safe, and accordingly we did not grant their unreasonable request. Nor even in the present day do these same European Democrats seem to understand our policy a bit the better. Kossuth sent to us for aid, even for friendship, and it was, after much deliberation, deemed allowable to dispatch a gentleman secretly to him, by roundabout journeying and many mysterious passports, to acquaint him of our peculiar position; that it was necessary, essentially necessary to our national greatness and character, that in such cases we should do nothing, but conduct ourselves impassively with the respect towards kings in general, and his (in our opinion) rightful king in particular, which we had been accustomed to pay for seventy years back; but that if he went on well, and succeeded, and made his own

Ungarn by his unassisted power, and in the face of two leagued empires against him, a great Republican heart to Europe, then we should be——"very happy of the honor of his distinguished acquaintance." And so carefully and so maturely was this stupendous step taken, that the gentleman never arrived at his destination, and never said, what he was sent to say, nothing. But then behold how even in this instance we have saved our national character and maintained our policy. We have written, yes, *we* have written a very lengthy and rhetorical letter maintaining our right by historical precedent, and the most disputatious dialectics, to say nothing whenever we like, to send an American citizen to say nothing to the farthest end of the earth if we please, and boldly threatening, when the danger had all passed, that if any prince, power, or potentate, had dared by force and violence to arrest or stop the mouth of our ambassador while on his way to say, or while engaged in saying the aforesaid nothing, as by us, the Great American Republic, directed, we would—well, we would—well, we would probably in that event consider the propriety of embroiling ourselves in a war, and risking the spilling of human blood upon so very trivial a question. From all which one bitter regret is ever present to our minds. When such for long years has been the perfection of government under every species of administration, what a pity Billy Patterson had not been Secretary of State or President. "President Patterson"—it looks well enough, and we have proof, since the genial republicanism of Jefferson and the unbending will of Jackson have passed from this lower earth, and the glories of the youth of Clay, and the consistency of Adams's age have been forgotten, that it would have *done* much better. Peace be with the manes of his Excellency William Patterson! He admirably understood the policy of non-intervention even on behalf of an outraged brother; but he had the misfortune to live in times when political genius was not appreciated, when dexterous servility and grandiloquent backsliding were not held to be the most essential and the loftiest qualifications for the government of a Republic.

So of the Roman mission and Mr. Cass. Even worse than so of the Berlin mission and Mr. Hannegan, and of the mission to Vienna and Mr. Webb. Flagrantly worse than all, the conduct of the representative of the United States Democracy in Paris, Mr. Walsh. But why recapitulate? We attach no blame to any one administration more than to another. It has become the practice of all administrations to be equally regardless of the interests of the United States abroad. It has become the foreign system of all Washington cabinets to have no system. The patient indifference characteristic of an ox in harness, or of an ignorant boor, has come to be mistaken for the watchful independence which should adorn a Republican statesman. The "masterly inactivity" of great men has shrunk, in the minds of men of lesser calibre, to servile disregard of every thing but self. To do nothing, to know nothing, to have no "official information" on any subject, to write letters grandiloquent, months after the subjects of them had been forgotten, to let ambassadors to foreign courts go and come, without regard to character before going, to capacity for any good, or even to their conduct while in mission, seems now to be the perfection of administrative talent. Turn now your eyes back on the Rome of '47–8, on the gallant war for its freedom, on the base treachery of the French President, on the misfortunes and the misery which have since fallen on her people, and ask yourselves, Republicans, where is the man in all America to whom you dare confide the charge of representing and maintaining in that beleaguered city, the interests of Republicanism, and the aspirations of the United States? Look around and answer. Could any intellect be too lofty, could any genial love of Republican glory and justice be too warm, could any experience and judgment be too large or too grasping, to represent you there? Had you at your disposal a mind purer and loftier, and a soul more unselfish than that of Clay, a stubborn manhood *more* stubborn than that of Jackson, a comprehension of Democratic right and duty more reaching and more genial than that of Jefferson, would you not have thought them all in one man too little to represent your Democratic faith, your love, your aspirations, *there?* Failing in such, would you not have selected the most independent, the most thoroughly Republican, the sagest, the most genial citizen you could find? Or failing in any of these qualifications, would you have sent

thither a "representative" whose only apologies for his inefficiency and indifference are that he is a very young man, and that the qualification which entitled him to his distinguished position, was being the son of a militia general, who brought to the service of his country in the Senate, a very small head and a very large paunch? Would you have sent such an one, and, at the same time, kept a person in Paris as your representative whose whole employment was writing public and private letters urging the French Government to outrage Roman liberty? Yet we did all that. During the years when the Austrian empire quivered in every arm from the blows of Republicanism, in Hungary, throughout the German States, in Sclavonia, in Poland and Bohemia, even in Vienna, our country was totally unrepresented excepting by an American monarchist in the pay of the Emperor, a Republican by birth, a servile editor by trade; and not till Vienna was twice conquered and sacked, not till the plains of Hungary from the Carpathians to Croatia were made desolate, did our Government depute thither, or pretend to depute a single even indifferent representative. Colonel Webb and family, of the *Courier and Enquirer* newspaper, drew his outfit, went out, was not fit, came back, and edited again: but as to Vienna, we believe he never saw it; as to Hungary, he never cared; as to Republicanism and what he was to do in the land to which he was travelling in pretense, he never thought. Surely if this be all that comes of our foreign missions—if this be all the advantage which can devolve upon our country, all the glory we can attain by our "foreign policy" and foreign practice, the sooner the ridiculous and contemptible farce is ended the better for all men, the better for us as a nation, the better for the nations we deceive by empty verbiage and hypocritical preparations, the better for the people who pay the taxes heretofore so ruinously and disgracefully squandered. Again, in Prussia; a proper representative of the United States at the court of Berlin during the past three years might have steadied the wandering will of a king, and saved the Frankfort Parliament from the fate of imbecility and meanness—might have protected Germany from a new partition, and warded even for a longer hour from the gallant little States now delivered by Russian autocracy to Danish despotism, the doom of outrage without redress, and sacrifice without glory. But while Berlin swayed between barricades and submission, while all Germany lay convulsed in the birth-pains either of a new and grand Republic or a fœtid abortion; while the Tzar pushed his armies to the frontier, and his agents and his gold even to the Elbe and the Weiser; while Austria drove her tamed battalions on, at the order of a higher despotism, to Hesse and Kiel, America or Republicanism had for a long time not a single representative in the great battle-ground of Northwestern Europe. And when these representatives came, what were they? One, the ambassador of the Republic of the United States to the court of Berlin—but over him let us pass in silence. There is a difference between the divine phrenzy of Anacreon and of Moore, and the bestial orgies of a bacchanal whose stomach has outstripped his reason; and since we have not had the good fortune to be represented by the one, let us forget, if we can, that we were disgraced by being represented by the other. Such was the United States mission to the monarchy of Prussia—recalled of itself, wandering now delirious, westward. The other representative to Germany, or rather to that portion of it more recently engaged in war, had not the good fortune of being covered in his idiosyncracies by the ambassadorial dignity of the United States. Indeed, since the expose of the Berlin mission, our Government has shrunk from the unhappy subject altogether, inquiring nothing of the past, nothing of the future. And so it fell upon a Quaker caucus in Massachusetts to send, as an American representative to Europe, a philanthropic follower of Tubal Cain. With the conduct or ideas of this "artificer in brass and iron" we have nothing to do. But, in the utter inactivity of our Government, it must be satisfactory to Americans to know, that the only representative of Republican liberty or American glory during the recent war between the people of Schleswig-Holstein and the united monarchies of Denmark, Russia, England, Austria and Prussia, in defense of a constitution and laws established and in being for centuries, was a person of very limited intellect, who might have become a highly respectable citizen had he continued a blacksmith, but who first evinced a characteristic madness by becoming an editor, and followed that up by

declaring he was commissioned by Heaven to bring in the Millennium. Accordingly, with his millennium programme in his pocket, he determined to try his hand on Schleswig-Holstein; and in perfect ignorance of the question at issue, as a philosopher always is, (for where is the use of general principles if they do not apply to *every* thing?) in utter disregard of German Republicanism, or even, we are willing to say, of Danish or Austrian monarchy, he has there strenuously advocated the policy of Russia, Austria, and England alike, the policy of the monarchs, to prevent the people of the Duchies from fighting in defense of their personal and national liberties, and to disarm them without yielding to them an atom. True, the material result to the Schleswigers would have been the same whether he had been there or in his native New-England; but though personally unimportant, the dishonor to Americanism is, also, the same. The soldiery of the despotic league now occupy the forts of Schleswig—the armies of Holstein are disarmed and disbanded. They who most compromised themselves for liberty have fled, or are in prison. Russia rules from Tartary to Flanders, and the German people bend their heads to the yoke in sorrow; but still Mr. Elihu Burrit, the American, has returned with a smiling face to his friends the London merchants, who paid his expenses, and will soon return to his Quaker friends here, a triumphant victor. He has participated in a cruel wrong, but then he has established "amicable relations." He has been a party to one solitary infamy, but then he left behind his general principle:

"Made a solitude and called it peace!"

Passing over the London missions of Bancroft and Lawrence, hardly worthy of more particular notice, since they may be very fairly confounded—if servility, toadyism, windy eloquence, and national misrepresentation, amount to the same thing, whoso may be the mouth-piece—the United States have been represented during the most tremendous times which we have seen since first the American Republic was ushered into existence, as follows: In Rome, by nobody first, and then by a fop of respectable parentage; in Hungary, by nobody; in Austria, nobody—Webb going, but did not go; in Berlin, first, nobody—second, a debauchee; in Paris, a Catholic penny-a-liner, supposed to be the editor of the *New-York Freeman's Journal*, under an alias; in Naples and Sicily, nobody; in Sardinia, nobody; in Schleswig-Holstein, a humane blacksmith from Massachusetts; in London, an Anglo-Saxon toady from ditto. *Was* there ever such a list of nothingness and imbecility? Was ever a nation so falsely *mis*represented since the confounding discords of Babel?—and this a nation of Republican vitality and pride, whose every pulse beats for the glory of the liberty itself enjoys, whose five and twenty millions are animated with but one sentiment, abhorrence of every monarchic and oligarchic pretension, or, if there be exceptions, all of whose population not Republican might be crushed into a single room of very limited dimensions. Of the people, take them million by million, from the Hudson to Oregon, and you will find of each and every million, 999,999 right in feeling and intention on every question of foreign liberty with which they are at all acquainted. The desire to do right is unlimited—the actual right done, limited only by amount of knowledge of the means how. But the higher you ascend, you find knowledge of the way to do right, and desire to do right, increasing step by step in an inverse ratio, until in the seat of power you find illimitable means of acquiring any needful political knowledge, but "no official information," and no desire whatever to use any other. This is the equation of our political society. We cannot, therefore, blame our "representatives" for being our misrepresentatives, but those who empowered them to misrepresent. True, you can pick up at random, in the streets of any of our chief cities, twenty or a hundred men of sound Republican souls, and after one month's training send them out, a far more efficient body of representatives than any we have enjoyed since the treaty of Ghent. But if inefficient men are selected merely because they are consanguineously related to a vote in the Senate, or because their monetary wealth and deficiency of common sense can command a long tail in Massachusetts, it is putting the saddle on the wrong horse, to blame the unhappy individuals for their Senatorial consanguinity or parasitical following. To our executives alone we must look for the causes of the grave error. Not to them, neither must we attribute any desire

to misrepresent, with aforethought, Republicanism and America to the people and the kings of Europe; not to them the deliberate purpose of making an absolutist Catholic fool the successor of Franklin and Jefferson to the French Republic, of sending a distinguished school-boy to the Roman Democracy, or a debauchee to enact the orgies of a satyr before the successor of Frederick. Such ridiculous errors, such flagrant wrong to America and humanity, can arise only from perfect indifference to consequences, and from the illimitable possession of want of purpose. And so it is. Our Governments, one and all, for twenty years past, have succeeded each other, under one or another party attribute or title, gone into power and out, risen into eminence for an hour, fallen into oblivion for all succeeding time, without having, in a single instance, formed or even thought of a foreign policy, or scheme of continuous action or deportment towards the people or the governments of Europe. When America was to Europe a distant region, an Ultima Thule, when it seemed like Munchausen's visit to the moon to voyage to Europe, when our relations with that continent were very few and limited indeed, the statesmen of that day, the Jeffersons, Franklins, Adamses, held much more decided notions of the relation this Republic should hold to Republicanism. And now when it suddenly breaks upon us, what with Cunard and Collins steamers, fast-sailing packet ships, a continuous interchange of locality, thought, literature, feeling, and hope, that we are nearer to any nation of Europe than Jefferson in Monticello ever was to New-York, that we have grown to be a part of the world, and not a continent removed as formerly to Saturn or Ceres, we look around in wonder, and discover that we are represented throughout the planet we inhabit, and of which henceforth and for ever we must be an influencing power, by such a category of imbecility as we have above detailed. For years our Governments, one after another, have made foreign missions the mere means of getting rid of the disagreeable, or rewarding with inadequate position pliant imbecility. If a man were held to be good for nothing at home, he was sure to be selected to be sent abroad. Instead of locking up our imbeciles in the garret, we have sent them out with especial power to bore or disgust our friends, to amuse and elate our enemies. How therefore can we wonder, when a grand upturning of the long fallowed Democracy of the Old World came, when the soil lay open and gaping for the seed-time of our principles, that there was no seed and no husbandman, and that the ready earth perished, barren, of thirst? How can we wonder that every grand opportunity of strengthening the bonds of amity and interest, for a long time naturally existing between us and the European Democracies, should have passed away unused—who *was* to use them? How can we wonder that when Germany, Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Sicily, Chartist England, Republican France, and even the Democracy of Prussia, desired to foster those relations of gain and friendship for us, and mere countenance and protection for them, which it is our evident and paramount interest to form with all people, that our *interests* were ignored and abandoned, our friends converted to indifference and enmity, monarchs befriended, enemies taught to sneer, and worshippers of our glory left to disappointment and regret? Now, without a single additional dollar having been spent in warlike preparations, we might rule the world, we might reign in the hearts of every Democracy in Europe, more powerfully and more wholly than ever reigned a king; and now our name has shrunk to that abyss that it is only mentioned with a kindly and harmless contempt. We, too, have hitherto pinned our faith to kings. They, despising us, have triumphed, and we are nothing. It is at this moment difficult to say whether America is laughed at more by the crowned heads, than its imbecility is pitied by the Democratic leaders of Europe. We have lost position: with the power to become the greatest, we have withdrawn from the world, shrunk from our destiny, and like the statue of Jupiter Tonans, lying broken by infidel hands in the ancient Campus Martius, are reverenced only by those so hopeful and so wise as to appreciate the greatness of the Divine attributes we must display when raised again to our pristine Republican rectitude.

Nor will the opportunity be long wanting. The world still lies before us, ready, not for that material dominion which enervates the few fortunate and debases the many, but for the dominion of those principles of equality and true order, of which we are the eldest offspring, and, by the ne-

cessities of our position, must be the champion. The "reaction" *is* seemingly triumphant; there *is* "peace" from arms every where in Europe; the map of the Old World, wanting a Bourbon here and there, cutting Holland in twain, and erasing the lines between "Austria proper" and its former "provinces," does on the surface seem the same as that singular document edited at the treaty of Vienna. But yet the "reaction" is no where triumphant—there is no peace among men—the map of Europe, when you tear away the surface, is vastly and irreclaimably changed. Republicanism is more certain to Europe than ever—war more imminent—the downfall of kings more imminent—our interests more pressing. Let us demonstrate these truths, and prepare ourselves to take advantage of them.

Between the Europe of 1815 and the Europe of 1851 there is not a particle of similitude. The oceans, the rivers, and the mountains are the same as those which existed at the period of the Holy Alliance, or at the period of barbarism: but further than these geographical lineaments, eternal as the earth, there is not in the Europe of to-day a particle of those characteristics upon which the conspirators of Vienna and Paris founded their schemes. Habits of thought which had been handed down, like Eastern castes, in every family from generation to generation, and from century to century, have been in all places materially altered or utterly abolished. Neither the old upholstery ideal of the Eternal longer prevails, nor are the typical representatives of it on earth, the crozier and the sceptre, regarded now as other than counterfeits, needful to be broken by public justice. Throughout four fifths of Europe in 1815, the order of a king was regarded as worthy of the most implicit and reverend obedience. Throughout the same, now, the word of a king is regarded as *prima facie* a lie, his order as an oppression, and his very existence a permitted outrage. The restoration of the Pope and the Papal temporalities, on the downfall of Napoleon, awoke, throughout three fourths of the European populations, including even the members of the English and Russian churches, one unanimous sentiment of exultation, either from political reasons, antagonism to "French principles," or a superstitious faith in the assumption of eternal rule. The later restoration of the Pope, by the same "French principles" which had originally humbled the three-hatted dynasty, was received throughout the civilized world, except by aristocrats and serving-maids, with as universal execration; and even enlightened serving-maids have begun to doubt whether a "Church of God," founded by means of outrage, falsehood, and treachery, can last very long. The assumptions of hereditary rulers have ceased to be regarded as law, and the social and political arrangements preserved by standing armies, whose privilege is to live in idleness upon the labor of the people, and whose duty is to oppress them, has ceased to be regarded as "order." Provincial predilections of "loyalty," as in Hungary and the German States, to certain monarchies, have been abolished, and antipathies long fomented between nation and race have been removed by the superior wisdom and better experiences of the people. The races, the nations, the teeming plains and glorious mountains, distributed and redistributed, shoved here and there, from this dynasty to that, and back again at will, by the monarchs at Vienna, can no longer be so distributed or used. The social equation, if we may again use the expression, upon which the Treaty of Vienna was based, is no longer possible of being preserved, and has long since ceased. Kings can no longer undertake the hazardous duty of keeping in subjection the vast populations formerly flung to them for the then profitable privilege of limitless plunder. The subjected have become too poor to pay for their longer ruin, and too powerful and too wise longer to submit to it. Till 1815 the press in almost all lands was in the hands of the monarchists, and the scenes of the first French Revolution, and the exploits of the Empire, were industriously used and unscrupulously distorted to create among all populations, not French, a hatred and fear of the principles and very name of Republicanism. Since 1815 the press in all lands has more or less passed into the hands of the people; and the deeds which from 1793 to 1815 would have elicited from the unsophisticated populations of Europe, and even of America, expressions of horror and awe, drew from them in 1847–50, when told by democratic organs, sentiments of rapture and delight. Excepting in the minds of Russian soldiers of the lowest grade, it is no longer thought necessary to

have a Tzar to rule one; and excepting in the still benighted regions of the west of Ireland, the serf no longer thinks himself utterly ruined if he has no one to pay rent to, and rob him. Principles and ideas which, fifty years ago, were regarded as abhorrent, are now universally canvassed and believed in. All the old superstitions of feudality, indoctrinated into the people by a thousand years of servitude, have been, as far as the people go, within fifty years completely removed. Such was the state of Europe prior to 1848—such the state of the democratic mind which led to the revolutions of that and the subsequent years. And though these revolutionary heavings are at present in a state of suppression, the causes which excited them are working with tenfold intensity and power. The experiences of the last few years have in no single instance taught the people to disbelieve in liberty, or regard kings with less distrust. On the contrary, the terror and flight of monarchs, in the first instance, was only less contemptible than the treachery, the perjury, and the massacres which inaugurated their return. Besides, the late European revolutions have infused into the people that element of power needed to make the first struggle successful, and which must not only hasten the second, but render it, at all events, vastly more difficult to be defeated. Prior to 1848, the only people in Europe which could fairly be said to have within itself the materials of military strength, were the French; and they alone have been so far successful. The German Landstrum was a semi-militia and semi-police organization, confined to local duties, and regarded merely as a nursery for the line, whose members were deficient alike in military experience and that martial *esprit du corps* which makes the French National Guard and the American volunteer an invincible antagonist. The Germans in the mass, though uniformed, had yet to serve, and their impenetrable phlegm preserved them from the contagion of enthusiasm. The French, with or without uniform, were either the disbanded soldiers of the line, or young men who had been nursed in the lap of glory, and reared within view of the vastest military organization in Europe. But now in Germany all is changed: the population of Europe most avid of military renown, most stiff-necked in insurrectionary attitude, are the children of the Vaterland. The most strenuous to maintain Republican principles in Germany, and the last to abandon their active defense, were the very people of Hesse-Cassel, whose fathers, by the hundred heads, were purchased by England of their ruler, the Elector, at so much for every man shot, payable to him alone, to perpetrate her atrocious massacres in this country and in Europe. Twice have even they driven the successor of the same Elector from his dominions, and if they have been excited and abased, roused into insurrection and reduced to submission by the vacillating ambition and constant cowardice of the King of Prussia, they have at last learned to place no faith or hope in any agency but themselves, or in any governmental form of which monarchy can form a part. When such have been the results of monarchical intrigue among the Hessians, how much stronger the republican enthusiasm, the dogged hate of monarchy, created in the inhabitants of Schleswig and Holstein by the monarchical plots which have isolated them from Europe, disbanded their armies, and reduced them to submission. Nor is the revolutionary sentiment confined to these alone. The former revolutions in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Cologne and other cities of Germany, the subsequent ambitious designs and organized propagandism of the King of Prussia, the levying and training of troops, the marching and countermarching, the inciting scenes of the camp and the anticipations of battle, have created in Germany a military enthusiasm and power already regarded with terror by surrounding monarchies, and which, ere long, must break a lance with Europe. The marching of Austrian troops through the States of the former confederation, the advance of French armies to the frontiers of the Rhine and the Elbe, the attitude assumed by the Russian navy in the Baltic for the protection of Denmark, the actual occupation by Imperial troops of the city of Hamburg, are only evidences, and very remarkable evidences, of the portentous military enthusiasm which has entered into the souls of the German people, and which waits but an opportunity to expend itself on Europe, with an effect as immeasurably greater than the insurrection of '48 in Paris, as the unbending doggedness and even ferocity of the Teuton is, when roused, superior in revolutions to the chivalry and kindly nature of the French.

Such is the position of Germany—wholly unconquered by the events of '48 or the reaction of '50, almost altogether untried, at once more outraged by oppression and more strong to overthrow the oppression, passing from the first act of the drama in which actors of lesser note have fallen, unscathed and consolidated, having learned no lesson of fear, and acquired many in courage, and one, the greatest, discipline.

Not even in Hungary do we find that monarchs have triumphed overmuch. Every Magyar knows what all the world knows, that his countrymen smashed the Austrian empire root and branch, and if, in the end, they were stayed in their holy iconoclasm by a superior force, that they have left their enemy a wreck, dismasted, leaky, and sinking fast from the sight of men. Not in the history of warfare has there been, between two nations at war, a victory superior to that of Hungary over the Austrian empire. Not even when an interloping bravo appeared upon the field, can the surrender of Goergey be regarded as any thing else than a trick—than a very venal and ordinary trick, temporarily useful to monarchs, utterly without final disaster to the great cause of democratic existence. The surrender of Villagos, ruinous for the hour, was a surrender of stolen goods, not a surrender of spirit, or recuperative power, or of any of those intrinsic resources which created the treasures of Kossuth and the armies of Bem, and which are as plentiful in Hungary to-day as they were five years back. When Goergey surrendered, the cannon, the munitions and the physical power he yielded up were more numerous and greater by far, than those possessed by the whole Hungarian nation at the beginning of the campaign on the upper Theiss; and besides the army under his command, two others were in the field. The victory of Russia was therefore not a victory over the Magyar, but over the virtue of a suspected general. The habits and the aspirations of Hungary are yet unchanged, and from Buda to the farthest Carpathian summit but one response is heard to the name of Kossuth: "May God be with him and protect him." Such oppressions as have been inflicted on the Hungarians since Goergey's treason, cannot increase their admiration of that act, or decrease their love for him who would have redeemed their country. No number of surrenders of arms can take the spirit or resources out of Hungary. The Hungarian swineherds alone, flinging sharp light axes with the precision of a crack shot in a pistol-gallery into the very brain of an enemy, formed in the recent war a ruthless band, with whom it was impossible to cope. They are still as abundant in Hungary as ever, strengthened, made more avenging, instead of having been tamed by their military experiences. The whips of the Csikos, with which in peace they brought to the earth the wild horses of their native plains, and in the late war the pandours of Austria and the heavy cavalry of the Tzar, are still plentiful throughout the great steppes north of the Danube, nor is their use nor their glory forgotten. The scythe-blade men, the pike-men, are all yet to be had, nor will they who have been accustomed to revolutions fail to believe that the ditch which may be used in war for concealment or defense can be equally serviceable in defeat for the safe-keeping of arms of a more expensive character till aftertimes. Let but one holy signal ascend from the mountain tops, or float down the streams late so valiantly defended and so treacherously lost, and we venture to say, an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand men would crowd together in arms, as well disciplined as any in Europe, more exasperated by fresh wrongs than any, and on their native soil with true leaders more incapable of defeat. Such is the dormant fire slaking in the heart of Austria, which ere long must by the law of nature burst forth afresh, raising with it the insurrectionary spirit of the several nations of central Europe.

More peculiarly applicable to Italy than even to Germany or Hungary, are the remarks we have already made on the two latter. The whole attention of the Austrian empire is now directed upon Lombardy. From Switzerland, from Piedmont, from France, daily and hourly are distributed by unseen hands the proclamations of Italian unity. An insurrectionary Genoa, a recusant Rome, an abdicating Pope, the city of St. Mark still glorying in its rebellion, that of Milan still regretful of nothing but defeat—an omnipresent spirit of insurrection in its own dominions, troops on troops of exiled rebels standing on every frontier waiting only for the signal of invasion—a Mazzini wandering throughout Europe and directing from all quarters the Republican enthusiasm

upon outraged Italy, biding his certain opportunity and armed with the resources of a revolutionary Briareus—such is the prospect before Austria in Italy, more expensive than actual war, since it requires its armaments and returns nothing, even of plunder or that questionable renown which a Haynau won in Hungary, and a Schwartzenberg in Vienna. Thus here too, as throughout all central Europe, the victory of reaction is but that calm in the elemental war which precedes another and more direful convulsion.

In France alone the name of Republic and the periodical reorganization of its executive has been preserved. Yet though the present head of the executive, and its diverse subsidiary factions, are sufficiently contemptible, we should not forget that it matters little how flagrant the errors of a Republic may be for a term, provided it retains within itself the power of legally remedying them. Behind the executive and the factions who constitute the Assembly, and defying them, are the great silent people, who at the proper hour will reassert the sovereignty they have won with their blood, and restore without a stain the glory and the honor of the Republic. It is as impossible that this hour should not now come, as that the solstice and the equinox should not duly recur. Louis Napoleon may shorten his term of office, but he cannot prolong it. Factions are too equally balanced with reference to each other, too small with reference to the people, to render it possible for any of them to succeed. The next presidential election may not terminate successfully for the peculiar views of the reds, but it will bring victory to the people by giving them governmental representatives who will be Republican at all events, and thoroughly national. Even should the party of which Carrel was the leader and of which Cavaignac is the acknowledged head, be the triumphant one, it cannot be without reconstructing those bonds of friendship with their brother Republicans which in an ill-omened hour were foolishly broken, and without having learned the lesson that the passions of Democracy cannot be roused and deluded, its rights cannot be ignored, nor its blood shed upon the barricades itself has consecrated to the Republic, without paving the way for the advent of an Imperialist or a fool. The Lamartines and the Louis Napoleons are henceforth equally erased from the roll of the presidency. We shall next see as the representative of the French people, not a sentimental letter-writer, or an egotistical mountebank, but a strong sturdy man of the Danton shape, soldier bred—one who, if Papal sovereignties deem the Inquisition necessary for their existence, will refuse to desecrate the French arms by participating in such abominable orgies—one who, should Republican right be threatened in either world, should liberty be imperilled either by Russian force or English diplomacy, will not scruple to defend the sovereignty of France behind the barricades of Turin or Vienna, by pushing another army on Moscow, or erasing the disgrace of Waterloo in the very streets of London. Upon the advent of such a man to power in France, the Republicans of all Europe wait. If he will not preserve the policy of ridiculous non-intervention by which Lamartine made himself the mere tool of sneering monarchs, he will at all events abstain from that peculiar exercise of it on behalf of kings which has made the present President the subject of the scorn and hate of all the democracies of the world. How *then* it may fare with kings, what capacity they may have to meet and cope with such an event, and the revolutions to which it must lead, must necessarily be a matter of grave inquiry to the reader.

Great as the revolutions in democracies have been since 1815, the revolutions in monarchies have been infinitely greater. Not alone has the dynastic power deteriorated as the Republican has increased, but monarchies in 1815 the strongest, have become weak, small royal houses have been swallowed up in greater, and kingdoms and empires of second rate influence at the fall of Napoleon, have become since then the dictators of Europe. The "balance of power" then established has been destroyed in nature and fact, by the force of events, and by the retributive derision with which the Eternal thwarts the finite arrangements of short-sighted but ambitious men; and its restoration is now as impossible as the re-distribution of the world in accordance with the protocols and singular diplomatic arrangements which occurred at the tower of Babel. The "Treaty of Vienna," as the series of mapping transactions, divisionary lotteries, protocols, secret articles, &c., which mark the period from the first to the second exile of

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Napoleon, is called, was the sole result of the twenty years' crusade carried on by the English aristocracy against democratic Europe. It ambitiously pretended to throw back Europe into the state in which it lay grovelling prior to the days of Mirabeau, Dumouriez and Napoleon; it was founded on the utter exhaustion and conquest of France, on the terror and the sufferings of those democracies which Napoleon had ripped with his sword from the womb of barbarian night; it essayed to restore vagrant Bourbons to a "local habitation and a name" in France, Spain, and Naples, to reconstruct the Empire of Austria dashed to atoms by the trenchant arm of Napoleon, to bolster up once more the dominions of the great Frederick, to extinguish the genius and the patriotism of Italy under a three-crowned tiara, to keep Russia at bay by erecting in central Europe two more despotisms emulative of the prowess of the first; to preserve, in fact, kings from popular liberty on one hand, and a more overarching despotism on the other. To effect this on parchment, to stifle the democratic soul in its vigorous infancy, to enchain the world for another hundred years, England had entered into the crusade against the French Revolution; had fomented, urged on, helped to fight many and paid for all the wars from 1789 to 1815. And the parchment treaty of Vienna was the sole acknowledgment of her immense expenditure. Her people paid on the nail to accomplish that "peace" twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, scattered broadcast among the subsidiary monarchies, and have also before and since paid, by way of interest for the sums then expended, not less than one thousand millions of dollars; all to extinguish the French Republic and European democracy. For the time she conquered; but the victory was even more dearly earned than that obtained by the Roman General, for it utterly broke her. Since then the yearly accounts of the British empire stand thus: "To having formerly put down Napoleon, half the yearly resources of the empire ever since; to keeping up a semblance of her former state and authority, the rest."

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ordinary resources which once could arm Prussia, Austria, Russia, all Germany, Holland, and even Sweden, in her behalf, remain to her no more. Her population, after thirty years' peace, are still more impoverished than ever they were during thirty years' war; her coasts, her great cities, her very capital still more defenseless. She could not bring to the defense of a single point of her unfortified coast an army exceeding thirty thousand men, and even such a mean force only at the risk of leaving her aristocracy and her nobles without protection from any insurrection of the discontented and rebellious people in her heart. Even the France, to exhaust and conquer which she incurred ruin, lies within from seven to sixteen hours' sail of her capital, having in foraiced harbors a fleet superior in emergencies to hers, and capable of throwing at a moment's warning within seventy-two hours, upon any point of her coast, an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand of the best trained soldiers in Europe, reserving to itself at the same time an organized military power of two millions of men. Thus she stands shivering at every rumor of European war, bemoaning and shrieking loudly, "We shall be taken, we shall be beaten! we cannot defend ourselves; we have no help—for the love of God get up peep-shows and keep peace." Not a single atom of the benefits she attained by all the wars of the French Revolution remain to England, notwithstanding her prodigal waste of the wealth of her people, and the blood of her serfs. Three times, from 1814 to 1848, in "the return from Elba," in the fall of Charles X., in the extinguishment of Louis Philippe, has that monarchic dynasty she replaced on the neck of the French nation been swept away at a breath; three times have its several occupants run, without fighting for an hour, like thieves who dared not a trial, and feared the just vengeance of the gallant Democracy whose subjugation they hired of a foreigner; and though, up to the treaty of Vienna, she could expend her thousands of millions to coerce France to obey her dictates, she dared not since 1830 expend a shilling to enforce them. F[redacted]erbourg and Brest the hated tri-

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and not cross the stream to her doom. And foremost pointing to it, uttering plaintive yells in senile imbecility, warning his brother aristocrats of the ruin it portends, is he the very Duke who twice trod it in the dust upon the streets of Paris. Even he has lived to see, in the resurrection of that glorious symbol of liberty from the disgraceful tomb to which he had with his own hands consigned it, the fated conquerer of "perfidious Albion," the redeemer of Waterloo, and the retributive avenger of that army whose bravest chief he participated in assassinating. Even he may live to hear the French watch-word pass around his prison gates, "Remember Ney!" Even the mushroom dynasties England made, even the tottering despotisms she steadied on their thrones, have used the longer life-time given them to become her enemies. The Spanish dynasty, saved from the grasp of Napoleon, built up to suit herself by her unassisted hands as a tool and a puppet, has by the superior diplomacy of a woman of indifferent character, by a French marriage, and the outrageous double-dealing and impertinence of a certain Sir Henry Bulwer, (since sent to America because he was admissible nowhere else,) become from a puppet an enemy. In Greece the kingly state and the king she upholstered; for whose crown she handed over Turkey to the power of the Russian by the "untoward event" of Navarino—even this Greece, and this king whom she made and fashioned, have become so deadly hostile that English subjects are plundered in the streets of Athens by the mob, and the plunder defended by the monarchy of England's own construction, even at the expense of a blockade. The Austria she rehabilitated, to whom she restored Lombardy and Venice, Poland and Germany, whom she built up as a barrier against the Muscovian Tzar, has become the avantgarde of the Tzar, the foremost policeman in his pay, and her enemy. Prussia, first made by her, again saved by her after Jena from utter annihilation, her own constitutional ally, her reserve at Waterloo, has been abandoned to Russia, and under threat of partition and extinguishment has cowed before the imperial dynast of the North. Nay, the Popedom England restored, overthrown again, restored again, has turned its spiritual power at the bidding of orthodox emperors against her own dominions, and has, as if in taunting jest, split them up into the ecclesiastical sheep-folds of Imperial Rome. While, controlling and overarching all Europe, spread the forces of that Russia she humbled in the treaty of Vienna. Alexander, returning home from the conquest of Napoleon, stayed his legions more than once to consider whether or not he should turn his face to Paris again, and compel at the cannon's mouth his allies to submission. He passed his way and died at Taganrog regretful. But the vengeance he left undone has since been almost accomplished. Now his allies are humbled; his successor's sway extends over all Europe to the North Sea, to the Mediterranean, to the frontiers of France. Dynastic power is in his hands, whatever nominal monarchy may sit enthroned here and there, over all the European continent, saving only in France; and there his hired locum-tenens is ineffectual, because notwithstanding all their sufferings the people are still supreme.

There are in truth but two organized *powers* in Europe: the Russian dynasty, the French people. During the revolutions and wars from 1847 to 1851, now merely temporarily ended, the Government of England, not daring to push one soldier into the field, essayed only by diplomatic agencies to obtain some friendship among Democracies, without incurring the necessity of war with triumphant kings. Unlike our Government, she knew her material *interests*, and endeavored, so far as her wretched means would permit her, to uphold them. She preserved with every insurgent Democracy of Europe, during the last four years, excepting only of Ireland, and even there with the venal priesthood of Rome, a connection based on countenance and promises, which might or might not be fulfilled, as the event required. Thus, throwing aside altogether her former policy in the days of Pitt and Castlereagh, of upholding divine right at all hazards, she intrigued with all the Democratic leaders of Europe in succession, and at the very same time with the defeated monarchs. The British Minister sent his wife's father to the Italian Democracy, to arrange that in the event of "liberal institutions," the Papal and Sardinian dominions should be free of Austrian control, should continue monarchic and papal under British protection, and be at the same time the producers of wines and corn for English mouths, and the consumers of British cottons, and knives, and glass

in return. Other agents from the same quarter beset Kossuth; and the sole object was an Hungarian monarchy, tributary to England in food, and paying her for clothing and iron utensils. The productive power of Sicily is an axiom of ancient and modern history, the garden of Rome, and the garden of Naples: thither father-in-law Minto travelled with the very same design. Into the complicated and perfidious transactions of England in Germany it is out of our power now to enter in detail; suffice it, that every insurrection and insurrectionary movement, from the first barricade in Vienna to the last battle fought in Schleswig-Holstein, was urged on by her on free-trade and dynastic grounds, until the termination of the Hungarian and Italian wars left her without a diversion, and until the decisive position taken by the Emperor of Russia at the Warsaw conference, and the presence of his fleet in the Baltic, rendering any further interference the first step in a war into which she could not and dared not enter, compelled her to abandon Prussia, Denmark and the Duchies to the Autocrat's will, arranging beforehand a treaty, by which the king of the first was *advised* to give in on his solitary peril, and the people of the last to surrender without terms. The effect was to abase Prussia her ally before the Emperor; and to hand the Duchies, which the English Government had urged to insurrection that they might not become Russian by becoming Danish, over to Austria which is more Russian. Such have been the schemes of England during the later years of revolution, happily not in a single instance with success. Every where having been tried in the first instance by the Democratic leaders and found to be, notwithstanding her magniloquently liberal professions, selfish, insincere, dealing in duplicity, faithless in promise and powerless in fact, they flung her from them and clung hard to Democracy. Shifting back again to the monarchic side, she had to bear with the affronts and jibes heaped upon every ally so treacherous as to desert and so cowardly as to return; and without subsidiary means to carry out her designs on either hand, or resources of warfare sufficient to warrant her in mixing in the conflict, she was compelled to temporize every where, to abandon day after day her temporary position, to betray the Democracies she at first pretended to protect, to succumb to the monarchies she at first threatened with defiance, and to acknowledge herself in the face of the world a "secondary power." Every where she contended against Russia, and every where she has been utterly defeated. Essaying to get up for herself monarchic allies in Italy, Germany, and Central Europe, she has had to fall back into her solitary island, beaten out of every position she won by the treaty of 1815, and without attaining a new one, having surrendered her hopes of fresh markets to the German Zollverein, and having lost any she had heretofore acquired. The most helpless power in Europe, chained down with debt, having reached her limit of taxation, without an army sufficient to form a van-guard to any of her former aggressions, with a people feeble, weak, spiritless, and untrained to arms, worn, poverty-stricken, and utterly debased, her capital, London, lies at the mercy of the first invader, be he a Russian dynast or a French Republican, who may profit by her example in plundering Delhi, Canton, and Paris.

If then the late European revolutions had done nothing more, they have at least given the death-blow to "constitutional monarchy," that half-way house between autocracy and republicanism, between political baseness and political virtue. On the continent of Europe there are, again we say, but two powers, despotism and democracy, represented by the autocracy of Russia on one hand, and the French Republic, and the French people higher than the Republic, and their democratic allies, on the other. England and her semi-plebeian aristocracy are equally hateful to both—are and will be isolated equally from both. Henceforth the affairs of Europe will and must be managed without her. She may diplomatize to her usual extent, even excite or support insurrections for a time; but the diplomacy must have two sides to it, and the support given must be given in secret. As a ruling power she is dead. Her quiescence and her subserviency alone have saved her during the late contest from bankruptcy. Distant as it may seem, and dearly as the lesson must be earned, her people are gradually rising to republican thought. Powerless as she is, cries eternally rise in her ear, "Reduce the army." Carefully and unexpensively as she managed her late unsuccessful negotiations, the universal advice to her Government, from all sections and classes of her people,

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is, "Stay at home; let us mind ourselves; we cannot stand a fight; go on with the peep-show, and let us have some more—*a leetle more*—peace." The *people* of England have at length learned that war and interference in other people's concerns is now neither their element, nor their interest. They know by the lightness of their purses on the quarter-tax day, that they dare not venture on one more war, that they dare not even provoke attack. Throwing her and them, therefore, utterly aside in the revolution now imminent over Europe, we have to determine, should we take any part at all, with whom we shall form terms of friendship, who shall be our allies. At the present moment we have sent off an ambassador to Austria, having another at St. Petersburg—a very useless reduplication. We have also representatives at various other courts of continental Europe, including Copenhagen, Athens and others, for all which a single representative at St. Petersburg would suffice, if even such were needful. But to the Democracies, excepting Switzerland and Paris, we have none. To these, therefore, let us confine ourselves for the present. Elsewhere, we have either to recognize the rule of Russia or the rule of Republicanism.

And shall we recognize Russia? Shall we precede her in her course of political conquest through Central, Western, and Southern Europe, and pave the way for the tamer submission of the people, by declaring to them, "The rule of Russia is more powerful than your aspirations for freedom, and we therefore, the American people, will recognize it?" Shall we send to Austria and say, "You are bankrupt long ago—we know it; you cannot pay your own soldiery, much less your debts—we know it; you are the mere chief bandit of a northern robber—we know it; you have proved yourself incapable of courage to the brave, and of vulgar humanity to the fallen—we know it: but then you have at your back the dread power of the omnipresent Tzar, and though you occupy Denmark, and set a garrison in Rome, in Cracow, and even in Hamburg, almost on the frontier foam of our bounding Atlantic, we will recognize you, no matter where you may go or what you may do?" Shall we direct our ambassador to Switzerland to say, "My good people, primæval and excellent Republicans, you have of late given hospitality to the exile, and maintained in their spirit and their glory republican institutions: but then Austria, the Russian policeman, presses on in haste to occupy and partition the land of Tell, and he being armed with a knout, and saying he comes in the name of 'law and order,' *we* will, being peaceful people, recognize *him*—you, no more?" No, it cannot be. Such fell treason to humanity no American statesman dare whisper in the ears of his countrymen; and yet it will soon, hopeful, let us say, not over-soon, come to this issue. We have either to hold forth the hand of friendship to all European Democracies who may sustain or claim free institutions cognate with our own, or recognize nothing in Europe; and the latter, equally with the former, is hostile to the monarchies of the Old World. In the latter event we incur hostility from the monarchs, we gain nothing from the people. In the former we acquire the friendship of every European Democracy, the first right of making such trade and commercial arrangements as we and they may find most profitable to them and us, and we incur no danger from monarchs or monarchic armies. Let us assure ourselves of this fact: We have in the dominions of any monarchy in Europe a stronger army, a more loyal army, than the head and government thereof, which would rise to our help at the first signal of war against us by the dynasty it hates. Let us assure ourselves of this other fact: No monarchy in Europe dare attack us. By a ridiculous coincidence in the history of popular delusions, the monarchy we most fear, to which we are most respectful and obsequious, is that which least of all dare cross its sword with ours—the British. Alison may write essays at the most stupendous humbug known as history, but even with a wretchedly inferior administration at the head of our affairs, no British Government, not insane, dare show more than its teeth in anger, if even so much. France, with her contiguous position, is not more ready to throw a fleet and an invading army on the coasts of Sussex and Kent, than we are, with our superior steam navy, sail of the line, volunteer and privateer squadrons, to throw even a larger force upon the western coasts of the English dominions. We are no longer a third or second rate power in the world, not even *of* the first, but *the* first; and in the coming

revolutions of Europe let us remember that. The time is not far distant when they may break upon us. We can establish a relation of republican empire with the several Democracies which no empire or republic ever attained, and which, with gain and glory to us, will be the first true plan of giving to the world a free and honorable peace. The American Government which will effect this must at least possess itself of *some* "foreign policy;" it must at least have itself represented throughout the world by a different class of men from that we have in the beginning of this article remotely hinted at. It must select for its representation *men;* it must have at least some consideration for their worldly capacity, for their historic knowledge, and for their downright republican sympathies. To any such Government we offer the following suggestions:

1st. With the Republics which now exist in the world, or which may hereafter exist, (while they continue Republics,) the Republic of the United States should enter into treaties of perfect amity and reciprocal defense against aggressive war.

To this it may be answered, that the suggestion involves a departure from "our previous policy." To be sure it does. But the simple answer is, we were bound in the war of Independence to a similar treaty with France, though we broke it; and the late Zachary Taylor, not a bad precedent or President, in his way, had the great honor of initiating such another treaty with Switzerland. Interest and Republicanism alike compel us to make such treaties with all Republics. At the present time the proposition of such a treaty may save France from another agony; and had such a treaty been consummated with her Government under Lamartine or Cavaignac, we might have averted without a blow struck, or the expense of a dollar, the invasion and the downfall of Rome.

2d. Treaties such as the above should include perfect reciprocity in trade—in fact, if you wish to call it so, "Free Trade;" *and no treaty granting this advantage should be made with other than Republics.*

The only country in Europe with which we have approximated to such a treaty is England, the most ruinous to us from that fact.

Such a system of foreign policy, as the above hints at, would at once give a premium to all Democracies to declare themselves, and become Republics, thereby giving the deadliest blow to European monarchies—and no money spent.

The proposition above made is compatible with the law of nations, for we have every right to direct our own trade policy, to consume what articles we please, and to make treaties with nations as we please.

It could not be objected to by the so-called "Democratic" party; for General Cass, in the session of Congress previous to this, proposed a resolution in the Senate suspending all relations with Austria. A Southern "Democrat" very properly asked, why not also with Great Britain? (Sir Henry Bulwer was present and tapped his boot with his cane, as if he did not care—*of course* he did not.)

It is according to the first doctrine of the Whigs, protection of native industry against unfair foreign competition.

It is fair—for as all men know, monarchies are enabled to procure labor at less cost than we are, simply because they have standing armies to coerce the laborer to take less. In the British Isles, for instance, a good laborer can be had for twelve and a half cents per diem, and "glad to get it." Here the same laborer costs eight times as much. The British and other Governments oppress and keep in servitude their subjects, that they may undersell fair dealers in the market. Republics alone give or can give fair play to production and labor, and with them alone, with any safety to our own interests, can we enter into a reciprocal treaty of competition.

Lastly—There is ample precedent for the above course, and that by the very authority whose "Free Trade" orthodoxy, our "Democratic friends" will be the last to ignore—viz.: England. The English Governments have, from the "emancipation of the negroes" in Jamaica, exacted a heavy preventive duty on any imported "slave-grown" sugar, that is to say, American or other foreign sugar, utterly forgetting that their cotton goods, woollen cloth, cutlery, and other productions, are the product of white slaves kept in still more unnatural subjection, are in fact "slave-made cloth," "slave-made cottons," "slave-made knives and forks," &c., &c.; and it is only paying them back in their own coin to refuse admission, save on the payment of equalizing duties, to all

and every such productions. We at least may set up for a little humanity too; and therefore let us discountenance any Government which lives upon *white* slaves.

3d. Should any Democracy in Europe, or elsewhere, rise against monarchic usurpation, and assume the attitude and declare the intentions of a Republic, it is the duty of the United States Government, no matter where that Democracy may be, whether in Hungary or Rome, Vienna or London, to send forthwith an ambassador to advise with its leaders, and recognize its independence.

*Vide* in proof of the rectitude of the above theory, that able and constitutional document, the "Hulsemann Letter," of which the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, has the distinguished honor of being the author. Need we say more?

For the present this sketch of a foreign policy will be quite sufficient. Should any further suggestions be needed, we shall hold ourselves in readiness to give them.

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# MADAME D'ARBLAY.

What a long period intervenes between the time Heliodorus wrote the "Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea," and the writing of "Evelina," between the reign of Arcadius and Honorius, and that of George III. Heliodorus's novel is an interesting love story, pure and delicate in its tone. The heroine is charming, the style elegant. The French school of romance bears marks of this remarkable production. It has been used by Spenser, Tasso, and Guarini, and gave an opportunity for the graceful genius of Raphael to display itself on canvas. The author, a Christian Bishop in Thessaly, was called upon either to burn his book or resign his office: like a brave man as he was, he chose the latter alternative. The scene of the work is principally laid in Egypt, and it opens in a forcible and picturesque manner. The description of pirate life at the mouth of the Nile is entertaining, and no doubt historical. It contains a potent account of a loathsome hag who, by her incantations, compels the dead body of her son to rise and reply to her questions, while she leaps about a fire grasping a naked sword, and her arm crimsoned with blood. Fortune plays strange freaks. Heliodorus was banished from a bishopric on account of writing this novel, and *Amyot*, who translated it into the French language, was rewarded with an abbey. There is an English translation of it *done* by a person of quality in conjunction with Nahum Tate. Tate is well known for his boast of having restrung the rough jewels of Shakspeare. Parts of this translation are remarkably good, and have the flavor of being taken from some old English version.

The Golden Ass, by Apuleius, is another ancient and interesting story, full of adventures. Apuleius lived in the reign of the Antonines. His mother was a descendant of Plutarch of Chæronea, which was something to be proud of. There is a rare merit in this book, for one's curiosity never slackens, and the events, however strange and incredible, seem to our excited imagination simple truth. The manners and customs of the period are minutely described. Dandies and witches, priests and fools, are instinct with life in this singular production. Apuleius was an intense admirer of fine hair and its elegant adornment.

The pastoral loves of Daphnis and Chloe, by Longus, is likewise a beautiful production of ancient times, and is a story fit to bear company with the two preceding ones. Longus is well entitled to the epithet, "suavissimus." The book is most sweetly written, and some of the descriptions have never been surpassed. The editor of the first edition gives in his preface the reasons for printing it. He says:—"Having attentively read the pastorals of Longus, and having also persuaded several learned men to read them, the author seemed so delightful to all of us, as well on account of the purity and elegance of his language, as of the gayety of his subject, that we could not help think-

ing we should be guilty of no small offense, if we did not all in our power to prevent such a work remaining any longer in concealment, more especially as I know that many scholars were most anxious that it should be published." (Quæ cum diligenter legissem, et cum doctis sane viris lectionem illam communicâssem, ita nobis arridere cæpit hic auctor, tum ob sermonis puritatem atque elegantium tum ob materiæ festivitatem ut prope facinus nos admissuros fuisse duxerimus si (quantum in nobis esset) hujusmodi opus diutius in tenebris delitesceret: præsertim cum scirem illud a studiosis vehementer desiderari.)

I must make one extract from this book, on account of its graceful and refined elegance:—

"An old man came to them clothed with a frock, shod with sandals, furnished with a scrip, and that scrip an old one. He sat down beside them, and spoke thus:—'I am, my children, the old man Philetas; I, who have many times sung to these nymphs, who have many times piped to that Pan, who have led many a herd of oxen by my music alone. I come to you to relate what I have seen, to tell what I have heard. I have a garden, the work of my own hands, which I have cultivated ever since I ceased to tend the flocks on account of old age. It produces, according to each season, whatever the seasons bear: in the spring roses, lilies, the hyacinth, and both the violets; in summer poppies, pears, and all kinds of apples; now, grapes and figs, and pomegranates, and green myrtle berries. In this garden flocks of birds assemble in the morning, some to feed, some to sing; for it is overspreading and shady, and watered by three fountains: if the hedge were taken away, it would seem to be a wood. When I went into the garden yesterday about noon, I saw a boy under the pomegranate trees and myrtles, carrying pomegranates and myrtle-berries; he was fair as milk, and golden-haired as fire, and fresh as one lately bathed; he was naked, he was alone, and he was sporting as if he had been plucking fruit in his own garden. I hastened towards him to lay hold of him, fearing lest in his rudeness he should break the myrtles and the pomegranate trees. But he escaped me lightly and easily—sometimes running under the rose bushes, sometimes hiding himself under the poppies like a young partridge. Often have I had much trouble in pursuing sucking kids, often have I toiled in running after new-born calves; but this was an ever-varying and unattainable labor. Being weary, for I am old, and resting on my staff, (watching him meanwhile that he might not escape,) I inquired to whom of my neighbors he belonged, and what he meant by gathering fruit in another man's garden? He made no answer, but standing beside me, he smiled softly and pelted me with myrtle-berries. I know not how it was, but he soothed me so that I could no longer be angry. I implored him therefore to come within reach, and to fear nothing; and I swore by the myrtles that I would let him go, that I would give him apples and pomegranates, and would permit him always to gather the fruit and pluck the flowers, if I could obtain from him one single kiss. At this he laughed heartily, and said in a voice such as no swallow, no nightingale, no swan (a bird as long-lived as myself) could utter: "It is no trouble for me to kiss you, Philetas, for I desire to be kissed even more than you desire to be young: but pray consider, would this favor be suitable to your years? For your old age would be of no avail to deter you from following me after you had gotten one kiss. I am difficult to be overtaken by a hawk, and by an eagle, and by any bird that is swifter even than these. I am not a child, and although I seem to be one, yet am I older than Saturn, than all time itself. I knew you when in early youth you used to feed a wide-spreading herd in yonder marsh, when you loved Amaryllis; but you did not see me, although I used to stand close by the girl. However, I gave her to you, and now your sons are good herdsmen and good husbandmen. At present I tend Daphnis and Chloe, and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden and please myself with the flowers and plants, and I bathe in the fountains. On this account the flowers are beautiful, for they are watered from my baths. See now whether any one of your flowers is broken, whether any fruit has been gathered, whether any flower root has been trodden down, whether any fountain is troubled. And I say farewell to the only one of men who in his old age has seen this child." With these words he sprang like a young nightingale upon the myrtles, and passing from branch to branch, he crept through the leaves up to the top. I saw his wings upon his shoulders, and I saw a little bow between the wings and the shoulders, and then I saw no longer either them or him. Unless I have borne these gray hairs in vain, and unless as I grow older I become more foolish, you are dedicated to Love, and Love has the care of you.' * * * * They were quite delighted as if they had heard a fable, not a history; and they inquired what is Love, whether a boy or a bird, and what power has he? Philetas answered:—'My children, Love is a god, young and beautiful and winged; he therefore delights in youth, follows after beauty, and gives wings to the soul. And he has more power than Jove. He governs the elements; he governs the stars; he governs his peers the gods. You have not so much power over the goats and sheep. The flowers are all the work of Love; these plants are his productions. Through his influence the rivers flow and the winds breathe. * * * * Even I have been young, and I was in love with Amaryllis. I remembered not food; I sought not after drink; I took no sleep. My soul grieved; my heart palpitated; my body was chilled. I cried as if beaten; I was silent as if dead; I threw myself into the rivers as if burning. I blessed the echo for repeating after me the name of Amaryllis.'"

There are passages in the Golden Ass, and Daphnis and Chloe, which would shock modern delicacy, and would not harmonize

with our ideas of refinement; which are often of a sickly tone, so much so, that at times we are driven to believe that modern delicacy consists in delicacy of words, and indelicacy in thought and actions. Dean Swift pertinently inquires whether any wise man will say, that if the words drinking, cheating, lying, and stealing were by Act of Parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Yet how many, in this seemingly pious age, are shocked at indelicate allusions, who have no scruples in committing indelicate acts. In return for the pleasure derived from works of fancy, and indeed from almost all our amusements, we must make pretty liberal concessions; we must bear with a great deal that is unnatural; we must tolerate many absurdities, acquiesce in improbabilities, and sometimes even concede what is impossible; we must allow a certain distance to the juggler, and permit him to be inaccessible on the rear, and strongly intrenched on the flanks; we must be content to view the perspective of a painting from one point only, and consider a motionless statue as a flying Mercury; to suppose that the hero of an opera is soliloquizing in a perfect solitude, although every word gives preternatural activity to the elbows of fifty fiddlers; and in spite of ourselves to feel drowsy during the ballet, in sympathy with the heroine, who, by a fiction of the theatre, sleeps soundly in a hornpipe.

Frances Burney (the maiden name of Madame D'Arblay) was born at Lynn-Regis, on the 13th of June, 1752. During her childhood she was the most backward in learning of the whole family, and at eight years of age she did not know the alphabet; but some two years after this she commenced scribbling on every bit of paper she could find, covering them with her effusions, elegies, plays, and songs, written in characters illegible to all, save herself. She never showed them to any one but her sister Susanna. Among the works she then wrote was one called Caroline Evelyn. Of this tale she retained a most vivid recollection, and many of its incidents were retained in Evelina. A neighbor recommended to Mrs. Burney to quicken her daughter's application to knowledge by chastisement. "No, no," replied her mother; "I am not uneasy about Fanny." She entertained, however, a great dread lest Fanny should become an authoress. Before strangers Miss Burney was silent and reserved, and her stillness procured her the name of the "old lady." She was an attentive observer of what was passing around her; and when she overcame her shyness, would enact characters of her own invention, and after seeing a play would mimic the actors. Unfortunately she early lost her mother, and her father, though a kind and amiable man, seems to have paid little attention to her, either as regards her education or pursuits. She had no teacher, no governess. Dr. Burney's engagements as an instructor in music, allowed him but little time to attend to his family. He was industrious and persevering, and acquired the French and Italian languages while riding on horseback, and afterwards, when his duties became more pressing, he carried his meals with him in his carriage in a tin case, that no time might be lost. The best company in London visited Dr. Burney's house, and there could be seen Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Strange the engraver, Barry, Mason, and Armstrong. From such men Fanny must have gleaned much information, and she listened to the warblings of Pachierotti, Agujari, and Gabriella. All the musical talent in London could be found at Burney's home. Fanny, after attaining her fifteenth year, considered her passion for writing as illaudable, because fruitless, and she made a bonfire of all her stock in a paved play-court, her sister Susanna weeping over the ashes of Caroline Evelyn. The natural bent of her mind could not be changed, and the recollection of Caroline Evelyn still haunted her imagination. Fanny had no works of fiction, and her father, though possessing a considerable library, had but one novel, Fielding's "Amelia." In secret she began "Evelina," and after writing a couple of volumes, a difficulty occurred in finding a publisher. Dodsley refused it on account of its being anonymous; but Lowndes, another publisher, offered £20 for the copyright, which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence. There was a subsequent addition of £10 after the third edition—and this was all Miss Burney ever received for "Evelina," although thousands of copies were sold in a

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few months. The first knowledge that Miss Burney had of the publication of "Evelina" was from an advertisement read aloud at the breakfast table: "This day was published Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World." This novel was published in 1778, Fanny then being twenty-six years of age. Dr. Burney about this period was attacked with a violent fever, and Fanny herself had symptoms of inflammation of the lungs; and they thought it advisable to visit Chesington Hall, the residence of their mutual friend Mr. Crisp, where she remained several months, unconscious that "Evelina" was the theme of every tongue. Her father, sister, and brother Charles, alone knew her to be the author. Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary, (November 18, 1826,) says: "Was introduced by Rogers to Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia;' an elderly lady, with no remains of beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quiet feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons, myself of course being one, the other George Canning. Madame D'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of 'Evelina' being printed. But the following circumstance may have given rise to the story. Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside her in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, 'You should read this new work, Madam, you should read Evelina; every one says it is excellent, and they are right.' The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Madame D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again."

Dr. Johnson appreciated very justly both the abilities and moral excellence of Miss Burney. On one occasion he observed, that "Evelina seems a work which should result from long experience, and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; and yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances; and such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers. Modesty with her is neither pretense nor decorum; it is an ingredient in her nature; for she who could part with such a work for £20, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility."

"*Evelina*" is certainly a most excellent work. It was the first of a class of fictitious productions, in which the genius of an Inchbald, an Austen, an Edgeworth, and a Lady Morgan, have reaped undying fame. It possessed merits which caused it to be placed with pleasure by parents in the hands of their children. Miss Burney at all times advocates the cause of religion and morality. She is a quick and accurate observer of things and persons, and her works are invaluable as furnishing us with correct pictures of society, and the habits and manners of her day. The plot of Evelina is simplicity itself. A young lady, educated in the most secluded retirement, makes at the age of seventeen her first appearace upon the great and busy stage of life, with a virtuous mind, a cultivated understanding, and a feeling heart. Her ignorance of the forms, and inexperience in the manners of the world, occasion all the little incidents in the work, and form the natural progression of the life of a young woman of obscure birth, but of conspicuous beauty. To use Miss Burney's words, we are not transported to the fantastic regions of romance, where fiction is colored by all the gay tints of luxurious imagination, where reason is an outcast, and where the sublimity of the marvellous rejects all aid from sober probability. The heroine of these memoirs, young, artless, and inexperienced, is

"No faultless monster that the world ne'er saw,"

but the offspring of nature in her simple attire. When young people are too rigidly sequestered from the world, their lively imaginations paint it to them as a paradise of which they have been beguiled; but when they see it as it really is, they find it equally shared by pain and pleasure, hope and

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disappointment. In Evelina the glories of Ranelagh and Vauxhall are before us; we visit the Pantheon and Kensington Gardens with a motley and strange group. We have the rough, noisy, and ignorant Captain Mirvan; Madame Duvall, all flutter, grimace, jabber, rouge and ribbons, the essence of vulgarity; and the Branghton family—a rare collection; and that gem of a cockney beau, Mr. Smith, "who studies what the ladies like;" the mild, gentlemanly, kind-hearted Lord Orville; the dashing Sir Clement Willoughby; and the country flower, Evelina, transplanted from the dews and fresh air and exercise of the country, to the hot and polluted atmosphere of London ball-rooms. Evelina goes to Drury Lane Theatre, and sees Garrick perform Ranger; such ease, such vivacity in his manner, such grace in his motions, such fire and meaning in his eyes. She could hardly believe he had studied a written part; every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment. His action at once so graceful and so free, his voice so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones, such animation every look spoke. And when he danced she envied Clarinda, and wanted to jump on the stage and join them. Polly Branghton is delightful,—vulgar and pert; her father purse-proud and mean; and her brother a foolish over-grown school-boy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance,—his delight was in tormenting his sisters. Mr. Smith was Dr. Johnson's favorite character. We will give the reader a few specimens of his elegance:—

"'O fie, Tom,—dispute with a lady!' cried Mr. Smith. 'Now, as for me, I'm for where you will, provided this young lady is of the party;—one place is the same as another to me, so that it be but agreeable to the ladies. I would go anywhere with you, Ma'am,' (to me,) 'unless, indeed, it were to *church;*—ha, ha, ha! You'll excuse me, Ma'am; but really I never could conquer my fear of a parson;—ha, ha, ha! Really, ladies, I beg your pardon for being so rude; but I can't help laughing for my life!'"

"'Why really, Ma'am, as to your being a little out of sorts, I must own I can't wonder at it, for, to be sure, marriage is all in all with the ladies; but with us gentlemen it's quite another thing! Now only put yourself in my place,—suppose you had such a large acquaintance of gentlemen as I have,—and that you had always been used to appear a little—a little smart among them,—why now, how should you like to let yourself down all at once into a married man!'"

"'Why, Ma'am, the truth is, Miss Biddy and Polly take no care of anything; else, I'm sure, they should be always welcome to my room; for I'm never so happy as in obliging the ladies,—that's my character, Ma'am:—but really, the last time they had it, everything was made so greasy and so nasty, that, upon my word, to a man who wishes to have things a little genteel, it was quite cruel. Now, as to you, Ma'am, it's quite another thing; for I should not mind if everything I had was spoilt, for the sake of having the pleasure to oblige you; and I assure you, Ma'am, it makes me quite happy that I have a room good enough to receive you.'"

"'My dear Ma'am, you must be a little patient; I assure you I have no bad designs, I have not, upon my word; but really, there is no resolving upon such a thing as matrimony all at once; what with the loss of one's liberty, and what with the ridicule of all one's acquaintance,—I assure you, Ma'am, you're the first lady that ever made me even demur upon this subject; for after all, my dear Ma'am, marriage is the devil!'"

Captain Mirvan meets a dandy at the theatre, who discourses in the following *pleasant* and *sensible* manner:—

"'For my part,' said Mr. Lovel, 'I confess I seldom listen to the players: one has so much to do, in looking about and finding out one's acquaintance, that really one has no time to mind the stage. Pray,' (most affectedly fixing his eyes upon a diamond-ring upon his little finger,) 'pray, what was the play to-night?'

"'Why, what the d—l,' cried the Captain, 'do you come to the play without knowing what it is?'

"'O yes, sir, yes, very frequently: I have no time to read play-bills; one merely comes to meet one's friends, and show that one's alive.'

"'Ha, ha, ha!—and so,' cried the Capt in, 'it costs you five shillings a night just to show you're alive! Well, faith, my friends should all think me dead and under ground before I'd be at that expense for 'em. Howsomever, this here you may take from me,—they'll find you out fast enough if you have anything to give 'em. And so you've been here all this time, and don't know what the play was?'

"'Why, really, sir, a play requires so much attention,—it is scarce possible to keep awake if one listens;—for indeed by the time it is evening, one has been so fatigued with dining,—or wine,—or the house,—or studying,—that it is—it is perfectly an impossibility. But now I think of it, I believe I have a bill in my pocket; oh, ay, here it is—Love for Love,—ay, true,—ha, ha!—how could I be so stupid!'"

Mr. Branghton and his interesting family visit the opera:—

"'What a jabbering they make!' cried Mr. Branghton; 'there's no knowing a word they say! I'ray, what's the reason they can't as well sing

English?—but I suppose the fine folks would not like it, if they could understand it.'

"'How unnatural their action is!' said the son: 'why now, who ever saw an Englishman put himself in such out-of-the-way postures?'

"'For my part,' said Miss Polly, 'I think it's very pretty, only I don't know what it means.'

"'Lord, what does that signify?' cried her sister; 'mayn't one like a thing without being so very particular? You may see that Miss likes it, and I don't suppose she knows more of the matter than we do.'"

The reader can find a neat edition of "Evelina" among Dove's English Classics. Whittingham has also published it in his collection of pocket novelists.

Evelina had the effect of introducing Miss Burney to the charming society that assembled at Streatham, the residence of Mrs. Thrale,—witty, sensible, good-hearted Mrs. Thrale, a creature of life, spirit, and conversational power, the delight of all who had the pleasure to know her. There Johnson was an almost constant guest; there Burke was to be found irradiating the table with bursts of genius; and Windham, and Sheridan, and Reynolds, and all the great and celebrated persons of the day. Here Miss Burney enjoyed the true friendship which Johnson entertained for her, and she fully appreciated the loving heart of the "fine old lion," and she to him was "dear little Burney," and his "little character monger." Those were glorious days at Streatham for Fanny Burney. They were the happiest of her whole life. At her particular solicitation Dr. Johnson gave her a small engraving of his portrait, from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a little while after she was examining it at a distant table. The Doctor in crossing the room stopped to discover what she was occupied with, and on discovering it, he see-sawed for a moment or two, and then exclaimed: "Ah, ha! Sam Johnson! I see thee! and an ugly dog thou art." She became acquainted with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Monckton, Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Chapone, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, and her society was courted by the fair, fashionable, and learned; but she soon grew weary of this excitement. In 1782 she says: "I begin to be heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances." And in allusion to the parties to which she was constantly engaged, she observes: "For my own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out; but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure, by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that zest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement."

While at Streatham, by the persuasion of Mrs. Thrale and other friends, Miss Burney was induced to write a comedy, which she entitled "The Witlings." Mr. Murphy thought highly of it, but at the suggestion of her friend Mr. Crisp, she was induced to drop it. His chief objection to it was, that it bore a great resemblance to Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes," a play which Burney had never seen or read. She afterwards, in 1795, attempted a tragedy called "Edwy and Elgiva," which was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, but never published.

Miss Burney adopted the epistolary style in writing Evelina. There are three methods of writing a story, generally adopted by novelists: The narrative, in which the author himself relates the whole adventure. Cervantes adopted this manner in his Don Quixote. It is the most usual way. The author is supposed to know everything—the secret springs of action; and he can tell events when and in what manner he pleases. He can be diffuse or concise, witty or grave, according to the vein he is in. He can refresh himself with digressions, and by these means can utter sentiments and display knowledge which would not be appropriate to any of the characters. But to heighten the interest of the story, and give it picturesque effect, frequent dialogues are necessary. Another method is that of memoirs, where the subject of the adventures relates his own story. De Foe was a perfect master of this style. It has the advantage of the warmth and feeling a person may be supposed to have in his own affairs. Marivaux

followed this plan in his minute and affecting story of "La Vie de Marianne." A third way remains, that of epistolary correspondence. Richardson has gained a deathless fame by his novels, in all of which he makes use of letters. It gives a rare opportunity for display of character, and minuteness of description, and keen and delicate insight into the springs of human action. It is improbable in one respect, for we can hardly suppose that a correspondence should be preserved and form a connected story; and the author labors under the same difficulty that so often assails the dramatist, the necessity of having some insipid confidant, into the porches of whose ear the incidents of the plot may be gradually unfolded. Rousseau adopted the epistolary style in "La Nouvelle Héloïse."

From this round of dissipation, Miss Burney retired to Chesington Hall, and sat down to the composition of "*Cecilia, or the Memoirs of an Heiress,*" which appeared in 1782. Expectation, which had been raised to the highest pitch, was not destined to be disappointed in Cecilia. The manuscript had been shown to Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Crisp and others. In some few points she respected their criticisms, and made some alterations. Mr. Crisp advised her, "whoever she might think fit to consult, let their talents and tastes be ever so great, she was to hear what they had to say, but never to give up or alter a tittle, merely on their authority, unless it perfectly coincided with her own inward feelings." He again observes: "In works of genius, fancy, imagination, it is not the long, learned argumentations of critics pro and con, that come with the compass and line in their hands to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no! 'tis the genuine, unbiased, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit." Burke, in a letter to her, says: "There are few, I may say fairly, there are none at all, that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature and their stock of observations enriched by reading your *Cecilia*. I might trespass on your delicacy, if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone, if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humor, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation that appear quite throughout this extraordinary performance." Mrs. Chapone also expresses her delight to Mrs. Carter: "Pray, my dear Mrs. Carter, have you read Cecilia? I do not remember to have heard your opinion of it, but I find with great pleasure that Mrs. Montague (who was not very favorable to Evelina) is warm in her commendation of this book. I am fond of Miss Burney, and delighted with her works. There was one charm in Evelina which to me surpassed even everything in Cecilia; this was the just and natural picture of the purest and most elegant love. Lord Orville and Evelina are lovers after my own heart. . . . . The morality of both works is uncommonly perfect, and shows an admirable rectitude of mind in the writer There is in Cecilia much useful satire, and a force of pathos that was really too much for me. Perhaps there is too great a number of characters, but most of them are surprisingly well drawn, and kept up with admirable consistency." Mrs. Thrale also joyfully compliments her friend Fanny:— "Upon my honor, then, my dear, I have not said half of what my heart is full. The Delvilles, since I wrote last, efface everything else. When I read the lady's character in my own dressing-room, I catch myself looking at my picture every moment. Yours is so like her in many things. Hobson and Simkins are borough men, and I am confident they were both canvassed last year; they are the life itself. Even Mr. Briggs, *caricato* as he certainly is, won all my esteem by his scene with Don Puffendorf, whose misty magnitude was never shown so despicably dropsical before. I was happy to see Briggs have the better of him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# KIMBALL HALE DIMMICK.

The subject of this memoir was born in the town of Plymouth, Chenango county, N. Y., on the 5th day of August, 1812. His father, David Dimmick, was from Canterbury, Ct., and his mother, Marcy Hale, from Berkshire county, in the State of Massachusetts. She was a niece of Nathan Hale, so conspicuous in revolutionary story, who was arrested on Long Island by the British while executing the delicate and dangerous mission of visiting the enemy's camp to obtain information as a spy, and hung.

The father was one of the pioneer settlers of the town of Plymouth. He had to struggle with the embarrassments that beset the laboring poor; and his small farm and limited means would not permit him to give to his children an education beyond that of the common school.

Hale worked upon the farm with his father and brothers until the age of nineteen, when he left home and sought the means of acquiring a higher education in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Academy, by teaching school in winter, and working, through the vacations and leisure hours of the school, in a printing office. While thus employed he was intrusted by the Whigs with the management and control of the *Hamilton Sentinel* through the spirited campaign of 1834. Obtaining by such ways and means a respectable education, he returned to Chenango, and in 1839 commenced the study of the law in the office of Charles A. Thorp, Esq., of Norwich, and in 1842 was admitted on examination an Attorney of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York. He at once opened a law office in Norwich, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. In August following he was unanimously elected a Brigadier General of the State Militia, although at the time the Junior Colonel of the Brigade. In September, 1843, he married Miss Sarah Holcomb, daughter of Charles Holcomb, of Plymouth.

On the opening of the Mexican war in the spring of 1846, he was stimulated by martial spirit and the love of adventure to raise a company of volunteers for that service. Such was the general confidence in his military skill and patriotism, that the requisite numbers were speedily enrolled from among his immediate neighbors and townsmen. They entered the service of the United States on the 5th day of August, 1846, at New-York city, as Company K of the 1st Regiment of New-York Volunteers, General Dimmick being chosen Captain by unanimous vote. After near two months' vexatious stay on Governor's Island, he embarked with his men on a transport vessel for California around Cape Horn, and reached San Francisco in March, 1847. Of this military expedition it may be said that it sailed farther, was the longest and most distant of any ever projected, and that it was entirely successful. Co-operating with one company of Artillery and a partial company of Dragoons, this New-York Regiment of Volunteers held possession of the entire country, quelled all uprisings of the Mexicans, and literally conquered them into peace. The service was not like that in eastern Mexico—a service of bloody battle; but there was labor and danger, care and responsibility, and of these Captain Dimmick met and bore his full share whenever and wherever they presented themselves. He retained his command until the Regiment was discharged from the service on the 15th day of August, 1848, enjoying in an eminent degree the confidence and regard of the soldiery he commanded, as well as that of the officers above and below him.

Being thus set at liberty, he travelled two months in various parts of California, exploring the mineral regions and speculating, without once seeing a house or hovel for shelter. Having "seen the elephant" to his satisfaction, he returned and established himself permanently at the Pueblo de San José. On the first of December, 1848, he was chosen Alcalde and Judge of First Instance of that district.

California was at this time in a state of entire confusion. An immense number of foreigners had arrived in the country. Nearly all the United States troops had deserted, and the vessels entering the harbors were left without seamen. There were or-

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K. H. Dimmick

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ganized bands of highwaymen to rob those returning from the mines. Murders were frequent, and magistrates dared not arrest the culprits. The first official act of Judge Dimmick was the issue of a warrant to arrest three ringleaders of a gang for the murder of two men returning from the mines through the district of San José. The prisoners were apprehended and committed. A bill of indictment was found against them for highway robbery and murder. Judge Dimmick gave them summary trial, and on their conviction sentenced them to immediate execution. Before suffering the penalty of their crime they confessed to the murder of five individuals. This energetic enforcement of the law was like an earthquake shock to California, and contributed more than aught else to preserve order and throw a shield over human life throughout her wide borders. Governor Mason addressed him a highly complimentary letter in acknowledgment of his excellent and successful administration of criminal justice.

It had now become apparent to clear-minded men, from the disordered state of affairs and the large influx of heterogeneous population, that the Mexican system was wholly inadequate to the protection of property and personal rights in California. So strongly impressed was Judge Dimmick with the necessity of some remedy for the evils existing, he called a public meeting at San José on the 11th of December, 1848, over which he presided, and at which he was the principal speaker. He showed them the pressing need of taking speedy measures to establish an efficient government, and the improbability of Congress doing any thing for the protection of the country. He drew up and presented resolutions which were unanimously adopted, recommending to the people of California to choose delegates to meet in Convention and form a plan for a Territorial or State Government. *This was the first meeting held, and the first open movement made in California on this subject.* The publication of the proceedings and resolutions was followed by similar meetings in all the northern districts of California, at which the doings of the San José meeting were read and approved. Elections of delegates were had, and Judge Dimmick was unanimously chosen by his district.

Owing to the non-concurrence of a few of the southern districts, which still blindly relied on an early action of Congress upon the Territorial Bill, the assembling of the Convention was postponed until the result should be known.

On the 3d of June, 1849, news having arrived of the defeat of the Territorial Government Bill, General Riley, then acting Governor, issued his proclamation recommending the election of delegates in all the districts to a Convention for forming a State Constitution, or territorial organization — which Convention was to meet at Monterey on the 1st of September then next. Four days after the largest meeting ever held in San José, composed of both natives and Americans, assembled at the Court House. Again Judge Dimmick presided and presented the resolutions, affirming in strong terms the policy and necessity of assuming State sovereignty. He caused the proclamation to be read in Spanish to the Californians from the Court House steps, and in their own language (which he had acquired during his military service) he explained and enforced its purpose and objects. The other districts followed this example, and new elections were held in all the districts. San José manifested her undiminished confidence in Judge Dimmick, by unanimously returning him as one of the delegates from that district, and he presided at the organization of the Convention.

We cannot dwell at length upon the action of Judge Dimmick as a member of this body, which comprised the first minds and best talent of the territory. He was one of the Select Committee appointed to report a plan of a Constitution; and a reference to the published proceedings of the Convention will show that from the commencement of the session to its close, he was diligent in his attendance, and unremitting in his zeal to exclude the wrong and save the right in the organic law of this young State, so fast growing to greatness. In organizing a judiciary system, always a task of great difficulty, the plan which ultimately prevailed was his; and to the provision securing essential privileges to married women, he gave effectual support. The debates of this distinguished assemblage exhibit the Judge as a not infrequent participator. His characteristics were strong common sense, directness, and force. He had but little of the graces in manner or matter. His aim was sure and clear, and he marched straightforward

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to the accomplishment of his object, regardless of intervening obstacles, and heedless of attempts to divert. The qualities which marked him as a Captain and a Judge, gave him power and influence as a statesman. If, on a comparison of the Constitution of California with those of her sister States, it shall be found to guard every right of the citizen in as full degree, and at the same time be more liberal, catholic and democratic than theirs; it is safe to pronounce that the praise of accomplishing a work of such merit is, in a large measure, due to Judge Dimmick.

The establishment of the capital of the State at San José by the Convention, was mainly produced by his personal efforts and popularity.

Near the close of the Convention, Judge Dimmick was appointed by Governor Riley, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, in which capacity he served until after the organization of the State Government. His last official act was the administration of the oath of office to the first Governor, Burnett, at his inauguration.

It is needless to say that Judge Dimmick is and ever has been an ardent Whig—of a platform broad as the Union itself. He is withal a disciplinarian, and knowing that upon the admission of the State into the Union her politics must become nationalized and assimilated to those of her Atlantic sisters, he labored, and labored successfully, to organize a purely *Whig party*, and build it up on a broad and sure foundation.

The Judge continued to reside as a private citizen at San José until the 1st of June, 1850. During his long absence the beloved youngest of his two children had died. The strong desire to revisit his family after a four years' separation, with a necessity of giving attention to his personal affairs of business, induced him to return to "old Chenango." He arrived home in July, bearing with him the regrets of the many who appreciated his worth in California, and was cordially welcomed by his numerous expectant friends.

Whether he will again become a resident of the Golden State is, we learn, problematical. It *was* his fixed, declared intention to do so, but the *home feeling* that prompted his return to wife, child, and the scenes of his youth, is like to hush the call of ambition.

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# JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT:

## CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

Before these sheets shall have reached the hands of our subscribers at a distance from New-York, the present session of Congress will be at an end. Until next December no Senate can further question the Administration, nor can any authoritative body further intervene between it and the heavy responsibility it has assumed. And when the next session shall have opened, political parties and partisans will be more concerned as to the chances of their several favorites in the Presidential contest of '52, than in questions not cardinal to the platform of either party, but of the highest moment to the interest of the whole United States, and to the honor of the Republic. The only possible chance of settling, in a manner truly national, the questions involved in the pre-

relative positions of the United States, Britain and Nicaragua, occurred during the session now almost over. Any hope of taking advantage of that opportunity has now passed, and may be considered lost. The original question of again permitting any new colony to be planted on this the North American continent by a foreign, a monarchical, and an absentee power, simple and plain of settlement as it is, necessary to be viewed from a national point only, and to be abandoned as a right or resisted by arms as a wrong, on grounds purely American and intensely Republican, must now, by the fate of events, be thrown into the cauldron for 1852, there to be turned over and over, pulled hitherward and thitherward by faction, subjected to every possible species of distortion, mystification, and confusion, until it be again thrown into the Senate in the session of 1852–3. Until that time, therefore, the English have taken out a lease

of Central America, and will therein carry forward, with perfect impunity, the designs in furtherance of which they now occupy and hold the entire of one coast, and blockade the entire of the other. Such is the position in which the present Administration has left the matter. Till December, 1851, it is safe from further inquiry. Till December, 1852, safe from action. More than six weeks have elapsed since General Shields moved in the Senate, and since the Senate unanimously carried, a resolution calling on the Administration to furnish information on the British outrages in Central America. To that resolution no reply has yet been returned, and, if any will be returned this session, it has been carefully kept back till the very last day, in order that no discussion or movement may occur thereon. We have been all along prepared for this course, and therefore are by no means disappointed. Inasmuch, however, as we have, from month to month, carefully set before our readers the several incidents in the tragic comedy as they occurred; and as we desire above all things to avoid prejudging either facts or individuals, we shall now set forth distinctly and curtly the present position of the question, and of the Administration with reference to it; and, for the present, content ourselves with that.

Since last we wrote, several worn-out expediencies of a very ridiculous and contemptible kind have been galvanized into life again. For the purpose of throwing all responsibility, for his flagrant conduct, off Mr. Bulwer, the antique farce of abusing Mr. Chatfield, the direct agent of Mr. Bulwer, through all the moods and tenses known to certain leading daily journals of New-York, has been, by Mr. Bulwer's agency, revived. This makes it necessary for us to state, that Mr. Chatfield is a "deeply injured man;" we have full authority for stating that his conduct with reference to the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, and with reference to the occupation of Mosquitia and San Juan, has been authorized by not only Mr. Bulwer, but by Lord Palmerston. We shall make this plain.

1st. In the *published* instructions of Mr. Clayton to Mr. Squier, now lying before us, the following extract is given from Lord Palmerston's own hand:—

"The British claim, under the alleged Mosquito title," writes Mr. Clayton, "as *at first set forth*, encroached, towards the south, upon territory claimed by New Grenada. But it seems to have *changed* from time to time, as *circumstances or expediency dictated;* and now the claim is thus described by Lord Palmerston, in his note of the 4th of May, 1848, to M. Mosquera, the Minister of New Grenada in London:

"'With respect to the southern boundary of Mosquito, there are certainly strong grounds upon which the King of Mosquito might claim the sea-coast as far as the spot called King Buppan's Landing, which is opposite the island called Escudo de Veragua; but her Majesty's Government have recommended the Mosquito Government to confine its claim in a southerly direction to the southern branch of the river St. John; and one main reason with her Majesty's Government for giving that recommendation was, that thereby all dispute between Mosquito and New Grenada would, as they trusted, be avoided.'"

That is to say, that "all disputes" between New Grenada and the English would be avoided by the latter seizing on the town and river of San Juan, the hereditary property of the State of Nicaragua, occupied and named by Spain originally, and thus passing without a single British claim to the Republic of Nicaragua.

2d. In furtherance of the above design, originating *solely* with Lord Palmerston, the following proceeding took place by sheer force, as described in the following state documents, written by Mr. Bancroft when Minister to London, the official *original* of which is now and has always been in the hands of the Administration. We extract again from Mr. Clayton's published correspondence:—

"In a note of the 9th of March last Mr. Bancroft says:

"'Great Britain often follows her old traditions of a policy of aggrandizement. As in the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian isles form her military stations, so she flanks us by a strong fortress at Halifax, seeks to overawe us by another at Bermuda, and now, as we are gaining greatness in the Pacific, under pretense of protecting the Mosquito tribe of Indians, she has seized the key to the passage to the Pacific by the Lake of Nicaragua, and has changed the name of the town of St. Juan de Nicaragua to Greytown. This subject is important, because the route to the Pacific, which that town commands, is here esteemed the best of all.'"

This was written so far back as March, 1848.

3d. In furtherance of the above design and acts, and by direction of "the Government of her Majesty," and on behalf of that

Government, this good and excellent agent, Mr. Chatfield, has addressed to M. Salinas, the Nicaraguan Secretary of State, a certain letter as to boundaries, dated *December 5th*, 1850, and published for the first time, in this country, since last we wrote, in the *New-York Herald*, and other daily papers of February 10th, 1851, by which, in defiance of all right and justice, he declares a portion of Nicaragua within certain boundaries, as by Lord Palmerston directed, as a portion over which "the Government of her Britannic Majesty proposes to assert its sovereignty on behalf of the Mosquito King." This letter further threatens, should these boundaries be questioned, to use force against Nicaragua, and further asserts that until they be yielded in full to the English, "no canal or other mode of transit can be (or shall be) established." We give this letter in full:—

GUATEMALA, Dec. 5, 1850.

*To the Minister of Foreign Relations at Nicaragua:*

SIR:—The frequent overtures which, in the name of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, acting on behalf of the King of Mosquito, have been made to the republic of Nicaragua, with a view to determine, by a solid argument, the boundary between the dominions of the King of Mosquito and the territories of the republic of Nicaragua, have been systematically rejected. Her Britannic Majesty judges that the interests and convenience of both parties require that this point should no longer remain unsettled, and as a proof of the conciliatory spirit which animates her Britannic Majesty on this subject, *it has been determined* that the frontiers of the King of Mosquito, on the side of Nicaragua, and of Nicaragua on the side of Mosquito, shall be such as they were on the 15th of September, 1821, when Nicaragua, as a part of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, declared its independence of the Spanish monarchy.

By establishing this basis of arrangement, the respective situations of the two countries is determined by the legislative and ecclesiastic regulations of Nicaragua; since all the towns and villages which lie near the borders of Mosquito, and which have municipalities and curacies, will remain, as heretofore, under the jurisdiction of the Government and authorities of Nicaragua.

The imperfect geographical knowledge of the interior of Central America opposes, for the present, a considerable difficulty to the determination of the latitude and longitude of the places along the eastern and north-eastern border of Nicaragua; but circumstances require that the general line of boundary should be made known, *which the Government of her Majesty proposes to assert for the Mosquito King*, the Government of Nicaragua refusing to enter into an amicable disposition on the subject, and to appoint commissioners to ascertain and mark the divisional line between the lands of Mosquito and the lands of Nicaragua.

The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Central America, with this view, has the honor to declare to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Supreme Government of Nicaragua, that the general boundary line of the Mosquito territory begins at the northern extremity of the boundary line between the district of Tegucigalpa, in Honduras, and the jurisdiction of New Segovia; and after following the northern frontiers of New Segovia, it runs along the south-eastern limit of the district of Martagalpa and Chontales, and thence in an eastern course until it reaches the Machuca Rapids, on the river San Juan.

To prevent any misunderstanding about the towns and villages comprised in the province of Nicaragua, prior to its severance from Spain in 1821, a list of the curacies and their dependencies, within the diocese of Nicaragua, is affixed to this note; and only such towns and villages, with their commons or public lands, and the estates of private individuals having proper titles, as were named in that list, lying on the eastern and north-eastern frontier of Nicaragua, will be deemed to be without the limits of Mosquito, on the frontier of Nicaragua.

In conclusion, the undersigned has to state that the boundaries above described are those which divide the two countries; but he repeats that her Majesty's Government continues willing to treat and agree with the Government of Nicaragua for the final settlement of these questions on an amicable and permanent basis; and the undersigned trusts that the Government of Nicaragua will see the policy of coming to a friendly understanding with the Mosquito King; *for it is obvious that no canal, or any other mode of transit across the Isthmus, can well be established before the difficulty raised by Nicaragua upon this point is put an end to.* I am, &c. &c., FRED. CHATFIELD.

It is downright folly, or the basest hypocrisy, to throw any blame on Mr. Chatfield for this or any other act; he is merely the agent of Mr. Bulwer and Lord Palmerston, and faithfully does as ordered.

4th. Thus far as to Lord Palmerston's responsibility in the seizure of Mosquitia and San Juan. Now as to the treaty. Mr. Chatfield has been charged with breaking and misconstruing this treaty without direction from his Government or from Mr. Bulwer. The following letter from Mr. Chatfield to M. Salinas more fully shows the relation of Lord Palmerston to the recent seizures in Nicaragua, having been written by his direction after the Clayton and Bulwer treaty was ratified by him. We give it in full too:—

GUATEMALA, Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1850.

*To the Minister of Foreign Relations of Nicaragua:*

SIR:—Mr. Foster, H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul at Realejo, has informed me of the steps which he has taken in consequence of the losses of Mr. Bescher & Co., in Grenada, by act of public

violence, and for the recovery of a debt contracted by the Government of Nicaragua for the use of his boats. In the answer given by you to Mr. Foster, of the date of the 20th of July, I observe some expressions relative to the Mosquito coast and its authorities, which induce me to think that your Government does not yet understand the true position of the Mosquito question, and to submit some remarks upon it. I do not care to notice the discourteous expressions and evil disposition which the Government of Nicaragua uses and evinces in speaking of Great Britain and its agents in referring to the Mosquito question, being disposed to ascribe it to their inexperience and bad counsels; but this does not preclude me from recommending to you that your interests will be better promoted by treating this question independently of the false accounts and exaggerations of interested persons. Instead of insisting on its supposed rights to the Mosquito shore, Nicaragua would best consult her interests by at once making good terms with England, for resistance in this matter will be of no further avail. *It is impossible that Nicaragua should be ignorant of her Britannic Majesty's relation to the Mosquito question, as it has before it the letter of Viscount Palmerston*, of the date of the 15th of April last, in which *he declares, in the most clear and direct terms, the utter impossibility of acceding to the pretensions of Nicaragua.* On the other hand, the treaty of Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer, about which you have so much to say, and in which you express so much confidence, *expressly recognizes the Mosquito Kingdom, and sets aside the rights which you pretend Nicaragua has on that coast.* The true policy for Nicaragua is to undeceive herself in this respect, and *to put no further confidence in the protestations or assurances of pretended friends*, [viz., Americans.] It will be far better for her to come to an understanding without delay with Great Britain, on which nation depends not only the welfare and commerce of the State, but also the probability of accomplishing any thing positive concerning interoceanic communication through her territories, [complimentary to the Canal Company this!] because it is only in London that the necessary capital for such an enterprise can be found.

In conclusion, I have only to repeat what I have said so many times, that the British Government is animated by the best wishes toward Nicaragua, and is anxious that it shall acquire a respectable position among nations.

I have, &c. &c. &c., FREDERICK CHATFIELD.

5th. Mr. Webster has in his possession official letters from Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer to him, declaring that the construction put upon the Clayton and Bulwer treaty by Mr. Chatfield is that put upon it, and directed to be maintained with reference to it, by *Lord Palmerston himself.* These letters were *official*, and Mr. Bulwer was directed by his Government to address them *officially* to Mr. Webster; and he did so address them, and Mr. Webster *now has them.*

6th. Lest Mr. Webster should have any doubt about the intentions of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer and his Government, towards both the treaty already made between this country and Great Britain, and towards "Mosquitia," the above letters were followed by a treaty signed with Mr. Bulwer's own hand, which he proposes to Mr. Webster to make between *this* country and Nicaragua; and the reasons for proposing this treaty are three:

I. The treaty existing between this country and Nicaragua guarantees protection and neutrality to it and the proposed canal, including the whole Nicaraguan territory, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific.

II. The treaty made between Mr. Clayton and Mr. Bulwer, according to Lord Palmerston's fabricated interpretation, "recognizes" British usurpation over the whole eastern half of Nicaragua. Mr. Clayton and all honest men declare it does not. Hence there is a confliction, and to settle the matter Mr. Bulwer has the audacity to propose that—

III. A new treaty be entered into between *this* country and Nicaragua, by which this country shall recognize, in positive and deliberate terms, British rule in "Mosquitia" and San Juan, and confine its former treaty of protection and neutrality to Nicaragua within the limits not claimed by Mr. Chatfield's letter of boundaries. We shall here not discourse on the cool and impertinent interference of Mr. Bulwer in our affairs, and between two sister Republics, in thus pushing a treaty for this country with another, with which he has nothing to do, into the very throat of our minister. That Mr. Webster should have flung the "treaty" in his face, and ordered him out of the door, and out of the country, any man of ordinary spirit will very easily conclude. But Mr. Webster did not—took the treaty, and *now has it;* and the signature of Mr. Bulwer is thereto affixed.

8th. The entire design of the British Government acquires a dramatic light from the transparent attempts to heap indignities, through our agency, on Nicaragua. It is the farce of Dombey and Son over again, recast, with Mr. Webster as Dombey, Mr. Bulwer as Carker, and Nicaragua as the fair Edith. Indeed the very phraseology Dickens places in the mouth of the villainous go-between, when insulting the lorn

young wife, might fairly be used by Sir Henry Carker Bulwer on the present occasion. Mr. Bulwer's object is evidently to disgust the Nicaraguan Government with us, that so in a moment of her frenzy he may ride off with the lovely partner "of our Republican affections." In the letter last above extracted will be found that exceedingly English, and to us exceedingly insolent passage about "pretended friends," to which we have heretofore referred. In the following letter the same insulting hint is more plainly repeated—very amusing to us from the fact of the writer advising folks "that no reliance should be placed on such assurances" as *we* may give:—

GUATEMALA, Dec. 5, 1850.

*To the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Nicaragua:*

SIR:—With reference to my former note on the same subject, I have the honor to recommend to the immediate attention of the Government of Nicaragua, the policy of arranging with Messrs. Beschor and Co., of Greytown, for the wanton destruction of their piraguas in April last.*

Mr. Vice Consul Foster has received orders from her Majesty's Government to press this claim to a satisfactory conclusion, and to call in, if necessary, the aid of her Majesty's naval forces.

It is very desirable for Nicaragua, now that the country has acquired a certain station from its geographical position, that the Nicaraguan Government should no longer persist in refusing all discussion and accommodation in respect to matters presented to it for arrangement by foreign powers.

*Whatever assurances Nicaragua may receive that the conduct of its Government, however irregular it may be towards another, will at all times receive support from third parties,* [meaning the United States,] *still the Government of Nicaragua must feel that no reliance should be placed on such assurances, as no foreign Government will compromise political and commercial interests in behalf of a country whose rulers reject the ordinary means of settling matters open to dispute.*

Yours, &c. &c., FRED. CHATFIELD.

That is, according to Chatfield and his abettors, the United States won't fight.

9th. And now, that there may be no doubt where these impertinent insinuations have originated, and who is really responsible for them, we here place on record the notorious "intercepted letter" from Mr. Bulwer to Mr. Chatfield. We reproduce it now, that our friends may have it by them, and because some of our most respected readers have expressed themselves doubtful that such a letter had ever been. We now record it in our pages, and have but to add that Mr. Bulwer has not only acknowledged the authorship, but endeavored to apologize to Mr. Clayton, by saying he did not intend the allusions as personal to him, but merely as a curt essay on Republican institutions; that is, that the insult was not intended for an individual, but for the whole country—pretty apology!

SIR HENRY BULWER TO MR. CHATFIELD.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1850.

*Dear Sir:*—I have received your communications up to 3d of January inclusive. I was glad to hear of your arrangement with the Governor of Honduras, and I trust that you will thus have settled the question of claims *before the order for evacuating Tigre Island arrives.* [That is to say, that the Nicaraguans, under fear of losing the Island of Tigre, might have been compelled to give up all claim on the town and river of San Juan; settling your claim to your own purse under fear of being choked. No wonder that these people are insensible to *such* justice.] I know that it is difficult to deal with such people on matters of justice, *if you cannot keep before their eyes the ultimate argument of force,* and I feel exceedingly for your position, with such a gentleman as Squier "making capital" at your elbow. But pray let me take the liberty of suggesting to you that it is well always to consider, not only what you think should be done for the particular interest you have in hand, but what your Government, which has so many interests to consider, will back you in doing; since, to make a step forwards, if subsequently it is to be made backwards, only renders matters worse. I would not, also, let Mr. Squier's misdoings *hurry you too much out of the line which you would otherwise pursue.* [The fellow had his *course* actually marked out for him—and the only fault is, he went too quick.] His conduct is generally disapproved of here; and I know that the State Department has formally disapproved of it.

Neither do I think that this Government has at the present moment the views you seem inclined to credit it for. It is, however, a weak Government, and being suspected by the popular party, is ever afraid of seeming in favor of any policy that is unpopular. Thus, though its intentions may be trusted, its course cannot be relied upon. Attempts are being made to settle the Mosquito business. I think they may succeed: they ought to do so. We have every wish to aid in constructing a canal, *that is, in protecting its construction,* and *guaranteeing its security* [its security in your possession, Mr. Bulwer; is not that it?] when constructed. Nor have we any great interest in the Mosquito protectorate, or any selfish object to serve by maintaining it. But we ought not and I believe will not abandon it dishonorably, *nor permit the Nicaraguans,* WHOM WE HAVE EXPELLED THEREFROM, [a very plain confession of the means by

* This Beschor claim is precisely similar to the Pacifico claim which the English lately used as a pretense to blockade Greece. Beschor is a German Jew, an agent of the British in San Juan, and a runaway swindler from the North.

which they got in there, is it not?] *to be again masters of the San Juan.* These are my private opinions, but I think you may like to know them. I have defended your conduct here as to Tigre Island, on the ground that it was provoked by Squier, but it was too "go-ahead." [That is, "I have falsely misrepresented the American representative, but it was 'no go.'"] H. L. B.

P. S.—I just find that you have thrown out to Squier something about a treaty of protection between us and Costa Rica. Now, Lord P. has not only denied that he has any idea of exercising a protectorate over Costa Rica, but told the United States Government he had refused it. [And yet he had done it, actually passed a protection over this very State of Costa Rica, while he so lied.] My instructions certainly forbid me to encourage any such idea, and moreover, it would be setting an example which it would be highly imprudent to give. I should tell you, indeed, that both the United States and ourselves are at present proceeding upon the avowed policy that neither will seek for exclusive influence in Central America; and while the conduct of Squier contravenes and embarrasses this policy on one side, any conduct of a similar kind on your part must do so on the other.

These are merely private hints of mine to you, in order to prevent you finding your position weakened, by doing or promising what the United States will not do nor approve of being promised. Pray excuse my frankness, and wishing you to imitate it, and write fully to me upon all matters,

I am again, dear Sir,
Yours respectfully, H. L. B.

We have now cleared up three things: first, who authorized the seizure of San Juan, who authorized the positive infraction, or, in other words, the false interpretation of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, and who authorized the insulting epithets and insinuations of Mr. Chatfield with reference to this country. It was *not* Mr. Chatfield.

Now for mere facts. San Juan is still occupied. "Mosquitia" still occupied. American citizens travelling there, from one State of this Union to another, are still seized and disarmed by British authorities. A British vessel of war still lies in the port of San Juan, having its guns pointed on the territories of an independent republic, which we are bound by stipulated treaty, and by official warranty given by our minister by direction of our Government, to protect. The British usurpation, as far as towns and territories and sovereign rights of the Nicaraguan Republic go, is still the same as when we first wrote on this subject. There is still, too, we should probably remind our readers, an administration in Washington; and it still pursues its astounding indifference and inaction.

Further, since we last wrote, the particulars of the blockade, by the British, of San Salvador and Honduras have reached this city, and been published. They are notorious. There is not an American ignorant of them, excepting only, by possibility, the Administration, which, having withdrawn all United States representatives from Central America, endeavors to screen itself behind its own error, by saying it has no official information, when it took good and effectual care it should have none. We were once afflicted with the vulgar prejudice that lawyers are fit to be rulers; but now, with a whole administration of mere lawyers, we find them not only utterly incapable, but so forgetful of the commonest maxim of all law, that they venture to set up in defense of their very default, the default itself!

One particular about this blockade, now in effect against two of the Central American States, and by direction of Lord Palmerston and Sir Henry Bulwer to be put in execution against a third, Nicaragua, is very remarkable. Unlike all other blockades, it is no blockade; but only a means of directly injuring American commerce and shipping, and of instituting a MONOPOLY for *British bottoms in the trade with Central America.*

From the *New-York Herald* of February 10th, we extract the following:—

THE ENGLISH BLOCKADE.

The official paper of San Salvador, of December 13th, has several articles and official communications which show the nature of the English blockade. They protest against it, as a fraud upon the world, for (says the editor) "This blockade gives no damage to English merchants and English vessels, which are permitted to enter and to go out of the ports of the State with entire freedom, while all others are carefully excluded. The commander of the port of Acajutla writes to the Government on the subject, and his letter is published under the authority of the Secretary of State. He says:

"*The blockade of this port has no effect, so far as English merchants and English vessels are concerned.* To-day, the English bark Secreto was allowed to pass the blockade, the captain being a friend of the commander of the blockading force. In fact, the officers of the blockading force *themselves* purchased goods, and embarked them on board of this vessel, in the sight of all the people. Such partialities seem to me so unjust, that I regard it as my duty to bring it to the knowledge of my Government, especially as American and other vessels are rigorously prevented from entering here.

(Signed) "SANTIAGO SALAVERRIA."

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Now there are, in the mass, only two nations whose vessels trade with Central America, viz.: the British and our own. By this *quasi* "blockade," *ours* are utterly excluded, the British *only* admitted. Will it be believed, when we seriously think of it, that American vessels are actually, at this present day, driven from American waters by British cruisers? It seems almost incredible such *could* be; yet it is the naked truth: and our Administration looks on and will not even answer whether or no it knows that such things are. Again: until the proposed ship-canal can be completed, no possible intercourse can be had, by our people, with the Central American Republics save by sea-coast and shipping, under the ordinary comity of nations. But here the British Government step in, and declare, (as per letter above quoted,) "We will permit no canal or other means of transit to be built or established until our claims on Central America are acknowledged; and until then we will blockade the whole coast, keeping *out* American ships, and letting in *our own*;" and our Government stands by, and beholds the blockade extending day after day, and mile after mile, over the whole coast on both oceans, to the utter ruin of our trade, to the deep injury of our citizens, and to the utter dishonor of the American name; and it will not move!

We leave our readers to invent a phrase black enough to designate *our* dishonor. With reference to the British, the question is easily solved. A blockade, like all other means of coercion recognized by nations, is subject to the *laws* of nations. The British, granting that they were justified in using it in the present instance, are compelled by the laws of nations to preserve it against all alike. But they have themselves broken the blockade, thereby rendering it null and void by the law of nations. Should they, after so breaking it, interfere with any American or other shipping for the purpose of preventing them from entering the ports so pretended to be kept in blockade, they are guilty of piracy, and should be hanged from their own yard-arms as pirates. If a Secretary of State knows the laws of nations, he should know that.

But this blockade extends farther: it extends to Nicaragua, forbidding the Government of that State to import any thing which may enable them to resist British or other aggression; it extends to Honduras, with which, says the San Salvadorean authority we shall presently quote, "the British have no quarrel,"—as if they had not a quarrel with all Central America of a very portentous kind,—forbidding it to import any munitions of war; by which is evident that every vessel, entering the ports of these three Republics, is subject to British search, inspection, and embargo. We quote again from the *New-York Herald* of February 11th:—

"We published, in July last, an intercepted letter from Pavon, Chatfield's secretary, to the Servile leaders, in which he tells them to push their operations against San Salvador and Honduras, for the British squadron will soon be on the coast to assist them. We have now an example of the manner in which this assistance is rendered. A vessel anchors in the port of Honduras, with which State England has no quarrel, when the English commander forbids it from discharging its cargo, 'because it will be prejudicial to English interests,' and threatens a blockade if he is not obeyed."

And this letter in proof:—

(From the Gaceta del Salvador, Dec. 20.)

COMMANDANCY OF LA UNION, Dec. 7, 1850.

*To the Minister of War of San Salvador:*

SIR:—At six o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d instant, the English steamer of war, Gorgon, came to anchor in the bay of Chiquirin, and yesterday left again for Acajubla. To-day, arrived the lieutenant of the Champion, who is now here. He states that the commander of the blockading force has prohibited the merchant vessel Tyson, anchored in the port of Tigre, from unloading eighteen tons of powder which it has on board, *belonging to the Messrs. Tejada, of Grenada, Nicaragua.* He has also informed the commandant of the Tigre, that if he permits the smallest quantity of the powder to be sent ashore, or to go into the interior, at the ports of Chismugo or Brea, he shall immediately blockade all the ports of Honduras on the Gulf of Fonseca.

I have esteemed it my duty to give you information of these proceedings, for the knowledge of the Government.

(Signed) J. CACERES, Commandant.

"By the above note," continues this San Salvadorean editor, "and another which has come directly from the port of Brea, in the State of Honduras, we learn that Mr. English Consul Chatfield has prohibited merchants from discharging their cargo in that State, threatening her ports with blockade if such discharge is permitted. This most iniquitous and irregular proceeding is founded on the extravagant pretext, '*that the introduction of powder in that State is prejudicial to the interests of her Britannic Majesty!*'"

Of course it is; nothing can possibly be of more prejudice to the interests of her

Britannic Majesty, in that quarter, than "the introduction of powder." Her Britannic Majesty cannot bear "powder."

We have now gone over the affairs of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, San Salvador, and Honduras. To complete the picture of Central America, and its entire territory, we have only to describe the state of affairs in Guatemala.

This is the peculiar residence of Mr. Chatfield. He has purchased, bribed, split up, and now rules this *quasi* Republic. It is the radiating centre of all British intrigues in Central America. The party, or persons in his pay, are highly aristocratic,—when did you know a slave, a fool, or a scoundrel that was not?—and are called, by the decent Republicans of that part of the world, *Serviles;* an admirable name, and one much needed to designate a new party which is about for the first time publicly, though for too long in private, to come before this country and get a President made out of it; the party of the *Serviles* or "the fogies." They rule Guatemala, or rather England rules that republic through them, and the influence of England there is thus described by the above San Salvadorean editor: speaking of the proceedings with reference to Honduras and San Salvador, this poor San Salvadorean thus writes—one might fairly fancy he were writing of Republics of a somewhat more northern meridian:—

"Who does not see beneath this shallow pretext the design of revolutionizing these States? Who does not see in these proceedings the spirit of hatred and revenge which animates this officer against San Salvador? And who so blind as not to discover the rancor which animates the servile anarchists of Guatemala? It seems," continues the editor, "a statement almost ridiculous, yet it is nevertheless true, that the forces of Great Britain are under the orders of the military oligarchy of Guatemala. * * * It is the melancholy truth that this faction has induced this officer to blockade our ports, obstructing our industry, and destroying our revenues, in order that it can, with some prospect of success, invade our territories, and crush the regenerating spirit of nationality."

Thus now we have established beyond doubt that the British Government occupies half of Nicaragua, governs Guatemala, and blockades the rest of all Central America; but we have not yet established the fact that we have a Government, or any thing but the mere pretense of one.

What *should* be the action of an American Government in this case we shall now determine. Having summed up such evidence as we deem sufficient, keeping back far more for the present, that we may not encumber the reader, we shall now quote authorities in point.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, IN POINT.

From the instructions given by this American statesman, who *had* a foreign policy, and carried it out, to Mr. Anderson, Minister to Colombia, under date May 27th, 1823, we take the following extracts; showing the position which the United States have taken, and have now to take with reference to all States on either continent, the principles which should guide in this matter the policy of the Republic, and the regard we should pay to European opinion as to our conduct.

*Extract from the Instructions of* JOHN QUINCY ADAMS *to* MR. ANDERSON, *appointed Minister to Colombia, May* 27, 1823.

"We have constantly favored the standard of independence in America. * * Disinterestedness must be its own reward; but in the establishment of our future political and commercial relations with the new Republics of America, it will be necessary to recur often to the principles in which they originated; they will serve to mark the boundaries of the rights which we may justly claim in our future relations with them, *and to counteract the efforts which, it cannot be doubted, European negotiations will continue to make in the furtherance of their monarchical and monopolizing contemplations.* * * The emancipation of the South American Continent opens to the whole race of man prospects of futurity, *in which this Union will be called, in the discharge of its duties to posterity, to take a conspicuous and leading part.* It involves all that is precious in hope, and all that is desirable in existence, to the countless millions of our fellow-creatures which, in the progressive revolution of time, this hemisphere is destined to rear and maintain.

"That the fabric of our social connections with our Southern neighbors may rise, in the lapse of years, with a grandeur and harmony of proportions corresponding with the magnificence of the means placed by Providence in our power, and in that of our descendants, *its foundations must be laid in principles of politics and morals new and distasteful to the thrones and dominions of the elder world,* but coextensive with the surface of the globe, and lasting as the changes of time."

THE SAME AUTHORITY, AGAIN—1826.

*Extract from President* ADAMS's *Message to Congress on the subject of the Panama Mission.*

"The late President of the United States, in his Message to Congress of the 2d of December, 1825

while announcing the negotiation then pending with Russia, relating to the north-west coast of this continent, observed that the occasion of the discussions to which that incident had given rise, had been taken for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States were involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they had assumed and maintained, were thenceforward not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. The principle had first been assumed in that negotiation with Russia. It rested upon a course of reasoning equally simple and conclusive. With the exception of the existing European colonies, which it was in no wise intended to disturb, the two continents consisted of several sovereign and independent nations, whose territories covered its whole surface. By this their independent condition, *the United States enjoyed the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions. To attempt the establishment of a colony in those possessions would be to usurp, to the exclusion of others, a commercial intercourse which was the common possession of all.* It could not be done without encroaching upon the existing rights of the United States."

Yet these existing rights have been encroached upon, nullified, and utterly disregarded, twenty-six years after the American Government took the position above described. The United States do not now, and have not since the British occupation of San Juan, and cannot have while a single British officer or gun remains in Central America, the enjoyment of "the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions." An American citizen journeying from San Francisco to New Orleans, has now to pass through a British police office, be examined, mauled, disarmed, manipulated by Jamaica negroes, and passed or not passed, like a bale of goods, just as the Greytown British policeman Sambo pleases. Further; the "establishment of a colony," of which Mr. Adams speaks with such determined aversion, has not only been "attempted," but is actually now successful. But Mr. Adams is not the Government now—neither are his principles.

So much for JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; now for another authority even more respected.

### HENRY CLAY, IN POINT.

"WE ARE," said Mr. Clay in 1818, thirty-three years ago, "WE ARE THE NATURAL HEAD OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY."

So we are still the head; but the brains have been left out this time—that is all.

### HENRY CLAY, AGAIN—1820.

We shall presently show evidence that Sir Henry Bulwer, a British Minister, rules our country more than we do. The very same state of affairs existed in 1820, when the British Government, desiring to extend its sway over the Southern American continent, managed to circumvent, surround, navigate, bewilder, humbug, subornate, and by some means or other—whether of money or assiduous flattery we do not know—*use* for its purposes the then Government in Washington. It is now publicly notorious that a British Minister manages every wire pulled in that same celebrated half-city, even to the bell-wires of the White House, and of Mr. Webster's hotel. Upon an exactly similar occasion, Hon. Henry Clay, then in his prime of clear-headed and vigorous manhood, uttered these sentences, which, without the smallest anachronism, he might now repeat with remarkable effect:—

"I deprecate this deference for foreign powers. *A single expression of the British Minister* to our present Secretary of State, I AM ASHAMED TO SAY, has *moulded the policy of our Government towards South America.* [Insert Central for South, and you have Bulwer.] Our institutions now make us free; *but how long shall we continue so, if we mould our opinions on those of Europe?* Let us break these commercial and political fetters; LET US NO LONGER WATCH THE NOD OF ANY EUROPEAN POLITICIAN; *let us become real and true Americans,* and place ourselves at the head of the American system. * * * There can be no doubt that Spanish America, whatever the form of government established in its various parts, will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They will obey the laws of the system of the new world, in contradistinction to that of Europe."—*Speech in Congress.*

No, Mr. Clay, you may have been right there twenty-five years ago, but you are not now! The United States, the head of the new world, now obeys the dictates of Mr. Bulwer, but the Spanish Republics of Central America do not, and will not, obey the laws of Mr. Bulwer's system. They are true to Republicanism, but we are not. "Let us become real and true Americans" indeed! What outrageous nonsense to quote at this time of day. "Real and true Americans," quotha!

We beg now to turn to the same authority over again. There has been no foreign policy in the country since Henry Clay gave up ruling it.

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"REAL AND TRUE AMERICAN" CLAY OVER AGAIN—1826.

*Extract from* Mr. CLAY'S *Letter of Instructions to* Messrs. POINSETT *and* SERGEANT, *Delegates from the United States to the Panama Congress.*

"From the north-eastern limits of the United States in North America, to Cape Horn in South America on the Atlantic Ocean, with one or two inconsiderable exceptions; and from the same Cape to the 51st degree of north latitude in North America, on the Pacific Ocean, WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, the whole coasts and countries belong to sovereign resident American powers. THERE IS, THEREFORE, NO CHASM WITHIN THE PRESCRIBED LIMITS, IN WHICH A NEW EUROPEAN COLONY COULD NOW BE INTRODUCED WITHOUT VIOLATING THE TERRITORIAL RIGHTS OF SOME AMERICAN STATE. AN ATTEMPT TO ACQUIRE SUCH A COLONY, AND BY ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO ACQUIRE SOVEREIGN RIGHTS FOR ANY EUROPEAN POWER, MUST BE REGARDED AS AN INADMISSIBLE ENCROACHMENT."

But the British have since made a "chasm" on this very *North* American continent, and planted therein a new European colony, by violating the territorial rights of Nicaragua, an independent American Republic. Yet the "attempt to acquire such a colony, and by its establishment to acquire sovereign rights for a *certain* European power," viz.: England, has not been regarded as an "encroachment," but is quietly and coolly submitted to by the American nation. The American Executive has seen, and sees, day after day, this encroachment become a possession, then a colony, then an assumption of empire with boundaries, which "Her Majesty's Government *proposes*" to take and keep, and yet it will not move hand, foot or tongue.

We have now given the opinions, on the questions at issue, of two remarkable American statesmen, "real and true Americans" both. To conclude the list of authorities, it is now only necessary that we should refer to the opinions of Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, at the time these transactions were first, of late, brought before the Executive. We quote his authority on two points, viz.: as to the right of the British to be in Central America; and as to his own belief and intention in framing the treaty with Mr. Bulwer, which he himself signed.

JOHN M. CLAYTON, IN POINT.

In the instructions, which we have already quoted, furnished by Mr. Clayton to the Chargé d'Affaires by him sent to Central America, Mr. E. G. Squier, and for the direction of the latter, after an examination and exhibition of the British claims and aggressions there, written in the quiet and methodic manner usual to lawyers, the following passage occurs. It is the summing up or judgment of this gentleman on the entire evidence before him. We could wish it had a little more of the fire of a rhetorician, but, with many of our readers, its plain and mature style will be much more preferable than outlandish metaphor, and threadbare trope. It will be remembered, too, that on the conclusions in this passage the entire policy of General Taylor's cabinet in Central America was based:—

"IT IS MANIFEST, INDEED, that the rights claimed by Great Britain NOMINALLY IN BEHALF of the Mosquito King, BUT REALLY AS HER OWN, ARE FOUNDED IN REPEATED USURPATIONS, which usurpations were repeatedly AND SOLEMNLY ACKNOWLEDGED AND RELINQUISHED BY HER during the domination of Spain on the American continent. Since that domination has ceased, those claims could have had no other foundation for renewal than the supposed weakness or indifference of the Governments invested with the rights of Spain in that quarter. These claims certainly can derive no warrant from the indifference of the Government of Nicaragua, as the letters of the Minister for Foreign Affairs of that State to this Department, above adverted to, abundantly show.

"Against the AGGRESSIONS on her territory Nicaragua HAS FIRMLY STRUGGLED AND PROTESTED WITHOUT CEASING; and the feelings of her people may be judged from the impassioned language of the proclamation of her Supreme Director, on the 12th of November, 1848. 'The moment,' says he, 'has arrived for losing a country with ignominy, or for sacrificing with honor the dearest treasures to preserve it. As regards myself, if the power which menaces sets aside justice, I am firmly resolved to be entombed in the remains of Nicaragua, rather than survive its ruin.' The eloquent appeal of the Minister of Nicaragua," continued Mr. Clayton, "to his Government, is evidence, not less striking and impressive, of the DISPOSITION OF AN INJURED PEOPLE to resist what they believed to be injustice and oppression. WILL OTHER NATIONS, INTERESTED IN A FREE PASSAGE TO AND FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN, BY THE WAY OF THE RIVER SAN JUAN AND LAKE NICARAGUA, TAMELY ALLOW THAT INTEREST TO BE THWARTED BY SUCH PRETENSIONS?

"AS IT REGARDS THE UNITED STATES THIS QUESTION MAY CONFIDENTLY BE ANSWERED IN THE NEGATIVE."

But it has not been answered in the negative; *nor answered at all.* The United States have "tamely," yes, very *tamely*, "allowed our interests to be thwarted by such pretensions of Great Britain," founded

solely on "repeated usurpations;" "which usurpations were long ago repeatedly and solemnly acknowledged and relinquished by her"—England—and have been renewed again, and are now in full swing.

JOHN M. CLAYTON, AGAIN IN POINT.

We have already quoted Mr. Clayton as to the acts of the British in Central America. We shall now show that Mr. Clayton's *intention* in entering on the treaty with Sir H. L. Bulwer was to get rid of all cause of quarrel for or from those acts; to make terms with the British for the evacuation of Central America; and to restore, without war, to Nicaragua the territories usurped by Great Britain.

In the *New-York Herald* of February 21st is published an extract from a dispatch of Mr. Clayton to the American Representative in Central America, apprising the latter of this treaty, and of Mr. Clayton's intentions and designs in framing and ratifying the same. It is as follows:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 7, 1850.

* * * * * It is proper that I should now inform you that I have negotiated a treaty with Sir Henry Bulwer, THE OBJECT OF WHICH is to secure the protection of the British Government to the Nicaraguan canal, and TO LIBERATE CENTRAL AMERICA FROM THE DOMINION OF ANY FOREIGN POWER.

* * * * * *

I hope and believe that this treaty will prove equally honorable both to Great Britain and the United States, THE MORE ESPECIALLY AS IT SECURES THE WEAK SISTER REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA FORM FOREIGN AGGRESSION. All other nations that shall navigate the canal will have to become guarantors of the neutrality of Central America and the Mosquito coast. The AGREEMENT is, "not to erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the canal, or in the vicinity thereof; nor to occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion whatever over any part of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or Central America; nor to make use of any protection, or alliance, for any of these purposes."

*Great Britain having thus far made an agreement with us* for the great and philanthropic purpose of opening the ship communication through the Isthmus, it will now be most desirable immediately after the [illegible] the treaty, on both sides, that [illegible]ate the most friendly relation[illegible]ents in that country, who w[illegible]leve[illegible] energies and c[illegible] plishment of t[illegible] treaty. Kindn[illegible] nestly recomme[illegible]

MEANS WILL SPEEDILY BE ADOPTED BY GREAT BRITAIN TO EXTINGUISH THE INDIAN TITLE, WITH THE HELP OF THE NICARAGUANS OR THE COMPANY WITHIN WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE THE LIMITS OF NICARAGUA. WE HAVE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED, AND NEVER CAN ACKNOWLEDGE, THE EXISTENCE OF ANY CLAIM OF SOVEREIGNTY IN THE MUSQUITO KING, OR ANY OTHER INDIAN IN AMERICA. TO DO SO, WOULD BE TO DENY THE TITLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO OUR OWN TERRITORIES. Having always regarded an Indian title as a mere right of occupancy, we can never agree THAT SUCH A TITLE SHOULD BE TREATED OTHERWISE THAN AS A THING TO BE EXTINGUISHED at the will of the discoverer of the country. Upon the ratification of the treaty, Great Britain WILL NO LONGER HAVE ANY INTEREST TO DENY THIS PRINCIPLE, WHICH SHE HAS RECOGNIZED IN EVERY OTHER CASE in common with us. Her protectorate will be reduced to a shadow; '*Stat nominis umbra*;' FOR SHE CAN NEITHER OCCUPY, FORTIFY, NOR COLONIZE, OR EXERCISE DOMINION OR CONTROL IN ANY PART OF THE MOSQUITO COAST OR CENTRAL AMERICA. To attempt to do either of those things, after the exchange of ratifications,* WOULD INEVITABLY PRODUCE A RUPTURE WITH THE UNITED STATES. By the terms neither party can occupy to protect, nor protect to occupy.

* * * * * *

(Signed) JOHN M. CLAYTON.

In a speech delivered at Wilmington since the advent of Mr. Webster, Mr. Clayton repeated yet more forcibly the above sentiments. But, as we have only quoted in this article official documents; as every speech is the mere verbal report of a third party; and as the official document last quoted covers the whole ground, we forbear for the present from further prolonging the evidence.

Upon the last extract it is not our present design, nor indeed is it necessary, to comment at any length. We shall merely recur to the fact that Mr. Clayton having assured himself that the above "*agreement*" was entered into by the British Government with equally good faith as his own, he entered into and concluded it on behalf of the United States. The United States therefore stand in this position: that, having declared certain claims of England, usurpations; and our Government, being of a pacific nature, having entered into a formal treaty for their abandonment by the same British power, it

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THE RATIFICATIONS HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED' [illegible]E—GREAT BRITAIN—STILL OCCUPIES, FORTI[illegible]ND COLONIZES THE TERRITORIES MENTIONED [illegible]

concluded a bona fide treaty by which it attained no gain or territory, and gave away with an extremely ridiculous prodigality to Great Britain equal rights with our own. The United States stands fair and square therefore; it has made treaty and is ready to stand by the same; at all events was ready till the death of Taylor. Great Britain stands in this position: Having been wrong from the beginning, it acknowledged that wrong to General Taylor's Cabinet by going into the treaty for the abandonment of its usurpations. But on the death of General Taylor, finding that there was in office a very amenable Administration, it backed out from its previous treaty, and from pledged faith, declared that it thinks that treaty and agreement good for nothing; and has actually by its representative sent a new treaty to Mr. Webster, framed by itself, and intended to implicate our Government in the recognition of the very usurpations the British previously acknowledged and agreed to abandon.

Our summing up of evidence is now nearly complete. It will be only necessary for us to recur to "the speeches of the gentlemen on the other side."

The resolution of the Senate has not been replied to; will not be, save in such a manner as to prevent any discussion on the subject till next December. Nevertheless, since we last wrote, the journals in the Bulwer interest have not been idle. The activity of Mr. Bulwer may be judged from the fact, that we know, of our personal knowledge, at least four American newspapers implicated in complicity with him and his designs. A certain daily journal, for instance, published an article, to which we have previously referred, containing "assurances" with reference to British aggressions in Central America which the editor received from the agents of Sir Henry Bulwer, knowing them to have been sent by the same Sir Henry Bulwer himself. And the same paper printed, since we last wrote, the following:—

GUATEMALA AND SAN SALVADOR.—We last night received intelligence from Washington, which indicates that the Administration is fully awake to the present interesting posture of Central American affairs. The Chevalier Gomez, late Envoy to Rome, from the States of Guatemala and San Salvador, is now in Washington. In accordance with the desire of the Administration, as our correspondent intimates, he has assumed, provisionally, the duties of Chargé for those States, and has addressed a long letter to Mr. Webster in reference to the present condition and relations of the Central American States. Mr. Webster has replied in a letter, expressing the views of our Government on the subject. The Chevalier Gomez, our correspondent adds, *has been treated with marked attention*, both by the Secretary of State and *by Sir Henry Bulwer*.

"Treated with marked attention by Sir Henry Bulwer!" What has Sir Henry Bulwer to do with our affairs? Is *his* countenance then necessary to the reception of an ambassador from a *sister American Republic* at our capital? It seems so!

"Let us become real and true Americans," said Clay. "A single expression of the British Minister," said Clay again, "to our present Secretary of State, I am ashamed to say, has moulded the policy of our Government." How much more so at this present hour, may be judged from the following extract from a letter published in the *New-York Herald*, (from which we must again quote,) of February 26th. It is said in that journal to be from "an eminent member of Congress." We have made it our business to inquire into and ascertain the facts; and we beg to state, that *it is* from a *very* eminent member of Congress, whose name is in our possession, and whose statements we have no possible scruple in setting before our readers:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1851.

* * * There is not a particle of interest taken in the affairs of Central America amongst members of Congress. England may appropriate that entire country, for aught our politicians care. Central America gives no votes to help us make a President. Her people are neither "Anglo-Saxons" nor negroes; they are, therefore, not entitled to much sympathy. If our sweet sister, England, takes possession of the country, will it not belong to the great Anglo-Saxon family? And our politicians would be perfectly satisfied with the result. I am disgusted with these men; as a body they are mere triflers. Our people, thank God, are intelligent, and will correct these things in the end. We can shake our fists at Austria, and call her all sorts of hard names, and she deserves them all. We may even venture to speak the truth of Russia; but to say a word against the parent country, is nothing less than impiety. Of one thing you may be assured—nothing will be done by the Administration. General Shields's resolution remains unanswered, and probably will continue so—unless a reply come in at the last minute and too late for any action. * * * You may conceive it impossible, but there are now here members of the Senate even, so thoroughly Anglicised, who, in my opinion, consult that diplo-

matic Uriah Heep, Bulwer, in matters of our foreign policy Alas for Central America, or any other country that relies upon this Government for sympathy or support!

Our readers will now understand the position of our Administration and Government, legislative and executive, towards this subject, and towards Great Britain.

As to the reply of Mr. Webster to M. Gomez, envoy from San Salvador, we have not seen it. It has not been published. But the report we have heard of its contents, from one who had reason to know them, makes us regret that we cannot add it to our list of evidence on the present occasion. In the words of our informant, "it has as much reference to Central America as it has to Kamschatka."

With reference to M. Marcoleta, the envoy of Nicaragua to the United States, who has very recently arrived in this country from his former mission to Belgium, we have but to add, in order to sum up the whole matter, that he has been formally presented to Mr. Fillmore; that he made a formal speech, and received a formal reply; and that for more particular matters, necessary to be discussed in private, "the Administration is otherwise too busily engaged."

So now the matter stands.

Having, long since, taken up a decided position on this whole question, and having, from time to time, repeatedly written on the subjects put forward and on the several events relative to the continuous scheme of British aggression on this, our country, and our continent; we have deemed it right here, formally, to set forth in evidence of our truth, and the justice of our cause, that which the Administration has had all along in its power to set forth more fully than ourselves. To every remonstrance and inquiry, the Administration has turned a deaf ear. To a resolution of the Senate, calling for this and more evidence, it has returned no answer whatever. We now claim judgment by default. Without almost any comment, and certainly without the adventitious aid of elaborate rhetoric, we have in this article printed sufficient *official* evidence to enable our readers to form a very decisive and clear judgment. With full heart and confidence we now commit the matter to them. To the opening of another campaign, on the same subject, we shall bring the same qualities; and *much larger evidence.*

In conclusion we have but to re-quote the words of Clay:—

"LET US BECOME REAL AND TRUE AMERICANS, AND PLACE OUR COLORS AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM."

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, without further espionage, or interference in the private affairs of this Review, may assure himself, and his abettors, that we are going for that; that we will not only respond to the just aspirations of the great orator we have above quoted, but that we will see them, whatsoever obstacles may be thrown in our path, gallantly and grandly fulfilled.

"*We have never acknowledged*, AND NEVER CAN ACKNOWLEDGE," said J. M. Clayton, entering on this business, "*the existence of any claim of sovereignty in the Mosquito King*, OR ANY OTHER INDIAN IN AMERICA. *To do so*," quoth he, and there is not a particle of mistake about it, "*would be to deny the title of the United States* TO OUR OWN TERRITORIES."

"LET US NO LONGER," said Henry Clay, "WATCH THE NOD OF ANY EUROPEAN POLITICIAN."

"*Let us become*," said the same man, "*real and true Americans.*"

And *so*, we take our stand.

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ERRATUM.—On page 262, second column, 18 lines from top, for "foraiced," read "fortaliced."

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVI.

FOR APRIL, 1851.

## IMAGINARY PRESIDENTS:

### THE IDEAL OF A NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

We have yielded our opinions too easily to the arguments of faction, and the dishonest insinuations of interest; we allow men to lead and represent us, and to exercise public authority, whom in private we would scorn to trust or meet with respect. We put Notoriety in office and not Reputation; for the real man we substitute imaginary creatures, mere men of straw, incapable either to guide or govern. In the great ship of State we lodge a feeble or a worn-out engine, which makes a merit of a backward motion, lest the great seas may break its rotten gear or crush in pieces its rusty shafts. We set up *Imaginary Presidents*, ticketed with the dogmas of party, in lieu of character.

Dishonesty thrives under such a system. As the leaders are, so are the volunteers they beckon after them, the picked men of Asmodeus, the cunning thieves who are searching the store-room with an arithmetical dark lantern; while we fools, quite ignorant of state navigation, fondly imagine they are working the good ship in some mysterious manner from below. The devil of mischief and theft has occupation for his saints; their very inactivity is masterly; sitting, they hatch to life old frauds, or deposit new ones. Quiet, and seemingly harmless, they consume the more while they produce the less. We are passed into an almost aristocratical corruption, and are some of us content with logs, scotchers and stumbling-blocks, instead of Senators.

A session of three months, and nothing done by either side for either side; the appropriation bills adroitly delayed and then rushed through, to shun examination; the time of all others most sacred to honor and duty, wasted in contemptible talk, or parliamentary stratagem.

The air of the metropolis during this wicked three months is sick with scandal. Every whisper is of an intrigue or of a bribe; social and public corruption hatefully mingled, taking away the last hope of manhood and of patriotism. Here we are told in one ear that good English gold is ready for so many, who have sold their constituencies, to kill a tariff; here in the other ear comes another rumor, that so many are bought on the other side, t counteract the bribes of Free Trade. Here a vast job is divided under the rose, (a stinking rose,) among six accessories in legislative mischief. Here another and another, a dozen—a hundred—all seeking ripe and eager to be devoured. Here a caucus plotting civil war; here another

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and another, and another, a score, estimating the price of a President, and ready to put in sealed proposals, baser and baser, down to the lowest.

Were there a powerful onward movement amid all this, it might be passed over in silence; debauchery, gambling, bribery, vote auctions, caucuses of civil war, presidencies offered for sale, jobs without limit, all might be endured, were there any real action; but who can endure a camp without discipline, full of sutlers, thieves, idle envoys and a debauched following that outnumbers the battalions, and no action, the generals bargaining for places, and the fortresses governed by the spies of the enemy?

Legislators *will* drink, ——, fight, gamble away fortunes, sell jobs, and waste the time of their public agency,—it is perhaps their natural proclivity to do so,—but those of them who do *nothing else*, appear in a light wholly intolerable; the thought of it ends in a contempt for all government and a scorn of all authority; *somewhere* it must lead at last, and the end is perhaps not far off; when the Central Government puts on the face of a Humbug, the *Union* will assume the same respectable features.

How can there be a Union without a head? From the moment a true man and a hero takes his place at the head of the nation, from that moment the nation is one and indivisible. Assemble at a rendezvous an army for defense: until its head appears it is a tumultuary and dangerous mob; the army of popular representatives is but a more organized and reputable mischief, until a powerful leader holds supreme office, on the groundwork of the popular will. President, Prime Minister, call him by what name you will, the head must be *seen*, and the strong hand *felt*, the party *led*, the measures *sustained*. Let genius and eloquence manage the debate, let wisdom and caution temper the arguments, there must be, says Nature, a head somewhere, a recognized, or if you please, a "divinely" appointed power, lodged in a human will, or my laws dictate confusion and corruption; I cannot endure and will not suffer a temporizer in a seat of supreme power. The union of your Republic is not in stocks and stones, nor in economy or laws of the greatest good to the greatest number;—it is in the spirit of man that I find it; not here and there in ·ks, or mystical influences, but in the greatest heart and the strongest will of your nation. Find him out, in God's name, and if you can, elect him in God's name and the nation's, and if he refuses the office, as it is not unlikely he may, beg of him, pray him to accept it, that you and yours may be saved from shame and poverty, and perhaps from death by the cannon shot or bayonet — the tools I use to punish those and the children of those who elect charlatans and fools to offices of supreme authority.

For a monarchy it is *not* always an evil omen, when a fool ascends the throne. Legitimacy provides against the catastrophe that would follow, by intrusting the government to a minister. Republics have no such remedy. The President is the people's choice, and that choice loads him with the office; he cannot shift responsibility to his ministers, unless, as at present, the power has fallen to him by succession. Legitimacy and irresponsibility are one; the being born to a supreme power does not involve the obligation of being equal to its exercise. Legitimacy of itself exonerates the sovereign; his supremacy is not of his own, or of the people's making; he is the slave of a system, and is required only to wear the garment and assume the exterior of sovereignty. Far different is it with the temporary sovereign of the Republic: invested with all the authority that a legitimate king could ever justly wield, he adds to it the responsibility of a Prime Minister; more than that, a minister of the people's choice, a premier of the Nation, not of the Court. Millions of men have registered their names in his favor, declaring by a solemn act that they have chosen him to represent and exercise the supreme will, the sovereign authority; not as a puppet, or an idol, but as a man bearing in his heart and mind the true image of justice and goodness, and the true idea of national honor. He is set in his high place as the *real* representative of all that is manly, all that is great, generous, and admirable, in the character of the Republic.

If the people, free to vote, have elected a fool, it is ominous of ruin; they have chosen a fool, and who but a fool will vote for a fool to represent his sovereignty as a man?

Is a cunning knave, a plausible, sly, many-sided confidant of hell, made President, let the people take to themselves the

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credit of the choice, and with it the deep contempt of all knowing and thinking humanity. When the people set up knaves and charlatans, let Aristocracy toss up its chin, and crow a loud and lusty laugh over the folly of the unwashed multitude, who mistake the vulgar cunning of a barbarian for talent, and the ashes of vice burnt out, for the snows of virtue.

The Republic looks for its political saviour. What manner of man he *must* be, all men know. There is an ideal prophetic faculty in men; humanity knows what it needs, and prays fervently therefor, but the blessing is not always recognized and hailed as Heaven-sent, even when it stands before us in human shape.

We know well that the political saviour of the Republic will not be an intriguer, a deceiver, or a "crisis" politician; but on the contrary, a man of great views, of simple purposes, and of an enthusiasm that can sustain a youthful empire, rising into vigorous manhood.

We are the Greeks of the modern world, worshippers of genius and of glory. We have in us the blood of many choice races poured along in one burning tide. We appropriate the good of the past, and esteem ourselves the masters of the future. The *best* of Norman, Celtic, Saxon and Teutonic blood, of that kind which time out of mind has stained the British scaffold, and extinguished the brands of Smithfield; which tinged the Seine on the memorable day of St. Bartholomew, and has since then flowed freely in many revolutions—the virtue, the industry, and the freedom of Northern Europe, collected together on a new soil, and organized in a power at once young, hopeful, and irresistible: the avenger of the past, the patron of liberty, the enemy of oppression, the executor of justice. The men whom we permit to lead us, must feel the passion of the age and of the nation,—must be sensible of, and sensitive for, the glory and the honor of the Republic; not as a selfish isolated power, but standing foremost among the nations.

The leaders of the American People, and of the National Party, will be they who have the courage, prescience, and power to represent the whole doctrine and practice of Republican and American nationality. When such public men appear, we shall no longer hear it said that the party is extinct: a party of nationality and of glory, of independence and of progress, will be found to exist, and will draw after it three fourths of the people. A long and glorious career awaits it, and from the beginning of its rule a new epoch begins, the second epoch of the Republic.

The national candidate may be a man who has endured the worst that calumny and factious hatred can inflict: the road to power and greatness is oftenest through victories over opinion; great reputations are often founded on great calumnies. He will possess invincible moral courage, Republican but dignified manners, a great, but not a haughty nature. He will not despise popularity, but he will not seek it.

He will be a philosopher in intellect; a sage in conduct; neither penurious nor profuse; neither vicious nor a precisian.

The spirit of the age is reformatory and economical; the leader of the National Party must be a guide of reforms, he must temper their enthusiasm, and measure them by their utility.

It is not necessary that he should be a military chief; it is enough for him that he be able to appreciate and use the military genius of others. Very petty and penurious persons, of small intelligence and enormous vanity, have sometimes, even in our day, attained to great reputation as tacticians and soldiers. The military character is not, therefore, always a manly one.

Great men make great soldiers, as they also make great lawyers, scholars, or merchants; and it cannot be denied that the Leader of the People ought to combine in himself *all* the talents that may be necessary to make the great soldier, merchant, lawyer, politician; that he should possess in full their several attributes of courage, shrewdness, keen intelligence, and knowledge of the people. The discipline of the camp is a grand school for manly qualities, command, resolution, simplicity of will; and the Republic has never been more happily administered than by its great soldiers; nor can the favorite of our warlike people be a president of peace societies,—a kind of associations for which the majority of sensible men, we believe, entertain a profound contempt.

The fame, honor, prowess, aggrandizement, unity, and progress of the great Republic will be the passion of his life, by which his most secret thoughts will be directed. He

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will live *in* it, live *by* it; his own soul will be the grand Republican soul of America; he will be inspired with a jealousy of the Republican honor, and a reliance upon the power which he represents, the irresistible power of the People. Not an insult to our flag will go unpunished; not a letter of the law of nations will be broken, upon that side of the earth which it is given us to protect, without a full reparation or a summary vengeance.

That grand "anomaly," the union of many sovereignties in one nation, will be no anomaly to him. With good counsel and a constitutional spirit, he will execute to the letter the laws of the nation, without breaching the defenses of State liberties. Insurrection may spring up under him, but it will be assuaged, or crushed with a wise violence.

The honor of the great Republic in foreign lands will be his especial care. To represent living and organic Republicanism in the old world, he will select men who can dignify and defend it, men jealous of their country, who can hold themselves aloof from foreign flatteries and foreign intrigues; who can by that means cause the Republic to react upon Europe, and reproduce there ideas of humanity, of liberty, and of toleration; and who by manly and wise conduct will constitute a lawful, open, and unimpeachable propaganda of Republicanism; who can make America revered by the friends, and dreaded by the oppressors of the people.

Jealous of the dignity of his nation, the true representative of the people will receive the Ambassadors of monarchy, who come to promote the interests of kings, with a formal and distant respect; he will identify the man and his business. The agents of hostile governments will find no convenient traitors, or lying news writers, able to operate upon and mislead a government of which the true representative of Republicanism is the head.

For Republics, but especially for those who look to us to be their patrons and protectors, the representative of the people will not disguise his affection, nor will he stand between them and those who desire to aid and protect them. He will be their warmest and most generous advocate; he will hearken to their complaints, encourage them in their efforts to organize and establish their governments, and send out to them able and respectable advisers, who will have the knowledge and the courage to unite, harmonize, and organize them; who will exercise at once the offices of peacemaker and defender. Above all, the representative head of the American people will not suffer these dependent and feeble States to fall into foreign and uncongenial hands, whose desire is only to use and spoil them. In a word, the true representative of this Republic will *dare* to be the chief Republican of all the world, and to think and act as such.

By no ordinary services can he have been tested whom the nation will elect to be their head. His election must be, not by the mechanism of a connection and the drill of office seekers; he must go into power with the people at his back, electing him upon the strength of recent service and a fresh renown; recognized as the man of all others, bound to the nation, and seeking rather to deepen than to cancel the glorious obligation.

The want of such a head in the highest seat of power cannot be compensated by the combined or isolated skill of great orators or sagacious party leaders. Nationality in the government can be given only by a master hand, concentrating and directing the scattered forces of party, and giving an object and a motive to the popular sentiment.

In the absence of a head, parties become furious and narrow, and degenerate into factions. The discussion of any great measure of utility or honor, in which the entire nation is interested, and which is necessarily argued upon constitutional grounds, ranks men by their principles;—principles require a representative who can dignify them in action; great parties are distinguished from factions by the dignity and nationality of their leaders.

The contest in the Senate on the measures of Internal Improvements for the benefit of Western agriculture, threw out the old parties into their ancient and almost forgotten opposition. That contest indicated with sufficient distinctness the true political movement of the future. The attempted coalition had failed, it had no solid ground to rest upon;—men have too much confidence in Union and Nationality to form an active party for their conservation. Had that movement succeeded and an opposition to it as a party taken shape, we should have

a Union party, opposed to one of disunion,—a disastrous movement! But it was found impossible to excite two such parties, and on the appearance of the old issues, partisans fell into their ranks and resumed the old weapons of controversy.

A *national* party against slavery is a party of civil war; a Union Party professedly opposed to it would have recognized its existence, and put a demoniacal life into it. The project failed, as good men hoped it would. The objects of a faction founded upon a pure fanaticism, and which aims to make itself master of the central power for purely fanatical purposes, would only have been dignified by an organized and professedly national opposition, demanding on that ground, and for defense against that faction, to be intrusted with the supreme power. The majority were naturally suspicious of such a movement; they suspected its motive, they did not believe in its assumptions.

Since the death of General Taylor, the Government has stood in the attitude not of one using power as it should be used, and gaining favor by the display of courage and vigor, the key to popular approbation in this Republic, where the merit of existence is estimated by its force and creative power; but in an attitude, rarely reputable, and never advantageous in an intelligent age, of soliciting favor, and founding its claim thereto upon a certain very general and cheap virtue, respect for the Union and the Constitution. And what then should we say of a government which did *not* entertain a respect for the laws, the Union, and the Constitution? The profession of such a sentiment is no merit at all; the most absurd and tyrannical power would reiterate the same; the weakest continually harps upon it.

Whoever, by whatever party, is elected to the Presidency, assumes power as a Unionist, actively and thoroughly a Unionist;—respect for the Union and the Constitution is therefore a wretchedly weak and shallow pretext for the presidential candidacy, in itself considered. The question, among ninety-nine hundredths of all the people, is not whether the Republic shall exist, but only, what are the surest guarantees of its existence, and of its prosperity.

A British system of public economy may destroy the Union, and has already jeopardized it.

A meddling British agitation in the North may break up the Union, and has already endangered it. A foreign policy truckling to the ambitious schemes of Britain has degraded the Union, and impaired much of the public respect for it, and thereby so far put its life in peril. A refusal to appropriate the public moneys for the most necessary public improvements has weakened the affection of the States for the Union, and must eventually shake it to the centre. An untimely neglect to defend the laws of nations and the honor and virile reputation of the Republic is hurrying on a war with Great Britain, which can only be averted by the adoption of a foreign policy congenial with the republican spirit. England must be warned of the consequences of her present policy, or the people of the West will force those of the South and East into a declaration of war against her.

Here are a few of the foundation stones of a Presidential platform, broad enough and solid enough to support a brilliant and powerful Executive and Senatorial policy. A Government with such a policy need not manifest weak or hypocritical solicitude for the safety of the Union: it would be a true representative and confirmer of Union. Expressions in favor of the Union have become at length quite stale and idle, like declamations on the side of virtue in general; they betray emptiness and want of purpose; the men who make them so often, and on all occasions, *have nothing else to say.* Where we hear one of these eloquent generalizers declaiming in favor of the existence of the Nation (!!), let us try him with a few questions of home and foreign policy, and thereby, with single slight punctures of the critical knife, let the wind out of the bladder; we shall, in nine cases out of ten, be witness of a very ridiculous collapse.

Here are a pretty contemptible race of hungry politicians, who make their pretended anxiety for the Union a pretext for abominable idleness and intrigue at Washington, throwing away three months' time of the National Council, and leaving one generous old man to perform the duty of a whole party. What kind of a government is that of which an active, vicious minority can block the wheels? It is a government without vigor, without friends, without merit.

Let us imagine the possibility of a state of things like the following: That, on a suc-

den, the government forgets that the "Union is in danger," and that its "frightfully dangerous condition" is any longer at all *necessary* to any body.

Having nothing now to occupy their minds but the business of government and the duties for which they were constitutionally elected, they would bend their whole attention to these, excluding all other matters. They have a majority of the people with them; they have the official patronage; they have immense social influence; they can, by insisting upon popular and useful measures, awaken the gratitude and enthusiastic support of their constituents, and of the public press; they can, by direct influence and a display of sincerity, create for themselves a majority in both Houses of Congress. Corruption itself, now their enemy, did they seem powerful, would become their friend, and the bribes and promises distributed in secret, would be distributed for their benefit. Let the truth come out, the very diseases of government, the itch and sore of avarice and ambition, become the voluntary servants of a well organized and vigorous power.

In the machinery of our government, the subordinate offices are places of influence and authority. The most important laws are hindered in their passage by the holders of subordinate places, or men returned to Congress who will effectually block the wheels of legislation. Let the Power that regulates all this, use every atom of its power; let it adopt a rule for the conduct and principles of all officials, and expel without hesitation or remorse every man who impedes the execution of its design. Such an Executive would have the respect of its enemies and the devotion of its friends.

And now, having spoken of the internal policy and organization of such a government, let us inquire, what would be its policy in regard to the masses of men—the people in general?

Recognizing the love of glory, of power, and of independence, as the primary ground of popularity, it would seek to identify itself with those passions in the heart of the people, by showing a bold and warlike front towards other nations, and a readiness on all occasions to compel the respect and attention of a foreign power. [illegible] not to be obtained. The [illegible] not recommending measures to secure international rights, or a sister republic overrun and subjugated by a tyrannous imperial power, would be the most popular document ever written by an American President. The Hulsemann letter was indeed a good thing in its way, but a harmless document at bottom. It carried no consequences, and with all its merit, it does no harm: it calls for no forces; it demands no ships; it requires no extra session to meet, for the practical maintenance of its principles by sea and by land; it brightened no rifles; it tempered no swords; the trade in paper was more benefited by it than the trade in powder: it was a noble sentiment, and the Republic drank its health with a smile; the band played Hail Columbia, and there was a general cheerfulness.

How shall the heads of a party make themselves popular and powerful, unless by showing an excess of the highest passion of the Republic? If they do not feel it, they must at least *adopt the policy it demands*, or their term is short.

The ludicrously affected enthusiasm of the skeptical, cold-blooded Lord John Russell, against papal aggressions, is a fine illustration of what a skilful insincere politician ought to be, who means to hold power; but thanks be to God, the statesmen of America need not *affect* sincerity: the atmosphere they breathe is sincere, the people are sincere; liberty is sincere; between God and ourselves we have only the laws, and we can indulge in a real and an honest enthusiasm.

The popularity and power of an administration depend much more upon the enthusiasm of the people than upon their shrewdness or their abstract opinions; and it seems right that it should be so, since the honor of the State is its vital principle, its heart; an organ much nobler and of more immediate and constant importance than a stomach.

But the prudential and economical judgment of the people requires also to be appealed to, and measures supported which secure for labor the protection it demands against foreign monopoly and domestic oppression.

An administration sincerely engaged in measures of popular reform, can afford to be, in the right direction, a lavish and a costly administration. A lazy, niggardly, pinched, and prejudiced administration cannot. Re[illegible] is only apparently popular, [illegible]ely so. If popularity is the [illegible]ernment, with a view to its re[illegible]ist retrench as little as may be

convenient, and make as little stir and sound about it as possible: it is an unpopular step, and all the popularity that may be won by it among the disciples of Dr. Franklin, will be soon forgotten, and weigh like dust in the balance against a storm of popular enthusiasm.

The popularity of an administration cannot be established by crushing a few sinecure offices; but should it engage in the general movement of Republican reform, against every species of monopoly, it will secure for itself the unlimited confidence and affection of the multitude.

*Land Reform*, so ably advocated at the close of the last session, by a Northern Senator, is not only a just measure, but contains elements of great party value and popularity.

*The Improvement of Internal Navigation*, as a measure of economy, must obtain a triumphant popularity for those who aim to convert its motives into laws.

*The opening of reciprocal commercial intercourse with Republics*, to the exclusion of monarchies, must become a popular policy.

*The augmentation of the Steam Navy* is a measure not only of imperative necessity, but of unbounded popularity.

THE PURCHASE FROM THE STATES OF NICARAGUA AND HER NEIGHBORS OF THE ENTIRE CANAL AND RAILROAD ROUTES FROM SAN JUAN TO THE PACIFIC, THROUGH THE LAKE OF NICARAGUA, would be a measure to hold the affection of the Pacific States, and confirm the Union. It would doubtless be a popular measure, and would compel Great Britain to resign her pretensions to the Mosquito territory. As things are moving now, we shall very soon be at war with Great Britain, for the disarming of our citizens, the occupation of territory not her own, and the exclusion of our commerce from ports where it ought to enter. Either a purchase or a war, we have our choice. Perhaps it is now too late, and the war inevitable. England cannot be suffered to keep a toll-gate between ourselves and California, unless we are the most contemptible and pusillanimous power in the world. England must leave Central America or fight, there is no alternative; and leave she *never* will, for she is not used to resign her conquests. Treaties are mere chaff and straw to England; and in the present instance, had a treaty been made by our Government guaranteeing the British in the occupancy of Central America, it would be chaff and straw to the Americans. It would be broken by necessity, on the least pretext; the right of way through Central America being almost an absolute necessity to us. We are told that it is a *point of honor* with Lord Palmerston to keep a toll-gate between us and California. Lord Palmerston's point of honor endangers the existence of the British Empire: in the event of a war with England, that power will have a war with Ireland in addition, and her commerce, the second year of the war, swept clean off the seas. The French Republic seeks an opportunity to vent her ancient hatred upon England, and if a war approaches will seek our alliance.

A little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, of an iron-gray color, like the smoke of artillery, is gathering in the direction of the Isthmus. A war managed by British agents, on the part of the old Aristocratic party, called Serviles, who oppose the Federal Union of the States—involving the ruin of the States, and their final subjugation by England—is now in progress; these States hold the gate of the world's commerce, which England has resolved to have, at the cost even of a general war.

Our relations with England, commercial and moral, are the key to all our politics. If these are clear to us all is clear, and the grand issues unmistakable.

Since the war of 1812, it has been the ineffectual policy of a large and powerful party to overwhelm us with British principles, and British legislation. It was important for England on her side to cultivate amicable relations; she thought it necessary to have the freedom of our market; it was necessary for her to keep the artisan industry of America in check; our industrial success must be her ruin; she *must* have our markets duty free, and she must have our cotton duty free; she *must* make our clothes for us, and we *must* buy them of her or she would fall into the rank of a second-rate power, and lose the commerce of the world. All went well; the Americans were being rapidly indoctrinated with British principles, when by an unfortunate concurrence, Texas was annexed, and California gold mines discovered; it became evident that the possessors of the Isthmus would be the keepers of the commercial gateway between the eastern and western hemi-

spheres. The Americans were asleep, drugged with free trade and British opinions, or were madly brandishing the torches of civil war, made and set on fire, and distributed among them by the orators of Exeter Hall, the grand propaganda of modern British opinion. The Union would soon be dissolved; the work of ruin went bravely on; from the first day of the civil anti-slavery wars of America, would be dated the new epoch of England's commercial prosperity. "Vast would be my wealth, enormous my power," thought the Lion of England; "I will break in fragments, and subjugate in detail the monstrous and fatal Union of Republics, *as I have already done every other union of free States on the New Continent.* The six hundred thousand bales of cotton now manufactured in America, and consumed there, would, in the event of a division of the Union, be wrought up in England, and sent to America to sell. Glorious prospect! But I must first have the Isthmus, to command the California and the Pacific trade; it will give the key to the West Indies, and command the Mississippi. I must hold fast to San Juan—that is the *point d'appui*—that is the Gibraltar of the Gulf and of the Pacific!"

Accordingly, while the paw of the Lion is set firmly and angrily upon San Juan, the jackals of faction agitate disunion in the North and South;—free trade and disunion—British Principles. In Boston, England is a rank Abolitionist. In South Carolina she is a great Aristocrat, talking about her coolies, her Irish tenantry, and her agricultural and colonial sympathies. In both she is a free-trader, and her morality in regard to slaves a mere changeable cockade. Free trade is the secret.

Upon the Central American question turns all the future, both of America and of England. An Imaginary President, or man of straw in office, cannot, of course, do any thing with it; he will not even see it; the avalanche may thunder above—the deaf ass will plod on his way and eat his thistle. Little factious men have only little and factious aims. A dozen slaves escaped from their masters bring great joy to some men's souls;—the prospect of a war of extermination carried on against three millions of negroes, a catastrophe toward which the same kind, discreet, and tender-hearted agitators, under British guidance, are hurrying us, they contemplate without emotion; it is the ass, again, whose bray shakes down the avalanche.

The election of General Taylor, a Southern military man, and a slaveholder, was regarded by the South as a perfect security to themselves against Northern encroachments. To make his election sure, it was, however, thought necessary to give the Vice Presidency to the North, and the least dangerous and least exceptionable person for that purpose was no doubt the one selected. He was known to be temperate in politics, and had not discovered any strong aptitude for usurpation. He was a safe man, and therefore he was chosen; he was an able business man, and competent for the regular duties of any office in the gift of the nation.

The death of General Taylor changed every thing. It was thought necessary by the Administration to adopt a policy conciliatory to the South, on the one hand, and for one set of reasons, and antagonistic to Mr. Clayton's, and conciliatory to England on the other, and for another set of reasons. The first, on the supposition that the South would have no confidence in a Northern President, and would do all in their power to crush him and his friends; and the second, on the supposition that the genius of England exerted a benign and harmonizing influence over America. England, it must have been known, had laid her plans, since 1740, to possess and occupy the southern third of the North American Continent; to erect another system of colonies on the Asiatic plan, and re-establish the balance of European power in America.

Powerful arguments supported the new policy so antagonistic to that of General Taylor. Were the southern third of the Continent once fairly in English hands, no more slave States could be erected south of Texas. The magnificent cotton lands of Mexico, Yucatan, Balize, and the Mosquito shore, where ten bales can be raised to the single hand, would be cultivated by free labor, at less than *twelve cents* the day, and the negro for ever excluded. All other slave products would be grown there at prices proportionately low, and the distressing dependence of England upon the South for ever terminated.

An "Anglo-Saxon" power would have possession of that part of the continent, and the Spanish colonists gradually supplanted and exterminated. In English hands, deeper

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canals and more substantial railroads would intersect the interoceanic territories; and every American who passed over would receive a tincture of Anglo-Saxonism, and have impressed upon his heart a deep sense of British humanity and hospitality. England herself, once our enemy, now by necessity our friend, looked to us for aid in this matter. Exhausted by a series of wars against the Republicanism of Europe, burdened with an insupportable taxation, drawing two thirds of all the food she eats from other soils, she came to us no longer in the character of a rival, but in that of a dependent friend and cousin. It was indispensable for her to have the privilege of blockading the ports of the Spanish Republics, or she could find no sale for her surplus cloths and cutlery. We were rich and powerful; we could feed ourselves, clothe ourselves; we had gold and quicksilver, coal and cotton; she had none of these, and it was not for us to play the dog in the manger, and refuse her the privilege of a poor cousin; we who had so much could surely spare her a morsel. And so it was deemed expedient to allow her the privilege she asked, and the policy of Henry Clay, of John Q. Adams, of Thomas Jefferson, of Monroe, and of General Taylor, was abandoned, and the Spanish Republics, the gateway between Europe and Asia, are now subject to the blockades and other tender violences of the "Anglo-Saxon" Queen; American citizens passing that way are disarmed by Jamaica negroes, and treated with considerable tenderness afterwards.

Again, other arguments were conceived. South Carolina was on intimate terms with England, and might at any moment, nay, had already, through her citizens, opened an amatory correspondence with her. South Carolina, or rather the few persons who rule and agitate in, and financier the bank for that adult British colony, began to lean upon England for protection against the supposed aggressions of the North. Members of the Nashville Convention were assured that South Carolina had only to throw herself into the cotton-clad lap of the British Queen, and she would be tenderly embraced and strongly defended. It was expedient, therefore, to conciliate England, because of her influence in South Carolina.

Again, England was the great agitator of Abolitionism in the North! Singular contradiction!—inexplicable to country statesmen! The manufacturing and commercial power of England deemed it necessary to bring about a separation of the Northern and Southern States. Her politicians had formally announced it as a part of their foreign policy to effect that separation. Her humanitarians had declared that the Union of the North American States was the grand cause of the continuance of slavery in America. It was therefore an act of humanity to procure a dissolution of that Union.

Her free traders had declared that the American Union maintaining a free and harmonious commercial intercourse between the Northern and Southern States was the grand cause of the existence and continual increase of manufactures in the Southern and Northern States, and that if it continued, British industry could no longer clothe the world, but must share the market of the world with the Americans, and finally give it up to them. It consequently became an essential part of the Free Trade movement to agitate Abolition in the North, and at the same time, and for the same purpose, to tempt the South from her allegiance with promises of free trade and protection if she would secede. Such considerations as these seem to make it important for men in power in America to desert the policy of Henry Clay, Monroe, Adams, and Taylor, and to conciliate England by the most flattering and friendly attentions, to permit her to run riot over the Spanish Republics, and act her pleasure on the two coasts of the continent.

What other and more powerful considerations may have driven our Government off from the American and Republican platform, we need not now stoop to inquire. Enough we do *know*, to satisfy us that no influences, however base, have been spared to corrupt the public sources of information, to suppress inquiry, to divert the attention both of Government and people from the designs of our rival. But it is with the general arguments, such as all men may discuss, that we are at present interested: let us keep to the open question, and use the common facts; the good sense of our fellow-citizens asks for nothing more than that.

England is a conservative country; it is anti-revolutionary, anti-slavery, and anti-democratic. The two powerful interests who govern it, the old and new aristocracy, the

aristocracy of land and the aristocracy of money and trade, unite in a cordial hatred of popular reforms. They kill democracy by bribing all electors, and keep revolutions out of England by a system of game laws, by which the people are disarmed. They have an army in India, and create revolutions there; they create revolutions in every country in the world except their own, and for wise reasons, which every free trader, and every younger son of an English aristocrat, understands. But the world has suddenly discovered, and the Tories of England, as the reader will find in an article in our succeeding number, have let out the grand secret, that the existence of the British Empire through another half century is a problem of uncertain solution. France has two millions of armed citizens; the United States can in two weeks concentrate an army of one hundred thousand trained rifles and muskets simultaneously upon three or four points of her Atlantic coast. California has not less than sixty thousand fighting men always ready, *more than all the fighting men in England and Scotland.* Russia can assemble and move a million. Prussia can summon every male adult citizen to arms, and find him ready with the musket. Germany is warlike from the Baltic to Trieste. Even Greece is at present a more defensible and warlike country than England. And with all that she depends upon Ireland, France, America, and Russia for more than one half of all the food that is eaten by her people, and without that food, a third of her population must be swept away by famine. By far the greater part of all food of her artisans comes from Ireland, and in Ireland she keeps a spy with a telescope to watch every cross road, an immense police army, and twenty thousand regular troops under arms. That is to say, the British Empire depends for its existence upon the contingency of an Irish rebellion, an American tariff, and the evil disposition of the Russian Autocrat. Highly necessary is it then for England to conciliate America, and if possible to keep us in a good humor with her and with ourselves. And yet she knows us too well to be at much pains to do that, even. Such is the inactivity and weakness of our Government, paralyzed by certain ingenious mesmerizers whose purpose it is to ride into power upon the wrecks of the great parties, nothing can be done with spirit or decision. Our tariff is left ruinously inadequate; the public lands are absorbed and wasted by political speculators, creating dependent tenantries for themselves in the new countries; our Congress expends its energies in a detestable factious agitation; our steam navy must struggle unaided against British competition; and above all, we have no foreign policy except such as may be prepared for us by Lord Palmerston, and submitted to our Senators by an ingenious English gentleman in Washington. Our Republican allies, who desire our commerce and our protection, are hemmed in by British cruisers, the gateway between ourselves and the Pacific is closed and tolled by England, and our citizens passing a free territory regularly searched and disarmed; and all this because a dozen or more industrious intriguers wish to have their names entered on the books of the Presidential Scrub Race of 1852.

Upon whom, then, should we fix our choice to rescue the nation from shame? Upon a stuffed man of straw, an imaginary person, or upon some high-minded and ardent American, who has the magnanimity, the spirit, and the will, to put an end to this shameful and disgusting farce? Let it be he, whoever he may be, who can infuse life and courage into the councils of the nation; who can raise anew the fallen standard of Republicanism; who can engage all the people in a *true* Union movement, a movement of industry and enterprise; who can revive the latent enthusiasm of the friends of home industry, of nationality, and of national independence, and show them that they are the powerful majority of all the people; whose boldness and firmness will, with or without war, give us all that war can give, a greater name, increased wealth, a firmer nationality, and the respect of the world.

Is there a man in America honored by the voice of the people? who has represented truly the interests and the honor of the Republic? who adorns the councils of the nation by an eloquence founded upon wisdom, sincerity, and prescience? who in diplomacy represents at once the sagacious, the brilliant, and the bold? Must we go into the field and seek him at the furrow, or are his form and voice known to the people? Whoever, wherever he may be, we must find him; the Republic needs a head, the Union an incarnation.

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The events of the last few months have

shown that the Presidency of the United States cannot be powerfully wielded by one to whom it falls by accident, or by mere succession. It is even doubtful whether an election by Congress, failing that by the nation, can confer a prestige and a power upon the successful candidate equal to the necessity of the situation. Without an able and truly representative man at the helm, there is no movement, no progress. THE NATION IS NEVER RIGHT UNTIL ITS FIRST CITIZEN IS AT ITS HEAD.

Is there not a man in the nation, whose election to the Presidency will give joy and satisfaction,—a sense of security and hope? God and man, nature and necessity are against us until we put our best man in command.

It is not to him, whoever he may be, that we owe any thing; as individual citizens we owe him nothing; he may even have stood in our way, and may have seemed to injure and overshadow some of us;—that is nothing here nor there; we must elect a real and not an Imaginary President, or resign our power, and so it will be *by a natural necessity*.

Every business must have an active agent to control it, every ship must have a master to guide it in the storm. Until the right agent is chosen the business languishes; until the right master is appointed, the ship is badly navigated and the crew are mutinous; until the natural leader of the Republic is in the first office in its gift, the Republic languishes.

Not once in a thousand years does it happen, that *two* men can be found in the same day in a great nation, fit to be intrusted with the highest office. A *hundred* may perhaps be found equal to the business of the office, and *fifty* of the hundred perhaps who can guide and govern men; but that is not all that is needed for the Presidency of the United States;—character, power of will, personal virtue, and the power too of enforcing respect and acquiescence, and commanding the favor of the million, should go into office with the President of the Great Republic.

"Principles, not men," is the spurious maxim of some cunning politicians. For then it should be, "*Offices*, not men." Of 'principles' those men are quite innocent, God wot, who cannot distinguish a great man from a great booby, a tall fool from an Agamemnon, who care not if the Devil be President, so he furnish them a rich employment.

"We owe the Presidency to Jones," say some, as a reward for his services to the nation, and to the Republican cause. An obvious error. The Presidency of the United States is not a Christmas box nor a pension. If the nation *owes* any service to Mr. Jones, my good democratic friend, and he will so far humiliate himself as to show *value received*, let him have a pension, a gift of public lands; but neither Mr. Jones nor his friends are fit to exercise power if they look for any thing of the kind, nor can any such plea be offered by them upon any occasion where the Republic is mentioned with the respect due to it. If any man has identified himself with the glory and genius of the American people, and can wield the highest power as an enthusiastic and high-minded Republican, and not as a mercenary agent or the stipendiary of a faction or a class, he would laugh to scorn your base offer of the Presidency to him as a reward, or a pension. What right have *we*, a dozen or twenty private citizens, to offer the Chief Magistracy of the Republic as a payment? Away then with the ridiculous plea, that Jones or Smith *must* have the Presidency because they have worked for it! It is not in us to *give* it, nor in him to earn or *receive* it.

The natural head of the Republican and National Party must stand foremost as the Representative, not of union in the abstract, but of a national policy, domestic and foreign, that will make union as necessary as life. He must be the suggestor and the guide of great measures, to be carried through Congress, if necessary, by the severest struggles; the Congress, loaded with corruption and old prejudice, will, ten to one, fight against the people and their man. Whatever the violence of opposition, and the fury of calumny, he must with a firm will, relying upon the sole foundation of power, the respect of the people, carry his measures right on to their performance. Not a question must remain in any man's mind of his intention or his sincerity. There must be no secresy, no diplomacy with the nation. He will draw about him the ablest and most trustworthy citizens of the Republic; the fittest to stand by and work the dangerous machinery of power. No thought of elections must enter his mind; ***his re-election is secured by his conduct.***

The Presidency of the United States is perhaps the most difficult office in the world to fill, and requires the greatest moral and intellectual power to hold it successfully;—and it will not have been successfully held unless it is held for a successor. A successful, well-managed political party, led by first class statesmen, should be able to hold office for an entire generation, and carry their system of policy into its full effects.

If the Whigs go out of office at the next election, confusion and weakness may follow them for twenty years longer; possibly they may become extinct as a party, and politics fall upon new issues, more exciting and popular than those which create party lines at present. If they can find a suitable candidate, and can join a powerful and popular name with his in the Vice Presidency, to meet the danger of his death, power will perhaps remain in Whig hands for a full age of man.

Many distinguished names might be mentioned of men fully equal to the *business* of high office, and who would do creditably what the place requires; but we are not here to interest ourselves with comparative merits. We seek to find not him who on the whole is the most available, but him who is the candidate without comparison.

Were the true man found, the sons of mischief and confusion would unite, and concentrate all their powers for the sake of defeating so dreadful an antagonist. But their union against him and his friends would be of itself a benefit conferred upon the nation. The distraction of parties corrupts and weakens the political morality of the people; a dozen abominable little factions, fanatical, selfish, narrow and ignorant, do nothing for the nation but mischief. Let them be united in opposition, the meaner motives disappear. A legion of devils are cast out, who before delighted to animate the members of a disjointed carcass.

An able succession of twenty years, with a great policy, continued through a line of national and truly Democratic Presidents, would in all probability annihilate the British Free Trade faction, crush the British-born disunionist factions of the North and of the South, re-establish republican industry, and confirm republican alliances all the world over; secure for this nation the love of *all* nations struggling for liberty, and [illegible]ary terror into the reactionists and despots of the old world; establish the freedom and confirm the prosperity of the southern third of the continent, where our citizens are received with open arms, and offered every advantage by the Spanish Republics; give a new and powerful impulse to the manufacturing industry of the South; open to the use of all the world the exhaustless mineral wealth of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, and of Central America, (the new and better California;) give a new impulse to the commerce of the world by furnishing to all markets a vast and profitable surplus of manufactures; and above all, re-establish the honor and glory of the Republican name, now fallen into disgrace and weakness, and by its fall in America, retarding the great movements of human progress abroad.

Nothing of all this can be done, unless the first citizens of the Republic are put at the head of its affairs, and the first man of them all in the chief seat of power.

A popular simpleton, an industrious fanatic, an able rascal, a vain rhetorician, a cunning diplomatist, a stipendiary, an honest ignoramus—these are not the characters to lead the new age, or give a majestic forward movement to the great Republic. Good friends, good men, honest and intelligent citizens, consider what a folly you commit when you cast the fatal, irrecoverable *vote* that puts a *weak*, a *silly*, a *false*, or a *knavish* man at the head of this nation. The power of the place is great; the greatest capacity cannot satisfy it, and it has this peculiarity, that it *must be used*. If not used, it works a proportionate mischief. An imaginary, do-nothing President, or a stuffed show President, is not *merely* a clog and a disgrace; the mischief he unconsciously accomplishes is just equal to the *unused* power and *legitimate* responsibility of the office. If the nation does not progress, or as we say, "go ahead," all that while it goes backward, and falls in pieces. Its existence as a Union depends upon its national and harmonious activity—its activity and movement *as a whole*. We cannot sit still; it is death and ruin to do so, but we cannot move without a competent leader to guide our motion. If we do not extend, improve and protect our agriculture, other nations will compel us to look to them for the necessaries of life. If we allow our manufacturing industry to be oppressed and outdone, another nation more enterpris-

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ing is immediately the commander of our purse, and puts us in her debt; agriculture is choked and trade embarrassed. If we neglect to keep up our mining interests, iron, coal, lead, and copper come to us from abroad, and we are farther narrowed, impoverished and restricted, and forced back upon the wilderness. If we neglect to extend our empire, to colonize and subdue by all *just* means the savage hordes upon our border, we are distressed and ruined along our border. If we neglect to keep up friendly, profitable and exclusive alliances with neighboring Republics, a foreign power steps in and *we* are shamed and excluded, our commerce endangered, our peace imperilled, a bar of separation raised between ourselves and our brothers. *Existence* and *progress* are correlatives: the one is nothing without the other. Is not victory the crown of existence? Who wishes to live who does not also conquer the evils of life, and make himself in some degree master of his own destiny? And the nation that loses sight of victory, and lets in the adversary to spoil and destroy, to appropriate and to oppress, is it not a deluded, a weak, a slavish, and a contemptible nation, ready for civil war and dismemberment? *For the American people there is no choice between extension, growth, and progress, and an enterprise directed outside and beyond itself, or internal dissension and decay.* The household must have outdoor business to look to, or they will quarrel and ruin all.

Southern statesmen are jealous of the central government, and well they may be, for now it is the prey of factions. Let them put fire and nationality into it, and they will no longer have any cause to fear it. A central government that has nothing to do, no generous or useful enterprises in hand, is a nest of corruption, and a hot-bed of faction; what else should it, or can it ever be? Will the powers of nature lie still and wait our pleasure? Will the laws of human nature suspend themselves to please us, and give us a good time?

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# THE TWO THOMPSONS—G. P. AND P. P.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON

## "CIVIL DISCORD DUTY FREE."

ENGLAND has the felicity of possessing two Thompsons—"Thompson the Aristocrat," at home, "Thompson the Demagogue," abroad.

"Thompson the Aristocrat" at home, writes: "*To England the policy is clear*, (if she is to have any policy,) *of promoting by all legitimate means, the separation of the Northern from the Southern* (United) *States.*" This is P. P. Thompson, a Tory of the old school, and rich. He is an M. P. from Eliotvale, Blackheath, England. He writes, farther: "The slave-breeding mind has conceived the idea of conquest, to which, in its own words, the successes of Rome are to be child's play. It is clear, England must take one side and her enemy (America) the other. She (England) must take the lead in the propagation of the European continent of the principles which bind nation to nation, and leave America to do the work she has assigned herself, of sending out her population to die, *as it is hoped in the end they will*, under the guns of honest people." So wrote P. P., the Thompson at home, (M. P. from Blackheath,) a Tory, in the London *Morning Chronicle* of Feb. 1st, 1848.

G. P. *carries out* the "policy" of P. P. The two abolitionists, representing two phases of British humanity, the Tory and the Radical, "work together for our good;" one at home, *safe* in England, the other, not quite so safe, in America. One hatches the villainy, the other puts it in practice. This valuable "policy" of dissolving the Unions of Republics, is finely illustrated by the dissolution, through British management, of all Unions except our own on the two continents of North and South America. All the world knows that England wishes to have a duty-free entrance for her goods into American ports, North and South;—

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now, the Unions of States, in South and North America, have forbidden such free entrance, and enforced a tariff. English agents in South America, and in Central America, have worked, and are now working with all the energy of devils, to break up these Unions, and their amiable labors have been crowned with success. The mortal hatred of your genuine Briton for every thing republican, has supplied the energy necessary for the work. Other means have been used, but it is as often a labor of love as of gain.

The destruction of the North American Union of Republics, whose existence is such a potent obstacle to the movements of British commerce, is a work of time, and requires every variety of agency. The grand lever is the slavery agitation. When free-trade fails, the slavery agitation is the stand-by. G. P. Thompson, the other Member of Parliament,—the Thompson abroad, the *practical* Thompson in America—supplies what is left undone by theoretic Tory, P. P. Thompson, M. P., *safe* in England.

One of the New-York dailies informs us that somebody has been denouncing practical G. P. Thompson, the British free-trade lecturer and abolitionist in Massachusetts and New-York, as an aristocrat. This is a curious mistake, whoever committed it; whoever denounces G. P. as an aristocrat, is clearly ignorant of P. P. We have described and quoted P. P.; let us now quote and describe G. P.

G. P., in a speech of his at Syracuse, declares that "for twenty-five years he has devoted himself to the human race." So too have the devil and the razor-strop man.

"Instead of being a hireling, I have labored for nothing, says G. R., and have never received for my labors any thing to make me richer than I was when I entered the lists to do battle for human rights:" which is a comfortable assurance, to a thoughtful mind, that a desperately wicked and destructive course of life is at best, unprofitable. Our emissary is one of the true breed; he works for love, it seems; your genuine destructive is content with mischief: virtue is its own reward, and so is G. P. Thompson's agitation. Heaven send it payment in kind!

"Yet," continues G. P., "when, denying myself the companionship of those I love," (his wife and children, disinterested soul!) "come to this land to speak for the common cause of all men, dastard editors, and hireling scribblers, who can only, like serpents, be traced by the slime they leave, blacken me without measure, creep away to their dark rooms, and concoct lies and slanders against an innocent man."

Certainly, *practical* G. P. Thompson is the most audacious rascal of an agitator and emissary, that ever the people of America let live among them. He coolly informs us, as if it were a merit, that he has left wife and children at home, safe in England, and has come over to America, without reward or hope of reward; and the purpose of his coming is to commit the greatest crime of which man is capable, to create civil war, slave insurrections, to set one half the people against the other half, to blight the hope of the world, and doom three millions of the negro race to barbarism and a war of extermination. That is the object of disinterested G. P. Thompson's visit. Practical G. P. is a much cheaper and more 'available' man to satisfy the ravenous maw of the wolf of commerce, British Free Trade, than your rich Tory, unpractical P. P. Thompson at home, *safe* in England.

"I am a foreigner," says G. P., at Syracuse, "Oh, that is it, indeed—a foreigner!—so are your missionaries."

Missionaries, O indefatigable and most *practical* G. P., go among barbarians to teach obedience to the doctrines of Christ; you come among a Christian, civilized people, to preach ruin and death. You are a *foreigner* with a vengeance; and it is a source of astonishment to all thinking men, that your abominable foreign quackeries of free trade, servile war, division of the Union, and universal British rule, have not long since met their quietus. But no; there is no public opinion of force or courage enough to crush any thing British, were it a British dog run mad, and biting every American he met. The principles of Free Trade and Universal Rights would certainly protect him, could he show a British brass collar.

"In all that makes a man a true American," continues G. P., "I am an American." "Is it American to hate tyranny and battle against oppression?" Aye, truly, most indefatigable G. P., it is so, and of all the tyrannies in this world, commend me to that of a servile public opinion backed by the terrors of Free Trade, and a toady press. Against that accursed tyranny America has a long

and dreadful fight to make; in which conflict England is the Carthage.

But how is this, man? have you no 'tyranny' at home to fight against? Go preach to Hindoos, tell *them* to raise their hand against the oppressor, against *your* countrymen!—you are a 'missionary,'—go. Go you to Ireland, rouse up the Celt with flaming oratory—rouse him against the oppressor!—the wretched starving, miserable Celt!—you are a 'missionary,' go. Go to Central America and bid the suffering Republicans, incited to cut each other's throats by your detestable Free Trade agents—bid them unite in the cause of God and freedom, and drive out the British oppressor;—you are American, a Radical Republican are you, and a missionary,—go. But no, it is not *safe* there, or in any of those places, where *your* nation rules, to preach against oppression. You would swing for it.

G. P. is ready to swear that he is as good an American as any of us. He is for trial by jury, and the 'equality of the human race;' he is for '*the people*' and the 'franchise.' He also hints, very politely, "that the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South hunt him down, because he is for all these things.

G. P. is certainly an extraordinary man to go for all these things; such men are rare now-a-days, but we really do not think that his going for them is the reason why "the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South hunt him down." Practical G. P., '*safe* in America,' goes for much more than all that; namely, for one of two things, the division of the States into two opposed and warring nations, or the usurpation of supreme power by the Northern States over the Southern, and all the tremendous consequences that must follow,—precious and desirable consequences for the *two* British Thompsons, and an eternal triumph for Free Trade and Despotism, and a glut for the maw of the great Wolf of Commerce, who thrives upon Revolutions and grows rich by the ruin of many nations.

G. P. Thompson claims to be an American; there are indeed many 'Americans' like him, Americans in name only, at heart Fanatics, the enemies of human happiness, by whose vicious agitations the negro race, whom they pretend to serve, must be reduced back to barbarism or violently and speedily exterminated. Let us have no more British missionaries voluntary, or involuntary, preaching death and ruin, and inoculating feeble brains and timid souls with the venom of free trade and the fury of devils.

The same paper that gives us G. P. Thompson's tirade at Syracuse, publishes a letter from a Southern scoundrel, a counterfeiter and kidnapper, who makes it his trade to search up runaway negroes in the North, and avows that the business is a profitable one. Equally detestable, North and South, is the spirit that urges on the negro agitation. The Southern man who will deliberately *tamper* with and *irritate* the passions of the Northern people, by allowing disreputable armed emissaries to *test* them on the law, commits a crime against his country. The law was for the protection of Southern property, to express the respect of the Northern people, not for slave institutions, (for those they have long since abolished in disgust,) but for the legal and constitutional rights of the South; and those who purposely, and in bad faith, aggravate and exasperate the known allowable sentiments and feelings of the North, make themselves in so doing the serviceable tools of the Power that seeks our ruin; and we hold them fit companions in punishment for the notorious emissary and agitator whose expressions at Syracuse are discussed in this article. Away with all this folly and fury; let us be men, let us at length direct our thoughts to the nation, and its universal interests.

An American said lately, that "he hoped to see the time when an American wearing foreign broadcloth would be liable to the penitentiary; when railroad projectors purchasing foreign iron should be tried for high treason." This does not touch the root of the matter. If an American ought to be punished for wearing British cloth, what shall we do with those that wear British Principles? And farther, what punishment is severe enough, what dungeon dark enough for the foreign incendiary who comes expressly hither, first to poison our minds and then to set against each other, brother against brother?—and such an one is Master G. P. Thompson. It appears that, *as yet*, not only British broadcloth and cutlery, but British spies and national incendiaries, a much more injurious article of import, are quite safe in America. Can we not soon have a good swinging tariff upon *both*?

# NEGLECTED AUTHORS.

## RABELAIS:

### HIS ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT MASTER GASTER, THE INVENTOR OF ARTS.

THAT day Pantagruel went ashore in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost inaccessible.

As for Pantagruel, he said, that here was the seat of Arete (that's as much as to say, virtue) described by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of this place was one master Gaster, the first master of arts in the world. For, if you believe that fire is the great master of arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas, Tully never believed this. On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sentence, that affirms master Gaster to be master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine Muses, on whom Porus, the Lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms in Symposio.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the pope, were there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle, though some will tell you that the council was tumultuous, by the contentions and ambition of many for priority.

We were all obliged to pay our homage and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible; you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He does not hear: and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates was the god of silence, name Sigalion is, that is, the god of silence, without a mouth, but the earth shakes: his command is out ears, even to this or die. Needs must when Candia. drives; there's no gainsaying

Every one is busied and labors to serve him; and indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots, and starlings, and poetesses of magpies, teaching them to utter human language, speak and sing; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders and proclamations vain: she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwrecks at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves, and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

He only speaks by signs; but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs; neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, 'tis true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and

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# MADAME D'ARBLAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

We think *Cecilia* is the best production of Miss Burney's. Perhaps she has crowded her canvas with too many figures, but they are so well drawn and colored, and show the richness of her genius, that it is difficult to find fault with her. Cecilia Beverley is an heiress with £3,000 per annum, and with no restriction to the disposal of her hand and riches, but that the person whom she marries must assume the name of Beverley. All Cecilia's troubles hinge on this unfortunate clause in the will.* The influence of her acquaintance with Dr. Johnson is plainly perceptible in this book. The style is sonorous and dignified. The contrast in the characters of the three guardians of Cecilia is in the highest degree amusing and instructive. Harrel is a gay spendthrift, and a man of the world; Briggs a merchant, who has accumulated a fortune by hoarding up small gains, and of course is penurious in the extreme; and Delville is full of pride and pomposity, and with an insane love for family and rank: such are the three guardians of Cecilia. It is difficult to make any extract from the work, which will give a just idea of it, but I select the interview between Briggs and Delville, which so much pleased Mrs. Thrale:—

"CHAPTER IX.

"The next morning the family purposed setting off as soon as breakfast was over. Young Delville, however, waited not so long; the fineness of the weather tempted him, he said, to travel on horseback, and therefore he had risen very early, and was already gone. Cecilia could not but wonder, yet did not repine. Just as breakfast was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Delville and Cecilia were preparing to depart, to their no little surprise the door was opened, and, out of breath with haste and with heat, in stumpt Mr. Briggs. 'So,' cried he to Cecilia, 'what's all this? hay? Where are going? A coach at the door! horses to every wheel! servants fine as lords! what's in the wind now? think to chouse me out of my belongings?' 'I thought, sir,' said Cecilia, who instantly understood him, though Mr. and Mrs. Delville stared at him in utter astonishment, 'I had explained before I left you that I should not return.' 'Didn't, didn't,' answered he, angrily; 'waited for you three days; dressed a breast o' mutton o' purpose; got in a lobster, and two crabs; all spoilt by keeping; stink already; weather quite muggy, forced to souse 'em in vinegar; one expense brings on another; never begin the like again.' 'I am very sorry indeed,' said Cecilia, much disconcerted, 'if there has been any mistake through my neglect; but I had hoped I was understood, and I have been so much occupied——' 'Ay, ay,' interrupted he, 'fine work! rare doings! a merry Vauxhalling, with pistols at all your noddles! Thought as much! thought he'd tip the perch; saw he wasn't stanch; knew he'd go by his company,—a set of jackanapes! all blacklegs! nobody warm among 'em; fellows with a month's good living upon their backs, and not sixpence for the hangman in their pockets!' Mrs. Delville now with a look of arch congratulation at Cecilia as the object of this agreeable visit, finding it not likely to be immediately concluded, returned to her chair; but Mr. Delville, leaning sternly upon his cane, moved not from the spot where he stood at his entrance, but surveyed him from head to foot, with the most astonished contempt at his undaunted vulgarity. 'Well, I'd all your cash myself; seized that, else!—run out the constable for you next, and made you blow out your brains for company. Mind what I say, never give your mind to a gold lace hat! many a one wears it don't know five farthings from two-pence. A good man always wears a bob wig; make that your rule. Ever see master Harrel wear such a thing? No, I'll warrant! better if he had kept his head on his own shoulders. And now, pray, how does he cut up? what has he left behind him? a *twey*-case, I suppose, and a bit of a hat won't go on a man's head.' Cecilia, perceiving, with great confusion, that Mr. Delville, though evidently provoked by this intrusion, would not deign to speak, that Mr. Briggs might be regarded as belonging wholly to herself, hastily said, 'I will not, sir, as your time is precious, detain you here, but, as soon as it is in my power, I will wait upon you in the city.' Mr. Briggs, however, without listening to her, thought proper to continue his harangue. 'Invited me

* In the *Memoirs of an Heiress*, all the difficulties of the plot turn on the necessity imposed by a clause in her uncle's will, that her future husband should take the family name of Beverley. Poor Cecilia! What delicate perplexities she was thrown into by this improvident provision; and with what minute, endless, intricate distresses, has the fair authoress been enabled to harrow up the reader on this account.—*Hazlitt on "Will-Making."*

once to his house; sent me a card, half of it printed like a book! t'other half a scrawl could not read; pretended to give a supper; all a mere bam; went without my dinner, and got nothing to eat; all glass and show; victuals painted all manner o' colors; lighted up, like a pastry-cook on twelfth-day; wanted something solid, and got a great lump of sweet-meat; found it as cold as stone, all froze in my mouth like ice; made me jump again, and brought the tears in my eyes; forced to spit it out; believe it was nothing but a snow-ball, just set up for show, and covered over with a little sugar. Pretty way to spend money! Stuffing, and piping, and hopping! never could rest till every farthing was gone; nothing left but his own fool's pate, and even that he could not hold together.' 'At present, sir,' said Cecilia, 'we are all going out of town; the carriage is waiting at the door, and therefore——' 'No such thing,' cried he; 'shan't go; come for you myself; take you to my own house. Got every thing ready; been to the broker's, bought a nice blanket, hardly a brack in it. Pick up a table soon; one in my eye,' 'I am sorry you have so totally mistaken me, sir; for I am now going into the country with Mr. and Mrs. Delville.' 'Won't consent, won't consent! What will you go there for? hear of nothing but dead dukes; as well as visit an old tomb.' Here Mr. Delville, who felt himself insulted in a manner he could least support, after looking at him very disdainfully, turned to Cecilia and said, 'Miss Beverley, if this person wishes for a longer conference with you, I am sorry you did not appoint a more seasonable hour for your interview.' 'Ay, ay!' cried the impenetrable Mr. Briggs; 'want to hurry her off! see that! But 'twon't do; ain't to be nicked; choose to come in for my thirds; won't be gulled; shan't have more than your share.' 'Sir!' cried Mr. Delville, with a look meant to be nothing less than petrific. 'What,' cried he, with an arch leer; 'all above it, hay? warrant your Spanish Don never thinks of such a thing! don't believe 'em, my duck! great cry and little wool; no more of the ready than other folks; mere puff and go one.' 'This is language, sir,' said Mr. Delville, 'so utterly incomprehensible that I presume you do not even intend it should be understood; otherwise, I should very little scruple to inform you that no man of the name of Delville brooks the smallest insinuation of dishonor.' 'Don't he?' returned Mr. Briggs, with a grin; 'why, how will he help it? will the old grandees jump up out of their graves to frighten us?' 'What old grandees, sir? to whom are you pleased to allude?' 'Why, all them old grandfathers and aunts you brag of; a set of poor souls you won't let rest in their coffins; mere clay and dirt! fine things to be proud of! a parcel of old mouldy rubbish quite departed this life! raking up bones and dust, nobody knows for what! ought to be ashamed; who cares for dead carcasses? nothing but carrion; my little Tom's worth forty of 'em.' 'I can so ill make out, Miss Beverley,' said the astonished Mr. Delville, 'what this person is pleased to drive at, that I cannot pretend to enter into any sort of conversation with him; you will therefore be so good as to let me know when he has finished his discourse, and you are at leisure to set off.' And then, with a very stately air, he was quitting the room; but was soon stopt, upon Mr. Briggs's calling out, 'Ay, ay, Don Duke, poke in the old charnel houses by yourself, none of your defunct for me! didn't care if they were all hung in a string. Who's the better for 'em?' 'Pray, sir,' cried Mr. Delville, turning round, 'to whom were you pleased to address that speech?' 'To one Don Puffendorf,' replied Mr. Briggs; 'know ever such a person, hay?' 'Don who, sir?' said Mr. Delville, stalking nearer to him; 'I must trouble you to say that name over again.' 'Suppose don't choose it? how then?' 'I am to blame,' said Mr. Delville, scornfully waving his hand with a repulsive motion, 'to suffer myself to be irritated so unworthily; and I am sorry, in my own house, to be compelled to hint that the sooner I have it to myself, the better I shall be contented with it.' 'Ay, ay, want to get me off; want to have her to yourself! won't be so soon choused; who's the better man? hay? which do you think is warmest? and all got by myself; obliged to never a grandee for a penny; what do you say to that? will you cast an account with me?' 'Very extraordinary this,' cried Mr. Delville; 'the most extraordinary circumstance of the kind I ever met with! a person to enter my house in order to talk in this incomprehensible manner! a person, too, I hardly know by sight.' 'Never mind, old Don,' cried Briggs, with a facetious nod, 'know me better another time!' 'Old who, sir! what!' 'Come to a fair reckoning,' continued Mr. Briggs; 'suppose you were in my case, and had never a farthing but of your own getting; where would you be then? What would become of your fine coach and horses? You might stump your feet off before you'd ever get into one. Where would be all this smart crockery work for your breakfast? You might pop your head under a pump, or drink out of your own paw. What would you do for that fine jemmy tie? Where would you get a gold head to your stick? You might dig long enough in them cold vaults, before any of your old grandfathers would pop out to give you one.' Mr. Delville, feeling more enraged than he thought suitable to his dignity, restrained himself from making any further answer, but going up to the bell, rang it with great violence. 'And as to ringing a bell,' continued Mr. Briggs, 'you'd never know what it was in your life, unless could make interest to be a dustman.' 'A dustman!' repeated Mr. Delville, unable to continue his silence longer; 'I protest——' biting his lips, he stopt short. 'Ay, love it, don't you? suits your taste; why not one dust as well as another? Dust in a cart good as dust of a charnel-house; don't smell half so bad.' A servant now entering, Mr. Delville called out, 'Is every thing ready?' 'Yes sir.' He then begged Mrs. Delville to go into the coach, and telling Cecilia to follow when at leisure, left the room. 'I will come immediately, sir,' said Cecilia. 'Mr. Briggs, I am sorry to leave you, and much concerned you have had this trouble; but I can detain Mr. Delville no longer.' And away she ran, notwithstanding he repeatedly charged her to stay. He followed them, however, to the coach, with bitter revilings that every body was to make more of his ward than himself, and with the most viru-

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lent complaints of his losses from the blanket, the breast of mutton, the crabs, and the lobster. Nothing, however, more was said to him; Cecilia, as if she had not heard him, only bowed her head, and the coach driving off, they soon lost sight of him. This incident by no means rendered the journey pleasant, or Mr. Delville gracious; his own dignity, that constant object of his thoughts and his cares, had received a wound from the attack, which he had not the sense to despise; and the vulgarity and impudence of Mr. Briggs, which ought to have made his familiarity and boldness equally contemptible and ridiculous, served only, with a man whose pride outran his understanding, to render them doubly mortifying and stinging. He could talk, therefore, of nothing the whole way that they went, but the extreme impropriety of which the Dean of —— had been guilty, in exposing him to scenes and situations so much beneath his rank, by leaguing him with a *person* so coarse and disgraceful. They slept one night upon the road, and arrived the next day at Delville Castle."

The history of the Harrels, in this novel, is full of instruction, and of deep and absorbing interest. It is the daily history of thousands who are living beyond their means, striving to keep up a frail and feverish being in a senseless prodigality, squandering in display means which would enrich home with every comfort and refinement.

> "We sacrifice to dress till household joys
> And comfort cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
> And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
> And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
> Where peace and hospitality might reign."
>
> COWPER.

Never were the effects of pecuniary embarrassments more truly and powerfully depicted than in the history of the Harrels. It is worth a thousand sermons. How true, too, are the words of Sir Egerton Brydges in his autobiography, which display all the horrors of debt. After all, there is but one pleasure, which is to escape from the world, and indulge one's own thoughts uninterrupted. All show and luxury is idle, empty, satiating indulgence. Calmness, leisure, and above all, independence, with that humble competence which is necessary for the support of life, are all which are requisite. But there can be no independence or calmness without freedom from debt, which subjects one to indignities that harrow up the soul. Where the mind and temper are irritated in this way, what enjoyment can there be in any thing; and what ripe and perfect fruits can the imagination or the understanding produce? Even the charms of nature are thus clouded, and the airs of heaven cannot soothe us. Yet the morning and the evening, the fresh breezes, the mountains, seas, lakes, valleys and woods, and the changes of the seasons, are the delight of human existence; and these are open to the poor as well as to the rich, to the humble as well as to the high.

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.* Edited by her NIECE. 2 volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

These volumes are very interesting, and give a history of the English Court for several years. From them we learn, that Miss Burney most unwisely accepted, in 1786, the situation of keeper of the robes to the Queen, and for five years endured a servitude worse than that of a galley-slave. As Horace Walpole well says, "she was royally gagged, and promoted to fold muslins." When she went into this banishment, she was the most popular writer in England, surrounded by affectionate relations and warm friends. She gave up the society of Burke and others to feast on that of "the sweet Queen" and the sagacious George III. The Queen admired some heavy German writers, and the King enriched her with his opinions on several authors. He thought Voltaire a monster, Rousseau not quite as bad; and exclaims, "But was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakspeare! Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? what?" In addition to the interesting conversation of the King, she received her board, lodging, a servant to wait on her, and £200 a year. The situation entailed many privations, an incessant attendance upon the royal person, a continued confinement to court, with no power over her own time, and not even the liberty to receive and pay visits without express permission. Her life was monotonous in the extreme. She rose early, to be ready for her attendance on the Queen between seven and eight o'clock; after which she had a little time to herself, which was necessarily devoted to business, and to her wardrobe. She was again in attendance about one, after which she had two hours to herself, which she generally devoted to a journal which she kept for the amusement of her friends. At five she dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg, a vulgar, ill-natured woman,

a cleaving mischief to her, where a few guests were occasionally invited; and in the evening some of the equerries drank tea with them. About eleven o'clock she was again summoned to the Queen, when she herself afterwards retired to bed, "and to sleep, too, believe me," she says. "The early rising and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it; and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head." She made an excursion with the royal family to Oxford, where she was almost starved and fatigued to death. How different would have been her reception, visiting the same place, as Miss Burney, the author of Evelina and Cecilia. Her father, "with blindness internal struck," thought no one could be otherwise than happy if near a King and Queen. Among the other indignities she suffered, poor Fanny had to answer the bell. She says: "At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell! It seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude. I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation." Her health became much impaired, so much so, that she must either die or leave her situation. The matter, indeed, Boswell told her, was puissantly discussed at *The Club*, Charles Fox in the chair, where it was in contemplation to send a round robin to Dr. Burney, to recall his daughter to the world. Walpole wrote to her. Burke and Reynolds and Wyndham were also anxious to free her from her slavery. Finally, in July, 1791, she again breathed the air of freedom, and after making a tour in the west of England, and drinking of the Bath waters, her health was restored to her. The air of the Court not only affected her health, but exercised a depressing effect on the integrity of her mind. She for a time hated Burke and Wyndham for the interest they took, and the ability they displayed, in the prosecution of Warren Hastings. Her Diary shows a loving, amiable nature, and gives us a good insight into what Coleridge calls "the low puppetry of thrones," and [illegible] resting record of past manne[illegible] and we becom[illegible] acquainted [illegible]d peculia[illegible] of her indi[illegible]

It was a [illegible] seat o[illegible]

friends, the Lockes, that Miss Burney was first introduced to General Alexander D'Arblay, a royalist refugee of the French Revolution; and the mutual attachment which was formed ended in a marriage, which took place in July, 1793, at the village of Mickleham. About this time she wrote an "Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, in favor of the Emigrant Priests," together with "Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy." The profits arising from the sale of them were assigned to their benefit. Madame D'Arblay now found herself obliged to exert her abilities for the benefit of her own immediate family, their pecuniary means being small, chiefly indeed confined to £100 per annum, which the Queen assigned her on quitting her situation at Windsor, and which she enjoyed for the rest of her life. Accordingly, in 1796, was published by subscription, "*Camilla, or a Picture of Youth*," in five volumes. For this work she received three thousand guineas; and though it is pleasing and interesting, and greatly admired at the time, it is scarcely equal to "Evelina" or "Cecilia," though much more profitable to the writer. Shortly afterwards, with the money arising from the sale of "*Camilla*," the D'Arblays built a small cottage on a spot adjoining Norbury Park, after a plan of General D'Arblay's. It was jokingly called Camilla Cottage by Dr. Burney, and this name was afterwards adopted for it by their friends. In this pleasant retirement they passed several years, previous to their leaving England for the Continent. "Camilla" is enriched with a number of well-drawn characters. There are Sir Hugh Tyrold, the good old baronet; Dr. Orkborne, with his forgetfulness and love of books; Sir Sedley Clarendel; Edgar Mandlebert; and the ineffable Mr. Dubster, who, on being asked what made him a gentleman, gravely replied, "Leaving off business." This is equal to a Mr. Suckling, (in Miss Austen's "Emma,") a Bristol merchant, who had retired from trade some eight or nine years, and refuses to visit another Bristolian who had purified himself from the dregs of a sugar warehouse only the Christmas before. The annoying [illegible]ious Mrs. Mitten; Camilla, with [illegible]ful glee and pure heart—alas! [illegible] clouds threw their shadows over [illegible]amiable sisters; the intelligent [illegible] Mrs. Arlberry, display the rich

treasures of the fair author's genius. The interview between Sir Hugh Tyrold and his niece, when he believes himself dying, and the story of Mrs. Hill, in "Cecilia," are pathetic in the extreme, and show that Madame D'Arblay had the same command over our tears, as over our laughter.

We are reluctantly compelled to say, that "*The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties,*" is exceedingly dull reading. It was the last of Madame D'Arblay's novels, and she received for the copyright the large sum of fifteen hundred pounds. The English edition is in five volumes, the American in three.* The story is too much spun out; compressed into half its size, it would be interesting. The crisis never arrives. The gray day and Pleiades before us dance, but the sunlight never comes shedding sweet influence. The slightest incident breaks the thread of the story. The heroine is so refined that she never speaks in the proper place, and becomes a wanderer, seeking temporary shelter from house to house, when the slightest explanation would procure for her a home and friends. We became vexed at the unreasonable prolixity of the narrative, and the reader can only wonder, when he reaches the conclusion, that it could be possible for the author of "Evelina" to write so prosily. Fluellen says, "There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things." There is also a sad falling off in the style, the beauty and force of which had been spoiled by her long residence in France. The plot was conceived, and part of this novel written, at the close of the last century; she carried it with her to France in 1802, where she was compelled to remain until 1812. Truth compelled her to declare, that during these ten eventful years, that she resided in Paris, she was startled by no species of investigation, and remained totally unannoyed in every respect, passing her time by her own fireside, or amid a select company of her friends. The great evil was, that she could not correspond freely with her relations in England. "The Wanderer" certainly contains some ably-drawn characters. Admiral Powel is a fine old *salt*, and with courage enough to hazard derision, even from fools. Mrs. Maple, Mrs. Howel, and Mrs. Ireton are portraits strongly painted, and disagreeable enough, but certainly life-like. Mrs. Ireton is one of the most provoking women that ever figured on the pages of a novel. Miss Ellinor Joddrel is quite as overwhelming in another style. She makes a number of innovations on the old way of doing things, is strongly in favor of the rights of woman, declares her love to Harleigh to his face, and is surprised that he does not return it. She is far too intelligent to believe in a Supreme Being. Here is one of her flights of genius:

"Did we ask for our being? Why was it given us, if doomed to be wretched? To whom are we accountable for renouncing a donation made without our consent or knowledge? Oh, if ever that wretched thing called life has a noble moment, it must surely be that of its voluntary sacrifice! lopping off at a blow that hydra-headed monster of evil, called time; bounding over the imps of superstition, dancing upon the pangs of disease, and boldly and hardily mocking the senseless legends that would frighten us with eternity. Eternity! to poor, little, frail, finite beings like us! O Albert! wordly considerations, monkish inventions, and superstitious reveries, set apart, reason called forth, truth developed, probabilities canvassed,—say, is it not clear that death is an end to all? an abyss eternal! a conclusion? Nature comes but for succession, though the pride of man would give her resurrection. Mouldering all together, we go to form new earth for burying our successors."

The race of the Ellinor Joddrels is not extinct at the present day. Lady Aurora Grandville is warm-hearted, courageous, and intelligent, and appears to much advantage amid the worldly throng that move around her. Sir Jasper Harrington, with his gout and crutches, his irritability, and genuine benevolence, interests the reader.

In 1832 Madame D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, in three volumes, arranged from his own manuscripts, and from family papers, and from personal recollections. There is an American edition of this work, published by Key & Biddle, in Philadelphia, 1833; but it is not a perfect reprint of the English one, and the editor has taken the very questionable liberty of omitting what he believed would not prove interesting to the American reader. The work is ponderously written, tedious, and pompous—

"Such labor'd nothings in so strange a style."
POPE.

There are more allusions to herself in it than to her father, and we were driven to exclaim, Vanity, thy name is D'Arblay! The

* Published in New-York, 1814, by Eastburn, Kirk & Co.

book, however, possesses considerable interest, on account of the anecdotes it contains of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and other celebrated men. Her first interview with Dr. Johnson is graphically described, in the best manner of her early style, as is also the description of her interview with him at Streatham. If the entire work had been written in the flowing, conversational vein of Evelina, it would have been exceedingly interesting. But let us be grateful for it as it is. It certainly brings vividly before us the portraits of departed worthies, in whom we all take an undying interest, and it is charming to be admitted to familiar converse with those whose writings have so often cheered and instructed us. We become acquainted with their feelings, passions and peculiarities, and learn how they behaved in the quiet circle of domestic life.

Madame D'Arblay lost her father in 1814, in his 87th year. Her husband died in 1818, and her only son, and child, in 1837; and she herself departed this life 6th January, 1840, in her 88th year. Her eldest brother, Rear Admiral James Burney, accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of "General History of Voyages to the South Sea." Her second brother was the third best Greek scholar in the kingdom, and her half-sister, Sarah Harriet, was an excellent novelist.

D'Israeli truly says, there is what may be called family genius. In the home of a man of genius is diffused an electrical atmosphere, and his own pre-eminence strikes out talent in all. "The active pursuits of my father," says the daughter of Edgeworth, "spread an animation through the house, connecting children with all that was going on, and allowing them to join in thought and conversation; sympathy and emulation excited mental exertion in the most agreeable manner." Evelyn, in his beautiful retreat at Saye's Court, had inspired his family with that variety of taste which he himself was spreading throughout the nation. His son translated Rapin's "Gardens," which poem the father proudly preserved in his "Sylva." His lady, ever busied in his study, excelled in the arts her husband loved, and designed the frontispiece to his Lucretius. She was the cultivator of their celebrated garden, which served as an example in his great work on "Forest Trees." Cowley, who has memorated Evelyn's love of books and gardens, has delightfully applied them to his lady, in whom, says the bard, Evelyn meets both pleasures:

> "The fairest garden in her looks,
> And in her mind the wisest books."

The house of Haller resembled a temple consecrated to science and the arts, and the votaries were his own family. The universal acquirements of Haller were possessed in some degree by every one under his roof; and their studious delight in transcribing manuscripts, in consulting authors, in botanizing, drawing and coloring the plants under his eye, formed occupations which made the daughters happy and the sons eminent. The painter Stella inspired his family to copy his fanciful inventions, and the playful graver of Claudine Stella, his niece, animated his "Sports of Children." We have seen a print of Coypel in his studio, and by his side his little daughter, who is intensely watching the progress of her father's pencil. The artist has represented himself in the act of suspending his labor to look on his child. At that moment his thoughts were divided between two objects of his love. The character and the works of the late Elizabeth Hamilton were formed entirely by her brother. Admiring the man she loved, she imitated what she admired; and while the brother was arduously completing the version of the Persian Hedaya, the sister who had associated with his morning tasks and his evening conversations, was recalling all the ideas, and portraying her fraternal master in her "Hindoo Rajah." Nor are there wanting instances where this family genius has been carried down through successive generations: the volume of the father has been continued by a son, or a relative. The history of the family of the Zwingers is a combination of studies and inherited tastes. Theodore published in 1697 a folio herbal, of which his son Frederic gave an enlarged edition in 1744; and the family was honored by their name having been given to a genus of plants dedicated to their memory, and known in botany by the name of Zwingera. In history and in literature, the family name was equally eminent: the same Theodore continued a great work, "The Theatre of Human Life," which had been begun by his father-in-law, and which, for the third time, was enlarged by another son. Among the historians of Italy, it is delightful to contemplate this

family genius transmitting itself with unsullied probity among the Villanis, and the Malaspinis, and the two Portas. The history of the learned family of the Stephens presents a dynasty of literature; and to distinguish the numerous members, they have been designated as Henry I. and Henry II., and III. England may exult in having possessed many literary families—the Wartons, the father and two sons; the Burneys, more in number; and the nephews of Milton, whose humble torch at least was lighted at the altar of the great bard.

There is something in the scent and impression of a balmy atmosphere, in the lustre of sunshine in the azure heaven and the purple clouds, in the opening of prospects on this side and on that, in the contemplation of verdure and fertility, and industry, and simplicity, and cheerfulness, in all their variations, in the very act and exercise of travelling, peculiarly congenial to the human frame. It expands the heart, it makes the spirit dance, and exquisitely disposes us for social enjoyment. The mind becomes more elevated and refined; it assumes microscopical and unwonted sensibility; it feels things which, in ordinary moments, are unheeded and unknown; it enjoys things too evanescent for a name, and too minute to be arrested; it trembles with pleasure through every fibre and every articulation. We have read these novels of Miss Burney, after a lapse of some years, in our native county of Dutchess. What changes time has made. The old familiar faces are gone. Our grandparents sleep in the village church-yard. But nature wears the same face as of old. We walk on the winding roads in a bracing atmosphere; the bright sun falls on the gray trunks of the now leafless trees, and on the withered grass of the fields; and the long waving line of the distant hills is beautiful to the eye, and fills the imagination with pleasant images. Quiet reigns around us. Noise and bustle we have left behind us in the crowded city. Distant sounds fall pleasantly on the ear, and the cawing of the crows is blended with the hearty music from the bugle-horn of chanticleer; and as we gaze on yonder field where some cows are feeding, and on the gliding river, we unconsciously repeat to ourselves the noble lines of our favorite Thomson:

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

*Hughsonville, Dutchess County, Nov., 1850.*

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## THE HUMANITARIAN LANGUAGE.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

Begone, thou bastard tongue so base, so broken,
By human harpies and hyenas spoken,
Formed for a race of hypocrites, and fit
To maunder truth, and turn the gorge of wit:
What slavering, drivelling cant, which never dares,
Unbacked by Scripture, to salute our ears;
Vile sugared nostrums, gilded with a verse;
An angel's message, heralding a curse;
Yet helped by oily rhetoric and the devil,
Thou rul'st the world, and rul'st the world for evil!

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# GERALDIN:

## A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE following Play is founded upon certain incidents in Irish history. Ireland seems not to be regarded as classic ground; but its annals are replete, nevertheless, with materials not unworthy of being preserved. We are so accustomed to false views of the national character—views resulting either from a want of proper acquaintance with it, or from a settled purpose of misrepresentation—as to consider it a reproach, rather than an honor, to have inherited the blood of that Milesian race whose genius and courage have been perpetuated in the descendants of a Grattan, a Curran, an Emmett, and a Fitzgerald—qualities that depress the Irish character at home, and elevate it abroad.

In the person of CLARENCE GERALDIN, I have sought to infuse some of the virtues of a heroic ancestry; virtues which, whether in public or in private life, insure respect; and which, though they may not always command what is called success, at least deserve it. THE AUTHOR.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| CLARENCE GERALDIN. | LADY WALSINGHAM. |
| CLARINGTON. | ALMEIDA. |
| RAYMOND. | ROSINE. |
| WOLFERSTAN. | |
| MAHON. | *Attendants, Soldiers, &c.* |

SCENE: Dublin, and the adjoining country.

### Act I.

SCENE: The sea-shore—Moonlight view of the ocean—The Castle of Lady Walsingham in the distance.

*Enter* GERALDIN.

*Ger.* Secure I pass'd the moat, nor heard a sound,
Save the lone sedge-grass waving to the breeze;
Nor human object saw, nor insect thing,
In the blue midnight's solitude!—and there,
'Mid od'rous bloom, she on her terrace stood,
Where, watch'd and worshipp'd, I have seen her form
Glide like a seraph in the silvery night!
While conscious stars beheld
And lent their soft light to il
That lit her to Love's thron

*Enter* WOL

*Wol.* I've known him s
hours,—
Regardless of the temp
Hath rent the very roc
nd, and soul,

An ill-starr'd hour, methinks, was that which brought
Its inmates back to shores they had renounc'd;
Whose earth, ere this, had clos'd upon the form
Of one—the flower, if not the favorite—
But for *his* courage whom she may not thank!
Young, beautiful, and gifted, too, withal,
How will her gentle nature learn to brook
The desperate fortunes——Madman!

[*Laying his hand on one who, in the garb of a common soldier, suddenly enters, and is approaching* GERALDIN.

How is this!
What mean ye?
*Sol.* That, being scented, we are watch'd!
Whilst there he stands, forgetting those whose lives
He yet may have to answer for.
*Wol.* Fear not;
The train is laid—the mine will soon be sprung!
Mark me, he doth but meditate the time.
Retire then; he will seek you, one and all,
Anon.
*Sol.* 'Tis what we want. Report my words
To him. [*Exit.*

GERALDIN, *on turning to descend to the bottom of the stage, discovers him as he goes out.*

*Ger.* Went not a soldier hence but now?
*Wol.* One who, taking counsel of his fear,
with the intelligence
wn and watch'd.
She, too, is known! [*Aside.*
The Lady Walsingham
fesses.
Shame on her, then!
ght arm she had been childless!

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The sun ne'er shone upon a worthier deed,
Nor yet more gallant!—so the lady deems,
Who has most cause to thank you; for her looks,
From the keen terror and the shock apace
Recov'ring, were intensely bent on you!
And with a meaning which her soul, I'd swear,
Belied not—it was full of gratitude.

*Ger.* Would I could think so! 'Twere something, mid the dearth
Of fallen fortunes and crush'd hopes, to know
That, mid neglect and coarse asperity,
The friend grown cautious, and the kinsman cold,
The subtle malice of the meanly-minded;
Wretches who lie, succumb, and bend the knee,
Where worldly pomp doth counsel fear, to wreak
Or latent pique, or deep revenge, as time,
Working its faithless changes, gives the cue—
'Twere something, amid this——but my mind wanders.
Leave me awhile, my friend; I would commune
With wonted thoughts that shun companionship.

WOLFERSTAN *slowly retires, and exits at the upper wing of the stage.*

Her looks were bent on me! so went his words—
On me! whom alter'd eyes have learn'd to shun;
Reptiles who bask'd them in my house's glare,
And turn'd to sting me in the shade! The thought
That, mid the gloom of a forbidden lot,
Lone and despis'd, there liv'd one kindred mind,
There beat one heart, divested of the dross
That eats into men's souls, and makes them monsters!—
But the thought 's idle; friendship shuns the shore
Of grief, to take up its abode with grandeur!
But not so thou! who, even at thy close,
O everlasting sun! doth smile on man.
How glorious and how godlike is thy beauty!
Thy setting hour was my boyhood's theme,
And thou art still the same—immutable!—
Whilst all within the heart of him who once
Drank at thy source, is ebbing low and still,—
Is dust and desolation!
[*A horn is heard at a distance.*
That dread sound
Hath music for hurt ears! 'T is Wolferstan!
Like bloodhounds in the leash, their spirits pant
For action! and the time comes on, apace,
When they must slip the thong, or lay them down,
Submissive bondmen, each content to wear
The quiet degradation of his chains! [*Exit.*

*Enter* ALMEIDA.

*Al.* 'Tis vain to struggle; since the hour I felt—
For terror had not quite subdued all sense—
My form enfolded in his arms, with grasp
So firm, yet fond——oh no, not fond! how should
That be! He knows me not; nor do I know
The name he bears, or whence he came—or how,
In that most desperate hour of need, when life
Hung swooning death-like from the horrid brow
Of the fell precipice! whose giddy verge
The plunging horses and mad vehicle,
As if by fatal impulse, seem'd to seek,—
How, in that dreadful moment, one unknown,
With sudden grasp, as if instinctively,
Should thus have rescued me, nor paused until
He had restor'd me—safe, tho' scar'd in sense—
To the scarce proffer'd, not o'er-anxious, arms
Of a cold mother! I have watch'd for him,
Forgetting sense of shame, my sex's shame,
And Clarington forgetting! But that thought—
Oh, there is madness in the recollection!
And yet I cannot drive it from my brain,
And my heart withers!—but the sacrifice
A father's fortune's, and perhaps his life,
Demand alike. I've seen that form before,
And I should know it!

*Enter* GERALDIN.

*Ger.* My fatal purpose now
Expands and warms, as all——Almeida here!
[*Aside, and going.*
*Al.* Oh, stay! a moment stay!
[GERALDIN *turns, and bows.*
My thanks are yours!
And I have watch'd to pay them with weak words.
*Ger.* The obligation, lady, is too poor
For thanks.
*Al.* You sav'd my life!
*Ger.* And yet you risk
That life——pardon me, this bleak shore ill suits
Such presence.
*Al.* In sooth, 'tis not like that I left,
And yet——but I detain ye.
*Ger.* Gentle lady,
I am unskilled in words, else, in my turn,
Should I acknowledge this high honor done
A man unus'd to give or to receive
Such courtesies.
*Al.* Thanks are not courtesies!
Rather heartfelt returns for that we owe;
For gratitude should follow favors.
*Ger.* Yes.
The bird of night has settled on his cliff.
I must be gone. [*Aside.*]
My thanks are doubly yours. [*Exit.*
*Al.* And does he leave me thus? Proud man,
'tis well;
I know him now—his name—his nature, too!
'Tis not for nothing that he sav'd my life,
For he must rule it yet! [*Exit.*

SCENE: The Castle of Lady Walsingham—A Hall—Lights—Menials and Domestics assembled.

*First Dom.* Here comes her ladyship! so smooth your faces.
Now, by Saint Patrick, 'tis a noble lady!

*Enter* Lady WALSINGHAM.

An Irish welcome to your ladyship!
*Second Dom.* Knave! thou shouldst have said right honorable!
For, being honorable in her own right,
Therefore, she is right honorable. Welcome
To your right honorable ladyship!
[*She makes a sign to them to be silent.*
*Lady W.* Learn to obey; and to fulfil your duties;
And let me have no more of this. I can

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Dispense with your congratulations. Hence!
[*They go out.*
It sickens me to be surrounded thus
With all this empty pageantry, when that
Which should assurance give of faith, and firm
Secure possession, is still wanting. He
Doth linger only to torment; he loves
Me not too well.—No matter; let me once
The full completion of this project see,
This marriage!—and on these possessions closes
The seal that must confirm them safely mine!
Piqued by her coldness, 'tis his pride alone,
Strange pride! that prompts him still to urge his suit.
She comes this way! No child in my affections,
The instrument in the accomplishment
Of my deep purposes, at least, she shall be.

*Enter* ALMEIDA.

*Al.* Oh, gentle mother, pardon me! I saw
You not.
*Lady W.* You smile, Almeida; but your smile
Is still the same, still sad! In Italy,
Mid pomp of palaces, and princes' love,
Music and festival, and dance, and song,
Neither the influence of the melting clime,
The lover's lute, the poet's lay, the lance
Which chivalry itself had taught to couch
Beneath your eyes—an homage might have touch'd
The hearts of Queens themselves—had charms for you.
Now, tell me, why is this?
*Al.* In sooth, good mother,
'Tis a vice of the blood, and from the womb
'Twas born with me, and nurtur'd at the breast.
Truly, I wonder at the thing I was,
Not am. Flattery will woo a woman,
Not always win her.
*Lady W.* I see the drift of this. [*Aside.*
But where affection is the flatterer,
Such wooer sure should win!
*Al.* Ah, I have lost
The charms that drew forth studied compliment;
And want the lures that practis'd lovers have.
Far be from me such lures, and lovers too! [*Aside.*
But something troubles me——
*Lady W.* Confide your thoughts
To one who would participate your pains,
As well as pleasures.
*Al.* 'Tis that horrid monk!
*Lady W.* Father Mahon! Your mother's confessor
Should have your confidence.
*Al.* I cannot like,
I cannot bear his looks! and he, of late,
Has tortur'd me!
*Lady W.* The auspicious hour is come! [*Aside.*
What means my child?
*Al.* Must I wed Clarington
Upon such horrible [illegible]!
*Lady W.* [illegible] Who,
Tell me, who
On such cond
For now I m
This sad nec
Those wor[illegible]

But you mistake;—that mild and reverend man,
Urged by his love and duty both, has had
Recourse to the last, fatal argument,
Which should convince you—but you know the rest.
And here I pledge you, that could fear alone
Your union make secure with Clarington,
Dear as it is, essential to my life!
And, what is dearer still, the reputation
Of all you love, your father and his house,—
I'd yield them up, existence, honor—all!
Without a sigh, ere I'd consent to mar
My daughter's peace, and cloud her years for life.
*Al.* I did not understand all this! O mother!
I've nothing now to hope, or to expect,
Except—except this marriage, and my grave!
*Lady W.* It shall not be! I am prepar'd to meet
The worst, and that's but beggary, not shame;
Shame is an honor only for the great!
'Tis not the privilege of poverty
To be ashamed of any thing.
*Al.* Nay, tell me,
Tell me it all! hold from me nothing;—nothing
Should be conceal'd; from nothing will I shrink!
I see the path I have to tread, but clouds
And darkness are upon it: clear them up,
And with a firm, unfalt'ring step I will
Pursue the road, however rugged; though,
Perchance, thro' fault of nature, I should cast
Some look behind. Now, mother, tell me all!
*Lady W.* Nay, spare me; 't is a trial more than I
Can bear. Yet why shrink from it? it must come
At last! Then listen——

*Enter a* Servant.

*Ser.* Some gentlemen, my lady, have arriv'd,
And they seek you.
*Lady W.* We will resume this matter.
Guests, sir?
*Ser.* I know not, madam; but they come,
Even now, this way. [*Exit.*
*Al.* Let me retire, then——
*Lady W.* Stay, stay, Almeida—it is Charington!
Ah, his Lieutenant, too!

*Enter* CLARINGTON *and* RAYMOND.

Why, my young friends!
Thrice welcome to ye both!
*Clar.* By my good sword,
The sound of welcome cheers us! As we past
Through empty rooms and echoing galleries,
Their frightful replications were the sole
Voices that greeted us!—The old Lord's dead.
[*Aside to Lady W.*
Is Miss Fitzalban ill?
*Al.* Not ill, my lord,
Nor well; yet better both ways.
*Clar.* A patient
Of much promise! Yet she might puzzle these
Who know her not. [*Aside.*]
*Lady W.* Report his health to her.
[*Aside to Clarington.*
*Clar.* This is your kinsman, and my friend.
*Al.* My lord?
*Clar.* A distant kinsman, but near friend.
*Al.* My father,
[illegible] he well?
*Clar.* I think, and should say, better
than when you last left Italy. Aye, sir!

Pray prize her hand! her cheek she rarely gives;
And her lips, never!
I've ridden post-haste to-day:
These gentle cousins may be left alone.
[*Exeunt* Clarington *and* Lady W.
*Al.* I think I saw you, sir, in Flanders; did I not?
*Ray.* Oh, yes!——Must I be cruel, too,
And smile with them? [*Aside.*
Your name has been our theme;
Not ours—I mean Clarington's—aye since then!
For one who promises to be a lord
So loving—pardon me, you know we're friends—
You greeted him but coldly.
*Al.* Have you just
Arrived?
*Ray.* This instant; and I now must seek
My brother.
*Al.* Your brother?—have you then a brother?
*Ray.* Have I not! Ah, I, only, know him!
*Al.* Where,
Where is he?
*Ray.* Do not ask me! Oh, I sink
Into a thing so poor and worthless beside him,
That I would barter twenty thousand lives,
Did I possess them, to be rais'd unto
The level of his own—my noble Clarence!
But, gentle cousin, you are somewhat sad?
*Al.* Oh, no! nothing—except that I have heard
Him spoken of; but I am selfish. Go!
I have nor brother, sister, friend: and yet
I feel how strong a brother's love must be!
Go, tell him——How my foolish heart betrays
My pliant tongue! [*Aside, and exit.*
*Ray.* I see through the disguise
She would assume. Oh! Heaven never smil'd
On such alliances! Then what am I?
An inmate here, where he is held no guest!
But then he had his choice, even as myself.
I'll seek him—the first interview for three
Long years. A something whispers me 't is not
The last! [*Exit.*

Scene changes to a Cave, hung round with military implements.—In the background Wolferstan is seen pacing the cavern.—Geraldin is seated near a table, on which a lamp burns, and on which his sword and pistols have been placed.

*Ger.* How dreadful is the silence of this place!
Its gentle curtains Sleep o'er half the world
Hath drawn, and tired Nature ta'en her rest.
The desperate wretches who surround me here,
Torn by oppression from their native hearths,
Like beasts of prey in darkness and in dens
To prowl, forgetting their lost fortunes, sleep!
Whilst I am worn with watching.—Wolferstan!
How this dead silence aches upon the ear!
With naught to break it, save the distant moan
Of the cold desolate sea! companion fit
For him who owns no fellowship with man;
Blood-serpents, whose accursed fangs have torn
Their victim's vitals, and will gorge the last
Life-drops, ere they relinquish their fell hold!
But there is comfort in the thought, that thou,
O sacred shade! my murder'd father, murdered
By ruthless villainy! thou canst not know
The shame and degradation that await
Thy latest and lost child! Where will this end?
Oh for a pause from thought.——Wolferstan!

Wolferstan *comes forward.*

Have
Those men—Steps come this way! Even now they come!
*Ray.* (*without.*) Nay, I will see him! is he not my brother?
Stand back! I will not be refused!
*Ger.* By Heaven,
'Tis Raymond's voice! he must not see me here.

Raymond *abruptly enters.*

*Ray.* My brother!
*Ger.* Rash boy—O my poor Raymond! nay,
Hang not about me thus. Why, when did you
Arrive?
*Ray.* An hour ago, and——Clarence! where,
Where am I?
*Ger.* Where I had hoped to see you
Never!—But silence now—I charge you, silence!
Are you from the castle?
*Ray.* I am, and have much
To tell you; but methinks this is no place
For words. O Clarence, I had hoped——
*Ger.* Now, soldier!

*Enter a* Soldier.

*Sol.* I mark'd, but now, by the imperfect light
That gleams along the shore, a female form
With frantic swiftness speeding toward this spot;
When suddenly the figure disappear'd
Just here beneath the rocks.
*Ger.* Stay where you are.
[*To* Raymond.
My mind misgives me: I must use dispatch.
[*Aside.*
Now, Wolferstan!—

*He catches up his sword, and, followed by* Wolferstan, *ascends the rocks.*

By Heaven, on yonder rock
Methinks I see, in the dim distance, poised,
As if in air, the uncertain form of——Ha!
Prone down it plunges in the fatal flood!
One blast upon your horn!

Wolferstan *sounds his horn—armed soldiers hastily enter on either side.*

Be vigilant,
And follow me!

*He disappears among the rocks, followed by* Wolferstan *and his men.* Raymond *sinks on an upper wing of the stage. Curtain drops.*

END OF ACT I.

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## Act II.

Scene: An apartment in the Castle.

*Enter* Almeida *and* Rosine.

*Ro.* You will not, then, attend the masque to-night?
*Al.* I have no spirits.
*Ro.* I am not surprised
At that. The life you led in Italy,

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And your existence here, must form, indeed,
A heavy contrast to a mind like yours.
*Al.* It is not that! I own those scenes were such
As might have won the cloister'd votarist
To the seductions of the world again;
But 'tis not that. Does *he* attend to-night?
*Ro.* Who, Clarington?
*Al.* O no, not *he!* I mean——
Proud islander! why did he save my life,
To torture it, Rosine!
*Ro.* You speak of Clarence!
*Al.* Aye, him, him! Did they not tell me he was proud?
But he shall find the daughter of Montclair
Has all her father's and her sex's pride—
Unfeeling man!
*Ro.* Oh, my Almeida, pause!
Ere you bring down upon the heads of those
You love, and on your own, dreadful destruction!
You love this man?
*Al.* Who told you that I loved him?
I hate him for his pride! He soars above me
In all he says or does. But let him go:
Come Clarington! Oh, I will be so keen,
So subtle in revenge! How should he know
A woman?
*Ro.* He hath noble qualities,
But unsafe passions; therefore, my sweet friend,
Forget him, and you will consult your peace.
*Al.* I'll be a reveller to night, Rosine!
You never saw me——Come! With Clarington
I'll join the feast, and mingle in the dance!
Oh, I shall be so happy!——
Oh, I am sick at heart!—and I could weep
Through the long night! There is oppression here,
Something too tight; pray you, unloose this band:
'Tis easier now. I'll rest awhile, and then——
You do not know the firmness of my heart.
Come! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Lady Walsingham *and* Clarington.

*Lady W.* I have a stronger argument, which, urged
Some few hours since, appear'd to shake her faith
In her own firmness, and promises, I think,
Ev'ry fulfilment of our hopes.
*Clar.* This place
Will prove, I fear, infectious. Have you not
Observed her lately?
*Lady W.* She saddens hourly;
But she was ever melancholy.
*Clar.* Yes;
But melancholy was not wont, methinks,
To tinge her cheek—and now 'tis flushed. She loves!
But loves not me.
*Lady W.* A wayward girl from childhood.
Whom should she love in such a place as this?
*Clar.* That haughty beggar, Clarence!
*Lady W.* Oh, you dream!
*Clar.* 'Tis sooth; and one of two alternatives
Alone is left;—she must become my bride,
Or we must leave this place.
*Lady W.* I'll see her, straight;
Unfold to her a secret, known alone
To the good father and myself; and, should
She still prove obstinate, I'll threaten to
Renounce her—and the threat I'll execute!
*Clar.* Good, good! and I may yet find means to back
Your better argument. I'll see this man,
This Clarence; tax him with the insolence
Of his presumption, and doubly urge him, thus,
To vindicate his claim at his life's hazard.
*Lady W.* Depriv'd of lover, and the means of life—
For your good sword will not betray its trust—
You may conclude her yours!
*Clar.* 'Tis done! [*Exeunt.*

Scene returns to the sea-shore—Geraldin in the background.

*Enter* Raymond.

*Ray.* In the wild hope of saving a lost people,
He will but lose himself! Sworn on the altar
Of his country, he will but be offer'd up
A victim on that altar!—and what then?
A loyal subject, but unnatural
Brother, must I raise my hand against
His sacred person! There's but one way left——
*Ger.* (*coming forward.*) An honest and an honorable one,
My brother!
*Ray.* Honest and honorable?
*Ger.* Aye.
*Ray.* Speak!
*Ger.* I've heard your grave soliloquy.
Now, mark me well. I am no rebel—no!
Nor runagate—in mine own estimation;
The world thinks differently—that moves me not.
My way is clear before me, and my plan
Is fixed. If in this matter, then, *you* stir
But a hair's-breadth from your due, loyal course,—
Aye, Raymond, but a hair! the twentieth part
Thereof,—you are no brother and no friend
Of mine; I cast you off for ever!
*Ray.* Clarence,
How have I merited this scorn from you?
*Ger.* My love you've merited, and still you have;
'Tis that which prompts my tongue to tell you this.
I've ceased to be a boy, and you should know
Me better than suppose I could embrace
A cause like this, and then abandon it,
Without some pretext more resistless than
I think the world can offer!
*Ray.* Obdurate,
Impenetrable as you are, can nothing move
Your will?
*Ger.* You have heard my resolution,
And so, farewell!
*Ray.* O stay! my brother, stay!
Thus on my knees, I do implore you, pause!
Nor break my heart by coldness such as this.
*Ger.* On your knees? A soldier—and thus low!
For shame!
*Ray.* Oh, no; there is no shame like that which you
Are bringing down upon yourself. Take me,
Take me to your heart, for mine is bursting!
*Ger.* Raymond, my brother!—fie! these foolish drops,—
Would you unman *me* too? Hold, sir! my life,
My honor is at stake! 'Tis pledged to them

Who, did they see me thus, would spurn me from them!
Men who will not own allegiance unto man,
When in that man they recognize the tyrant!
And would you have me break my bond to them,
My obligation, and my solemn oath,
To free them from the yoke of centuries,
Or, in the glorious struggle, perish with them!
And upon grounds—what grounds?

*Ray.* Think of our father!

*Ger.* Boy! boy! could yonder heaven yield us back
The soul that dwelt within this once free isle,
'Twould blast the man—aye, blast him with a look!—
Who could sit down, a common wretch,
Whilst tyranny remorseless with his meals
Mingles his blood, to wash it with his tears.
Would that the blow were struck!—By Heaven, my soul
Expands, and drinks in rapture with the thought! [*Exit.*

*Ray.* Is this the phrenzy
Of a great or guilty mind? Let the event
Determine; and, as it points, must I direct
My course. [*Exit.*

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter* Lady WALSINGHAM *and* ALMEIDA.

*Lady W.* This tale of shame and horror you *must* hear;
'Tis briefly told, and briefly thus it is:
Your father dwelt alone with the old chief,
Who reigned a prince once in these stately halls!
For Raymond with his regiment abroad
Was stationed, and the elder brother, Clarence—
Methinks that name doth blanch your cheek, Almeida?—
Had sailed for England, on some special matter.
Age, with its weaknesses, had left the mind
Of their neglected parent, like the body,
Worn and infirm. His kinsman was his friend,—
At least he thought him such. The former, thus
By circumstances doubly favored, urged
His suit. Both brothers were impetuous;
Unwary, and unskilful in the perilous
Conflicting elements and false paths of life;
Proud spirits both, abandoned to the wing
Of fiery instincts, prompting them to play
A desperate game, on hazard high, where life
And fortune were the stakes they pledged, as baubles:
There was no curb to check them in their course,
No gentler sympathies of home, where hearts,
Shedding congenial influence, can make
A household holiday of the calm hearth:
Should flattering fortunes back desires so
Unholy and unquiet, it were fatal!
Some friend and kinsman should be found, to whom
These large expectancies should be confided,
In trust for others—with discretion full
Reserved unto himself—who should, as pledge
Of faith, put in h s oath, inviolate
To hold, that he would mete out to these youths,
When they should settle on some proper course
Of life, and fix on luc rative pursuit,
The means withal to aid them in such end;
And, when attain'd, the rich inheritance
And full fruition of his birthright should
To——Clarence be restored.

*Al.* Enough, enough!
I see it all. O horrible!

*Lady W.* The picture,
Thus painted, proved seductive! Need I say
Your father claim'd possession false of all
His kinsman's property, not personal;
But dreadful apprehension followed this
Almost involuntary act of wrong
To others: Fearing the father might annul
This compact criminal, the kinsman sought
Such means as might avert contingent ruin——

*Al.* In mercy hold! I know what you would say;
But oh, he is my father! Do not tell it.

*Lady W.* Those means he found—for you *must* see the full
Extent of the destruction that awaits us:
They were alone—no eye to see, no ear
To witness the completion horrible
Of this fell purpose, which, conceived in shame,
Was closed—in death!

*Al.* The father then was murdered!
And by *my* father! O unnatural,
Most horrible!—a father by a father
Murdered! But why, why is it told to me?

*Lady W.* That seal nor time nor mortal hand can now
Erase. It then remains for us to save—
It is but instinct—aye! our house—perhaps
Our lives!—for fraud and murder were combined!
The father's blood was shed, and fortune wrested
From the sons; and, to complete the horror,
The secret rests not with ourselves alone!

*Al.* Another witness of the deed, and living?

*Lady W.* Mahon!

*Al.* He!

*Lady W.* Yes, even he! and he is
Poor!—and Clarington, who knows it not—nay,
Do not tremble—Clarington's his son!

*Al.* Save me!
Mahon and Clarington! Oh, I do see
The clue to this dark labyrinth of crime
And woe! Well, what's to be done?

*Lady W.* Wed Clarington!

*Al.* Is it the father's will?

*Lady W.* Assuredly;
And why? May not a Card'nal's hat be bought?
But, like his father, Clarington is poor.

*Al.* O mother, you have argued but too well!
I am convinced—fatal conviction!

*Lady W.* Something, my child, remains yet to be said:
I think I know the firmness of your mind,
And, though the news be heavy, you will not
Shrink from it.

*Al.* Is my father ill?

*Lady W.* Your father!
My Almeida, is——

*Al.* No more!

*Lady W.* He died ere
Clarington left Italy; but you know
His health was broken, and his spirits gone.

*Al.* His health was gone, and spirits broken, mother,—

Phrase it rightly. How like a guilty wretch
He looked, when his false tongue pronounced my father well.
*Lady W.* Almeida, this is language you must not
Direct toward Clarington; he is my friend,
And *would* be yours.
*Al.* *My* friend! Oh, trust me, Heaven
Hath not decreed it so!—and yet my soul
May wake, as from a long and frightful dream,
To find itself a suppliant at his feet!
Think you in *that* hour he will prove a friend?

*Enter* CLARINGTON.

*Cla.* The friend of Miss Fitzalban in that hour,
In this, in any hour—nay, in all time!
Wherefore should she doubt?
*Lady W.* (*aside to Cla.*) I leave her with you.
*Cla.* I'll medicine the spleen that eats her up.
[*Exit Lady W.*
Now, prithee, cast this childishness aside;
What is it that you see in me to hate?
*Al.* Nothing to hate, but less to love. Leave me!
*Cla.* Leave you! Oh no! I've come to urge my suit;
I love you, and would wed!
*Al.* You could deceive me;
Yes, when you knew me fatherless! Was that
Done like a man?
*Cla.* A pious fraud, at least;
Else had I shocked your sensibility.
*Al.* Clarington!
*Cla.* That name, methinks, becomes your speech!
*Al.* Spare me; I am not subject fit for scorn.
*Cla.* Nay, be not moved: I came not to afflict.
*Al.* Try, Clarington, your irony elsewhere;
There are so many who could bear it better,—
The proud, the beautiful, the great! If I
Was ever this, or these, I am not now;
They were the stakes at which they baited me!
My pride, they told me, shock'd humility,
The gentle virtue of the wise and good;
My beauty was a flower that must fade;
My sense of birth a false and hollow gaud,
To deck out vanity and worthlessness:
They never spared me upon themes like these,
Because, they said, they wished to make me like
Themselves;—till I was preached into a dull,
Dead consciousness of something worse than death!
Oh spare me, then; I am not what I was.
*Cla.* You speak this feelingly! 'Tis really quite
Pathetic! Did you never try your powers
Before an auditory of warm monks
And melting sisters? By my faith, I think
Arabia's prophet never touched a theme,
Connected with his mission upon earth,
More elegant, more eloquent!
*Al.* This, too,
Without a murmur I will bear; only
Pledge me your soul to torture me no more!
Relinquish, and forget me.
*Cla.* Never!
*Al.* Then,
By these lock'd hands, this agony, I swear—
And I have never told you, Clarington,
So much—to hold you in abhorrence from
This hour,—your purpose, nature, and your name!
*Cla.* Sweet lady, courtesy demands I should
Make you some meet return for so much goodness:
Clarence!
*Al.* O wretch! He is as far above
Your meanness, as your means of harm.
*Cla.* Indeed!
I fear I've trespass'd on your love too far;
I will commend you to him! [*Exit.*
*Al.* Oh, I see it!
There is but one way left me now. To save
The man I love, must be to wed the man
I hate! He left me with a threat!—why, then,
No time is to be lost. I'll seek him, straight;
Tax him with coldness, and a blunted sense,
That could nor see, nor feel the wond'rous love
I bear him! 'Tis a heavy purchase, Clarence!
But love is its own martyr, and or lives
To vindicate, or dies to seal its faith! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

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## Act III.

SCENE: The Cave. In the background groups of figures imperfectly seen.

*Ger.* (*coming forward.*) Friendless and lost, she sought this gloomy shore
To die! O double villain! first to win,
And then desert her meanly, and thy blood!
Despair and horror from those wild eyes broke,
As from the whirling wave, with perilous arm,
I snatched her and her babe! Now those eyes slumber!
Happy if they awake no more where pain
Seems to've been meted, with no miser's hand,
To her and to the little wretch who there
Clings like the blasted fruit to the rent tree!
She has not spoken—power of speech seems gone;
And the sole symptom of a mind not quite
Lost to itself, is the solicitude
She shows at intervals for the poor child.
A widowed mother, and child fatherless——
Ere many suns have set, and in mine ears
Will ring the cries and curses of such wretches!
The hour draws nigh when famine, with the sword
Conjoined, must turn into a sepulchre
The desolate hearth-stones of this groaning isle!
O hard necessity, to turn the steel
'Gainst our own breasts!

*Enter* ALMEIDA.

*Al.* You have an enemy!
*Ger.* The harbinger of peace should be such form!
And looks like these. O lady! in my dreams
Nightly I see them! and have tried in vain
To shut the image from a heart where hope
Could never dwell.
*Al.* And yet in coldness you
Have left me, and almost in scorn. How's this?
*Ger.* The great are privileg'd and free to give;
The poor should shrink from favors. You are far

In fortunes as in virtues raised above me.
If I was cold, it was an honest pride
That prompted me to coldness, but not scorn!
*Al.* Oh, I have been so humbled since that night
You left me with such cutting words of chill
Indifference, as froze the wounds they made!
But you have turned me from the purport of
My visit here: have you seen Clarington?
*Ger.* He keeps himself aloof from me, of late;
And with some reason. Wherefore do you ask?
*Al.* He threatens you! and well I know the man:
It is your life he seeks!
*Ger.* He hates me, for
That I alone, he thinks, am privy to
The secret of his birth. Deluded man!
I fear him not: should *you* thus speak of him?
The world identify you with his name!
*Al.* The world is over-busy; 'tis the base
Practice of th' ignoble mind to be
Officious.
*Ger.* Does, then, the world speak false?
*Al.* Oh no,
It is too true! and I must not forget;
But have I not forgot too much already?
*Ger.* And can you bend the expression of those eyes
So full upon me, and yet ask me to
Upbraid the soul that sits enthroned in them?
*Al.* No, not upbraid—for I have had enough
Of that; but, oh! your pity, deeper than
Your scorn, condemns and humbles me.
*Ger.* If one
So lost to fortune, and the world's regard,
So worn in mind, so abject in estate,
May on another venture to bestow
The humble tribute of his pity, 'tis
That one so wreck'd and lonely in the world
Should wake emotion in a breast like thine!
Wed Clarington, and love him—if you can.
*Al.* Oh, do not wound my nature with his name;
'Tis hateful to me!
*Ger.* Yet that man's to be——
*Al.* Aye, Clarence! have they not decreed it so?
*Ger.* What, *they?* and does the right in mortal, then,
Exist, to dictate terms to our own hearts?
Shall we sit tamely down, whilst others barter
The free and sole endowment of our lives,
For which we never practised tricks of fawning?
Great Nature's boon, by no prescriptions shackled;
Blent with our being—born and dying with us—
Unlicensed, unrestrained, save by ourselves,
In whom alone the power to transfer
Subsists. Vain declamation!—we're the slaves
Of circumstance and time;—the curse of Heaven
Lies dark and deadly on us! and our best
And noblest impulses defeat themselves!
But let us, if we can, untainted keep
Our melancholy birthright, our affections!
And though calamity—for that cold cloud
Is wont to light upon the loftiest brow—
Combine to overwhelm us in a thrall
Which our own frailty weaves for our own feet,
Let us be honest, honorable still,
And tell a proud, insulting world. Though ye
Have made us victims, we're not vassals yet!
*Al.* Oh, I could hang for ever on your lips—
I mean your words, dear Clarence! Madness! I
What voice is that?
*Ger.* Nay, heed it not; a poor
Outcast, who sought a shelter in this cave,
Which every wretch by instinct seems to know
What is it moves ye?
*Al.* Nothing. I've o'erstaid
The time; my steps are watch'd; I must be gone.
Oh, I have lived too long! [*Aside, and exit.*
*Ger.* Almeida, stay!
'Tis best that she should go. Almeida!—ah,
And has that name familiar become
So soon? How strangely, how abruptly, she
Left me but now! Something of scorn, methinks,
Curl'd that full lip; and yet how beautiful!
She does not know—her sense withal is keen—
She shall not know——

RAYMOND *suddenly enters.*

*Ray.* Dishonor taints the air
Which she breath'd here!
*Ger.* Dishonor!
*Ray.* Aye, Clarence!
Delusion, or despair! perchance dishonor!
*Ger.* Your duty lies elsewhere.
*Ray.* Clarence, hear me!
The faithless rabble's curse, the felon's death,
Wait on defeat! The lives of yon brave men,
Vainly oppos'd to slaves who lug their chains,
Will be demanded as the sacrifice
Due to th' accursed rule that saps this isle.
My better genius prompts me to obey
The strong suggestion; but the mind revolts
At immolation of a brother's blood! [*Exeunt.*
*Ger.* I do command you hence.
*Ray.* Geraldin, never
'Tis not too late, their lives may yet be spared.
*Ger.* Of all men else, thou shouldst have the last
To seek me here; yet shall I bear with thee,
And deal with thy rash love, as Justice shrinks
From dealing here with those whose hearts knows not.
Their voices will but echo that deep sound
Which, as the sea's, resounds along these shores!
And you shall hear it; from themselves you shall.
Address your fears to *them;* and, mark you well,
The answer shall absolve me where I stand!
Wolferstan! summon those men before me.
*Ray.* I am no recreant, Clarence; you shall know it:
I share the blood that's yours. By Heaven! did but
This single arm suffice to strike the blow,
I'd dash this double tyranny to earth,
Nor yield a hair of the fell monster's head!
For mine own life, that never claim'd a thought.
WOLFERSTAN *has entered, and drawn up the men, with their arms.*
*Ger.* Comrades, companions, friends! behold a brother!
Urged by his fears, he comes to tell you that
Which I have answer'd as befits your leader.
They are but men, sir, and will doubtless hear you.
*Ray.* I've but few words to say, and all, as meet,
In your behalf. You are embark'd, my friends,
In a dread purpose, full of chances perilous,
Wherein the odds are fearfully against you!

The frail success of a few hours is all
Your arms can hope; and, with your hopes, your lives
Must be defeated! Not a man among ye
But clings to life, bound to it by such ties
As never link'd with human being the heart
Of him who tells ye this—your wives, your children!
Can ye make mourners of them? Ah, I see
Your souls dissolving at the touch!
[*They show signs of impatience.*
*Wol.* Lieutenant!
The field, and not the forum, doth become us;
Our arguments are in our swords!
*Ray.* Ye're men!
And nature ne'er disown'd the manly breast.
You will lay down your arms, with pledge once given
Of free remission, and full pardon. On
Myself alone the blame of this shall rest.
I read your answer in your eyes! then let
Your tongues proclaim it.
*Soldiers.* Clarington!

CLARINGTON *abruptly enters.*

*Ger.* Hold! touch him not, upon your lives. Clarington!
*Cla.* Oh, do not be surpris'd! Surprise for me
Alone should be reserv'd—to find the sons
Of a Milesian, pent up in a cave,
Preaching to sinners in such goodly terms;
Their precepts serve as prelude to their practice!
I shall make meet report of you.—Withdraw.
[RAYMOND *retires a step.*
You've charmed me into compliment, brave sir!
*Ger.* Pray make me not the touchstone to your steel,
Or else your wit may, pointless, lose its edge.
Your life and honor both are in my hands.
[*Aside to* CLARINGTON.
*Cla.* You honor me by the assurance! Pray
Impart!
*Ger.* Vain man, did I but say the word,
An hundred ready swords had search'd your heart!
But such is not my purpose. Let me trust
Your sense of honor, rather than your shame.
You've forc'd yourself upon a secret known,
Of all the world, till now, to those it should
Alone concern—these brave men and myself.
Let me not state—for you should know it well—
The grounds on which that solemn secret rested:
Bas'd on a sense of duty higher far
Than will, I know, find credit with the world—
The liberties of those whose cause is mine;
The fortunes of their homes, wives, children, friends!
That was the test by which their souls were tried.
Th' appeal was made, nor made in vain! Ere you
Broke in upon this place, it had emerged,
From pale oppression, into light again!
The trodden turf became a temple, where
The holier impulses of nature triumph'd!
And Virtue, long depressed, debased, despised
By those who should uphold it, bravely dared
T' encounter each extremity of ill,
Sooner than play the recreant to its trust,
And leave the thorn to pierce congenial breasts!
They will assert their rights, and with their arms!
Nor will requite you *here*, for this bold visit.
But one thing I demand of you: pledge me
Your honor as his best security,
Who came not here on bloody purpose bent.
What is your answer?
*Cla.* Give me time to think;
You shall hear from me. [*Going.*
*Ger.* Hold! you go not hence
So lightly neither. Clarington, I might
Have known how vain was the appeal to you;
And yet you are a soldier!
*Cla.* And will
Forfeit that title only with my life.
On the rocks here dispute it, if you dare!
*Ger.* I know that you are brave; you *should* be honest.
*Cla.* Again!
*Ger.* You force me to do violence
To myself not less than you. Once more, then,
I ask, will you betray him, innocent?
*Cla.* I am no traitor—nor will linger here.
*Ger.* The subtle villain! [*Aside.*] Let me not expose
Your character and credit with the world;
Nor let your pride revolt to know that I
Am keeper of them both. Nay, bend your brow
On one for whom it may have terrors. You
Have forced me to it; I've one word to ask:
That tenant of Fitz-Eustace, and his daughter——
Have you forgot them?
*Cla.* What mean ye?
*Ger.* Clorine
Of Connaught!
*Cla.* Lightnings blast ye, and the hag!
*Ger.* Your child!
*Cla.* Babbler and villain!
*Ger.* Nay, put up
Your sword. Pledge me your soul to silence touching
His presence here, whate'er its purport be,
And I will give a mutual pledge, and seal
These lips for ever.
*Cla.* Doubtless very kind!
Who will believe you, with no proof to back
The malice of your charge?
*Ger.* My proofs are here,
Within this cave.
*Cla.* What!
*Ger.* Would you see their faces?
*Cla.* Madman and liar!
*Ger.* Nay, 'tis you who rave!
Another time, and that same word had cost
You, Clarington, your life; but let it pass.
I say again, your mistress and your child
Are both within this cave! How they came here,
Ask not. Insure security to him,
Unthinking boy! and, further, to protect—
By Heaven, it wounds me, thus compelled t' appeal
To one who is a father!—to protect
Those who have claims on you, and I will yield
Them up to you, nor utter syllable
Shall implicate you with the world!
*Cla.* Only
Let me go hence—I yield to the conditions;
'Tis torture to stay here! I give the pledge:
He's safe—and—they shall be provided for.
O cursed hour! [*Aside, and exit.*
*Ger.* May we trust this man, Raymond?

*Ray.* As lambs do wolves, not knowing them.
On thee,
Too surely, will the heavy hand of power fall!
Myself am nothing, since defeated here!
Our paths dissever! but no beacon burns
To light me 'mid the darkness of this hour!
*Ger.* Go seek him, Raymond; tell him all! that he
May yet absolve thee, ere the time take from
Acknowledgment the character of virtue;
And give to liberal and frank avermont
The poor and paltry merit of the wretch
Who, when convicted, makes a stale confession
And swears 'twas not his wish or aim to err.
Anon, my friends, and we shall meet again.
Be steadfast, and the day may yet be ours!
Wolferstan, attend them.
[*Exeunt in opposite directions.*

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter* Lady WALSINGHAM *and* CLARINGTON.

*Lady W.* And you saw this with your own eyes?
*Cla.* Have I
Not left the cave but now? His mistress there
And child I found—the evidences living
Of a twofold guilt! He sought to alarm,
And force from me a pledge of secresy;
Some words in seeming earnest I in haste
Let fall to that effect, and left the cave.
*Lady W.* Then are we safe! She falters still, and still
Rejects, or else neglects, the argument,
So well devised, on which I hoped to rest
This marriage; but we now have better grounds.
For if this potent logic move her not,
We'll cast a veil o'er the infirmity:
A convent may be found!
*Cla.* But Time's a niggard;
We must use dispatch. Where is she now?
*Lady W.* This way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ALMEIDA *and* ROSINE.

*Ro.* Almeida—oh, how hard to counsel thus!
Better be dead, and laid low in the ground,
Than bear this discontent about the heart,
Which claims no merit in a sacrifice
Bitterer than death! [*Aside.*
Can you, then, resist
The poor request he makes?
*Al.* And would you have
Me see him?
*Ro.* And why not? A trifling boon,
Methinks, from one who could accord so much!
*Al.* Nay, I have *seen* too much already! I
Have nothing now to give, and less to hope!
You would not know what passes at my heart;
There is the sickness of oppression here;
A millstone seems to clog it!
*Ro.* Something new
And strange disturbs you?
*Al.* My poor Clarence!—I—
Surely my senses wander; he would not,
He could not so deceive me—wound me thus!
*Ro.* Clarence deceive thee? 'Tis thyself who art
Deceiv'd, if thou dost credit it.
*Al.* Nay—nay,
I'll learn it from himself; from his own lips
Let the confession or denial come!
My resolution's fix'd! Stay you; my faith
Revives, yet there is heaviness at heart;
He is not so debased! Rosine, repair
To my apartment. Oh, he seems again
All that he once was! Within an hour I
Will be with you, sweet friend. Now Clarence!

*Enter* CLARINGTON.

*Cla.* Whither
Does Miss Fitz-Alban go? You may retire.
[*Exit* ROSINE.
*Al.* Spare me a moment, Claringten, and I
Shall better hear you.
*Cla.* Nay, I have tidings
Strange tidings for you; truly, very strange!
What, Clarence Geraldin born of woman! why,
'Twere sacrilege to swear it! He's a god!
A very deity! And where's his shrine?
The chaste and gentle bosom of Almeida!
Blest pair! Upon my soul, it might bring down
The envy of immortals! Silent yet?
Why, the dear youth—sweet youth! immaculate!
Oh yes! Joseph was virtuous, no doubt;
Soo, too, was Scipio;—imperfect patterns!
The light of their example is eclipsed!
Clarence Geraldin turns, sublimely cold,
From a fair vestal's proffered charms—the rose
With its young leaves unfolding to the sun,
In bloom all redolent!—t' embrace the dark
And deadly nightshade of a common——
*Al.* Hold
The pestilence doth fever on your tongue. [*Going.*
*Cla.* I command you, stay! Will you be mine?
*Al.* Never!
*Cla.* Imbibe dishonor from the hand of shame!
*Al.* Monster!
*Cla.* An outlaw and a villain!
*Al.* Liar!
*Cla.* His blood—his blood be on your head!
*Al.* Save me!
*She shrinks shuddering from him, and veils her face as the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT III.

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## Act IV.

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter* ALMEIDA *and* ROSINE.

*Al.* To save his life I wedded Clarington—
Is it not so? Am I not wedded? Oh,
Beseech ye, tell me—I am much abused,
Or by this light I think I am a wife!
*Ro.* O cruel man! husband unnatural!
*Al.* Aye, that is the word—husband! Is't not so?
*Ro.* You *are* the wife of Clarington.
*Al.* I know it!
Tho' I have wandered dreadfully of late,
I should know that!

*Ro.* His dupe, methinks, as well!
A marriage forced,—the ceremony said
To one unconscious of the words she heard!
And utt'ring none! advantage taken, thus,
E'en in the instant, of delirious terror!
No nuptial rite performed—no priest ordained,
As meet, to consecrate their union—
Is binding neither in the eyes of God
Nor man, I think. [*Aside.*

*Al.* Husband! Oh, how that name
Melted like music once upon mine ear!
Well, I am wife at last—*his* wife! but how?
Deal justly with me—didst not know the terms?
I think you witnessed all—even life for life!
He saved my life! then what could I do less—
When 't was so stated, and you know it well—
Than give the life he saved, to save the life
He would have lost for me? Would *she* have done it?

*Ro.* She?

*Al.* Aye, she, she! whom should I mean *but* she!
My mind is full—my memory overcharged—
Somewhat oppress'd—but it must be a blank
Or ere her image is forgot!

*Ro.* There is
Some horrid meaning in her words!—Surely
He 's not the wretch could do it?

*Al.* Rosine, I
Did love him——my rising heart!

*Ro.* Nay, nay, come—
Your mother waits; a messenger, perhaps,
May bring us tidings.

*Al.* Tidings! and from whom?

*Ro.* From Clarington.

*Al.* Oh, do not kill me quite!
Let me forget—I feel I cannot live;
They've bound me in a rack—cruel deception!
But why should he have practised it on me?
Next to his life, his love I valued most!
How dear to me, this marriage, and the grave
It has dug for me—they will speak, when lips
That spoke in vain shall speak no more.

*Ro.* Almeida!

*Al.* He made a slave, a very wretch of me!
In thinking of him, I forgot that Heaven
Denounced the sinful passion that would make
An idol out of perishable clay,
And all my prayers, my hopes were given to him!
My very senses were transferred to his,
Till all I saw and heard, and felt and knew,
Their character and color took from him!
To him I owed my life—a double debt;
For till I knew him, I had known no life!
I lived, I breathed but in his presence—nay,
His least of wishes were commands with me;
He knew it, and—oh, most unnatural!
To turn the weapon 'gainst the hand that gave,
The false shaft feathered from the breast it wounds!

*Ro.* You speak of Clarence! has he, then, deserved
The language of reproach from you, Almeida?

*Al.* I am a woman, and a woman's tenderness
Defeated, leaves the heart so full, that words——
But let me not upbraid him—'tis too late!
To throw himself away upon a wretch——

*Ro.* What mean ye?

Why was it concealed from me?
*I* knew it not, who should have known it—cruel!
Cruel, cruel——

*Ro.* Upon my life, there is
Some strange delusion or deception here!

*Al.* I saw her! with these eyes I saw her—oh,
Would that the sight had blasted them for ever!

*Ro.* Saw! Whom?

*Al.* His mistress! Clarence' mistress! Aye,
I think that word needs no unravelling.

*Ro.* Clarence' mistress?

*Al.* His mistress! In that cave
I saw her, and——

*Ro.* O love and jealousy—
Twin sisters ever!

*Al.* Clarington knows all.

*Ro.* Clarington!

*Al.* Yes, he.

*Ro.* Did Clarington say so?

*Al.* Too well he knew it! and too well, but now,
His brutal nature turned it to account.
Rosine, could you have heard the terms——

*Ro.* Why, aye—
I see it now! could heart of man conceive it?

*Al.* Well, go on?

*Ro.* Falsehood and fraud combined—the tie
Which means like these conspired to form is void!
The wretch! remorseless, double traitor!

*Al.* He is
My husband!

*Ro.* He is a villain! The woman
You speak of *is* a mistress, but——

*Al.* But what?

*Ro.* Not Clarence' mistress—nay, start not—his honor,
And the deep villainy of Clarington,
Are subjects, neither, for surprise.

*Al.* Now, prithee,
Deal justly with me.

*Ro.* Listen, then, Almeida.
How those poor outcasts in that cave found shelter,
Is briefly told. The lost, unhappy mother,
Deserted by the wretch who had betray'd her,
With scarce a shelter for herself or child,
By accident or instinct, sought this shore,
When suddenly—her mind impaired—she thought
She saw pursuing her the man who now—
His selfish passions wanting other field—
Had in the tyrant merged the traitor's arts;
Impelled by terror or despair, she grasped
Her child, and madly plunged into the sea!
The rest I need not tell. Her life she owes
Even to him on whom this miscreant
Thus seeks to fix a twofold shame that 's his.

*Al.* Oh, dupe, dupe!

*Ro.* This story, framed to back his threat
'Gainst Clarence' life, stamps him, indeed, the fiend
I always took him for.

*Al.* Aye, the light breaks—
Oh that the darkness had usurped it yet!

*Ro.* And Clarence lived a monster in your thoughts!

*Al.* Better so, than—being what he is—to know
The thing *I* am! Then lead me to him.—I
Here merge the wife, but am the woman still.
Hear me, and be the witness of my vow:
Never—and by yon listening Heaven I swear it!—
Will I receive, or yield, the rites he claims;
But, as I am a stranger to his love,

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So will I live a stranger to his name.
And now my heart feels ten times lighter! lead,
Lead me to Clarence.
*Ro.* Oh, Almeida—
*Al.* Ha!

*Enter* CLARINGTON.

*Cla.* It were not meet, fair lady! Courtesy
And usage both forbid. Let him seek you!
I've heard your pious resolution. Hence!
[*Exit* ROSINE.
Degenerate wanton! own it to my face!
But let me not forget myself too far.
Disperse these fumes of folly from your brain,
Or they will wake you to a dreadful sense
Of your condition.
*Al.* I deny the right
You claim to counsel or command. I am
Sole mistress of myself.
*Cla.* I cry you mercy!
The projects of that fertile brain of yours
Might laugh the subtle casuist to scorn,
And shame Cumea's oracle itself!
Foolish woman, 'tis time that you were taught
A wife's first lesson's to obey.
*Al.* I scorn
To yield obedience to a wretch, who could
Forge a vile lie to gain a viler end,
And soil that honor which he never knew.
My hand is free, my heart is freer still:
The last you never had; the first, obtained
By falsehood, and a vow I now perceive
You ne'er designed to keep, is mine again.
*Cla.* By Heaven, you tempt me to abuse myself,
And to use violence where I am pledged.
But have a care! my object was to save
Your honor, and the credit of a name
Which accident—your shameless passion——
*Al.* Hold, sir!
And let me tell you that that passion lives,
In its first ardor, unabated—far
Above the meanness or the insolence
That seeks to slander it.
*Cla.* You speak this well!
Poor simpleton! your footing is infirm!
'Neath ev'ry step you take, there's hidden fire!
Pause, ere it burst and blast you!
*Al.* Let it blaze!
But though your hand, I know, would light the torch,
Even as the Indian smiles upon the stake
With the last effort of expiring nature,
My lip would scorn, my soul defy ye still!
*Cla.* Indeed! Then let his blood attest that boast!
And did your faith so far exceed your sense
Of the deep workings of a human heart,—
Nay, the common suggestions of plain caution,—
As to suppose the pledge I gave to save
That villain's life would be redeemed?
*Al.* Ha! *my* life
Has been a dream, I know, since that fell hour
I gave my hand to Clarington—a fiend
Had conjured up all horrid images!
Terror and doubt usurped each struggling sense—
And even now those visions float before me!
*Cla.* Dream on! you have been wandering in a world
Of soft illusions, doubtless! Let me not
Dissolve the charm!
*Al.* You pledged your faith,—I think
Your words to me gave earnest of a hope,
A nation's honor would protect the brave?
*Cla.* The brave? Poor paltry coward! I've denounced
The runagate!
*Al.* O Clarington, you would—
You could not do it?
*Cla.* The rebel's death shall ease
The rebel's life. Reward has been proclaimed—
His head is forfeited!
*Al.* Have mercy, sir!
As a man, a soldier! I do implore,
Upon my knees I ask it—spare his honor!
*Cla.* By Heaven, I never saw her look so like
An angel! Honor, life—both rest with you!
Are you prepared to purchase them on terms
Such as I may name?
*Al.* Never! and I despise
Myself for the humility which thus
Could bend to ask a boon of Clarington.
*Cla.* Ere thrice three suns have set, his head shall roll
A lifeless ball, frail woman, at your feet! [*Exit.*
*Al.* O villain, villain—to ensnare me thus!
Clarence' life forfeited—his life, his life!
O Clarington, in mercy hear me! I——
By Heaven, I will not shrink from meeting it!

*Enter* ROSINE.

Where's Clarence?
*Ro.* In a safe retreat, some leagues——
*Al.* Talk not to me of safety—what retreat?
*Ro.* The Highlands that look westward from the bay.
*Al.* Wounded perhaps, and hopeless, there he lies!
Farewell, Rosine! if we should meet no more,
Sometimes think of me; nor let evil tongues
Be over-busy with Almeida's fame;
And so, farewell!
*Ro.* O Heaven! and goes my friend
Where danger, death, perhaps, awaits her steps?
*Al.* The purpose of my soul is fixed—no words.
The blessings of the good be on you, ever!
[*Exit.*
*Ro.* This comes of thee, O Clarington!—What now?

*Enter* a Servant.

*Ser.* The Lady Walsingham is taken ill.
Her daughter and yourself are summon'd straight.
*Ro.* Then hasten, and recall her—nay, it is
Too late! Lead on. Alas, my poor Almeida!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE: The Highlands of the interior.

*Enter* GERALDIN, *leaning on* WOLFERSTAN.

*Wol.* Are you hurt, sir?
*Ger.* Nothing—a mere scratch.—The day
Is so far with us. By Heaven, Wolferstan,
I never felt the touch of fear till now,—
Aye, in the heat of battle I grew cold!

And when I rais'd my arm to smite the foe,
It fell, as falls the blasted branch, and wither'd—
I saw my brother!
*Wol.* Your brother, Raymond?
*Ger.* Did you not see him? Could you not have known
The gallant port of a Milesian? Aye,
*My* brother!
*Wol.* Said they not that he had left
For England? But I do remember, now,
A gallant gentleman, with morion clos'd;
Twice on my sword he madly rushed, and twice,
From a strange impulse I could not resist,
I spared his life.
*Ger.* My brave friend! and did you so?
[*A distant shout is heard.*
*Wol.* That cry is from the field, and from our men!
*Ger.* Then Clarington has rallied, and renewed
The fight. Place him before me, Heaven! 'tis all I ask. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, from the opposite side,* Soldiers, *leading in* Raymond.

*Ray.* Thanks, thanks. Here let me lie——to rise no more!
Where is Geraldin? Is he safe?
*Sol.* But now
He was.
*Ray.* How is the day?
*Sol.* 'Tis turn'd against us.
But you have got an ugly hurt, sir?
*Ray.* Go,
Seek your leader, he may want your services.
When the fight's over, tell him Raymond waits
To see him.
*Sol.* Raymond Geraldin, sir?
*Ray.* Aye.
*Sol.* It is his brother! Come along, my friend.
[*Exeunt.*
*Ray.* Well, Clarence, our sun has set, my brother!
It had a cloudy rising, and hath sunk
In storm at last! 'Tis somewhat early—yet
Too long! To see thee thus, with all thy youth,
Thy worth, thy valor, and thy gifts of mind,
Impell'd—but my tongue's parch'd! In any cause,
Save this, to've died, had made the earth whereon I lie——

*Enter* Wolferstan.

*Wol.* Look up, sir, your brother will be here Anon.
*Ray.* I hear your voice, but cannot see you.
Are you from the hills?
*Wol.* Where all is lost, sir!
*Ray.* Aye, lost! Does Clarence live?
*Wol.* Heedful but of you
He hastens hither, bringing you relief.
*Ray.* And to himself brings death! This is no place——

*Enter* Geraldin, *attended by a* Surgeon.

*Ger.* Raymond! my brother! how is it with you?
*Ray.* Thank you, sir, I'm easier now. Is he not come?
*Ger.* Here, here! Can you not feel my touch—do you
Not know my voice?
*Ray.* Ha! my brother! Yes, well!
A little nearer yet—
*Ger.* Is there, indeed,
No hope, Raymond?
*Surgeon.* He cannot survive long.
*Ger.* Leave us alone, then. Not your tyrant's chains
Can bind me to this spot with half the power
My soul confesses in these bonds of death.
[*Exit* Surgeon.
*Ray.* My head 's too low. Will you not raise it?
*Ger.* Ah,
There is hope yet!
*Ray.* Is that Clarence?
*Ger.* My brother!
*Ray.* Nay, Clarence, life ebbs apace! I have not felt
Your hand for many a day.
*Ger.* Can you forgive me,
Raymond?
*Ray.* There 's nothing to forgive, my brother:
Something to regret! I could have wished——
*Ger.* Your
Brother had not been a wretch!
*Ray.* Nay, Clarence, that
Cuts deeper than the sword! Add not, beseech ye,
Another pang—but tell me—that surgeon—
How—your life, Clarence!—bring him here—I may—
A dying man, perhaps—support me, while—
O Clarence!—— [*Dies.*

Clarington *abruptly enters, attended by a* Guard of Soldiers.

*Cla.* Thus treason, ever, like a two-edged sword
Doth wound itself! Poor gallant youth! Bear you
The body hence. Surrender, sir, or die!
*Ger.* Your valor doth take counsel of discretion;
This meeting, else, to one or both were spar'd.
I am your prisoner, but equal, still!
*Wol.* How! are we betray'd!
*Cla.* Not so—*your* lives are spar'd;
We visit not his sins upon your heads.
*Ger.* Thee I despise. If there be treachery,
I am the victim. Pass you, sir, this list.
Now I am ready. I will see thee yet!
[*To* Wolferstan.
*Wol.* I hear a woman's voice! It comes this way!

Almeida *rushes in.*

*Al.* Safe! safe! Are you safe, my Clarence?
*Ger.* My love!
*Al.* Oh, I had nearly given all—Clarington!
What do these here?
*Ger.* A tyrant's wonted instruments.
My poor Raymond's gone!
*Al.* And Clarence is betray'd!
*Ger.* An honest traitor, love! All may be well!
*Al.* Is't done, at last! By Heaven, you stir not hence!
*Ger.* You must not hang about me thus.
*Cla.* The time
Is urgent. Tear them asunder!

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*Ger.* An' if
They must, I've thinn'd your ranks but now; and still
Can wield a weapon brighter than their blades!
[*Snatching a sword from* WOLFERSTAN. Soldiers *pause.*]
To fate, and not to thee, or these, I yielded.
*Al.* Yielded! yielded! and unto whom? To thee?
Art thou the man? Give *me* a sword, and I
Will search his heart, sooner than yield one inch
Of earth whereon I stand!
*Ger.* Nay, be advised;
My honor's pledged!
*Cla.* Soldiers, advance!
*Al.* Stand back!
Approach him not! If he must go, he goes
With me. Your honor's pledged, you say?
*Ger.* Solemnly!
*Al.* Then, sir, I am your pris'ner too! My footing now
Is firm! Lead on!
*Ger.* My matchless girl!
*Al.* O Clarence!
[*Exeunt.*
*Cla.* The meshes close them in—they're mine at last! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

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## Act V.

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter* ROSINE, *followed by* MAHON.

*Ro.* A three-fold misery! what is to be done?
*Mah.* That may be done which *she* should do—Almeida.
*Ro.* Alas!
*Mah.* Let her acknowledge Clarington
Her legal lord,—and such in sight of Heaven
He is,—and ——
*Ro.* What?
*Mah.* That paper may be cancell'd!
*Ro.* Oh, never! Justice will not have it so.
*Mah.* As the gold weighs, so will the scales incline!
*Ro.* May Justice, then, be bribed?
*Mah.* Or I'm no priest.
*Ro.* Nay, let it have, for it *will* have, its way!
And, trust me, but in this I see the hand
Of Providence!
*Mah.* Give me the paper!
*Ro.* Never!
*Mah.* Art mad! What would ye do?
*Ro.* Save Clarence' life!
*Mah.* And kill your friend!
*Ro.* O horrible! Why, why
Was I reserved for this!
*Mah.* Tell her she's a wretch!
A beggar! and a villain was her sire!
Tell her that this will be proclaim'd! the world
Will know it—and then bid her, lady, live!
*Ro.* Clarence' life forfeited—a pardon may
Be purchas'd! in that case, the means are his,
By marriage with Almeida—and their loves
Death only can divide! to bear her hence,
From this detested spot, and lead a new
And happier life in her own Italy!
I say the hand of Heaven's in this! t'were sin,
Beyond redemption, to avert it, then!
This paper rests with me; and, tho' a dark
And dismal scroll, upon my life, I think,
'T will prove an instrument wherewith to work
Good out of evil! I'll about it straight.
*Mah.* Stay! I have a strong conception—listen—
Nearer—let me speak low—give me the paper!
*Ro.* Ha!
*Mah.* Confusion! I tell you, you are mad!
*Ro.* But not guilty! Let me see your face no more.
[*Exit.*
*Mah.* Foiled by a babbling girl—whom have we here!

ALMEIDA *rushes in, her hair dishevelled, and falling loose over her shoulders.*

*Al.* Save me! a father, and Heaven's minister,
Here at your feet, and grovelling in the dust,
I do beseech, I do implore you—mercy!
*Mah.* Her mind is gone! O Clarington, my son—
Rise, rise. Mercy, say'st thou!
*Al.* The attribute
Of all good men!—angels do love it—God
Himself forgives it, even when it errs;
The sinner's hope—the Christian's consolation—
The poor man's refuge, and the rich man's crown!
We all do need it! and the prince no less
Than his least subject; the poor worm that crawls
Would turn and ask it of the foot that crushes,
As at *thy* feet *I* sue for—mercy, mercy!
*Mah.* What sanctions the appeal to me?
*Al.* Heaven and earth
Do sanction it! deceive, evade me not—
Thou art his father!
*Mah.* Girl! girl—thou dost forget—
His father! father, saidst thou? Why, *who* am I?
*Al.* Oh, I do know it all! if there be sin,
Show mercy, here, and thou wilt be forgiven!
*Mah.* Death of my hopes! I see her mother's hand
In this. Who told ye that I was his father?
*Al.* Lips that are closed! as presently will be
Those which now plead for one whose life lies at
The mercy of thy son. But my soul wakes!
Have I renounced myself? Have I forgot?
Am I Almeida, and he Clarington!
He, he whom I——O mockery and madness!
My brain was wrought upon—'tis wild—inflamed!
A wretch has bound it with consuming fire!
But 'tis not *yet* consumed! and prompts me now
To tell ye that should make ye tremble—wretch!
I will denounce you! and expose the fraud
Which you have practised—drag you to the light,
And show the world the monster in the man!
*Mah.* And dost thou threaten me? thou, *thou!*
Why, then,
Suppose I say thy sire was a villain!
*Al.* Ha!
*Mah.* A murderer!
*Al.* O God!
*Mah.* And what art thou?
A beggar doubly! thou hast fairly lost
That which was foully won! Th' estate reverts

To a convicted felon! Fortune, thus,
And life at once are reft! and thou threaten'st me!
*Al.* I've heard thee, but my soul's above the terror,
And scorns the weakness which thou wouldst inspire.
I cannot share the guilt, though at my heart
The grief must lie, of deeds done ere the light
Had visited these eyes. And poverty
Has terrors only for the ignoble mind;
It teaches proud humility to those
Whom better gifts have counselled higher aims
Than the mere world can give, or take away!
The foul and false reproach which you have dared
To cast on one as far above you raised—
As yon high hill, that looks upon the sea,
Outtops the paltry mound that lies beneath,
Is as the cloud that girts that self-same hill,
Upon whose height now streams the setting sun!
Hence from my sight—it sickens at your presence.
*Mah.* 'T will sicken at a sight more loathsome yet!
All your fine fancies are fine fallacies;
And if they save him, may I lose myself! [*Exit.*
*Al.* Death shall unite us, then! Cold bonds, my Clarence!
Your life's embarked upon a stormy sea,
The last sail's shivered, and we sink together!
And must he perish! Oh, can nothing save him!

*Enter* CLARINGTON.

*Cla.* Nay, I can save him, an' it please ye so!
*Al.* His life were safer with the bloody law,
Than in your wolfish clutches.
*Cla.* You will not
Have him live, then!
*Al.* Not upon terms would bring
Dishonor to his life. If he must die,
'T were better to die nobly, than live basely.
*Cla.* How if compliance, lady, with the terms,
Rests with yourself!
*Al.* Name them! and if my life
Can purchase the conditions, take it!
*Cla.* Nay,
If you *will* call it purchase, why, a price,
Lighter by half the beads that old priest counts,
May buy the boon withal.
*Al.* What is't ye mean!
*Cla.* Doubt darkens in your eyes—I read them well!
And can you not read mine! There is a touch
Would tell more eloquent than words! these lips
Were made for pressure——
*Al.* Gracious Heaven! and have
I lived to suffer this!
*Cla.* Pleasure panting lies
Upon the virgin velvet of these leaves,
Like roses melting in their own rich dews!
Let me imbibe——
*Al.* Villain! upon your life!
*Cla.* We are alone! no mortal step is near—
Resistance is in vain—this form——
*Al.* O Heaven!
Mercy you denied another—show it me!
*Cla.* Nay, it is too late! your chamber lies
'd by—that self-same couch shall hold us both,
From which you dared discard me, to give place
To one who never can ascend it now!
*Al.* O mercy! mercy, Clarington! no help—
No hope——Ha!

MAHON *suddenly enters—she rushes to him—and sinks into his arms.*

SCENE: The inner room of a prison.

GERALDIN *alone.*

*Ger.* Well, my poor Raymond! 'twas in hope to save
My life, that you surrendered up your own!
The sacrifice, my boy, was scarcely worth
Thy gallant nature, and its love to me;
And not a pang could rend my bosom here,
Permitted the proud privilege of thus
Dying for thee!—had the last link that bound
My soul to earth been severed in thy death!
But as it is——why, what's the world to *her?*
O fatal hour that brought her to these shores!

*Enter* ROSINE.

*Ro.* Not so! not so—it was a blessed hour!
Nay, look up!
*Ger.* Rosine!
*Ro.* Aye, even Rosine.
*Ger.* A merry face in such a place as this
Is something strange! Where is your friend, Rosine!
*Ro.* We'll talk of her anon; but first—now, truly,
Can you not guess? O yes! I know you can!
*Ger.* Am I reprieved!
*Ro.* Nay, more! From England comes
An act which doth obliterate the past,
And new appointed power to heal our wounds;
An act conceived in wisdom richer far
Than that which doth decree the block and axe.
Behold the instrument that sets you free!
*Ger.* Your words are as a dream! But, tell me, how
Should you have gain'd intelligence of this,
And not Almeida come to greet me too?
*Ro.* She knows not of it. I've a world to say,
And will explain——
*Ger.* But not till we've found her!
She hurried hence in hope of gaining that
Which thou it seems hast gained before her!
Thanks, thanks!
It is no common courtesy that tells
Ye so. Now let us hasten! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE: The shore beneath the Castle.

*Enter* CLARINGTON *and* MAHON.

*Mah.* For special reasons I've abstained from telling
The story of thy birth till now. She threatens
To expose it to the world, and I must flee
This castle.
*Cla.* The means shall amply be supplied.
In a few hours my regiment recrosses
The channel, and we straight embark for Spain.
I've reasons, no less urgent than your own,

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For hurrying hence; and caution may secure
Retreat. My second officer conducts
The march, and under him the men embark.
I must depart alone.
*Mah.* Those lights are from
The castle. There seems some stir—and voices
Sound, I think!
*Cla.* It is the wind, that, pent among
The various crevices of these old rocks,
Doth utter accents almost human! There
Is a safe lodge, some few leagues hence, where you
May wait the morning's light. Till then, farewell!
*Mah.* Ere I depart, I would conjure you, never,
By all that good men love, and bad men fear,
Attempt again an act that will not brook
Reflection! I see the passions that do rage
Within your breast, and know your nature stern;
But do not shake off all humanity!
And at some future hour, I know full well,
You'll thank the intervention that preserv'd
Her peace and honor, and, to that extent,
Stood 'twixt you and perdition! Black enough
Already is the catalogue against us!
Add not another sin to those which now
Ensnare our feet, and clog th' immortal hope!
[*Exit.*

*Cla.* A goodly speech, and a repentant father!
Faith, when *he* mends, the Devil shall turn psalmist!
'S death! to be foiled thus by a dotard's scruples,
E'en at the moment when my fortunate stars,
Propitious smiling, were about to crown
My scheme of love and deep revenge with triumph!
And it *shall* triumph! A feller purpose now
Usurps my soul: what *I* cannot enjoy,
*He* never shall possess! I'll seek her straight;
Her doom—identified, it seems, with his—
If I mistake not, ere another sun
Has set, is sealed! [*Exit.*

SCENE: The Castle.

*Enter* GERALDIN, *followed by* ROSINE.

*Ger.* Once more, with step that falters not, I tread
My father's halls, and mine! By Heaven, Rosine,
I've known the hour, though then a beardless boy,
When the brisk dance, the song, the revel loud,
Sent up their echoes to the silent sky,
Which seem'd as listening to the sounds of earth;
Whilst happy faces, and light hearts, where love
Had lit contagious madness, thrilled the scene!
We're not so old, but we can thread the maze
Where pleasure, devious Goddess! leads again!
But where's Almeida! Time's a dullard—lags,
And pours his glass but heavily, where she
Nor plumes his wing, nor prompts his hand to pledge
Rapid libations to the golden hours!
Her absence touches me—'tis strange! Rosine,
Go seek thy friend, and tell her Clarence waits!
*Ro.* A heaviness I can't dispel comes o'er me!
Joy reacts upon the heart like grief,
And leaves it worn.
*Ger.* Talk not of grief! let joy,
Life's mistress and her queen, have her full sway!
By Heaven, you droop! I will not have it so.
Why is this?
*Ro.* 'Tis very childish—I'm ashamed
At showing so much weakness; she will come
Drest up in smiles, that will disperse these clouds!
[*Exit.*
*Ger.* As rising in the east, the moon unveils
And hangs her silver crescent in the sky,
Dimming the stars, till darkness flies the light,
And the broad heaven expanding leaps to life,
And laughs above the world!

ROSINE *returns.*

Rosine! how's this?
Where's Almeida! What's the matter—speak!
*Ro.* I scarce know what to say, or what to think.
*Ger.* How, have you not seen her? is she not here?
Or is she dead, that you torment me thus?
*Ro.* She lives, and I *have* seen her,—but——
*Ger.* But what!
*Ro.* O Clarence, something dreadful's happened here!
*Ger.* In tears!
There's meaning in them, and 'tis fit I know it.
[*Exit.*
*Ro.* In a strange tone of grief and mixed defiance,
She bade me leave her! said she knew 'twas false,
Clarence was dead! and I was come to join
With the foul fiend who had pursued and pierced
Her brain with fire, because he found she sought
To save the life of a poor wretch she loved!
That fiend is no creation of her fancy;
I think I've seen him, and should know him well—
His name, and nature: Clarington's the first,
The second is the fiend! [*Exit.*

GERALDIN *returns.*

*Ger.* And have I 'scaped
From want and peril, and a dreadful death,
And all for nothing! It was her despair——

*Enter* a Servant.

*Ser.* A letter, Sir, from Clarington.
*Ger.* Clarington
Thou dost remind me that the villain lives!
What of him?
*Ser.* This letter, Sir, is from himself.
[*Exit.*
*Ger.* Aye, 'tis his hand. [*Reads.*]
"I entreat to see you. Matter of much moment depends on your compliance. In the mountains, where treachery compelled you to take refuge, upon the spot where fell your brother, you will find me. Bring no witness of our meeting, and lose no time. CLARINGTON."
*Ger.* Matter of much moment, and from Clarington!
There is a blow suspended over head,
Will dash us both to pieces! [*Exit*

SCENE: The Highlands.

CLARINGTON *alone.*

*Cla.* The current of my life, which, headlong ever,
Had left no pause for thought, pauses at last!

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Its course, though often broken, hurried on,
O'erleaping all impediments,—till now,
The source from whence its waters were supplied.
Failing, the stream ebbs; and here this bank,
Where all things perish, wither, and dry up,
The recollections of the place accord
With all around, and that which is within!
A fitting couch of final rest for him
Whose paths were not of peace, tho' pleasure led!
False guide! thou hast betrayed thy trust, and lured
My steps from whence they never can return!
Curse on the weakness which unmans me thus!
Are all thy boasted powers, Clarington,
Reduced to this? Art thou a thing so lost—
Aye, lost! beyond redemption here—denied
The hope which doth anticipate hereafter?
Would he were come! This purpose cannot cool,
But 'tis a pang protracted, and my brain
Is scorch'd to cinders!

*Enter* GERALDIN.

*Ger.* Clarington!
*Cla.* Who's there?
Oh, aye—I wished to see you—pardon me.
*Ger.* The time is urgent—you will then be brief
In what you have to say.
*Cla.* How like a god
He looks! whilst guilt has made a fiend of me!
Clarence Geraldin—I lack courtesy,
But 'twere to mock the time with phrase of form.
You see before you one whose life must end
Ere you depart; but I would spare my soul,
Already clogged too much, the blood that must
Be shed!
*Ger.* You'd have me take your life? first state
The plea would justify the act?
*Cla.* Almeida!
The blow has struck him, and it will recoil!
Now, whilst the lightning flashes from your eye,
And your hand grasps, as 'twere, the bolt to strike,
'Tis fitting that I tell ye, ye are both
*My* victims!
*Ger.* What mean ye, villain?
*Cla.* The tongue,
Whose triumph 'tis to announce, even to your face,
Your fate, ne'er faltered yet to living man!
And firmly now—aye, firmly as my soul
Pursued its deep resolve—tells ye, that she,
Who, but for your base workings, had been mine,
And never *can* be yours! lies low in th' embrace
Of a deceptive, but a certain, death!
*Ger.* Clarington!
*Cla.* Hatred of thee—and thou must own,
If just, that debt to be immortal!—conjoined
With the fierce flames her beauty kindled here,
Backed by a motive yet more powerful
Than all her charms, conspired to destroy her!
Take up your sword—you *should* know how to use it.
I watched my time—alone within her castle—
By no attendants guarded—all absorbed
In thoughts which for their object had your rescue
From an impending death, which she believed
Might momently o'ertake you—e'en of this
Did I avail myself, and from the trunk
Of a detected villain, severing
[illegible] head, hideous and disfigured in the blood
That spouted o'er my garments, I rushed in
Upon my victim, bidding her—"Behold!
Clarence Geraldin smiles on you, Almeida!"
She shrieked! and falling lifeless at my feet,
A subtle poison to her lips conveyed
Accomplished her destruction! for, be it known,
Of that same venom, by these hands prepared,
The exquisite and peculiar quality
It is, first to take captive the prone mind,
And then to kill the body!—Do I triumph?
That mind is now oblivious of life,
And that sweet body tott'ring to the tomb!
*Ger.* Devil! but my sick soul recoils from thee!
I would not take thy life—*thou* shouldst not die—
No, live! death is a boon too rich for *thee*.
*Cla.* And yet, methinks, it is *thy* only refuge!
A thing so beggared and despised as thou
Shouldst shun the light!
*Ger.* I do survey thy form
To see if it be human! but though hell
Temper thy sword, will I essay its mettle!
[*They fight*—CLARINGTON *is slain.*
*Cla.* Curse on thy arm! but short-lived is thy triumph!
If thou hast conquered me, I yet have crushed
Thy hopes! Though dying, it is bliss to know
Thou art *my* victim. [*Dies.*
*Ger.* Thou art gone, who shouldst
Have lived! whilst life, and that which hath the power
To curdle years, long years, into one brief
But bitter hour—remembrance—clings to me!
My poor Almeida——now! [*Exit.*

SCENE returns to the Castle.

ROSINE, *watching* ALMEIDA.

*Ro.* She sleeps! and, after such a storm, how calm
And beautiful is rest! At times, methought,
The name of Clarence trembled on her lips,
And then a smile, so bitter—still they smile!
The cheek is faint, and yet a tender bloom
Touches its damask, such as roses shed
Over the marble, or as autumn leaves
Upon the blasted fruit—not natural.
She wakes! Almeida, how is it with you?
Turn not away, it is Rosine who speaks.
*Al.* Rosine?
*Ro.* Oh, what a voice was there! Clarence,
My dear Almeida, comes—won't you speak to him?
*Al.* He was all goodness, and I know his death
Was happy!
*Ro.* Nay, he is not dead——torture!
*Al.* Why take me out of the grave? Clarence lies
Low in the ground! 'Twas not well done that they
Should take him from me.
*Ro.* Even now he comes——
Oh, scene more terrible than death!

*Enter* GERALDIN.

Speak to her;
She thinks you dead! and turns away from me,
When I would undeceive her.
*Ger.* Almeida!
[*Kneeling, and taking her hand.*

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*Al.* That voice!—it is a sound so fine, so like
A voice I loved—so musical! not death
Itself can steal its magic from that tongue!
Oh, speak again! There 's been the live-long night
A demon howling at my heart! but those
Rich sounds, so silver sweet, have scared the fiend!
*Ger.* Clarence Geraldin speaks to you, Almeida.
*Al.* 'Tis false! ha! thou 'rt the fiend! and fiends can take
All shapes, and with the tongues of angels mock
The damned! Art not ashamed, being immortal!
To clog the dying hours of a poor, frail
Creature thus!
*Ger.* Spare me this agony. [*To* Rosine.

*Al.* In tears! and dost thou weep for me! Ha! now
Thy form is changed again! O God! let me
Look on thee well——Clarence! [*Dies.*
*Ger.* Speak thou, I cannot.
*Ro.* What avails it? *She* will speak no more!
*Ger.* Dead!
*Ro.* Dead, Clarence!
*Ger.* And so early!—Aye—quite dead!

*He bends over the body, and the curtain falls to solemn music.*

END.

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# THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON FREEDOM OF TRADE.

[CONCLUDED]

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF FEBRUARY, 1851, WITH REPLY.

## FREE TRADE.

### CHAPTER II.

We proceed to the examination of the "Harmony of Interests." Here our task would be a light one, if we had to deal only with the writer's figures. Their correctness and the unsoundness of his theory are not compatible. It is even possible that the results are all exact, and not one of them referable to the facts, with which they are either concomitant, or which they follow in order of time. He must have been impressed with this opinion and afraid of it; for he goes a step farther, and assumes, that the results must be what in reality he has attempted to prove they are, as an inevitable consequence founded on one of nature's immutable laws. Bearing this proposition in mind as that which we have finally to controvert, we at once take up Mr. Carey's tables in the same order he has himself given them. His object is to prove not alone the prosperity of the interest protected by a tariff, but the general prosperity of the country; which, according to his argument, progresses or retrogrades in the same ratio as protection to particular interests rises or falls. With this view he divides the time between 1820 and 1851 into six unequal periods. They are as follows:—

First. The period between 1820 and 1830, as exemplifying the working of the tariff of 1816-'24.
Second. That between 1829 and 1835, as exemplifying that of 1828.
Third. That between 1834 and 1841, as exemplifying that of 1834.
Fourth. That between September, 1841, and June, 1843, as exemplifying the revenue duty then to come into operation.
Fifth. That between June, 1843, and June, 1847, as exemplifying the tariff of 1842.
Sixth. That between 1847 and 1850, as exemplifying the act of 1846.

A table is affixed, giving the average amount of imports during these six periods. It is offered in proof of the most difficult of Mr. Carey's results, namely, that the people consume most of taxed produce when it is most taxed. Of the two first periods, he gives the result thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| For the nine years beginning with 1821, and ending with 1829, total consumption | $508,000,000 |
| Annual average | 56,400,000 |
| Average, per head, of the population | $5 |
| Average population | 11,247,000 |

The second period, including the years 1830 and 1834, is given in detail:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1830 | $55,500,000 | Rate per head, $4.32 | Population, 13,698,000 |
| 1831 | 81,000,000 | 6.10 | |
| 1832 | 75,500,000 | 5.51 | |
| 1833 | 88,000,000 | 6.30 | |
| 1834 | 103,000,000 | 7.08 | |

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Let us test this arithmetical reasoning so far. No authority is given for the figures, except the census for which the treasury reports are vouched. For the rest, Mr. Carey alone is responsible. But no matter; at present their correctness is assumed; and taking them as we find them, we shall see how far they sustain his conclusions. We give that which has reference to these two periods:—

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts, are as follows: First, that the amount received from foreign nations, in exchange for our products, largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828."

This large increase, to mean any thing, must be in comparison with the increase during the preceding period. And, at the first look, the result would seem to justify the assertion in that sense. It only *seems*, however. The fact is exactly the reverse. Let us see how this is so. First, the comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the first period extends back into a remote time, when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy. The comparison, to be just, should be with the five last years of the first period. Secondly, the average of the two periods should be given, or the particulars of each. Thirdly, even taking the average of the first period, and Mr. Carey's own figures, he actually miscalculates in his own favor. The total is $508,000,000. This divided by 9, according to our calculation, gives a product of $56,444,444 and a fraction, instead of $56,400,000, making a difference of over $44,000.

We have no statistical tables before us, and we are too much pressed for time, to consult them at the present moment. Consequently, we cannot convert his average into its particular items; but we can take the average of his yearly table in the second period. We find it to be $80,600,000, yielding a consumption per head of $5.30. Here we have the "great increase." According to our mind, it is a beggarly increase; and, contrasting the two periods in other respects, no increase at all. But there is no disputing tastes. Mr. Carey may regard it, in the language of Lord Brougham and Vaux, as *prodigious*, "an he will." Let us, meantime, proceed to the next period, the examination of which may, possibly, enlighten us on this question.

Mr. Carey gives us only the average. He states it thus: Total, $684,000,000; annual average, $97,700,000; amount per head, $6.02; population, 16,226,000.

In this case, as in the former, Mr. Carey presents to view two figures: one, $7.08, representing a single year of his prosperous period, and the other, $6.02, representing the average of the declining period. But the average of the prosperous period is actually only $5.30; and, keeping the two averages in view, let us read Mr. Carey's conclusion, and wonder. Here it is:—

"Secondly, that the amount so received diminished greatly in this period."

Certainly, if between $5.30 and $6.02 he discovers a great diminution, he must regard the increase from $5 to $5.30 as too big for any plain English word to express. But why take the average? 'Tis for Mr. Carey to say. He is now precluded from asserting that he can show a continual increase in the periods of prosperity or high tariff. Who knows that the same continual increase does not occur in the other periods? If the particulars be useful and requisite in one case, are they not equally so in the other, and vice versa? But, be it remembered further, that the periods do not actually correspond with the tariffs which they illustrate. He avows this, and justifies it:—

"It will be observed, that I have placed 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation; and the first year of the existence of a new system, is but the sequel of that which is passing out."

No doubt: but, in some instances, this piece of abstruse wisdom would amount to the following proposition: MEN BUY IN LARGELY, IN ANTICIPATION OF LOW PRICES. Such is its import, exactly applied to his facts. But it serves the argument to place 1834 in the second period. It supplies him with his largest figure, and he uses it for the purpose of a double fallacy. Now, suppose we change the order, placing 1829 in the second period, and 1834 in the third. The result would then stand thus, assuming 1829 to give the same amount as 1830:—

Second period, total, $355,500,000; annual average, $71,100,000; rate per head, $5.12, of which $6.02, Mr. Carey's average for the succeeding period, is, according to him, a great diminution.

But to refer once more to the averaging one period, and giving the details of the other, let us see if we can discover any other possible motive. It has been shown that 1834 yielded the highest figure; and the highest figure was necessary for that period. But notwithstanding, it would not have the highest figure, if the separate years of the next period were given. 1836 was the year of largest consumption since the discovery of America. For that fact, Mr. Secretary Corwin is the authority. In his report of this year, he says:—

"The past year has been exceeded in amount only by the year 1836; and, if the official figures could be made to represent the true cost of the imports of the former year, even 1836 would, it is believed, not be an exception. The imports of the first quarter of the present year show an increase of more than $18,000,000 over the corresponding quarter of last year, indicating an importation, for the current year, greater, by many millions, than the imports of any previous one."

Before passing further on, it may be as well to contrast this citation with a prophecy announced by Mr. Carey on the faith of one of his inevitable results. It is contained in the following:—

"Seventh. That the amount of debt, incurred in the last two years, must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Reader, dear, contrast this fact and prophecy, and decide for thyself. According to the prophecy, the past year, 1850, was to be that of most diminished consumption; according to the fact, it is that most increased consumption. It is well nigh time to give up this table: yet, dry as it may seem,

it is exceedingly seductive. What blue-devil could withstand the beautiful solution of the fourth period? It begins in September, 1841, and concludes in June, 1843, and is applied to test the working of the tariff which was to come into operation in 1842, but actually never did come into operation at all. Mr. Carey writes as if some special tariff law was passed in 1841. To explain what really took place, a brief historical resumé is necessary.

There were, in place of five periods, as given by Mr. Carey for the operation of the tariff of 1828, in fact, eight periods, in each of which a distinct tariff operated. Thus, the tariff of 1828 came into operation September 1st, 1828, and continued in operation to March 3d. 1833, when considerable reductions took place in duties on most goods, and on a long list the duties were removed altogether. At the same time this important change took place, viz., that instead of paying cash for duties, merchants were allowed to give bonds for the amount, payable in three and six months—thus enabling the importer to sell the goods and realize the proceeds, before he paid the money for duties to the government. This was in March, 1833. In December of the same year, the "compromise tariff" took effect, under which linens, silks, worsteds, rail-road iron, and a large number of other articles, were made *free;* and the same law provided for *biennial* reductions of duties, until, in July, 1842, no duty should exceed 20 per cent. Thus this law provided for six reductions, each of which operated as a distinct tariff. The law was not, however, carried out in good faith, as far as the free articles were affected. In September, 1841, 20 per cent. duty was imposed *forthwith* upon most of the articles made free in 1833. And this operated one year, until August, 1842, when the fraudulent tariff of that year was imposed. That tariff continued to operate until December, 1846, when the present tariff came into operation. We have now, to test Mr. Carey's principle, constructed a table of the average imports per annum for each of these periods; also the average duties, and showing the average per cent. of those duties upon the dutiable imports, and their average upon the whole importation. It will be observed that all the property which comes into the country, whether taxed or not, is in payment for some property sent out of the country, and returns generally come in the shape which will pay best. The table will show the very large proportion which arrived as *free* goods. All the figures are from official reports, as follows:—

| Tariff of | Imports specie. | Free goods. | Dutiable. | Duties. | Duties per cent. of dutiable. | Total average imports. | Duties total av'ge imports. | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1829–33, 5 years, | $35,843,393 | 48,862,381 | 373,002,394 | 146,193,078 | 39¼ | 91,541,629 | 29,238,615 | 32 |
| 1834–35, 2 " | 31,043,079 | 115,294,594 | 133,798,401 | 44,851,432 | 33½ | 138,268,537 | 22,424,716 | 16¼ |
| 1836–37, 2 " | 23,917,298 | 137,389,213 | 169,662,740 | 48,952,459 | 28½ | 165,484,626 | 24,476,229 | 14¾ |
| 1838–39, 2 " | 23,742,292 | 113,919,505 | 138,547,739 | 45,257,359 | 32½ | 137,904,718 | 22,628,679 | 16½ |
| 1840–41, 2 " | 13,871,446 | 109,344,489 | 111,871,961 | 35,042,283 | 31⅛ | 117,543,848 | 17,512,141 | 15 |
| 1842, 1 " | 4,087,016 | 26,540,470 | 69,534,601 | 18,022,246 | 24 | 100,162,087 | 16,622,746 | 16½ |
| 1842–46, 50 months, | 37,362,569 | 79,134,645 | 304,872,155 | 101,551,653 | 33⅓ | 101,130,084 | 23,895,204 | 23¾ |
| 1847–50, 43 " | 40,397,694 | 59,939,417 | 482,938,103 | 115,678,052 | 24 | 162,570,756 | 32,282,244 | 19¾ |

The first period was five years, embracing the entire operation of the tariff of 1828, except for the last half of 1833, when, under the law of that year, from March 3d to September 30th, many goods came in free. Under that tariff of 1828, nearly all the goods were charged with duty, and the average charge was 39½ per cent. The duty averaged, on the whole importation, 32 per cent. On the 1st of January, 1834, the first reduction under the compromise took place, and also at the same time the remission of duties upon silks, &c., &c. The import of free goods, for the two years, was very large, nearly equalling, in amount, those which paid duty, while the average duties declined 6 per cent.; and the average tax upon the whole importation was *one half* what it was under the tariff of 1828. In the next two years, viz., 1836–37, the speculative spirit culminated and retrograded. The second *biennial* reduction, which took place January 1, 1836, reduced the average duty from 33½ to 28½, and the duties averaged, upon the whole importation, but 14¾ per cent. This arose partly from the fact, that in the depression of 1837, those goods which bore the highest tax could not be sold, and only the free and low taxed goods could be imported profitably. In 1838–39, the reaction took place, credit sales were renewed, and the high taxed goods, under the third biennial reduction, found buyers. In 1840–41, the fourth reduction in duties took place, and the general average tax was 15 per cent. In 1842, the 20 per cent. tax on goods before free was imposed, with ruinous effect. The importation of free goods declined $28,000,000, from the average of the two preceding years, and the taxed goods only increased $13,000,000. Merchants who had ordered goods under a law making them free of duty, found them taxed 20 per cent. on arrival; and in January of that year, the last and largest reduction, under the compromise act, took effect. In September, 1842, the tariff of 1842 began to operate, after one month's interregnum. That is, in July, 1842, no duties were higher than 20 per cent. Thirty days after, the tariff of 1842 raised the average to 33½ per cent., the same as in 1834, on dutiable goods, and the average tax on the whole importation to 23¾. That tariff lasted 50 months, to December, 1846, when the present tariff took effect, and operated 43 months, to July, 1850, and has yielded an average of 24 per cent. on dutiable goods, or 19¾ on the whole importation, or 3 *per cent. less* than that of 1842.

The reader of this tariff sketch will now be able the better to understand Mr. Carey's honesty, in embracing the year 1834 in his second period, which was designed to support his assumption that people buy more goods when they are taxed the highest. As we have stated, the law of 1832 came into operation in March, 1833; and as the fiscal year ended September 30, one half the year 1833, and the whole of 1834, was under the operation of that law. In order to show the precise operation

of the law, we have made a table of the duties under the tariff of 1828, and as modified by that of 1832, on leading articles, and given the quantities of those articles imported in 1830, and in 1834, as follows:—

| | Imports in 1830. | Duties of 1828. | Imports of 1834 | Duties of 1832. | Reduc'n of Duties |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Blankets, | $594,044 | 35 per cent. | $1,068,065 | 5 per cent. | 30 per cent. |
| Worsted Goods, | 1,397,545 | 35 " | 5,055,121 | 25 " | 10 " |
| Silks, | 5,932,242 | 25 " | 10,998,961 | 7½ " | 17½ " |
| Tea, | 2,425,018 | 12a50 cts. per lb. | 6,217,949 | free. | 12a50 cts. |
| Coffee, | 4,227,021 | 5 " " | 8,762,657 | " | 5 " |
| Sugar, | 4,630,922 | 3 " " | 5,538,102 | 2½ cts. | ½ " |
| Fruits, | 520,275 | 3 " " | 1,218,000 | free. | 3 " |
| Iron, (bar) | 2,273,612 | 1-12 per cent. | 3,787,837 | 90 cts | 22 " |
| Iron, (pig) | 25,644 | 62½ " | 270,325 | 50 " | 12½ cts. |
| Hemp, | 279,743 | 3-00 " | 514,743 | 2 00 " | 1 00 " |
| Cocoa, | 137,453 | 2 cts per lb. | 290,147 | free. | 2 cts. per lb. |
| Molasses, | 995,776 | 10 cts per gal. | 2,989,020 | 5 cts. | 5 cts. |
| Spices, | 457,723 | 6a100 cts per lb. | 493,932 | free. | 6a100 cts. |
| Oil Cloth, | 2,596 | 25 cts per yd. | 27,328 | 12½ cts. | 12 " |
| Total, | $23,899,614 | | $47,241,187 | | |

In addition to these articles, very many others were made free, and on still others, the tax was reduced. The whole dutiable importation of 1830 was $58,130,675. The list we have given comprises 40 per cent. The effect of the reductions is apparent. It will be borne in mind, also, that the Gold Bill of 1834 promoted the importation of that metal. The general effect is seen in the following table, showing the consumption of foreign goods in these years:—

| | Specie. | Free goods. | Taxed goods. | Total. | Taxed goods, per head. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1832 | $1,727,829 | 7,247,896 | 68,330,956 | 77,306,681 | 5.00 |
| 1833 | 4,458,667 | 20,578,517 | 63,258,392 | 88,275,516 | 4.61 |
| 1834 | 15,834,874 | 40,125,025 | 47,248,632 | 103,208,531 | 3.40 |

Now, it is observed, that the increased consumption of imported goods, in the last eighteen months of Mr. Carey's second period, arose altogether from an important modification in most duties, and a removal of others. Yet he had the temerity to parade that increased consumption of free goods, under the tariff of 1832, as a consumption of taxed goods, under the tariff of 1828. It is apparent, that no little labor is requisite to expose the gross fabrications with which the whole book abounds; and they are of such a nature, that few have the means of exposing them.

Mr. Carey was aware of the facts, or he was not. If the latter, he wrote in ignorance of his subject, and a not over-harsh criticism would pronounce him a quack. If the former, the sangfroid of the following deserves a still more disagreeable name:—

"That the amount so received was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill," (the compromise.)

What we have said of the act of '32 applies equally to that of '46. It became well known in 1845, that it was in preparation. Merchants informed anticipated it. It became the law in 1846, and the large transactions which Mr. Carey credits to the tariff of '42 were undertaken in contemplation of it. Thus his highest figure, his strongest argument, as far as this table is concerned, is a palpable fraud. In the previous year the increase is less than 15 per cent. In '46, '47, it was over 25 per cent. Naturally enough there was a decrease in the next year, owing to the market being so glutted.

The deductions for debts contracted abroad have little to do with the point. Except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace these debts to far other causes. And, even if it were not so, the object of the table being to show the power of the country to consume it, is enough, if the goods were purchased in the market here. That there would naturally be a larger consumption where there is a less price to pay, would seem self-evident. But Mr. Carey's logic contradicts it, on no better ground than that extremes meet, and that paradoxes alone are reliable truth. If his periods were chosen and adapted to the question, in good faith, it could be easily shown that there were countless circumstances which affected our imports besides the amount of the tariff. But the periods are so determined; years are so taken from one and added to the other, with sole reference to the result; every fact needful for that purpose is so supposed, and every deduction so assumed, that it is difficult to treat his reasoning with any thing but contempt:

"Hickory, pickory, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Hickory, pickory, my black hen."

Mr. Carey may feel indignant at being referred to the nursery for an illustration. Nor have we the least disposition to speak of him with levity. But remembering the unerring accuracy with which a clever little girl would apply our quotation, so that begin with what playmate she may, let the number be what it would, she would be sure to escape having the last word fall on herself. We could not resist its appositeness to Mr. Carey's periods. With him, too, the last word—the evil consequence—is sure never to fall on a protective tariff. Our original purpose was to follow him through the entire of his calculations, bring them within the narrowest compass possible, with the view of showing that even

though the calculations were correct, the conclusions were in a great measure fallacious. Nor, though the errors were not a few, and always made in his own favor, if they could possibly be traced to accident or an incorrect view, should we deem them damnatory of his book. But with every disposition not to be harsh, we cannot follow him from chapter to chapter, every where meeting the same fatal taint. One table more we shall here refer to—the emigration table—it is as follows:—

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1830 | - | 27,153 | - | 1834 | - | 65,336 | - | 1845 | - | 102,417 |
| 1831 | - | 23,074 | - | 1835 to '41 | - | 67,520 | - | 1846 | - | 147,251 |
| 1832 | - | 45,287 | - | 1842–3 | - | 88,133 | - | 1847 | - | 224,742 |
| 1833 | - | 56,547 | - | 1844 | - | 74,607 | - | 1848 | - | 229,492 |

This table is given according to Mr. Carey, with the view of showing how far the wages of labor tended to invite the people of foreign nations to come and reside among us, and thus does he announce the result:—

"We see here a large increase from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution, until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid."

"On a former occasion, I stated that immigration was not affected by changes of policy, until after the lapse of more time than was required for other of the subjects we have had under consideration. A change tends to raise or depress the value of labor—to raise or depress the price of men—and after a rise has been effected, men come to offer their labor for sale. It will be seen that the number in 1831 was less than in 1830, and that it was not until 1832 that it rose. With the exception of 1835, it continued to rise until 1836–7, when it reached 78,000, after which it fell. In 1843–4, it felt the effect of the disastrous year, 1842, and the number was only 74,000, and it was not until 1844–5 that it began to grow rapidly. At the present time it is large, because of the great demand for labor in the years that have passed."

The difficulty here is, where exposure is to commence. Let us take the fallacies in the order in which they occur. First, we have this assertion, "the number diminished gradually from 1834 to 1843." But the figures—Mr. Carey's own figures—say it increased. Here they are: 1834, 65,333. Average from 1835 to 1841, 67,520, "gradual diminution," quotha; average 38-42, 76,000, "gradual diminution,"—critical, figurative, statistical Mr. Carey: 1842–3, 88,133. The average fails to serve its proper purpose in this instance. But Mr. Carey is not satisfied with committing a palpable error. He undertakes its exposure himself, and commits another and a worse one. It was necessary to have recourse to an axiom, and one is invented, though it be a positive refutation of the foregoing facts and figures. Here it is in brief: "A change of policy does not affect immigration until after the lapse of some time." Thus, he says, "the number was higher in '31 than in '30." Marry, it was; but what that proves, unless the very opposite to his philosophy, we cannot divine. Here is the syllogism: The higher the tariff, the higher the figure of immigration. The tariff was highest in 1828, therefore the immigration figure must be higher in 1830 than in 1831. This looks rather awkward, but then the axiom remedies the defect. Time is required for the operation of the spell. Aye, in truth, but here it works like the crab's motion, backward. But though missing '31, it takes effect again in '32, and becomes more and more potent up to '37, increasing in the same ratio as the square of the distances. But it was not in fact till forty-four, the disastrous act of 1834 could check it. Then it yielded to the influence, and the very next year the tariff of '42, by a sort of leap-frog process, began to act, when the increase once more became rapid, and since then, and in consequence of the impetus it at that signal era received, it goes on with the most alarming rapidity, although the cause ceased in '46. But Mr. Carey anticipates a diminution soon. No doubt, and more especially if we have a new tariff in this year of grace and protection, 1851. We remember once being in a court of justice, where three sages meditated in ermine and horse-hair—Scraggs, Snaggs and Sambo will represent them as well as any other names. Scraggs had keen wit and deep learning. Snaggs was sagacious and accurate. Sambo was light and windy. A gnarled piece of law was under dissection. Sambo spoke first. He was long, luminous, and he thought unanswerable. Snaggs differed from him in every thing, and was curt and cutting. When it came to Scraggs to decide, he gravely said, "I agree with brother Snaggs for the reasons given by brother Sambo." Possibly Mr. Carey could discover whether the case applies.

Although, reasoning *a pari*, we might credit the prosperity of the country as far as that is evidenced by a largely increased immigration, to the approach made towards the principle of Free Trade in '46, we are by no means disposed to avail ourselves of so questionable an argument. The wages of labor have been, we know, an inducement to some, yet the number comparatively has been very trifling. Many causes have tended to swell the tide of immigration. Revolutions proscribed some in all the countries in Europe, but want of bread whole races. Men came here for shelter, and men came here to die. The halt, the maimed, the blind, were among them. Of all the thousands, amounting to nearly one million, who left Ireland since the potato blight, what one man, or woman, or child, calculated on the wages he or she was to receive in these States? The attempt to fly was through every step a struggle with death, from whose very gripe they were escaping.

We pass from the tables. It is a great relief. In the remainder of the work there is more room for fancy. If an error be encountered, it is pleasant to be able to trace it to a fallacy instead of a fraud. The argumentative part of Mr. Carey's book consists of sixteen chapters devoted to the proof of the service which is rendered by protection, to production and consumption, to commerce, to the quality of production and machinery, to the increase of population, to the machinery of transportation, to the farmer, to the planter, to the land-owner, to the manufacturer, to the capitalist, to the laborer,

to the slave, to the currency, to the cause of peace, to the exchanger, to the social condition of woman, to morality, to the development of intellect, to public credit, and to liberty. How each of these interests is affected, depends in a great degree on the tables, of the accuracy of which we have given a specimen. We now cite two assertions, from Mr. Carey's deductions, connected with the tables given above. They are to be found in chapter 4, p. 2:—

"If now, we examine the period between 1834 and '42, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact, that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished, but that it was *actually less in quantity than under the system of protection.*"

And again:—

"We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but *immigration ceased to grow. So it is now.*"

It will be remembered we have proved, that comparing the two periods before and after 1834, of one of which he only gives the average, and of the other the particulars; the average of the period of diminishing protection was 6 : 02, and that of the high tariff period was 5 : 30. But this is the rate per head of the population, which is more favorable to his position. The actual average consumption by the year is $80,600,000 for the prosperous period, and the actual annual average for the other period $97,700,000, after deducting a debt of $170,000,000 which he was not strictly entitled to deduct. And here are the figures to which he is reckless enough to refer in proof of the allegation, that the consumption was *actually less in quantity*, under the lower duty, than under the protective system.

Again, as to immigration, he says it has "ceased to grow;" and in the same page, "immigration is *diminishing.*"

Who doubts it! Yet the table says, that between 1844 and 1850 it more than doubled. But speaking of immigration in another place with the table under his eye, he says, "at the present moment it is large;" thus in words and figures distinctly and unmistakably contradicting himself.

Having thus established the incorrectness of the tables and the fallacy of the reasoning, as far as both have been tested, and having incontestably shown that both are self-contradictory, we dismiss them. But ere taking up the other protectionist authorities, we are tempted to compare for a moment Mr. Carey's two books. In his first book, page 115, he says:—

"England is the richest nation in Europe. . . . . A continuance of the system which is now in course of being pursued, will lead, if even the experience of the last few years has not already led to the conclusion, that the judicious employment of labor and capital begets a market for both. The railroads that have been made, have caused the absorption of both, which. In its turn produces a demand for new roads, and they produce a demand for labor. Wages rise and houses are wanted, and coal and lime, and marl, and clothing, and the demand for labor and capital again increases, and thus on and on, each producing and produced by the other, with a constantly augmenting wealth, and constant improvement of condition."

Let us add to this the corroborating view of the able Secretary of the Treasury:—

'With a profound conviction of their truth, I repeat the opinion and words of my predecessor on this vital subject, in his annual communication to the Congress at the last session: 'All history shows that where are the workshops of the world, there must be the marts of the world, and the heart of wealth, commerce and power.'"

One glance now at the other side of the picture. We present it as we found it in Mr. Carey's other volume, Chap. 13:—

"But the fare of the man who is expected by his labor to develop year after year the agricultural resources of England, is little better than bread and water, the fare of the condemned cell. . . . . Contrast his condition with that of the slave in the Southern States of America. In Virginia, the great slave State, it is seldom a day passes, that the slave does not eat butchers' meat of one kind or other; in England he eats it perhaps once a week, and not always that. In addition, when the slave is old and infirm, he has a claim on his master for support; in England, when the laborer is disabled, or loses his work, he must starve, or as the alternative, become a vagrant, or the recipient of a formal and organized charity."

This is rural England. Now for a peep at England in the great heart of the kingdom, in the heart of what Mr. Corwin designates as the centre of wealth, commerce and power—we cite from Chapter 20:—

"The greater portion of these poor creatures, (the needle-women of London,) living as they do far beyond the social state, resort to prostitution as a means of eking out a miserable subsistence. Whenever the pressure threatens their extension, then they turn into the street, and pauperism runs into inevitable vice."

And lo! here is a glimpse at the manufacturing districts:—

"The direct tendency of the existing monopoly of machinery, which it is the object of Free Trade to maintain, is towards barbarism. It drives hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to abandon mothers, wives and sisters, and barbarize themselves, while a large portion of those who remain behind are too poor to marry, the consequences of which are seen in the immense extent of prostitution, and the perpetual occurrence of child murder."

This is truly simple-hearted. Mr. Carey demands protection, and on the faith of his picture which he presents as the result of the highest protection which exists in the world. If the sentence read,

the monopoly of machinery which *protection has produced*, it would state a fact, instead of assuming a consequence, and it would state it truly. Is not the "work-shop of the world," which presents to the gladdened eye of Thomas Corwin, the realization of this very monopoly of machinery? Let no man mince the matter, it is the precise object which protection contemplates; and here is the result,—it makes man a barbarian and woman a prostitute.

But all this is to be changed after the following fashion. Mr. Carey's system has for its end, among other benevolent objects, that of raising wages abroad. He would elevate the savagery and vice of other lands by inviting hither its excess. And as an inevitable result, a time will soon come when Europe can find ample employment for its own hands. "Excellent, i' faith." We need immigration, says Mr. Carey; therefore let us betimes take such measures as will check it for ever. A suggestion occurs to us which we have not time or space to follow out; but which, if we could attend to it, would afford infinite amusement in this season of merriment. It is to cull some scores of Mr. Carey's contradictions, and give them by way of square readings. They would present as pretty a specimen of the "concordia discors" as need be desired in the very heart of New Harmony—the identical consonant jumble which inspired Pope's famous paradox:—

> "All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good;"—

wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey, wishing him a thousand years to enjoy his dream of universal harmony.

"Dii tibi dent annos nam dele cetera sumes."

In dealing with the Whig Review, few words only are needed. The reason is, we scarcely think the writer had in view the inculcation of a protective tariff, or any tariff at all. His chief aim is to show that "Free Trade" in the mouth of England is only a cabalistic word, and in its application by her to international policy, covers a swindle. This we feel no inclination to deny. That she robe whomso she can, without scruple, remorse or mercy, we are not to gainsay. Nay, that her arrogant pretensions to freedon of trade, freedom of institutions, and liberality of laws, is a massive solid juggle, we are ready at any time to assent to. And furthermore, it needs no seer to inform us, that in free commerce she will have the balance of advantage at her side, if force or fraud avail her. But the question is, whether Free Trade, in its most comprehensive sense, or a high protective tariff, is more calculated to compel justice at her hands; or rather, (for that is at best subordinate,) would the one system or the other insure the greater amount of prosperity and happiness to the citizens of the republic? In one instance the propriety and policy of protection is more plausible. 'Tis when we are compelled to it as a measure of retaliation. But this is the exception, and not the rule. If I am driven to the wall, and the assassin's knife is at my throat, I strike him down, and justly; but this does not sanctify the shedding of human blood. We will suppose a case. If the States impose a tariff on cotton goods, knives and forks, wrought iron and every other article of British manufacture, England, in self-defense, would be justified in imposing a similar duty on our products, and turning all her attention and energy to the production of the same articles in her eastern or Australian colonies. No doubt she would do so under such circumstances. It may be a losing game, but play it she should to the very last card. So the United States, under similar circumstances, even though obliged to convert her farmers into miners, and smiths, and bellows-blowers, might pursue such a war of mutual material injuries.

But the question here is, whether the general prosperity of the United States would be benefited by giving the capitalist a premium at the expense of labor—giving to money a further advantage over the thew, and the sinew, and naked hand of the working man? The example of England shows that the people at large would suffer. How far Ireland and India (and this country, while a province) have been laid bare and desolate, in their helpless state of dependence, is beside this question, and it must be determined on its own merits. But the Reviewer states, Dec. No, page 647:—

"We have erred a little from our fair path, to exhibit, in its true colors, a short history of a plot, for baseness and hypocrisy unexampled in the annals of mankind. May it not be without exciting those who read it to careful thought on that country, in whose teeth every man with fat on him seems privileged to throw an insult; may it not be either without exciting the reader to consider, whether the policy whose results we have been describing *is not actually practised towards this country, with results less only in degree?*"

The policy described is that adopted by England against Ireland, the most nefarious in the annals of national plunder. For proof of its application to this country, we must refer back to the former number, where we find it in the shape of an exceedingly amusing and able illustration. It begins page 524:—

"Johann Bool's store is filled with merchandise of all kinds: fine cottons of the handsomest patterns; shoes ready made, and of all shapes and sizes; beautiful penknives; Britannia metal spectacles with shagreen cases; every thing, in fact, saleable, as manufactures, but no food.

"Opposite to this is the quiet cottage of a worthy cobbler, who, besides knowing his trade, has a small garden producing cabbages and stuff sufficient for his family. He can make shoes if he likes, and has made great numbers of pairs of shoes for the villagers before Mr. Johann Bool stocks the store opposite, but now getting lazy, he determines not, and needing a pair of shoes for his own feet, he takes a different way of coming at them besides making them, and bringing several baskets full of his best cabbages, carrots, &c., over the way, where every thing is *so* cheap, there barters them for a pair of shoes."

The process whereby the cobbler is brought to ruin in his exchanges with Johann, is detailed with critical minuteness, and wonderful power and tact. To ruin he does come inevitably, as every lazy dog of his kind ought. But so marvellously well hung together is the story of his fate, that one could not for worlds cut it short by a word. The cobbler is the hero of the epos, and 'twere a thousand pities to tear one rag from his idle carcass, until his proper destiny had been fulfilled. Even now that he is properly "laid out," we are not disposed to interfere with the propriety of the last rites. Let the libations be poured out, and the adieus be spoken. Even then we feel loth to say, his fate only applies to illustrate the familiar maxim, "ne sutor ultra," &c., and not at all to the operation of free trade. The true illustration would be, a kitchen gardener or ploughman becoming metarmorphosed into a cobbler. Free trade says, Let every man pursue the avocation for which he has capacity or natural aptitude. Protection says, Let men be compelled to pursue that for which they have least aptitude, and from which they will have least return. The cobbler's fate would actually illustrate the working of the corn laws in England, but to the operation of the principles of free trade it has not the most remote application; if any thing, it proves the reverse of the position of the writer. An episode in the epos is Johann's carrier boy, nibbling the carrots and cabbage-heads. This is laughing through the philosophy of Mr. Carey with a vengeance. Who that reads it can fail to see the wisdom and appropriateness of his objection to the cost and consumption of the machinery of exchange? Nowhere could it be better illustrated than in a great romance or grand epic, of which wonderful invention is the topmost excellence, and in no epic could it be dealt with by an abler master hand. But when we compare the carrier boy, no matter what he represents, with the calibre and capacity of the American marine, he is signally dwarfish and singularly unsuited to the purposes to which he is applied, namely, to be the common carrier of the raw produce of America, and the manufactured products of England. One glance at our ships or the docks of Liverpool ought to allay this alarm for ever.

We are now come to the grand proposition of the Protectionists, philosophically announced by Mr. Carey, and practically enforced by Horace Greeley. It is this, that the prosperity of a people consists in having the consumers and the producers side by side with one another, and that it is the first duty of Government, through the operation of the excise, to realize that result.

This involves two inquiries: first, What would be its practical operation? and secondly, How far is it possible?

H. Greeley tests the first by an illustration. He calls it his strong point, and assumes that it is incontestable.—"*American Laborer*," page 278. He takes two neighboring towns, Londonderry and Lowell; and two periods, one without and one with protection, and thus shapes his equation:—

| | |
|---|---|
| First period, Londonderry buys 1000 yards of cloth at - - - - - - - - | $4,000 |
| Second do. do. - - - - - - - - | $5,000 |
| Loss to Londonderry by protection - - - - - | $1,000 |

"But this is one side. Here is the other:"—

| First period, Londonderry sells | | Second period, Londonderry sells | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4,000 bushels Apples, - - - | $500 | do. | do. | $1,000 |
| 1,000 barrels Cider, - - - | 1,000 | do. | do. | 2,000 |
| 1,000 cords of Wood, - - - | 1,000 | do. | do. | 3,000 |
| 2,000 bushels Potatoes, - - | 500 | do. | do. | 750 |
| 1,000 Turkeys, - - - - - | 500 | do. | do. | 1,000 |
| 1,000 bushels Corn, - - - | 500 | do. | do. | 5,000 |
| | $4,000 | | | $8,500 |
| | | | | 4,500 |
| Loss to Londonderry on sales, - - - - - - | | | | $4,000 |
| Gain to do. on purchase of cloth, - - - - - | | | | 1,000 |
| Free trade, - - - - - | | | | $3,500 |

This calculation is grossly defective. It omits, in the first place, many of the necessaries, and most of the superfluities of life. It omits, in the second place, to debit Londonderry with the increased cost of other excisable articles, such as silk, iron, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., &c., in each of which it gains a loss. But its main and fatal fallacy consists in the assumption, that there are no people in Londonderry but farmers and orchard men, and none in Lowell but cloth manufacturers. If the latter had no purchaser but the farmer, their accounts would be soon and easily closed; and if the former, on the other hand, were the only persons to devour apples and turkey pie, Mr. Greeley's prolific supply would serve them to the day of doom. But there are in fact multitudes of others in Londonderry and Lowell, whose interests are something, though not worthy a place in his consideration. Nay, these others are as nine to one of the population. There is the ploughman, and the milk woman, and the stable boy, and the orchard man, and he who presses the apples, and he who makes the press, and he who makes the barrels, and he who drives the team, and the carpenter, and the smith, and the tailor, and the milliner, and the millwright, and the small trader and the large, and thousands, too many to enumerate, to each of whom the enhanced value of apples and turkeys would be a loss instead of a gain; not $1,000 to balance the $1,000 lost on the cloth, but $2,000 added thereto.

These people (surplus or refuse) all earn their bread by labor. The wages of labor either rise with the tariff, or they do not. If they do so as to purchase an equal quantity of cloth, apples, and cider, as when they were cheap, then the producers who pay them, instead of being gainers, must be losers. And if they do not, then the mass of the people lose the first $1,000, or nine tenths thereof, and also the $3.500 to the back of it. How much more they lose in the increased cost of iron, and the other excisable articles, we commend to Mr. Greeley's study.

The farmers of Massachusetts must have taken this view of the matter, or in perverse unbelief of Mr. Carey, they resist the seductions of the tariff, and tend notwithstanding towards the thin soils and barbarism. For thus stands the case in that region:—

MANUFACTORIES.

| | 1840. | | 1850. | | | 1840. | | 1850. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Factories, | 422 | - - | 537 | - - - | Spindles, | 737,997 | - | 1,433,584 |
| | | | 422 | | | | | 737,997 |
| Increase, | | - - | 115 | | Increase, | | - - | 695,587 |

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

| | 1840. | 1850. |
|---|---|---|
| No. of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, bushels of grain, lbs. of hops, tons of hay, | 3,871,331 | 3,061,193<br>3,871,331 |
| Decrease, | | 810,138 |

This is the agricultural prosperity which Mr. Carey prophesies from philosophy, and Mr. Greeley deduces from facts.

For his next illustration, Mr. Greeley selects Illinois—"*American Laborer*," page 357:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Free trade gain on cloth, 500,000 yards, | $250,000 |
| Do. loss on wheat sent to a foreign market, | 2,000,000 |
| | $1,750,000 |
| Protection gain on sale of wheat, | $2,000,000 |
| Do. loss on cloth, | 250,000 |
| Net gain, | $1,750,000 |

GOOD AGAIN.

"Gold, still gold, nothing but gold."

So sang Hood of the Kilmanseg household and Kilmanseg kine. Mr. Greeley travesties it into

"Cloth, still cloth, nothing but cloth;"

leaving every other article which the Illinois farmer would buy, and which a high tariff would enhance the value of at least 50 per cent., out of the account, and leaving out of it moreover and more unjustly, the thousands and tens of thousands, and in process of time the millions, who would wear cloth, and shoes, and hats, and want spades and shovels, and sometimes, God help them, drink tea and coffee, and carry over their heads an umbrella, and many who would raise cabbages instead of corn, &c., &c., &c., ad infinitum. But we have laid this ghost before; and now suppose it out of view, is the benevolent wish of Mr. Greeley possible to be realized? He knows the old saw—you may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?

And suppose he had the power to-morrow to insure them, to create, as it were by magic, a cotton factory in the heart of Illinois, is it to make long cloth for the State, or for the Union, or for the world? If the first, a single mill will suffice for one month in the year, that would give, let us suppose, an average of forty hands the year round. We certainly overstate in this. Well, granting that there are needed four other manufactories with an equal number of hands, which would give us an average of 200 hands, and allowing each a family of three, this would give 800 mouths to make a market for 5,000,000 bushels of corn. Think of that, Mr. Greeley.

But Illinois will manufacture for the Union. Then Massachusetts will refuse to take her goods, or buy her corn. And the Carolinas, too, will say, why not manufacture our own cotton? why not place the consumer side by side with the producer?

But Illinois will be a workshop to the world. If she can, let her; but let it be by protection, and the world will take care of itself. We are done.

Good reader, we bid thee farewell. Another time we may take the affirmative of our own position instead of the negative of our opponent's.

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## THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEWER REVIEWED.

In our last, we gave the first chapter of an article from our Democratic contemporary, professing to be a review of Mr. Carey's works. In doing so, we were in part actuated by the hope, vain as we fear it is likely to prove, that our neighbor might be induced to follow the example and copy our sayings, as we had done with his, thus enabling his readers, for once at least, to see both sides of the question. The second chapter is now given, and with it we renew our proposal that he should copy our remarks thereon, pledging ourselves to do the same by his rejoinder, and thus enable him, if he can, to convert our readers by the strength of his arguments, while fortifying his own in their political faith by exposing the weakness of those of his opponents. It is a fair offer, and should prove to him a tempting one; but we doubt greatly its acceptance, it being the rule of our free-trade, or British-monopoly, friends to keep their readers as much as possible in the dark as to what is said by any but themselves.

Before proceeding to examine either the contents of Mr. Carey's book here reviewed, or the facts and arguments of his reviewer, we desire to have our readers observe how perfectly this second chapter is in keeping with the first, already printed, of this admirable performance. In the one, a question of the highest importance was settled by a dialogue between a couple of negroes, while another and most important one was dispatched by aid of a bundle of potato-stalks. In that now given, Scraggs, Snaggs, and Sambo prove themselves equally useful in settling one great question, and the black hen and her chickens in disposing of another. We presume the editor correctly appreciates the understandings of his readers, and desires to have articles adapted to their capacities, and we have no right to complain if he is of opinion that such a mode of treating a great subject is the one best suited to their tastes.

Before commencing our review of the reviewer, we will briefly state the object of the book here said to be reviewed.

It has been shown that the whole English system which looks to establishing and maintaining a monopoly of the manufactures and trade of the world, and is known by the name of free-trade, is based upon the supposition that there exist divine laws in virtue of which the return to labor diminishes with the growth of population and of wealth, producing a necessity for dispersion in quest of the rich soils of the earth. It has also been shown that the English school teaches the existence of another law of God, whereby of this diminished *quantity* obtained in return to labor, the land-owner or other capitalist is enabled to claim a constantly increased *proportion*, and, consequently, that the rich become daily richer, and the poor daily poorer and more enslaved; and it is to the almost universal prevalence of this idea in England and France that we owe the great prevalence of Radicalism, in its various forms of Socialism, Communism, and Red-republicanism. That such should be the case is not extraordinary, for the teachers of this system assure their hearers that wages can rise only at the expense of profits, and profits only by the reduction of wages; and that thus the true interests of the laborer and capitalist, the land-owner and his tenant, are invariably opposed to each other. It is, therefore, a mass of discords; for which reason we presume it is, that it is so strenuously advocated by the free-trade party represented by our Democratic contemporary, who advocated the invasion and plunder of Mexico, and who now sneers at the idea of aiding Ireland by peaceful means, assuring his readers that "if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice," we should, "in God's name, go right straight about it."* His "voice is still for war," and he is ever to be found ready to commit wholesale murder in the name of God. That he should be so is due to the fact that he has been educated in the English school, which teaches that war, famine, and pestilence are the modes appointed of God for restraining population within the limits of subsistence.

Mr. Carey teaches, on the contrary, that the Divine laws, when properly expounded, tend to the production of harmony and

* See page 234, *ante*.

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peace — equality and freedom — and that "all discord is harmony not understood." He shows that the real law of distribution is directly the reverse of that taught in the English school, and that as population and wealth increase the return to labor increases, with constant increase in the laborer's *proportion*, and that therefore the interests of all — individuals and nations — are to be promoted by the adoption of measures tending to the maintenance of peace and the promotion of the growth of wealth. The British system teaches the opposite of the great law of Christ. It would have each man do unto his neighbor as he would *not* have that neighbor do to himself, and therefore perhaps it is that it is so strenuously supported by our contemporary, who glorifies himself and his country in relation to our recent warlike deeds. The American one teaches that individuals and nations prosper precisely in the ratio of their obedience to that law; and as the British system looks to war and murder, it is scarcely matter of surprise that Mr. Carey and his doctrines should be unpopular with the learned Thebans engaged in the effort to sustain it.

In accordance with the idea that individuals and nations can thrive only at the expense of their neighbors, Great Britain has endeavored to secure to herself power to tax the nations of the world, by establishing a monopoly of the machinery for transporting and converting the raw produce of the earth; and the perfection of that monopoly is what is sought to be accomplished under the mask of free trade. She prohibited manufactures in Ireland, and denied to that country the exercise of the right to exchange its products except through the medium of English ports, English ships, and English merchants. She interdicted manufactures in this country, and thereby drove our forefathers into Revolution. She prohibited the export of machinery or of artisans to any country of the world. That done, it became important to prove that other people would only be impoverished by engaging in manufactures, and that in acting in obedience to her laws, they were doing that which was most for their own interest. Then it was that the systems of Malthus and Ricardo were invented, by aid of which it was shown that the farmers and planters of the world were great gainers from being *compelled* to forego the proximity of the artisan and the manufacturer, and to send to her all their raw products, to be transported in her ships, converted in her looms, and returned again in her ships to the place of production, *minus* four fifths deducted for the maintenance of the British system of ships, colonies, and commerce. By the theory, it was the most fertile soil that was occupied by the colonist, and the more men dispersed themselves over the world in quest of such soils, the richer they would grow, and therefore Britain was rendering them an important service in interdicting them from the purchase of machinery that might lead them to give some of their labor to the making of cloth or iron. The theory was a good one, but it had a serious fault; and that was, that it was untrue. The more men dispersed themselves over the world — the more they were compelled to dispense with the habit of association with their fellow-men — the poorer they grew; for the farmer was everywhere compelled to exhaust his land by sending from it all its products, returning to it none of the manure, while losing all the cost of transportation back and forth, and wasting far more labor than would have been requisite for the conversion of his produce into the forms fitting it for consumption. The result is seen in the fact, that every country subject to the system has been, and is, becoming daily poorer — as witness Ireland, India, the West Indies, and Portugal. Every where, consequently, there is from day to day more felt the necessity for protection against a system so unnatural and so destructive; and wherever protection is adopted, wealth is seen to grow, as witness Germany, late the customer, but now rapidly becoming the rival of England in the markets of the world. In this country we have had two periods of protection, each of four years' duration, but the system being denounced as "a waste of national capital," and "a war upon the labor of the world," Mr. Carey was induced, as he states in the first chapter of this work — The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial — to examine into the operations of the last thirty years, with a view to ascertain whether under it there was an increase or diminution in the power of the laborer to obtain the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of life.

"The one party insists [says Mr. Carey] that protection is "a war upon labor and capital," and th

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by compelling the application of both to pursuits that would otherwise be unproductive, the amount of necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of life obtainable by the laborer is diminished. The other insists that by protecting the laborer from competition with the ill-fed and worse-clothed workmen of Europe, the reward of labor will be increased. Each has thus his theory, and each is accustomed to furnish facts to prove its truth, and both can do so while limiting themselves to short periods of time, taking at some times years of small crops, and at others those of large ones, and thus it is that the inquirer after truth is embarrassed.* No one has yet, to my knowledge, ever undertaken to examine all the facts during any long period of time, with a view to show what have been, under the various systems, the powers of the laborer to command the necessaries and comforts of life. One or other of the systems is true, and that is true under which labor is most largely rewarded; that under which the laborer is enabled to consume most largely of food, fuel, clothing, and all other of those good things for the attainment of which men are willing to labor. If, then, we can ascertain the power of consumption at various periods, and the result be to show that it has invariably increased under one course of action, and as invariably diminished under another, it will be equivalent to a demonstration of the truth of the one and the falsehood of the other. To accomplish this has been the object of the inquiry in which I have recently been engaged."

He then proceeds to show what have been the different revenue systems of this period, and what has been the power of consumption in regard to coal, iron, cottons and woollens, flaxen and silken goods, sugar, tea, coffee, and various other commodities, domestic and foreign. Thence he goes on to examine into the effect of each system upon immigration, upon internal commerce as manifested by the increase or decrease of tolls upon the principal rail roads and canals, upon the power to maintain external commerce as manifested by the power to build ships and by the amount of imports, and finally upon the revenue and expenditure of the Government. The inquiry is a most extensive one, as our readers will readily perceive, and the result is that of showing, and in the most conclusive manner, that the power of consumption and the power to maintain commerce, internal and external, have in all cases grown with great rapidity under a system of efficient protection, while they have, as invariably, declined with each and every approach towards the subjugation of the country to the monopoly system of Great Britain, which it is the object of our *democratic* reviewer to sustain.

The results of his investigation are thus stated by Mr. Carey :—

"Before proceeding further, I would urge upon the reader a careful examination of these tables, bearing always in mind the precise position of the question that is to be discussed. It is *admitted* by all that protection tends to increase the domestic production of the commodity protected. That, therefore, does not require to be proved. It is *asserted* that protection tends to raise the price of the protected article and to diminish the power of consuming it, whereas the removal of protection diminishes its cost and increases the power of consumption. That is denied, and *that it is which requires to be proved.* If this assertion be true, then the power of consumption must diminish with protection. We see, however, that the consumption of iron, of coal, of cotton, and of wool, increased with great rapidity in the years between 1830 and 1834, and in those from 1843 to 1847. If it be true, the quantity of men and things passing on the roads and canals, and the number of exchanges to be performed in our cities, should diminish with protection, whereas they increased with great rapidity in both of the above-named periods. If it be true, then it must reduce the wages of labor, and thus diminish the inducements for foreigners to come among us and occupy our vacant lands, whereas immigration increased with great rapidity under both protective tariffs. If it be true, then it must diminish our power to trade with foreign nations, and the inducements to build ships, whereas shipping grew with great rapidity in both those periods.

"If, now, we examine the period between 1834 and 1843, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished with the approach to free trade, but that it was actually less in quantity than under the system of protection. The building of furnaces and rolling-mills was stopped, yet we consumed less foreign iron than before. So was it with cotton goods, the import of which fell from above *fifty* millions of yards down to *eight* millions. We killed off our sheep, but the importation of foreign cloth diminished. We prevented increase in the domestic consumption of cotton, but shipping did not grow with the increased necessity for depending on foreign markets. We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but immigration ceased to grow. So is it now. The building of cotton-mills is stopped, but our whole import of last year, in which we incurred a debt of twenty-two millions, but little exceeded a pound of cotton per head. We have closed furnaces and rolling-mills, but we consume far less iron than before. We have abolished the system that was regarded as "a war upon labor and capital," yet immigration is diminishing, and there is no demand for capital. Steam-engines are idle, and there is no demand for new ones, except for a

* A person employed in the preparation of Government statistics inquired, on being asked to prepare some tables, what was to be the policy to be proved. "Why," said the other, "could you prove both sides?" "Equally well," said he.

few steam-vessels. Railroad tolls are diminishing, and steam-boats on the Western waters are idle. Iron is low in price, but it is not wanted. So is coal. So are cottons and woollens. So is almost every description of merchandise. The power of consumption is diminishing, because the demand for labor and capital has largely diminished.

"The power of the people to pay taxes for the support of Government is dependent upon their power to consume commodities that are taxed, and if protection diminished wages, it must of course diminish revenue; but when we examine the facts, it is shown that, notwithstanding a great increase of the free-list, the revenue increased under the tariff of 1828, and fell off so much afterwards that the Government was compelled almost to beg for loans in the markets of Europe. With the tariff of 1842 it grew rapidly, but with that of 1846 it is diminishing in actual amount per head, notwithstanding the purchase of more than twenty millions of goods on credit in a single year. If that debt were now called for, the revenue of the current year would not exceed that of 1842.

"The question to be settled is: 'Does the power to import grow with the diminution in the power to produce that follows the withdrawal of protection?' If it does, the facts must prove it. There is no question that the power to produce iron and cloth grows with protection. That is, as I have already said, admitted by all. Were it not, the facts prove it. The burden of proof lies, then, with the opponents of protection. To establish their system they must show that the power of production and consumption grows now as it grew three years since, and that it grew from 1835 to 1843 as it grew from 1830 to 1834."

Why should this be so? Why should the power to consume foreign merchandise grow with increase of duties? The answer is to be found in the fact that production grows under protection, and *the power to consume* grows with, and is dependent upon, *the power to produce*. The farmer who raises his own corn and potatoes will probably have some to spare with which to purchase cloth and iron, but the farmer who is obliged to buy food for his family will be likely soon to see his children in rags, and his plough in the hands of the constable. The nation which makes its own iron and its coarser cloths will have much to spare with which to purchase silks, but the one which purchases iron and coarse cottons will have little to spare, even for them. That such is the case may be seen by an examination of any country of the world. Under the operation of the tariff of 1842, the domestic production of iron grew from 200,000 to 800,000 tons, the domestic consumption of cotton grew from 268,000 to half a million of bales, and the domestic consumption of wool grew in almost like proportion, while the domestic production of coal grew from one to three millions of tons, and production in every other department of industry grew with wonderful rapidity; yet we had more food, cotton, and tobacco to export than in any former period, the consequence of which was a vast increase in the demand for ships, and in the power to purchase commodities abroad. In the period immediately preceding the enactment of that tariff, known to all as the period of free trade and almost utter ruin to all the interests of the nation, the power to export our own products and to pay for foreign ones, and the demand for ships, diminished precisely as the domestic production of coal, iron, and cloth diminished. To explain why this has been, and must be, so—to give the rationale of the facts—is the object of Mr. Carey's subsequent chapters, in which are examined the modes in which protection operates upon the farmer and planter, the laborer and the capitalist, the operative and the master manufacturer, the ship owner and the large and small trader, the slave and his master, &c. &c.; and the result is a more thorough examination of the principle upon which protection is based, and a more complete demonstration that *protection is the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade*, than had ever before been given to the world.

Improvement in the condition of man depends upon the increase or decrease in the power to obtain food, clothing, and the other comforts and necessaries of life. Increase in the power to obtain machinery to aid in the production of food, clothing, and fuel, is manifested by increase in the power to consume iron. These powers increase under the protective system, or they do not. *If they do*, there must be increase in the power to produce commodities to give in exchange for food, clothing, and iron, and as with every increase in the *amount of production* there is an increase in the *proportion* going to the laborer, it follows that there must be an increasing tendency towards equality and increase in the power of self-government, or democracy. *If they do not*, then the reverse must be the case, and protection must tend to deteriorate the condition of the laborer, to render him more dependent upon the capitalist, and to diminish his power of self-government. Here was a question of great interest for a *democratic* reviewer, and we might fairly have expected to see it ex-

amined with a gravity proportioned to the scientific claims of our opponents, and also proportioned to its own high importance. We pray our readers to bear in mind that these reviewers represent all the politico-economical science in the country—that portion of the community which treats as "fallacy" all that we are accustomed to believe, and regards ourselves as merely the representatives of the "obsolete ideas" of less enlightened times—and then to peruse, if even for a second time, the chapter prefixed to this article. They will there see that the great question of increase or decrease in the power to consume food, cloth, and iron—the true test of the condition of a people—is not even mentioned, and that the reviewer has limited himself to furnishing a vast quantity of figures in relation to the power to import foreign merchandise, the whole question of the well-being of the democracy being held to be quite secondary to that of the increase or decrease in the quantity of merchandise transported. Our contemporary thus blindly adopts the idea of the British monopoly school that a nation *must* be prosperous provided it employs ships and wagons which produce nothing, even though the people who should follow the plough, strike the hammer, and drive the shuttle, be deprived of employment, and compelled to dispense with food and clothing, as is the case with those of Ireland and India. In perfect keeping with the profundity of this examination is the beauty of the illustrations of the views of its author. Snaggs, Scraggs, and Sambo, negroes we suppose, are placed on the bench of justice for the purpose of deciding whether high wages do or do not tend to produce immigration from less favored lands; and the black hen and her chickens are introduced for the benefit, as we presume, of the grown children who yet believe that *freedom of trade* is to be attained by securing to Great Britain *a monopoly* of the manufactures and trade of the world.

The absence of every thing like freedom of thought among the advocates of what is called free trade is among the most remarkable circumstances within our knowledge. The great blunder of the whole Manchester system of political economy is that of insisting that the labor of the man who *carries* the grain is not only as productive of the necessaries and comforts of life as that of the man who *produces* it, but even more so; the work of transportation being more advantageous than that of cultivation. Hence arises the very vulgar error that the prosperity of a nation is to be measured by the quantity of things that pass backward and forward. If India be decimated by repeated famines and pestilences, consequent upon the enormous taxation of England, the amount of its exports in payment of those taxes is produced as evidence of the prosperous condition of the people. If the people of Ireland be compelled to invest all their accumulations, small though they be, in the English funds, because of the absence of employment for them at home, their exports are increased thereby, and the amount of exports is produced as evidence of the improved condition of the country. If we become impoverished, and consume less of our own home-made cloth, the exports increase, and that increase is produced as evidence of our prosperity. All this is certainly absurd as well as false, and yet our free traders copy slavishly the ideas of the Manchester school, and persist in seeing in the amount of transportation the sole evidence of the improved or deteriorated condition of our people. It is really time that they should begin to think for themselves; but that they can never undertake to do while they continue to sustain a system which requires that they shall *dodge* every difficult question, and fly from all free discussion.

The real and great question—that of the power of consumption—*could not be met.* To have attempted it would have involved a necessity for admitting that the power to consume cloth, iron, and other manufactured commodities, *always increased under protection*, and always diminished with its withdrawal. It was therefore necessary for our reviewer, as it is for all his tribe, to limit his examination to the little details of foreign trade, the smallest and least important portion of the commerce of the nation, although in their eyes the most important. An increase of $361,000 in the import of spices, and of $25,000 in that of oil-cloth, is deemed worthy of note,* but an increase of the domestic production of iron to the extent of 600,000 tons, worth, in the various forms in which it was consumed, fifty or sixty millions of dollars, could not provoke the

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* See page 332, *ante.*

slightest remark. His business was with the quantity carried, and not with the quantity consumed; and an increase of the latter, four-fold though it was, and marking the vast improvement in the condition of the people, was deemed unworthy the attention of this representative of all the political science of the country.

Having limited himself almost entirely to the consideration of the imports and exports of the country, dodging the questions of production and consumption, we might reasonably suppose that, in so contracted a field of inquiry, safety might be found in stating fairly and honestly the facts of the case. Far different, however, was it. To make the true facts square with the Manchester theory was entirely impossible. Nevertheless, the theory was to be sustained, and to accomplish that object the facts had to be distorted, as we shall now have occasion to show. In doing so, we repeat our disclaimer of any desire to charge our reviewer with the intention to make statements that he knew to be false. His first chapter almost satisfied us that he himself had never read the book he was reviewing, and his second has confirmed us in that belief. He appears to us to have been made the dupe of some wily advocate of the British monopoly system, who has furnished him with extracts and calculations upon which he was to write the commentary; and we therefore freely acquit him of all charge of any knowledge of the contents of the books, the review of which he has manufactured.

Mr. Carey's proposition in regard to foreign trade is, that it grows with the growth of the power of domestic production, and diminishes with its diminution; that, therefore, the power to purchase from, *and to pay*, foreign countries for their productions, increases with protection, and diminishes as protection diminishes. In illustration of this he has given us the following table of imports:—

| | | Total. | Annual average. | Per head. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1821 to 1829 | | $508,000,000 | $56,400,000 | $5·00 |
| 1830 | | 55,500,000 | | 4·32 |
| 1831 | | 81,000,000 | | 6·10 |
| 1832 | | 75,500,000 | | 5·51 |
| 1833 | | 88,000,000 | | 6·20 |
| 1834 | | 103,000,000 | | 7·08 |
| 1835 to 1841 | $854,000,000 | | | |
| Deduct debt incurred, | 170,000,000 | 684,000,000 | 97,700,000 | 6·02 |
| 1842 to 1843, (21 months, ending June 30,) | | 145,000,000 | 82,000,000 | 4·18 |
| 1843–'44 | | 96,000,000 | | 5·03 |
| 1844–'45 | | 101,000,000 | | 5·16 |
| 1845–'46 | $110,000,000 | | | |
| Add debt and back interest paid, | 5,000,000 | 115,000,000 | | 5·75 |
| 1846–'47 | $138,000,000 | | | |
| Do. | 5,000,000 | 143,000,000 | | 7 |
| 1847–'48 | $131,600,000 | | | |
| Deduct debt incurred, | 8,000,000 | 121,600,000 | | 5·88 |
| 1848–'49 | $134,700,000 | | | |
| Do. | 22,000,000 | 112,700,000 | | 5·19 |

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts [says Mr. Carey] are as follows:—

"First. That the amount received from foreign nations in exchange for our surplus products largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828.

"Second. That the amount so received diminished greatly after the Compromise Bill began to become operative.

"Third. That the amount so received from foreign nations was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill, and that the tendency was downward when the system was changed.

"Fourth. That the amount so received increased rapidly under the tariff of 1842, attaining nearly the same point that had been reached under the tariff of 1828, and that in both cases the tendency was still upwards when the system was changed.

"Fifth. That the amount so received diminished in the year 1848.

"Sixth. That the amount of debt incurred in the last two years must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Mr. Carey's object in this table is clearly to exhibit the growth or diminution of the power *to pay for* foreign merchandise, and

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to show that *that power* grows under protection, while under the opposite system it diminishes to so great an extent that we are compelled to run largely in debt, until at length bankruptcy closes the scene. It suits the reviewer's purpose, however, to keep that idea out of view, as will be seen by an examination of the table of imports that he has supplied. It is the rule of the monopoly, or free trade, party to dodge every difficult question, and it is in their successful execution of "the artful dodge" that they prove their title to exclusive scientific knowledge.

The average import prior to 1829–30 having been five dollars per head, Mr. Carey has here given the exact amount, per head, in each of the five subsequent years, closing with the fiscal year in which the compromise tariff came into operation, with a view to show the equal and regular character of the foreign trade, constantly growing as the power to *produce* increased under the action of the protective tariff of 1828—the last year being nearly forty per cent. greater per head than the average of the nine years of the first period. This mode of examination, however, did not suit our reviewer. He preferred to lump the whole and take the average, which he puts at $5.30, for the purpose of amusing his readers at the cost of his author, Mr. Carey having described this "beggarly increase" as a large one. In doing this he must certainly have counted largely upon the unsuspecting character of his readers, or upon their total incapacity to calculate for themselves, as he thereby rendered himself liable to the charge of making a wilful and gross misstatement. The average import of those years, as correctly given by himself, was $80,600,000, and the average population, as given by Mr. Carey and adopted by himself, 13,698,000. Dividing one of these quantities by the other, we obtain as the average $5.88 per head, being an increase of no less than 17.60 per cent. *under a system that was to destroy our foreign trade.* It suited him, however, to make it $5.30, giving an increase of only six per cent.; and so he has done, and yet he has had the hardihood to use the words "palpable fraud" in speaking of Mr. Carey! It is painful to be compelled to expose to the world such a course of conduct on the part of men claiming to possess so much scientific knowledge, but having entered on the work of exposure we must proceed.

In the paragraph immediately preceding the one containing this gross misstatement, Mr. C. is sharply reprimanded for stating in round numbers the average of the first period at $56,400,000, instead of "$56,444,444 and a fraction." Little things are great to little men. We have frequently heard of "Satan reproving sin," but have rarely seen it more perfectly exemplified.

Why this extraordinary misstatement was *needed* we now propose to show. One of the objects of the book is to show the quiet, beautiful, and regular growth of internal and external trade, as the productive power grows under the system of protection, the average increase in the five years having been 17.60 per cent., while that of the last of those years was no less than *forty* per cent—thus affording evidence that further increase might fairly be looked for, and was indeed to be counted upon as certain to take place. With the compromise came a succession of changes of the most extraordinary kind, imports being immense in one year, falling off in another, then rising, and then falling again, showing the extraordinarily uncertain and ruinous character of trade as we became more and more linked with England, and more and more compelled to aid in the maintenance of her monopoly system. The average of this latter period is given by Mr. Carey, and it is shown to be far below the point which our foreign trade had reached in the last year properly belonging to the tariff of 1828, having been only $6.02, or almost precisely the average of the years of that tariff; showing, therefore, that there was really no increase, although *the special object* of the compromise was that of increasing the foreign trade. To compare these years with 1833–4 would not suit the reviewer's purpose. To compare them with the true average would suit him little better; but to compare them with the *manufactured* quantity, $5.30 *would* answer, because he would thereby be enabled to exhibit a growth of *fourteen* per cent. under the compromise, against one of only six per cent. under the tariff of 1828; whereas, the true figures were 17.60 under the system that was, as we were told, to destroy foreign commerce, and only 2.6 under one that was, as we were assured, to increase it rapidly. We pray our readers now to turn to the remarks of the reviewer about Mr. Carey's "honesty," and then estimate for themselves that of our contemporary.

The reviewer objects to Mr. Carey's arrangement. The reason of the latter for the course he has pursued we now give in his own words:—

"It will be observed that I have placed the year 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation, and the first year of the existence of a new system is but the sequel of that which is passing out. When protection is given to the makers of cloth and iron, mills and furnaces are not built in a day, nor are they abandoned as soon as protection is withdrawn.

"In the tables that I shall now offer for consideration, I have pursued, as nearly as possible, a uniform course, commencing each period at the time at which the system might fairly be deemed to become operative, to wit: at the close of the fiscal year following the one in which the law was enacted. If error, then, exist at the commencement of the period, it will find its compensation at the close, and thus justice will be done to all."

This is in accordance with common sense. Nature requires time for the performance of all her operations.* The skilful practitioner knows that it is not the act of swallowing the medicine, but the working of it that effects the cure. The quack alone would promise an instant cure. Mr. Carey's proposition is, that the power to purchase depends on the power to produce things to be given in exchange for those that it is desired to obtain, and that the power to produce increases or diminishes gradually as one or the other system of policy is pursued. The reviewer insists that the power of purchase depends upon the *will* to do so, and that if duties are high we will not purchase foreign commodities, however able we may be to pay for them, whereas if duties are low we will buy, even although the nation may be bankrupt.

He therefore insists that every thing must be reckoned from the passage of the law; that the exhaustion of 1842–3, consequent upon the operation of the compromise tariff must be charged upon the tariff of 1842, and that the prosperity of 1846–7, consequent upon the working of the latter tariff, shall go to the account of that of 1846; and thus it is that this eminently scientific person sets aside all the laws of nature, and establishes the entire supremacy of those established by man. So be it. We are willing to meet him even on that ground, first calling to his mind that the proposition we desire to establish is, that protection is the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade; that under a system of efficient protection the foreign trade would grow so rapidly as to render necessary an effort to keep down the revenue by freeing every thing that could be freed without injury to domestic production; and that, ultimately, and speedily too, cloth, iron, and all other protected articles would cease to need protection, leaving Congress at liberty, if it would, entirely to abolish custom houses, and the system of import duties. The correctness of this view was fully established under the tariff of 1828. The revenue increased so rapidly that it became indispensable to reduce it, and coffee, tea, and many other articles were made free of duty, *a consequence of protection;* and yet, as our readers have seen, this very fact is claimed as a triumph of his peculiar doctrine by this disciple of the Manchester school. It is really time that our opponents should define to themselves their position. We do not ask them to do so to us, for that would be, we fear, a task beyond all human power. In 1833 the duties were to be reduced that the revenue might be diminished, and in 1846 they were to be reduced that it might be increased. In 1846 they were to be reduced that consumption might be increased. Consumption has greatly diminished, and yet we are told of the *triumphs of free-trade policy.* The triumph will probably be greater when we shall have closed half of our remaining mills and furnaces, and brought back the consumption of iron and of cloth to the point from which it started in 1842. We would be greatly pleased if they could be induced to explain to us what they expect, and stand by their explanation for a year or two at least; but all hope of any such evidence of scientific knowledge is, we greatly fear, entirely vain.

The proposition of the reviewer is that imports increase as duties diminish. If this be true, it applies most particularly to those commodities upon which highly protective

* "La Providence," says M. Guizot, "ne s'inquiète de tirer aujourd'hui la conséquence du principe qu'elle a posé hier;—elle les tirera dans les siècles, quand l'heure sera venue; et pour raisonner lentement selon nous, sa logique n'est pas moins sûr. La Providence a ses aises dans le temps; elle y marche en quelque sorte comme les dieux d'Homère dans l'espace,—elle fait un pas, et des siècles se trouvent écoulés."

duties were established by the tariff of 1828, and he has fortunately furnished us with a table* that enables us to decide the question. We copy from this table the following statement of the amount of merchandise imported, and average of duties thereon, adding ourselves the population and the amount per head :—

| | Average duties, on those subject to duty. | Average amount of such mdse. imported. | Population. | Amount per head. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1829 to 1833 - - - | 39½ per cent. | $74,600,000 | 13,091,652 | 5.69 |
| 1834 to 1835 - - - | 33½ " | 66 889,000 | 14,962,415 | 4.66 |
| 1840 to 1841 - - - | 31¼ " | 55,935,000 | 17,560,082 | 3.18 |
| 1842 - - - | 24 " | 69,534,601 | 18,051,499 | 3.85 |

In the first, tea, coffee, and silks are included, so far as concerns the first three years of the period. In the others they are excluded. We therefore take the three latter ones, which prove that the consumption of cloth, iron, and of protected articles of foreign production, *diminished with the reduction of the duties.* The third period is less by almost one third than the second, although the duty is admitted to have been slightly reduced; but how the reduction should have amounted to only two per cent. we are unable to imagine, the actual reduction provided for by the law having been at that time four tenths of all the excess over twenty per cent., whereas in the second period there had been but a single reduction of one tenth under the compromise act. The fourth period is slightly in excess of the third, which is explained by what the reviewer himself tells us of the effect produced on trade by the anticipation of changes. The almost certainty of the passage of the act of 1842, produced large imports in the few months that preceded its enactment, and but for the excess thus produced, they would not have reached in 1841–2 even three dollars per head. Let him deny this if he can. The books of almost every importing merchant will prove the fact.

We had been previously told by this most scientific reviewer that it was wrong to compare 1830 to 1834 with the period from 1821 to 1829, because "the latter extended back into a remote time when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy," but here this excuse cannot operate. The growth of the years from 1829–30 to 1833–4, was almost regular, from a total of $4,32 to $7,08 per head, but under the compromise the tendency was downward, until at length in 1841–2 the total import* was but $100,162,087, from which if we deduct the re-exports, we shall have from ninety to ninety-five millions, or about five dollars per head, being almost exactly the same average as that of the period from 1821 to 1829, that "remote time" in which "the resources of the country were in their infancy," and yet the duties had been reduced from 33½ to 24 per cent. for the sole purpose of promoting this import trade. From 1833–4 to 1841–2, the resources of the country *should* have been more "developed," the nation having enjoyed the *advantage* of a gradual progress towards the beautiful system called free-trade, that would have warranted us in finding the amount doubled instead of being reduced almost one third. Will our reviewer do us the favor to explain why it was that external commerce increased so rapidly under the tariff of 1828 as to make it necessary to free from duty coffee, tea, and silks, and why it was that it diminished so rapidly under the tariff of 1833 as to compel us to go back to protection? We should be much pleased if he could favor us with one that would pass current in his politico-economical school, and by which he would agree to abide, if only during the time required for its examination.

We have thus seen that by the reviewer's own figures the power to import duty-paying commodities diminished with the diminution of protection, and with the closing of the mills and furnaces of the country. With 1842, the system changed, and the average of duties payable on dutiable goods was raised, as the reviewer himself informs us, to 33¼ per cent. Did the power to import diminish? On the contrary it grew steadily,

* See page 331, *ante.*

* The reader is requested to observe that the figures in the above table refer only to the imports of duty-paying merchandise.

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the average import of duty-paying goods having been 71,000,000, even according to the reviewer's own mode of statement, the correctness of which may be judged by the following facts. In the fiscal year 1841–2 there were large importations in anticipation of a rise of duties, and the necessary consequence was a diminished amount of importation for the first few months after the passage of the law. In the first half of 1846–7, every thing imported not immediately required for consumption was warehoused, and imports of all kinds were kept back until the new law should go in force. The reviewer objects to Mr. Carey's mode of arrangement because it provides a compensation for these things, preferring to take the days and the hours of the existence of the law, although he cannot but know that it produces error to the extent of at least fifty millions of dollars, or a million per month of the period. With all this error, and taking the average, as insisted upon by the reviewer, we obtain for the import of duty-paying goods, 71,000,000 per annum, or $3.60 per head, against $3.18 in 1840–41. In the last of these years the import of cotton and woollens was almost double, and of iron greater by twenty per cent. than in the first of them. All this our contemporary must have perfectly well known, and we do hope that in his next tables he will endeavor to be more fair and honest. He says that protective duties diminish the power to maintain trade. If so, why did trade grow so rapidly under the tariff of 1842? He says that the British monopoly system tends to increase the power to maintain trade. If so, why did trade diminish so rapidly under the compromise? We pray him to explain.

The reviewer fails to accomplish his object, even by his own mode of arranging the figures, the effect of which is to throw not less than fifty millions of dollars of the real foreign trade of this period into those immediately preceding and immediately following it. That such was the effect he knew, or he did not know it. *If he did*, then his object must have been to mystify and deceive his readers. *If he did not*, then his want of knowledge should disqualify him for further discussion of such questions. We beg him to select for himself the horn of this dilemma most suited to his taste.

In the view thus far given of the working of the tariff of 1842, we have omitted all reference to the fact that during the existence of the compromise we had incurred a debt of two hundred millions; that in its last year we were unable to pay even the interest upon that debt; that the first two years were merely years of preparation; that during the period of its existence we sent to Europe property amounting probably to thirty millions for the payment of back interest, and thus diminished our power to import; that in the last year we had paid up the back interest, and had resumed the payment of current interest to the extent of probably ten millions per annum, thus still further diminishing our power to import. Let these things be added to the amount that was imported, and it will be seen to how vast an extent our power to purchase *and pay* grew as with the operation of the tariff of 1842 our power of production increased.

The system of 1828 was in the direction of real freedom of trade. Under its most beneficent operation, tea, coffee, and many other articles were freed from all duty. That of 1846 was a move in the opposite direction, many commodities being subjected to duty that were free under that of 1842. An examination of the reviewer's table shows that under it the free goods imported have been less by about twenty millions than under that of 1842.

The total imports of the year 1845–6, the first in which we could be considered to have even moderately recovered from the effects of the compromise tariff, amounted to $110,000,000, and if we estimate at that rate the forty-three months of the tariff of 1846, ending June last, we shall have $394,000,000. The average excess of population has been about eight per cent., which would give $32,000,000 more, or a total of $426,000,000. Our reviewer states the whole import of the forty-three months at $582,000,000 and some "fractions" that we do not care to count, and thus the excess of import is $156,000,000, giving him all the advantage of the year of prosperity, 1847, when, *as he knows well*, the tariff of 1846 was rendered almost wholly inoperative by the high prices produced by the speculative condition of affairs in England. Of this $156,000,000, the potato rot alone gave *forty millions*, and we have gone in debt for the balance. We have worn the cloth and used the iron, but have yet to pay for it, and this the reviewer knows. Not a dollar can be shown of real incr

in the power to maintain trade, even although the reviewer has arranged the tables to suit himself, at a cost of at least $50,000,000 to the tariff of 1842. Under that tariff each year went ahead of its predecessor, while the most that can be said of its successor is that it has rendered foreign commerce stationary, preparatory to its diminution as in the closing years of the compromise tariff.

The reviewer objects to bringing our foreign debts into consideration. He says that "except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace those debts to far other causes." Indeed! We presume then, that he, as the exponent of all the political science of the Union, can enable us to trace out those causes, and can explain why we *always* go in debt under the Manchester system, and *never* under the real free-trade one, based upon efficient and complete protection. If he will not, we will do do it for him. When we make coarse cloth we can buy and *pay for* fine cloth. When we make pig iron we can buy and *pay for* silks. When we import coarse cloth and pig iron we become too poor even to pay for them.

The increase of 1830–34 over 1821–30 could, said the reviewer, readily be accounted for. The latter was "a remote period," and "the resources of the country were not developed." How was it in that from 1846 to 1850? Were they more or less developed than in 1833–4? Why then is it that under this beautiful *free-trade* system our actual import, per head, is less than it was then? It then reached *seven dollars* per head, and so it did in 1846–7; and *all the goods were paid for*, and this is the quantity actually retained for consumption, the re-exports being deducted. This would give for the period now under consideration an amount of more than 560,000,000, whereas our reviewer can make out a total of only 582,000,000, from which are to be deducted the large amount of re-exports,* probably 40,000,000, and the immense debt that we have contracted, and upon which we have now to pay interest. Will he oblige us by an explanation of the reason why the intervening years of development under the Manchester system show a decrease, while, under the protective system, the increase in our foreign trade is so nearly regular?

We desire now particularly to call the attention of our readers to the "artful dodge" of our reviewer in avoiding all reference to the question of the power of consuming cloth, iron, and other commodities under the different systems. The home production of iron grew, as we have stated, in the period of 1843 to 1847, from 200,000 to 800,000 tons, and it was all consumed and readily paid for. The manufacture of cottons and woollens, and the production of grain, sugar, wool, and hemp grew with a like growth, and yet we not only paid our back interest, but we resumed payment not only of the interest on our foreign debts, but even of the debts themselves, and imported more than we had ever done before. In vain will the reader seek in the article of this *Democratic* reviewer for facts so important to an inquiry into the effect of these different systems upon the condition of the people. All he can see is how much we import; how much we contribute to the support of the British system. Provided that be supported, his object will be accomplished, and his poor friends, the Democrats, may go without food, cloth, or iron, for all the interest that he appears to take in that, the real and great question.

In strong contrast with his indifference to this question, is the remarkable interest that was required to induce the collection of the important information about spices, oil, cloth, &c., as given in the table at page 332. In that are embraced tea, coffee, and fruits, and immediately following is furnished a table of the quantity of "taxed and untaxed goods" imported in 1832, '3, and '4, by way of exposing the "temerity" of Mr. Carey in claiming 1833–4, the year in which the compromise bill went into operation, as subject to the regime of 1828. The unfortunate reviewer has forgotten that we advocate protection as the road to freedom of trade, and that it was because of the vast development of the resources of the country under the tariff of 1828, that we were enabled to repeal the duties on tea, coffee, and fruits. *That repeal was the great triumph of the protective principle*, and he cannot but know that it was so. Had the tariff of 1828 been maintained, the trade in

* Owing to the manner in which the reviewer has arranged his table, we are unable to obtain the amount of foreign merchandise exported for the corresponding periods. Those of the last fiscal year ed thirteen millions.

four fifths of the commodities we import, and probably all, would be now as free as is that in tea and coffee. We beg of him to read the books he has reviewed, and try to satisfy himself that such is the case. Until he shall do so, we trust he will not have the "temerity" to undertake the manufacture of further tables.

Under the tariff of 1828, there was an increase, as has been seen, of 17·6 per cent. in our foreign trade, while the domestic trade grew with great rapidity. With the reduction of duties foreign trade declined, and the domestic trade was prostrated. Under the tariff of 1842, the foreign trade increased, and the domestic production grew with a rapidity never before known. Under the tariff of 1846, the foreign trade, except so far as depends upon the power still remaining to us to purchase on credit, has become stationary. Progress is then the characteristic of the American system, and immobility followed by decline that of the British one. Why it is so is easily seen. The power to trade depends on the power to produce, and the latter grows with protection while it diminishes with its withdrawal.

The professed object of the tariff of 1846 was to increase the power to consume cloth and iron. Has it done so? Has it not diminished it? Has it not even diminished the actual quantity consumed, notwithstanding the great increase of population? We pray our contemporary to answer these questions.

We come now to the question of immigration, in regard to which Mr. Carey's views are thus given:—

"Were we now importing a million of people, the shipping required for that purpose alone would be 830,000 tons, and freights to Europe would be almost nominal, for great numbers would go altogether in ballast. Whatever tends to increase the bulk of the commodities imported tends equally to diminish the cost of transportation, and to increase the export of the products of the farmer and planter. If we imported raw silk, we should import Frenchmen to manufacture it, and coffee for them to drink, and the ships that imported the silk, the men, and the coffee, would cheaply transport cotton or cotton cloth. If we import gutta percha, we obtain it from one who desires to buy cloth, and to whom cloth can then be cheaply sent. If we import gutta percha goods, we obtain them from men who have cloth to sell, and to whom cotton cannot be cheaply sent. If we desire, then, to increase our commerce and our navigation, the object is to be accomplished by the adoption of measures that will bring the loom to take its place by the side of the plough. The harmony of the agricultural, manufacturing, and shipping interests would here appear to be complete.

With such an importation of men, there would be an annual addition of 1,000,000 with whom we would have *perfect* freedom of trade, uninterfered with by custom-house officers, sailors, or ships. At the end of ten years, there would be thus made an addition of twelve or thirteen millions of persons, who would consume twice as much cotton as is now consumed by the whole people of Great Britain and Ireland. The harmony between the views of the free-traders and those of the protectionists would thus appear to be almost perfect. The more the subject is examined, the more obvious does it become that the *only* road to perfect freedom of trade lies through perfect protection."

Here was a question of considerable importance to a free trader and a Democrat, both of which our reviewer professes to be. If protection tended to raise the wages of labor, it could not fail to increase commerce, increase the demand for ships, extend the area of free trade, and also to impart to millions of Europeans the advantages of improved physical and moral condition, and self-government. Under these circumstances, it would seem to be entitled to grave consideration; but the reviewer belongs to the sect whose Bible is contained in the single line, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest one," and he has nothing but ridicule to bestow upon the "simple-hearted" author who looks to the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the human race.

We have now to call the attention of our readers to a fact that will enable them clearly to estimate the reliance to be placed on any statement of our reviewer.

Mr. Carey has furnished a table of the growth of SHIPPING, with a view to show that it always grows with protection, and with the consequent growth of immigration, and diminishes as protection diminishes, and as immigration falls off. It is as follows:

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| | Total shipping built. Tons. | Per thousand of population. | Steamers built. | Per million of population. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1821 to 1829, average, | 90,000 | 8 1823-29 | 35 | 3.1 |
| 1830, | 58,000 | 4·5 | 37 | 3 |
| 1831, | 85,000 | 6·4 | 34 | 2 6 |
| 1832, | 144,000 | 10·5 | 100 | 7·2 |
| 1833, | 161,000 | 11·4 | 65 | 4·6 |
| 1834, | 118,000 | 8·1 | 68 | 4·7 |
| 1835 to 1841, | 106,000 | 6 6 | 92 | 5·7 |
| 1842-3, | 91,000 | 5 | 108 | 5·8 |
| 1845, | 146,000 | 7·5 | 163 | 8·5 |
| 1844, (nine months,) | 103,000—137,000 | 7·2 | 163—217 | 11·4 |
| 1846, | 188,000 | 9·4 | 225 | 11·5 |
| 1847, | 243,000 | 11 8 | 198 | 9·7 |
| 1848, | 316,000 | 15 | 175 | 8·3 |
| 1849, | 256,000 | 11·8 | 208 | 9·6 |

We see here a large increase in the years from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid.

The facts here given are so conclusive as not to admit of question. They are, therefore *dodged*, and the reviewer says nothing about the shipping. He takes, however, the paragraph above given, and joins it on to the next succeeding one, which relates to immigration, and attaches the two to the table of immigration, for the purpose of making Mr. Carey contradict himself within half a dozen lines, as will be seen by reference to his article.* The trick is ingeniously performed, and well calculated to deceive his readers; but what shall we say of the honesty of such a proceeding, and particularly on the part of a man who is perpetually crying out fraud and deception, on the strength of his own unceasing perversion of words and figures, for the purpose of proving that which cannot be proved? The whole *thing*, miscalled a review, would be appropriately named after the old farce, *The Budget of Blunders*, or, the Budget of something worse than blunders. We pray our readers to read the two paragraphs, and then determine for themselves if it were possible for a man with the table of shipping before him, to imagine even for a moment that he had made an honest quotation.

The difficulty with our contemporary was, as it appears, "to tell where exposure was to commence." With us, the case is different, the difficulty being to tell where it is to end. We look in vain throughout his whole article for a single frank, fair, and honest statement as a set-off to the errors, accidental or intentional, that have been pointed out; but it would be easy to add to the number of those errors did we desire longer to trespass upon the patience of our readers with the examination of such a paper as the one we have now copied for the purpose of enabling them to see and understand for themselves the arguments of the leaders of the Free-Trade League. We presume, however, that they have already had enough of this political economist, who has yet to learn the meaning of the word Rent; this free-trader, whose *beau ideal of freedom of commerce* would be realized in the adoption of measures tending to secure to Great Britain a *monopoly* of the trade and commerce of the world; this *Democrat*, whose system looks to sustaining the moneyed *aristocracy* of Britain at the cost of the farmers and planters of the world; this friend of equal rights, who believes in the existence of divine laws, by virtue of which the rich must be made richer and more powerful, and the poor poorer, and more enslaved; this philosopher, who finds in the negro *quarter* and the hen-roost appropriate illustrations of his views in regard to human progress. We therefore take our leave of him with a single word as to the future. We have treated him most leniently in affording him the opportunity to determine upon which of the horns of a very disagreeable dilemma he will hang himself, but he must not calculate upon a repetition of such leniency. If we find him again trespassing in the same manner, he shall have Lynch law. We will hang him up ourselves, without judge or jury.

In closing this article, we desire to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Carey's views of the comparative merits of the two systems, as thus given at the close of his work:—

"Two systems are before the world; the one looks to increasing the proportion of persons and of capital engaged in trade and transportation, and therefore to diminishing the proportion engaged in producing commodities with which to trade, with necessarily diminished return to the labor of all; while the other looks to increasing

* See page 883, ante.

the proportion engaged in the work of production, and diminishing that engaged in trade and transportation, with increased return to all, giving to the laborer good wages, and to the owner of capital good profits. One looks to increasing the quantity of raw materials to be exported, and diminishing the inducements to the import of men, thus impoverishing both farmer and planter by throwing on them the burden of freight; while the other looks to increasing the import of men, and diminishing the export of raw materials, thereby enriching both planter and farmer by relieving them from the payment of freight. One looks to giving the *products* of millions of acres of land and of the labor of millions of men for the *services* of hundreds of thousands of distant men; the other to bringing the distant men to consume on the land the products of the land, exchanging day's labor for day's labor. One looks to compelling the farmers and planters of the Union to continue their contributions for the support of the fleets and the armies, the paupers, the nobles, and the sovereigns of Europe; the other to enabling ourselves to apply the same means to the moral and intellectual improvement of the sovereigns of America.* One looks to the continuance of that *bastard* freedom of trade which denies the principle of protection, yet doles it out as revenue duties; the other to extending the area of *legitimate* free trade by the establishment of perfect protection, followed by the annexation of individuals and communities, and ultimately by the abolition of custom-houses. One looks to exporting men to occupy desert tracts, the sovereignty of which is obtained by aid of diplomacy or war; the other to increasing the value of an immense extent of vacant land by importing men by millions for their occupation. One looks to the *centralization* of wealth and power in a great commercial city that shall rival the great cities of modern times, which have been and are being supported by aid of contributions which have exhausted every nation subjected to them; the other to *concentration*, by aid of which a market shall be made upon the land for the products of the land, and the farmer and planter be enriched. One looks to increasing the necessity for commerce; the other to increasing the power to maintain it. One looks to underworking the Hindoo, and sinking the rest of the world to his level; the other to raising the standard of man throughout the world to our level. One looks to pauperism, ignorance, depopulation, and barbarism; the other to increasing wealth, comfort, intelligence, combination of action, and civilization. One looks towards universal war; the other towards universal peace. One is the English system; the other we may be proud to call the American system, for it is the only one ever devised the tendency of which was that of ELEVATING while EQUALIZING the condition of man throughout the world.

"SUCH is the true MISSION of the people of these United States. To them has been granted a privilege never before granted to man, that of the exercise of the right of perfect self-government; but, as rights and duties are inseparable, with the grant of the former came the obligation to perform the latter. Happily their performance is pleasant and profitable, and involves no sacrifice. To raise the value of labor throughout the world, we need only to raise the value of our own. To raise the value of land throughout the world, it is needed only that we adopt measures that shall raise the value of our own. To diffuse intelligence and to promote the cause of morality throughout the world, we are required only to pursue the course that shall diffuse education throughout our own land, and shall enable every man more readily to acquire property, and with it respect for the rights of property. To improve the political condition of man throughout the world, it is needed that we ourselves should remain at peace, avoid taxation for the maintenance of fleets and armies, and become rich and prosperous. To raise the condition of woman throughout the world, it is required of us only that we pursue that course that enables men to remain at home and marry, that they may surround themselves with happy children and grand-children. To substitute true Christianity for the detestable system known as the Malthusian, it is needed that we prove to the world that it is population that makes the food come from the rich soils, and that food tends to increase more rapidly than population, thus vindicating the policy of God to man. Doing these things, the addition to our population by immigration will speedily rise to millions, and with each and every year the desire for that perfect freedom of trade which results from incorporation within the Union, will be seen to spread and to increase in its intensity, leading gradually to the establishment of an empire the most extensive and magnificent the world has yet seen, based upon the principle of maintaining peace itself, and strong enough to insist upon the maintenance of peace by others, yet carried on without the aid of fleets, or armies, or taxes, the sales of public lands alone sufficing to pay the expenses of government.

To establish such an empire—to prove that among the people of the world, whether agriculturists, manufacturers, or merchants, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the happiness of individuals, as well as the grandeur of nations, is to be promoted by perfect obedience to that greatest of all commands, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' is the object and will be the result of that mission. Whether that result shall be speedily attained, or whether it shall be postponed to a distant period, will depend greatly upon the men who are charged with the performance of the duties of government. If their movements be governed by that enlightened self-interest which induces man to seek his happiness in the promotion of that of his fellow-man, it will come soon. If, on the contrary, they be governed by that ignorant selfishness which leads to the belief that individual, party, or national interests, are to be promoted by measures tending to the deterioration of the condition of others, it will be late."*

* Russia is now raising by loan five millions of pounds sterling to pay the expenses of the war in Hungary. The farmers and planters of the Union are the chief contributors to this loan.

* Harmony of Interests, page 228.

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# THE CROWNING OF QUASHEE:

## A CORONATION COMMEMORATION.

BY POMPEY SAMBO,

POET LAUREATE TO HIS SABLE MAJESTY THE MOSQUITO KING.

I.

Once a great and famous city
Of old Europe, Rome by name,
Casting off its feudal fetters,
Girded on the robe of Fame;
People's voices rose in anger
'Gainst the tyrant barons, proud,
And a voice above the clangor
('T was a Smith's) addressed the crowd;
And he said, "Tell me, ye Romans, who 'll be Tribune of the State,
Who so well the laws can honor as who did the code create?"

II.

"None so good as he who made them,
And ye Romans I herewith
Name Rienzi—King, or Tribune!"
So spake Vecchio, the Smith.
And a shout, like human Etna,
When volcanic peoples pour
Their lava-voiced defiance
O'er the sides they propp'd before,
Arose, and shut the clear air out with density of breath:
"Live Cola di Rienzi; we will follow him to death!"

III.

And bells shook with their merry peals
San Angelo's proud dome;
And standards waved while on him fell
The Tribuneship of Rome;
And men-at-arms and bishops join
The crowd of hearts that roll,
Bearing, like waves, Rienzi to
The famous Capitol.
And close he barred the city gates, (so says historic lore,)
And when the nobles came, he cried, "Who 's knocking at my door?"

IV.

But ye who thirst for school-boy tales,
Or study *Forum* looks,
May read the full account of this
In Bulwer's, Mitford's books;

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In Petrarch, Gibbon, Sismondi,
De Cerçeau, and, in short,
The best I think 's the German one,
Von Felix Papencordt,
Printed at Hamburg; and who likes to praise Rienzi, may—
But to a nobler far, my friends, I dedicate my lay!

v.

You have read of coronations
In the old and later time;
Of Semiramis the gorgeous,
And of Persian kings sublime;
You have heard of Sardanapalus,
Assyrian courts among,
And of William, crown'd at Hastings,
While the sword on helmet rung;
Of Tudor's making Bosworth field a blood-surrounded throne;
And of Bruce's solemn crowning 'mid the hardy Scots at Scone.

vi.

You have read of magic Turkey,
When it gives celestial sway;
Of perfumed mosques, and putting there
Young maids in *Harem's* way;
Read the pompous ceremonial
Of Napoleon's crowning hour;
How glad France shook when Boney took
The crown with despot power;
And all the earth has read with mirth Victoria's crowning *fête:*
But these are straws, for fools' applause, to that which I relate!

vii.

Hail, O Muse! who erst sat over
Homer's Iliads, while I sing
In immortal strains trochaic,
Of Mosquito's gracious King!
And you, Muse, who sittest over
Turkey's bard, immortal Bosh,
Aid me while I crown the scion
Of the royal race of Quash.
Robert Charles Frederick Sambo, Britain's ally, Prince of Rum,
Grant "protection" while thy poet now tattoos thy kettle-drum.

viii.

Doctor Smyth and Doctor Pritchard,
You may stretch your digits out
From your noses, at Agassiz,
Who hereafter ne'er can doubt.
Ghosts of Blumenbach and Cuvier,
You may dance in Hades now,
For I've made a grand discovery
To prove you right, I vow:
Ay! prove to all philosophers both living and deceased,
"The Unity of Races" in one monarch's loins at least!

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IX.

For the blood of John Bull ranges
In my royal Sambo's veins,
And the dusky stream of Afric
With the vengeful tide that 's Spain's;
And ruddy hue of Mexico,
With hate of pirates bold;
And skipper's race from Deutschland—
Vagrant blood of Viking old!
With creole greed, a world-wide breed, and negro's lazy limb,
For of those climes his fathers were—find me a king like him!

X.

On the solemn April morning,
Sambo first received the crown;
Crowded in the valiant Caciques
To Balize, hence famous town.
There was rum from old Jamaica,
Whiskey toddy from the Isles,
And anticipating red lips
Grinning wild and thirsty smiles;
And the cheer that hailed Rienzi was a nursery squall to that
Which usher'd in the crownéd head knocked in a three-cocked hat.

XI.

Oh for pen of sacred poet,
To describe with Willis' knack
The Chatham street habiliments
Of these gentlemen in *black!*
Oh for artist's eye of color,
To describe those color men,
Or the whole force of a Garrison
In an abolition *pen!*
Or were I e'en a *Long*-fellow, that black of lightsome leg,*
A kindred race would grant my face, that brass which now I beg.

XII.

In the court the sable nobles
With approval "yah" and grin;
Rows of teeth, like half-moon crescents,
Shine o'er each receding chin.
Here struts Jake: a sailor's jacket
Clothes his legs, for arms designed—
Clothes his bursting calves of olive,
And is buttoned up behind;
From his waist a sword is dangling, and though every step he takes
Rends his leggings, still he loves to hear the noise his scabbard makes.

XIII.

Here a Herculean shoulder
Smiles through dislocated seams;
There a pantaloonless Cacique
In an oil'd-coat fondly dreams

* Henry Long, the *fugitive* slave. No connection of the other *Long*fellow, the *fugitive slave* maker of Boston.

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Queen Victoria is his sister ;
And yon chief with noble mien
Thinks his captain's coat *sans* skirting
Hides what never should be seen ;
And an epauletted major gives his naked friend a sneer,
Feeling *tall* in Hessian top-boots and a cap of grenadier.

XIV.

Here a noble far less modest
Might draw from me some remark,
But the white guests will remember,
Save themselves, all there was *dark ;*
And though *spectacles* were plenty,
Still e'en second sight would fail
To see aught but *darker ages,*
Girt with British true *black mail.*
At times they made me think of (and I'm sure you'd think so too)
*That* transcendental writing which I ne'er saw rightly through.

XV.

Lo ! the King invites attention—
His majestic scarlet coat
Glowing o'er his scanty check shirt
Tightly buttoned to the throat.
Though his legs reject the trouser,
And of boots he wears but one,
Still is his the kingly figure
That I love to gaze upon.
Now see how he smiles around him, casting *perfume* on the air,
As he runs—like Broadway dandy—his blest fingers through his hair.

XVI.

Round the jolly Rum is quaffed, till
Chiefs and nobles yell and lurch
In allegiance, while the pageant
Seeks the coronation church.
There a chair stood by the altar,
Where sat down the man I sing :
"Rule Britannia !" said the chaplain,
And sung out, "God save the King !"
And the black-guards cried, "God save the King, great ruler of the sod,"
And they danced like conquering devils in this fallen house of God.

XVII.

Never king was more delighted
Than our Robert Charles Fred.;
He twirl'd his digits to his nose,
And "yah'd" at all was said !
And straightway all his nobles then,
Partaking of his bliss,

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Out-"yah'd" the King: "Oh, such a day
Was neber known as dis."
And then they ate, and drank, and sung, and kissed the *fair* ones all;
And the pleasures of free nature crowned with bliss the royal ball.*

XVIII.

And is my King not mighty King
As ever King of yore?
Doth he not now Honduras hold,
San Juan, San Salvador;
Balize, and Costa Rica, too,
And swears he won't give o'er,
Until his dreaded standard shrouds
The Isthmus, shore to shore?
The temper fades from Yankee blades where'er his flag's unfurled,
And soon *my* King shall to him bring the commerce of the world! †

XIX.

Now some may sneer, and some may jeer,
At this modern civilization,
And some may laugh who the moral quaff
From this kingly coronation.
As they eye their pipe, they may pipe their eye,
At this doleful state of things;
And the one may joke, and the other smoke
O'er the glorious trade of Kings:
But I say the worst, the more doubly curst, are they who let it be;
So, hurrah for the King of Mosquito, boys! and three cheers for his bard—
that 's me!

---

* The following picture of the court, coronation, and courtiers, is painted by an English hand, and we may be certain there is in it "nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice." He says:—

"On the previous evening cards of invitation were sent to the different merchants, requesting their attendance at the court-house early in the morning. At this place the King, dressed in a British Major's uniform, made his appearance; and his chiefs similarly clothed, but with sailors' trousers, were ranged round the room. A more motley group can hardly be imagined. Here an epaulette decorated a Herculean shoulder, tempting its dignified owner to view his less favored neighbor with triumphant glances," &c. * * * After proceeding to the church and being duly crowned, the following note is made of the royal Sambo by the same pen:—"His Majesty seemed chiefly occupied in admiring his finery, and after his anointing, expressed his gratification by repeatedly thrusting his hands through his thick bushy hair, and applying his fingers to his nose; in this expressive manner indicating his delight at this part of the service." After which all parties adjourned to a school-room, "where these poor creatures all got intoxicated with rum—a suitable conclusion to a farce as blasphemous as ever disgraced a Christian country."—*Dunn's Central America.*

It is with no little gratification that the Poet Laureate of so mighty a monarch as his Majesty of Mosquito can adduce testimony of so indubitable and English a character to "back up" the glories of which he sings, as the foregoing paragraphs. In fact, to take a liberty (but that is nothing in poetry when nations take such large ones) with a late verse of Mr. Longfellow's, I might say,

"In the English books I 've quoted,
Of a late and pirate time,
You will find in prose the legend
Which is here set down in rhyme."

† His Majesty is about constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus; that is his principal reason for spreading the Mosquito standard over that territory, and promising to allow his sister Victoria's *Bull* to dance in the *China* halls of the celestials, and throw the followers of Confucius into confusion.

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# HON. WILLIAM WRIGHT,

## OF NEW-JERSEY.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

William Wright, the subject of this sketch, was born at Clarksville, Rockland county, in the State of New-York, within a few miles of the Jersey line, in 1794; and is now in his 57th year. His father was a graduate of Yale College, an educated physician, and a gentleman in the true sense of the term. He died in 1808, leaving his son, then but fourteen years old, an orphan, and with no other patrimony than an honest name. At the period of his father's death he was pursuing his studies, preparatory to a profession, at the academy at Poughkeepsie; but, deprived of his means of support by his father's death, it was necessary for him to abandon his studies, and adopt measures to obtain his subsistence by some more industrial pursuit.

He was accordingly placed by his uncle with Anson G. Phelps, Esq., now one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of New-York, (and who could very appropriately apply to himself those beautiful and expressive words of Job, as recorded in the Scriptures of Divine Truth, "*The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy,*") to learn the trade of a saddle and harness maker. The industry and vigor of his character were here shown; for, besides supporting himself, he was able to save, by the end of his term, the sum of three hundred dollars. With this sum, which was the foundation of the large fortune he subsequently acquired, he repaired to Bridgeport, hired a small store, and soon began to develop those mental resources which have placed him at the head of the manufacturing interests of the section of country where he resides. He remained in Bridgeport for seven years, engaged in extending his business; and in 1822 removed to Newark, N.J., where he has since resided, and where the principal manufacturing establishment, with which he has been ever since connected, is located.

From his large interest in the extended trade and manufacturing business of the city of Newark, his strict integrity, and his extended information, he soon became one of its most valued citizens. He declined, however, all official position, until in 1839, '40 and '41, he was successively elected Mayor of the city, without opposition.

In 1843 he was brought forward by the business interests of one of the strongest manufacturing districts in the Union, as a suitable candidate for its representative in Congress. He was duly elected, and represented the Fifth District of New-Jersey in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Congress, where his intimate acquaintance with the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country rendered him a most valuable member. While in Congress he was scarcely ever found absent from his post; and his votes and acts proved him a true representative of the interests of his district, and of the Union at large.

On his declining a re-nomination to Congress, in 1846, he was regarded throughout the State of New-Jersey as the most eligible candidate for Governor which the Whig party could select; and at the Whig State Convention, held in 1847, he was nominated for that office by a large majority on the first ballot. Unexpectedly to the Whig party, whose standard-bearer he had become, an insidious opposition was manifested by a small number of Whigs during the canvass which succeeded; and yet, small as was this number, it was of serious importance in a State so evenly balanced as New-Jersey. The result of the contest, though gallantly fought, was the defeat of Mr. Wright; but it did not in the slightest degree weaken the confidence of his friends, or his strong position in the

State. It was well known from the commencement that the contest was doubtful, and that the slightest defection rendered it hopeless; yet the vote given him was a flattering testimonial from the working Whigs, of their entire sympathy with him as a Whig, and their estimation of him as a man.

In the character of a liberal benefactor, few men in the Union can surpass the subject of our sketch. In all departments of education, among all religious denominations, he has munificently expended the fortune which his ability and prudence had acquired, by steady perseverance in honest and honorable pursuits. It has ever appeared to be a pleasure to him to do good with the ample means with which Providence has blessed him. He has not locked up his money in his coffers, but has distributed it broadcast, to relieve the destitute, to aid the enterprising but poor mechanic, to promote the cause of education, of morals, and of religion. He has ever been the warm and steadfast friend of the industrial classes, and in no one instance has he ever departed from that policy which secures their rights and promotes their interests. He is in private life a courteous, well-bred gentleman, and marked in all his dealings by the strictest integrity of action.

The position of Mr. Wright in New-Jersey is one of a commanding character. At the head of the manufacturing interest—his interests strongly identified with the full protection of American industry—his large resources heavily invested in the internal improvements of the State—he seems naturally to possess a powerful influence. Few men are better acquainted with its manifold resources, or have more liberally co-operated in their profitable development. This is with him not simply the result of business speculation, but is the effect of an enlarged and vigorous conception of the true uses of property and wealth. Uniting the practical education of business-life to an attentive observation of political affairs—combining the experience of the manufacturer with that of the legislator—his judgment ripened by intercourse with the best statesmen of the country, it is natural that he should exert a decided influence in any party.

New-England and the Middle States have furnished, within a few years, a number of this class to the National Councils, and they have been uniformly regarded as among the ablest, in their practical views of the policy of the Government.

We trust that such individuals, wherever found, may be truly ranked in our estimate of public men. It is not always the most brilliant speaker that deserves the highest honors, but rather he whose services to his country have been measured by their practical good. In the ranks of such men few can more justly claim pre-eminence than Hon. William Wright, of New-Jersey.

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## PARODY.

HAIL, *Politics!* thou power reserved!
In chase of thee what crowds hae swerved
Frae *honesty,* and sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' *papers;*
And och! o'er aft thy joe's hae *starved*
Mid a' *their capers!*

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# LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.*

THESE poems, taken as a whole, form a book at once tasteless, tedious, and uninteresting. We had once some hopes of Mr. Longfellow as a poet, but his book has, unfortunately, spoiled all—has even spirited away the partiality we had entertained for some of his fugitive poems which chance threw in our way some years since, and which, now that they are thrown in company with the pithless train before us, have somehow lost their former hold. Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt; and if the truth of the old proverb is doubted, we need only refer, in proof, some *lang syne* friend of this author, who, like ourself, may have been momentarily won to an *American* poet by some stray lines travelling the newspaper rounds,—we need only to refer such, we say, to the elaborated production now in our view; and if he can so tax his patience and his taste as to read through both volumes, we are quite sure that he will doubt no longer. We know that this is a very harsh sentence, but there is consolation in knowing also that malice is not the prompter. There are, on the contrary, strong reasons why we could have wished to admire and praise Mr. Longfellow's poetry. He is, in the first place, an American; and this, of itself, is a sufficient cause to induce regret that his book of poems has fallen so very far short of that standard which, in our judgment, must be fully compassed, if one would attain to even passing excellence in this hallowed art. It is greatly to be lamented, indeed, that our land should have been, thus far, so barren in this respect; and the mystery is, how to account for it? The harvest is plentiful—themes are not wanting—minstrelsy is challenged on all sides. The Indian history, wandering through the checkered fortunes of a thousand different tribes, abounds richly in the lore of tradition. The charms of nature, whether in the association of primeval forests, of scenery wild, majestic, and beautiful, of lakes and rivers overflowing with legendary interest, are every where displayed through a region extending from latitudes of unbroken winter to perennial spring and tropical suns. History teems with numberless events—thrilling, vivifying, enchanting—which are linked with poetic inspirations, and which belong more properly to verse than to prose. Romance and reality, both, dallyingly open their storied arms, and invite a foray on their luxuriant possessions. The wondrous tales of the Mexican Conquest—the lovely and touching story of Pocahontas—the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—the wild legends of King Philip's heroism—the Salem witches—and many other incidents which might be named, all afford tangible material with which to weave a poet's chaplet. The poetry shines in every page of the old chroniclers' quaint books, from Bernal Diaz to Captain Smith and Cotton Mather. No pedantry, no tasteless detail can distort or smother the enlivening features of song, which gather shape and symmetry as we turn each succeeding leaf.

Here, then, is ample ground—ample inducement; but genius, so far, is the thing yet lacked. So far, indeed, as prose is concerned, master artists have been engaged in the work. Prescott, Irving, and Cooper have gone over the field, and illumined the path to poetical elicitation. Their works have clothed history with a fascination that the sons of song, whose province it more properly is to gather the romance of early time, may well envy, and has thrown all attempts at minstrelsy completely in the background. What Goethe and Schiller have done for Germany—what Camoens did for Portugal—what Moore has done for Ireland, and Walter Scott for Caledonia, these illustrious writers, though no poets, have accomplished for our country. All human beings, of whatever clime or tongue, long for some information about past times in their history, and are delighted with narratives which present

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pictures to the eye of the mind. To this may be traced the origin of ballad poetry and of metrical romance; and the man who possesses the genius to embellish the scanty but treasured memorials of early-day scenes and events, will always be highly esteemed in his own generation, and almost reverenced by a grateful posterity. To this enviable fame, no one in our country has yet preferred a successful suit. The materials languish in neglect, and have nearly gone to decay. Our rhymers are full of every other kind of poetry save that which alone is open to them. They are eternally inditing silly verses about every-day silly things — are lavishing pretty words in the sickly attempt to retouch and embellish Scriptural incidents—making sonnets about flowers, and cigar-girls, and pigeon-nests; or else, like Mr. Longfellow, are running a wild-goose chase to catch up insipid fragments of German or Swedish verse, for which the reading portion of their own countrymen care about as much as they care for a translation of Merlin, or a reprint of Henry the Eighth's Defense of the Roman Church. And yet these venal pretenders are called *poets*, have admiring coteries, assume a puny arrogance of air and manner, and, now and then, flaunt over to England, that, after begging a reluctant moiety of praise from one or two writers anxious to court American favor, they may prop their petty productions by exhibiting a transatlantic puff.

"These are the themes that claim our plaudits now,
These are the bards to whom the Muse must bow."

We may here quite aptly observe, in this connection, that among the aphorisms admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous than that compendious monition: *Gnothi seauton—be acquainted with thyself.* In general, we are far more willing to study others than to study ourselves; and hence it so frequently occurs that men, seduced by incautious self-admiration or by the flattery of weak friends, so often mistake their calling and their gifts, and blindly run counter to their destiny. Men of good common sense, and of unquestionable talent, are sometimes as apt as their inferiors to fall into this common error. On no other ground can we account for Mr. Longfellow's poetical adventurings. No one can doubt but that he is a man of practical sense, of very considerable talent, and of high and enviable attainments as a scholar; yet we see the strong evidences of nature's inconsistency in his condescension to father poems which might have *graced* the Dunciad, and which, for bad taste and tame composition, might stand a comparison with the shallowest specimens of the American school. Indeed, this gentleman, highly accomplished though he may be in other respects, seems to be fatuitously possessed with the idea that whoever can make words rhyme, or arrange words in strange and fantastic measures by square and rule, may aspire to minstrelsy; that a man may become a poet by a simple act of volition. This same hallucination has, we suppose, given birth to the thousand and one scrambling and puny contestants who have ventured to attune their crazed, discordant lyres, and to set up for being recognized as *American* poets. The observer has only to witness, momentarily, this selfish, elbowing strife of frantic aspirants—each, like the hackmen who infest hotels and dépôts, crying and huckstering for the floating penny—to find out the secret of our deficiency as regards true poetical development. It thus stands disgustingly revealed to his vision, and, of course, excites most unmitigated contempt. No wonder that the muse should shrink from competition with the rampant and vulgar herd!

Now, we should have thought that Mr. Longfellow's ripe scholarship would have effectually unfolded to him the dangers and the miseries of poetasting in the absence of natural endowments, and have also convinced him that Horace uttered no untruth in declaring that a poet is born, not made. Indeed, we incline to think that the Roman bard, when inditing the following advice, was seeking to forewarn just such unwary aspirants as the author of whom we are speaking:—

"Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ discive trochive quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audit fingere! Quidni?
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ;
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens: si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum.
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non ediderís; nescit vox missa reverti."

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If Mr. Longfellow had been less learned than he is; if he had been gifted with no talent more likely to lift him to eminence; if, longing for fame, he could have addressed himself to nothing else as a mean of attainment than reckless poetical errantries; if, in fine, he had not opened a pathway to literary renown through the surer medium of classic and dignified prose, there would be more excuse for his presumption in throwing before a critical and discriminative public the rickety verses of the two volumes now under review, and we, in common with many others, might have been inclined to exercise more amiability and charity. As it is, we have before us the picture of an accomplished and astute Professor turned topsy-turvy by a poetic mania, and evidently laboring under the inflictions of a diseased and morbid ambition. The least censorious would be hard put up to find a palliative for this rhyming furor in one from whom better things might have been expected; for it requires no ordinary effort to suppress a feeling of contempt that tastes, otherwise so well adapted, should thus have been perverted to idolatrous oblations at the shrine of a mongrel deity, no more akin to the true goddess of verse than was the spurious creation of Prometheus to a real man. Mr. Longfellow may, we think, gratefully thank his stars if, after these feeble offerings to the muse, he shall escape the just vengeance which overtook this bold usurper of Jove's functions.

The first of these volumes opens with a prelude, as the author calls it, to a series of poems entitled "Voices of the Night," and is not altogether unpleasant; indeed we are not quite certain but that it is the prettiest composition to be found in the whole book. It certainly approximates much nearer than any other piece to real poetry, of which the following stanza is a partial evidence:—

"The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled
As if I were a boy."

We desire not to be hypercritical with our author, and we will say that the *sentiment* of the stanza is tinged with true poetry, though we must insist that the stanza itself is not so harmoniously worded as the idea might have warranted.

The author is represented as the hero; who, after giving us an introduction to himself, tells of how he wandered into the heart of a venerable forest, communed with the trees and the air, received a call to write poetry, and then winds up by informing us that he is restricted to writing only solemn lines. We can assure the reader that the restriction is not broken. The whole work is sicklied over with the snuffling cant of the conventicle, sometimes bordering on a sort of versified litany or *Te Deum*.

The first Voice is a Hymn to the Night, consisting of six stanzas, set to some particular metre with which we happen not to be acquainted. As a specimen, we quote the three last, italicizing what we consider especially flat and puny:—

"From the cool *cisterns* of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
*From those deep cisterns flows.*

"O holy Night! *from thee I learn to bear*
*What man has borne before!*
Thou layest thy *finger* on the *lips* of care,
And they complain no more.

"Peace! peace! *Orestes-like* I breathe this prayer:
Descend with *broad-winged* flight,
*The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,*
*The best-beloved Night!*"

Next in succession comes a Psalm of Life—dull and common-place enough—which reminds us, as to measure, of the mystic chant of Meg Merrilies, beginning—

"Twist ye, twine ye, even so," &c. &c.

But the half-demented old gipsy indulges a strain at once wild, striking, and rhythmical; whereas, the Psalm is deficient in every respect, and we cite a stanza in proof:—

"*Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,*
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The first line is as bad as it can be—not only bad taste, but bad grammar; for we have two nouns nominative most unmusically and incorrectly qualified with a negative each, and then connected by a conjunction. Poetry is not passable when, by disjointing the rhythm, it will not make good prose; and this being so, we cannot see how Mr. Longfellow will ever reconcile his two negatives.

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We cannot pause to find fault with each

of this series as they come; but the fifth in the succession is so strangely unique, so flimsy, and so peculiarly of the heteroclitical species, that, in justice both to the author and to our criticism, we feel bound to transcribe it entirely; only asking the reader to notice the *nonchalance* with which rhyme is taken up and then dropped, tacked on or shaken off to suit the idea, evoked or discarded as caprice may suggest, or as invention may hold out. It is entitled, "Footsteps of Angels:"—

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the Voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful *firelight*
Dance upon the parlor wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

"He the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

"They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross and suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

"*And with them the Being Beauteous*
*Who unto my youth was given,*
More than all things else to *love me,*
*And is now a saint in heaven.*

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair *beside me*
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and *saint-like,*
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessing ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!"

Surely nothing more insipid, lifeless, unoriginal, was ever put off for poetry! What though a moiety of soft sentiment dwells in the idea—and Mr. Longfellow does not lack for *ideas*—how tantalizing it is to shroud and smother the same in a congealed mass of stale, shilly-shally rhymes!

The "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," we must candidly pronounce to be really pitiful and drivelling. We give below the three first and the middle stanzas:—

"Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared:
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
*Plucks the old man by the beard,*
*Sorely—sorely!*

"The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow:
*Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,*
*It is a sound of woe,*
*A sound of woe!*

"Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, '*Pray for this poor soul,*
Pray—pray!'

* * * *

"To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
'Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!'"

With this poem ends the first series. We come next to the "Earlier Poems;" and we will here venture to suggest that it is a pity the author's poetical aspirations could not have been satisfied at this point, and with these juvenescent achievements. His fame as a writer would then have been without a shade, and we should have been spared the present undertaking; for although there is, as might be naturally expected, some silly sentimentalizing among them, there is yet much to admire in these youthful offerings to the Muse. The following verses, taken from the poem of "Woods in Winter," possess much harmony and sweetness:—

"When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

* * * * *

"Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

* * * * *

"Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day."

These poems, as we are, indeed, frankly told in the preface, were written in the hal-

cyon period of life—the bright and balmy years of youth. It is the season when the spirit of poetry stirs within every bosom. The humble ploughboy, even, feels the inspiration, though he may never attune the sentiment and bring it into being; and as he roams the flowery fields, and inhales the freshening breath of early spring, words of song float dreamingly through his untutored senses, infusing into his soul the healthful incense of bright hopes, to cheer the dull monotony of more real scenes. The same feeling pervades, to a much greater extent, the inmate of the academy or the college—who, imbibing daily the glowing imagery of the classic writers, and feasting the young mind on choice dainties culled from the rich garner of ancient and treasured lore, gives vent to inspiration by clothing opening life with the genial garb of poesy, mingling with its real scenes the lively impressions of excited fancy, which are only erased when remorseless time first lays its cold touch on the heart to awaken it to a sense of the world's drudgery. Hence, we suppose that there is scarcely one graduate out of every hundred who has not, at some golden moment of this shining period, blotted a lady's album or his own scrap-book with some fugitive, heartfelt offering to the Muse, which, even in long after years, will be found to own some sentiment allied with purer days, and to be possessed of some merit interwoven with the dawn of thought, and fresh from recesses of the heart which then knew not the world's corrosive blight. Most men, instinctively aware of these illusory temptations, stop with their early effusions, well knowing that, though almost every person may thus be impressed with poetic impulses, it is not decreed that every man shall be a poet born. Others, unwarily seduced by these guileful phantasmata, and foolishly persuading themselves that "the Land of Song" lies before them, swim along heedlessly with the current, until, all at once, the limpid waters of the fountain are swallowed up in that muddy abyss where so many frail barques, with their frailer pilots, have gone to wreck and ruin.

This, we gather from his "Prelude," has been the case with Mr. Longfellow, who, if not already stranded on these friendless shores, will, unless he shall take timely warning, ultimately perish among the wild and desert wastes of this unfathomed ocean. And if, in the course of these further remarks, we shall draw from his after productions such specimens as may serve to bring him to his proper senses, or that shall wean him from these will-o'-the-wisp pursuits, and set him again on the open plain of his true element, we think his readers, yet remembering with pleasure the interesting pages of Hyperion, will thank us for the deed, no matter how roughly it may have been achieved.

To effect this, we must now pass on from these early-day offerings, and pause for a while amid the soulless pages of his "Translations." We are not sufficient scholars to undertake to scan the merits of his German, French, or Spanish renderings; and, as concerns these, therefore, must content ourselves with the single observation, that we never before met with a more barren and bleak foundation on which to begin the labor of translation, than we behold in the poems selected on this occasion. But there is one, purporting to have been rendered from the Anglo-Saxon, which evinces such genuine devotion to crazed drivelling, that we can scarcely credit the fact that the work is from a source of unquestioned erudition. The piece is entitled "The Grave," and to satisfy the reader that we have not been unjustly harsh, we shall quote, as amply sufficient to answer the purpose, the two first stanzas, premising that we are wholly unacquainted with the measure:—

"For thee was a house built,
Ere thou wast born;
For thee was a mould meant,
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

"Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is *unhigh* and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways *unhigh*.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark."

We think the reader will agree with us that this can be called nothing else than

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gibberish—a sort of jabbering incantation, that makes one involuntarily couple with the most solemn of subjects a feeling of ridicule. But, turning over some few pages, we find that such is not alone confined to the Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy; for Mr. Longfellow has eviscerated its mate from a relict of German poetry, attributed in the original to Klopstock. It is to be hoped, for the memory of Goethe and Schiller, that the American version is not literal; for, although the Italy of Horace and Virgil produced also a Bavius and Mævius, we yet hope that, in this enlightened age, the same soil has not produced the author of *such* strains along with the venerated fathers of German song. The title of the poem is "The Dead," and we quote it entire, as follows:—

"How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down—sinking!

"And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber."

We are really no little astonished that this learned gentleman should thus audaciously venture to trifle and dally with the patience of partial readers. American literature will never be reared on a dignified and solid basis, if its votaries be too amiably indulged with such idle flippancies, and allowed thus with impunity, to incorporate as poetry the merest balderdash, having not the faintest approach to either sense or harmony. And while we are willing to recognize Mr. Longfellow as, in many respects, a worthy representative of our dawning national literature, we, at the same time, must seriously protest against that increasing leniency which suffers him quietly to excavate or invent nonsense only to swell out a volume intended to be shelved as a specimen of American poetry.

The Translations are succeeded by the Ballads. That of the "Skeleton in Armor" is well conceived, and is not altogether without either merit or extrinsic interest. It is founded on the fact that, some years ago, a skeleton was disinterred near Newport, clad in broken and corroded armor. The author has connected this with an antiquated Danish structure near by, and framed quite a legend out of the materials thus afforded; which, however, we regret he did not choose to tell otherwise than in verse. But the "Wreck of the Hesperus," although very tame and common-place now and then, is yet, we think, much the best of the series, and partakes strongly of the genuine ballad tone throughout. To justify ourselves with both the author and the reader, we shall venture on quoting the entire poem, leaving clear thus every chance to confirm or to refute the correctness and justice of the judgment we have meted out to it:—

"It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr
To bear him company.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

"The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

"Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!'
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

"Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

"Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"'Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

"He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"'O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?'
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!'
And he steered for the open sea.

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"'O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

"'O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

"Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

"Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

"And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

"And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

"The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

"Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank:
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

"At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

"The salt sea was frozen on her breast.
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

"Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a wreck like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!"

A few pages further on, Mr. Longfellow favors us with another and more distinctly marked specimen of that outlandish metre with which his book abounds. What earthly motive can prompt him to turn off as poetry such miserable, prolix, drawling stuff, we cannot imagine; nor are we, or, we suppose, any other mortal man, able to understand the bent of a taste which, although highly cultivated in some respects, can coolly go to work and disentomb from a Swedish literary charnel-ground so despicable a production as "The Children of the Lord's Supper." We venture the assertion that no ordinary reader can extract from it the first novel or interesting thought, the first pretty expression, the first engaging sentiment, the first approach to any thing like poetry. It is tasteless, tedious, and trifling, from beginning to end—leaving the mind unimpressed but with disgust, or with wonder that such flippant jargon should ever have been revivified.

The piece purports to be translated from the Swedish of some prelatical diatribist, whose mind, we should imagine, was about as barren of poetical impulse as the bleak hills and ungenial soil of his native land are of aught that contributes to the sustenance of life. We shall subjoin a few lines by way of example:—

"Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead *as clear, as on moss-covered grave-stone a sunbeam.*
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
*All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered,*
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel."

Such is the stale, puling verbality which Mr. Longfellow adopts, and attempts to put upon his readers as poetry. We protest. It is by no means our disposition or intention to abet that silly furor which seems to possess many who, ascribing to this author all the qualities of a poet, witlessly

admit as poetry that which is not even receivable as good prose. Without pausing, however, to dwell on the general imperfections of the lines we have quoted from this effusion, we shall only notice those which the reader will have remarked are specially italicized. We should think Mr. Longfellow might be puzzled to reconcile a similitude of the kind above marked. If "contemplative grandeur" lay on the old preacher's head no *clearer* than a "sunbeam" on a "*moss-covered* gravestone," we are of the opinion that the sign was not very distinctly impressed; for, of all sheltering in the world, a thick cover of moss is the most impenetrable. This, however, is about on a par with the very tame description of the old man's entrance into the church, where the author is so hard run for the wherewith to fill out his line, that he obligingly acquaints us with the fact, that the *pews* were "numbered,"—leaving it somewhat doubtful, by the way, whether we shall infer this mere *fact* from the expression, or whether he intends to convey that it was only that part of the "congregation" which sat in "numbered pews," that had the good manners to *rise* when the pastor entered.

If Mr. Longfellow does sincerely and really set any store by this flat portraiture of a village pastor, it is to be lamented that his taste is so low as not to have been frightened by the contrast with that most lovely and inimitable picture of the same personage found in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." To enable the reader readily to mark the difference betwixt poetry and its counterfeit, we take the liberty, to save reference, of copying a few lines from that beautiful and admired poem:—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
* * * * *
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched, and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
* * * * *
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We delight, as doubtless does the reader, to glide lingeringly along with soft, melodious cadences like the above, and while nestling in the music of smooth-flowing words, to float placidly down the limpid current of these genial and inspiring sentiments. We will not be cruel and unamiable enough to invite a too strict comparison with Mr. Longfellow's unhappy attempt to draw a like picture.

What shall we say of Mr. Longfellow's poems on slavery? Here, too, he is treading in the footsteps of a most illustrious predecessor—putting forth a feeble effort to share the laurels of Montgomery. Perhaps, if we were mischievously inclined, we might here cite, alongside the modest name of our author, that of quite a *noted* competitor in the same race. It must not be forgotten, especially in sunny climes, that a lately *Americanized* writer, not content to rest on the achievements of his "Richelieu" and his "Gipsey," would fain essay a rhyming tilt in the very *sentimental* tournament where Montgomery had flashed his maiden sword. Mr. Longfellow may, we think, well afford to congratulate himself that he is thus shielded by so redoubtable an exemplar in the lists of flimsy imitation.

The slavery poems are prefaced with a somewhat pompous, serene-tempered note, telling us that they were written while at sea; and that the first verses, addressed to Dr. Channing, who had just written his book about slavery, were no longer appropriate,

since the death of that eminent gentleman. Being thus speciously charged, we were, quite naturally as one may imagine, very considerably impressed as to the character of the production about to be read. The opening stanza, however, brought us, very unwelcomely, down several steps:—

"The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
'Servant of God, well done!'"

To say the least, this was coming at his subject in quite a point-blank, somewhat too unpoetical manner; though we doubt not that its *benediction* would have been very encouraging to Dr. Channing, had he been alive to see and read it. There is besides in its tone a positiveness, an abruptness, which is always inelegant and ungraceful in metrical composition.

We have next quite a spiteful ebullition of rhythmical invective:—

"Go on, unti' this land revokes
The old and *chartered* Lie,
The *feudal* curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity."

There is, if we do not greatly misjudge, something else than mere *poetical* sentiment involved in this fierce denunciation, to which some, who live in parts of "this land," might quite reasonably object. Indeed we are not so sure but that these lines to Dr. Channing might come within the meaning of certain laws enacted by States of this Union to prevent the circulation of certain mischievous documents. There is, at least, more of *feeling* in its tone and expression than prudence might warrant; and because Mr. Longfellow chooses to come among us as a votary of Apollo, we are not therefore estopped from guarding against the bad tendencies of his poetry. But we are loath to believe that any mischievous effect was intended; and though we might have been better pleased to have found his book *prudently* retrenched of this one poem, we desire not to be understood as endeavoring to affix any improper *motive* on so amiable a writer.

"The Slave's Dream" is prettily conceived, but in view of so prolific and suggestive a subject, very indifferently and tamely executed. There is, however, much of genuine spirit in some of the stanzas, as, for instance, the following:—

"Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road."

We cannot dwell on each poem of the series; but passing over much fanciful and silly jeremiading, we pause a moment or two to notice the one called "The Witnesses." Montgomery, in his celebrated poem of the "West Indies," has the following eloquent and stirring lines, in speaking of sunken slave-ships:—

"When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulf that roars
From Guinea to the Caribbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perished on the way,
From age to age, the shark's appointed prey
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
To call down vengeance on the murderers' heads."

Now for Mr. Longfellow, as he essays to attune his lyre to similar lofty strains:—

"In ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

"Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
*Float* ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

"There the black slave-ship *swims*,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs,
Are not the sport of storms.

"These are the bones of slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry from yawning waves,
'We are the witnesses!'"

We shall not sport with Mr. Longfellow or his admirers by invoking a comparison at this point; but we will say that he must possess a goodly share of courage or of self-

esteem, to put forth *such* lines in the very face of those we have quoted from Montgomery, and from which, doubtless, the idea of "The Witnesses" was unguardedly borrowed. But, apart from comparison, we are seriously bothered to make sense of Mr. Longfellow's expressions and references; for who on earth can possibly understand how ships can "float" in an ethereal element, "beyond the fall of dews,"—"deeper than plummet lies," and where they can "no more *sink* nor *rise*." This, we think, all will conceive, is truly incomprehensible. It brings to mind an anecdote quite *apropos*, which may, perhaps, afford Mr. Longfellow some defense for his senseless paragraphs, on the score of precedent.

The great Edinburgh publisher, Constable, while reading over a manuscript poem by the "Ettrick Shepherd," which had been submitted to him, tartly observed, on reaching some obscure sentence, "Deil's in it; but I canna tell what you mean by this!" To which Hogg artlessly replied, "Hout, tout, man, that is na strange, for I dinna ken, sometimes, what I mean mysel'!"

The poem of "Evangeline," in the second volume, is most excessively dull, stiff, and tiresome. We cannot say one word in its favor, and only wonder how a reader can beat his way through its long succession of prosing lines—lines much more apt to induce a comfortable *siesta* than to excite admiration. It is the lengthiest production of the two volumes, except perhaps the Spanish Student, and is composed to the same mumbling, unmeaning measure as "the Children of the Lord's Supper," while it is, if possible, even more barren of ideality. We cannot get our consent to transcribe any portion of it, lest we might by *such* repeated intrusions effectually worry out the reader's patience. Nor can we so reconcile it with our present undertaking as to dwell any longer on the second volume. It is of like sort with the first; perhaps, if there be any difference at all, even less creditable to the author.

We shall close our notice of Mr. Longfellow by remarking very briefly on the "Spanish Student." This, in our opinion, is a work of much intrinsic worth, and evinces talent of a high order. It is piquant, racy, full of spirit and vivacity, and contains much pretty composition—never rising, perhaps, into the powerful, yet never falling into the common-place. The plot is quite artistically conceived, and the dramatic features are fully developed and well delineated. The character of Preciosa is most gracefully and handsomely drawn; and Crispa is not, in her department, less happily portrayed; while Victorian and his rival bring out the full contrast of right and wrong. It is to be regretted that our author was not content to rest his ambition with this achievement, and that he could not have reconciled it to himself to leave out of his book all else but this single production—looking for a permanent fame more to those works by which he doubtless sets far less store. In fine, it is quite grateful and refreshing, after having found so much fault with Mr. Longfellow, though justly so, as we think, that we are enabled thus to bid him so kindly a farewell.

Longwood, Mi. * * *

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THE HUMBLE REMONSTRANCE

OF

# STEEL SCISSORS,

AN OVER-WORKED AND ILL-USED MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

(FORWARDED BY FAVOR OF BELLEROPHON BROWN, ESQ.)

I REGRET to appear before the public in the character of a complainant; nothing but the extremest distress could prompt me to make my grievances the subject of this open exhibition. But I have borne much, and borne it long. I am worn almost to a shadow with long-protracted, severe, and unremitting labors, unrelieved by a single spark of intellectual enjoyment.

I begin to wax feeble in the joints, and persons who have observed me closely, think they perceive in my shrunken shanks and grey head the unmistakable tokens of a premature old age. I am, I believe, a worthy object of relief; and I proceed to make my appeal. I appeal, I may say, in behalf of a large connection; for there cannot be less than ten thousand of my brethren who daily gnash their teeth in servitude throughout this free republic; and some of them (can they be blamed?) with so spiteful a clash, that, on a still day, you may hear their united click, like the buzzing of locusts, all over the land.

I come of a good family. My grandfather was a farmer of the name of Spade, (not the slightest relation to the jack of spades, but an honest straightforward person,) who, the moment he came of age, and of a size suitable to the union, formed an alliance with a lady of the name of Wood, (intimately related to those hearty fellows, the Greens.) My mother was a Chisel or a Gouge, I could never learn precisely which; for, to tell the truth, a slight stain creeps in here upon the family escutcheon, and has left the armorial bearings of our house a little dimmed and disordered. At any rate, the original stock was good, whatever impurities may have become casually mixed with it in the course of generations. For myself, the first distinct recollection I have of this world, is, that I found myself lying in a basket, in a wooden building, in the town of Springfield, Massachusetts — that I was christened Scissors, (which name I still bear,) and that at an early period of life, I was sent away from home to live with an old lady who kept a small thread and needle shop in Division-street. She was a good, quiet old lady, who read her Bible and always had a spare copper for the poor. I cannot deny but that the old needle-woman treated me kindly. She never required me to perform any other duties than the ordinary attendance on the counter, in the daytime, to measure tapes and calicoes to her customers. In the evening, it was my business to trim the lamps—not the neatest or most elegant of employments; but it was an honest one, and as it increased the light and comfort of the house, I never cared much that I did grease my fingers a little.

This course of life, simple, humble, and blameless as it was, was not to last long: one day the good old lady died—her effects shortly after (I spent a lonesome time of it shut up, by myself, in the darkness and solitude of the little store—poor orphan that I was!) passed into the hands of a cloth-merchant who was her chief creditor and administered upon her affairs. Behold me now, still, I may say, in the innocence of childhood, thrown upon the very highway of business, and associating daily with a gentleman of high reputation, a member of the church, and (as I learned, by being taken to the place of worship on a certain afternoon by my new employer, by a curious accident, which I need not stop to explain) one of the deacons who carried the plate. I became acquainted with a great many curious mat-

ters while I remained at the cloth-merchant's, the one-half of which would not be believed, if I were to tell it. One circumstance occurred so often, that I cannot avoid mentioning it, for it is the chief recollection of that period of my career. Whenever the cloth which was sold was measuring out to a customer, my master was in the habit of giving me a sly nudge, which caused me to slip my hold, and *under*-measure the article, in all cases: sometimes to the extent of several dollars in value. In the course of a busy day's trade, it would amount to a very handsome sum; and my employer, as he counted his cash and closed his ledger, would fetch me a lively poke in the ribs (so to speak) which made me jump again. The world changes with all of us! I had never been entirely at my ease (considering the lessons of moral deportment I had learned at the old needle-woman's) with the merchant; but as his love of money, and, consequently, his requisition of my services grew the more the longer I was with him, I saw no prospect of a termination to those irksome services, when, one dark night—I remember it well—I slept in the store, and there was a little shaky glimmer of light from a quarter-moon in one of the window-shutters—I, together with the entire contents of the money-drawer, was seized, and without a moment for remonstrance, dragged into the street and hurried on board a vessel lying at the wharf; in a twinkling the sails were spread, and, long before I could recover from my astonishment, we were scudding before the wind far out at sea. My first discovery on the dawning of light in the morning was, that I had for fellow-passenger my late master's head clerk; my second, by a conversation I overheard in the cabin, that the ship we were on board of was bound on a piratical cruise. You can readily understand, in what followed, that there were many things not altogether congenial to a temper like mine. We visited many countries, and I had a fine opportunity to sharpen myself by travel, and acquire that last polish and elegance, which, it is said, travel alone can give; but, on the other hand, I was an enforced witness to scenes, which, at this late day, even make me tremble in my very joints. I look back to one circumstance only with unmixed satisfaction—the assistance I rendered in preparing a bandage to bind up the wound of a beautiful young lady, who was injured in a skirmish with a government ship, from which our vessel took her captive.

How I got back to dry land once again, and came into my present engagement, connected as it is with some very curious developments of human nature and rather queer traits of character, I shall not relate, further than to say, that I am now, after going through so much, and when, one would suppose, after a life of active service, I might have acquired an honorable release for the residue of my days, in the employ of the editor of a newspaper—a man who seems to have made a vow to never allow me a moment's rest. From morning till night, it's trot, trot, trot; click, click, click; Scissors here, Scissors there; What's become of Scissors?—where's Scissors?—what have you done with Scissors? (as if somebody from pure spite had meditated putting me out of the way.) And although my employer is mainly indebted to my activity for bread for his family, he is accustomed to treat me after the most cavalier fashion, hustling me about without the slightest respect; although I will acknowledge that I have known him at times take me by the hand and contemplate me with a look which certainly seemed to partake of affection. This would happen, however, only when he was contriving some fresh work for me—then to it again, trot trot, trot; click, click, click!

I speak now more particularly of my services upon "the daily"—this, vexatious as it is, I could endure; I am willing to yield so far to the wicked customs of the world as to be ready, at the prompting of my master, to pitch into any other newspaper—large or small—foreign or domestic—to spare neither age nor sex—in my wild forays. All is fish that comes to our net; but the mischief of it is, I am no sooner relieved from "getting out" the daily, than I am summoned to lend a hand in the preparation of a monthly magazine, (of which my worthy employer has also charge,) and the fashion in which he sets me to tumbling the foreign reviews, monthlies, and weeklies—cutting their backstrings—slicing whole chapters and books by the armful, sometimes makes me feel as if I must give out for sheer lack of strength. I have more than once exhibited symptoms of a stand-still or a total break-up; in which case, master merely gives me a knock on the head, and threatens me with the grinder if I don't look out what I'm about!

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You would perhaps think, here is an end of his troubles: Scissors, poor fellow, has at last on his back quite as much as any one poor pair of mortal shoulders can bear. Be not too sure of that, my anxious friends! Do you know the brother of my employer, that industrious and Herculean compiler of school-dictionaries, geographies, grammars, etc. etc.? Would you believe it, the brute has compelled me to study German; and scarcely a day of my life passes, that I am not head-foremost in some thumping quarto, with its grating consonants and throat-tearing gutturals, which set my very teeth on edge when I think of it. In a word, (to make a short story of my troubles,) I am on the constant go, I may say, from morning till night; and even when darkness falls upon the house, and one would really suppose that I was to get a little rest, there is still no peace; for it unfortunately so happens that there is a moon-struck apprentice, (who wears his hair at length, and his collar rolled down upon the nape of the neck,) who lodges in a little closet—some, perhaps, would call it a room—just off the printing office, and who, being badly taken in the very dead of night with what he mistakes for poetical pains or spasms of inspiration, rushes out of his cot, and seizing me by the shoulders, begins in the most maniacal fashion, (and yet I fancy the rogue knows well enough what he is about,) pushing me rudely about among the old heaps of newspapers in every direction. By my aid, taking a line here and a line there, (he has a skill in "taking out" a line, which he may have acquired from his business as a compositor,) with the practised dexterity of a surgeon in removing a bone, or an oculist a mote from the eye, and patching them cunningly together, he succeeds in making a sort of coverlid of verses, to which he affixes his name, has the whole printed, and, without the slightest reference to my services in the matter, sends them abroad in the world as his own, sole, unaided achievement. In such villainy am I compelled (by the force of circumstances) to be an accomplice! But I observe whenever, in company, the subject of poetry is brought up, and I happen to be in the room, the young knave steals a look at me, and quivers, like one suddenly seized in an ague-fit. Now, my friends, is there no relief for me from this horrid bondage? Am I to wear out all the poor remainder of my days in this dog's-work?—mixed up with all sorts of wickedness, blasted and blighted and rusted, without a possibility of recovering the pristine purity and fairness of my nature? Am I to consort with jobbers and pirates, with snippers and snappers for ever? I do not (understand me!) object to employment. Heaven knows, I come of a family of working people! (My grandfather, Spade, was accounted as faithful a hand as ever labored on a farm; and I know, from authentic sources, that my mother's father, Old Chisel, was a clever workman, although at times a little eccentric.) But, to speak my mind plainly, I feel that I am not fulfilling the fair and faithful destiny for which I was born. I have fallen, I feel, into very low and wicked ways. Won't some body help me out? Is there no philanthropist of a generous heart, no man of ample means and liberal understanding, to give me a better sphere? I am willing to fill any decent situation; and if I were thrown upon the world to-morrow, I believe I could earn an honest living. I may be asked: What do you consider yourself fitted for, and what sort of employment would be agreeable to you? How would you like to engage yourself to a young seamstress of our acquaintance? Excuse me, I'd rather not: I have already seen misery enough for one life time. Would it suit you to be a grocer's assistant? What, to snip twine and slither brown paper! Pardon me, my good sirs; there is my cousin Shears, a sturdy, big, broad-shouldered fellow, just the boy for *your* business! Journey-work for a barber—how would that do? Thank you!—that is somewhat nearer to the mark. Talking of the head, you must remember I have spent my best days in connection with the public, and in striving (under adverse circumstances) to minister to their intellectual improvement. I would like to go on in that pursuit, but in a different fashion. I still desire, if the general good seems to demand it, to continue an honorable and honored Member of the American Press. And if some kind, high-minded, intelligent, and philanthropic person will but buy my time and release me from my present irksome connections, I promise to serve him to the best of my humble abilities. Well, Mr. Scissors, what can you do, with satisfaction to your own conscience, and advantage to

your future employer? I will only now promise to make myself generally useful. Only ask me to do what becomes a gentleman, an honest man, and a decent member of society, and you may direct to me (where I am always to be heard from) at any one of the newspaper offices, publishers or booksellers, of the United States, care of B. Brown, Esq. Respectfully yours,

STEEL SCISSORS.

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# THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN A MINORITY.

THE Church of England counts 10,160,000 of population, who conform nominally to its rules and tenets.

The *other* churches count 17,100,000, who refuse to conform.

The Church of England claims, notwithstanding, to be *the* Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which countries all this difference exists against it.

In Ireland the great majority are Catholics; yet here, too, the people, in mass, are obliged to submit to "Church of England" taxes.

In Scotland the great majority are Scotch Presbyterians, and in that country aristocratic members of the minority Church ("of England") claim to regulate the affairs of the Scotch Church.

This "Church" so largely in minority in Great Britain and Ireland, is barely a majority in England proper; eight and a half millions being the number of Conformists, and eight (millions) the number of non-Conformists, and the difference against the so called "Church of England," and the other churches increasing steadily and with great rapidity in numbers from year to year.

The experience of all governments in all ages, reduced to a science by the ablest and wisest minds, has established the rule that great powers in a State are then only dangerous to its internal peace when they are unrepresented in its government.

If the Christian Church is recognized as a power in the State, as it is in England, Scotland, and Ireland, its various elements must be fully and adequately represented in the government, or it is in continual danger of revolution, through the active hatred of those churches, like that of Scotland, and the Catholic of Ireland, which remain unrepre-

1.

In America we have escaped the danger of unequal representation, by refusing to recognize any "Church" as a political power: in this we have acted not from choice, but from necessity.

We have refused also, with one exception, to admit the social or aristocratical power, founded on individual differences of men, as an element in government; and hence the impossibility of exciting social revolutions in the United States. Wherever such differences do exist, and are recognized, as in the Southern States, it is found necessary to allow them a representation in the Central Government. The slave is represented by his master.

The rejection of these two elements of authority, the social and religious, from the system of our government, was not understood to be a theoretic movement on the part of the founders of the Constitution; they had no choice to do otherwise. Small jarring churches, and small mushroom aristocracies, were of necessity left unrepresented, and because all were equally rejected, they have occasioned no serious disturbance.

In Great Britain, on the contrary, social power and church power are admitted as elements of national sovereignty. The monarch is not only an executive head of law, but is the first grade of social difference, the dispenser of reputation, wealth and influence. All the grades of nobility, wealth, and social eminence are in the gift of the sovereign, in virtue of an idea of personal difference, or individual superiority, as an element of public power, of which the sovereign is the incarnation or mysterious representative. Such at least is the idea of the powerful minority, and they are supported in it by the dread of revolutions and appeals to the people; appeals to the

crown are much less doubtful in their issue.

The number of persons recognized as aristocracy, and whose honors and privileges depend upon royalty for their existence, does not perhaps exceed 40,000; but they hold the best lands, and govern the best tenantries, and have the largest body of dependants, and relatives of all grades, living by their favor, of any class in Great Britain. They are consequently—in a country like England, unwarlike, effeminate, and disarmed—a very powerful body, and admitted of necessity among the governing powers.

Aristocracy is probably a more enduring element of government in England than Church power. Aristocracy is equally and more than well represented, and it endeavors on all sides to maintain its position by the pretence of liberality, and the show of popularity. In the course of revolution the Established Church goes first by the board, aristocracy and royalty follow. As a proof of this we cite the following particulars, published in the *London Sun*, and quoted by the *New-York Tribune*. The statistics above are from the same.

The Lord Chancellor has the patronage of 800 livings. The two Universities of 700; the Colleges of Eton and Winchester of 60; various noblemen and gentlemen of 6207.

The body of the "Church" called "of England" is thus seen to be an establishment for the especial support and benefit of the aristocracy and gentry. They have the privilege guaranteed them by law of filling the vacancies of the ministry; and the only power that stands between them and this right is that of the Bishops appointed by the crown, and themselves members of the House of Lords.

The presentations to livings are probably the right arm of the English aristocracy, as it secures them the enthusiastic support of the Church, so called, "of England."

This sect of clergymen, supported on one side by the aristocracy, and on the other by acts of Parliament, which enable them to collect their salaries by process of law from all persons alike, without distinction of creed, is of necessity a conservative body; perhaps the most conservative in the world; nay, it is the well-spring of all conservatism in Church and State, and the preventer of revolution, and of every species of progress or intelligent reform. It is not to blame for this; human nature is weak, but especially salaried human nature, with the sword of Damocles above its head.

The conservatism of this declining power may be estimated by the following items:

The salary of the Bishop of London is some $300,000 per annum; and yet who, for good or for evil, knows any thing of this "conservative" lord, whose power and income are equal to a small principality?

Three other bishops have salaries equally preposterous; and the twenty-five minor bishops are restricted within the narrow limits of $30,000 a year each; which we are to suppose is an afflicting poverty, to be endured with a conservative resignation.

The most extraordinary item of all in the cost of this vicious establishment is the exaction of $20,000,000 in tithes and revenues, which is paid over in various sums to five thousand aristocratical non-residents,—persons who consume the salaries, without performing the duties of clergymen. Five thousand idlers are turned loose upon the community, with incomes averaging $5000 a year, to exert, we suppose, "a fine moral and conservative influence upon the upper and middle classes."

This Church, called by Lord John Russell "the most tolerant Church in the world," says the *London Sun*, "has lately made a display of its tolerance and pious conservatism, by carrying the chairs away by force out of a Quaker meeting-house, at Houndsditch, to pay some one of her clergymen with."

Now, in America, what should we think of a Methodist or Baptist clergyman, who, under pretence that his was the true Church of the county or village, should make a descent upon the "Episcopal meeting-house," and carry off all the footstools and velvet cushions? Suppose the custom of the country sanctioned this, would it not be a wicked custom? and would not a popular "revolution" in behalf of "toleration," ending in the ducking of the scoundrel Methodist or Baptist, however well "established" he might boast himself, be a very pardonable offense?

If "a people," such as we intend by "a people," in America, namely, a population of intelligent persons, with the full conciousness of individual freedom in them, existed in England, Church and Aristocracy would disappear like a shrivelled scroll; but we too often forget that in England, instead of "a

people" they have only a plebs, a plebeian rout, unarmed, ignorant, vicious, and servile, out of which the more intelligent labor with might and main to escape upwards to a clearer and more comfortable social medium.

It is evident to common sense, that the unrepresented Church powers, Catholic and Protestant, in Great Britain, must in time demand a representation in the government; or the American plan must be adopted of a "separation of Church and State."

The words "separation of Church and State in Great Britain" have a terrible significance, and contain nearly all the consequences of a modern Republican Revolution.

The first and least important step in such a separation might be the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords. The consequences of this would not be immediately evident.

The second might be a reduction of their salaries; and the third a removal of the power of presentation from aristocratical hands; which would destroy the present powerful social connection between the sect so called "of England" and the aristocracy.

The aristocracy would naturally give themselves no farther trouble about any particular sect of religion excepting the one to which, from choice or education, they might happen to belong. Each nobleman would pay a chaplain of his own sect, as in the good old times of the Reformation.

The powerful interest of the old sects in the conservation of the State being destroyed, it would begin to seek popularity for its own support. Catholic clergymen would be supported by Catholics, Protestant by Protestants.

That the present aristocratic Constitution of Great Britain could maintain itself without the conservative aid of an Established Church is not generally believed. If the ascertained laws of Revolutionary progress will apply to Great Britain, the Church, so called, "of England" must soon lose its hold upon the government; but whether this movement of Revolution is to be the first in order, or whether an extension of the franchise will precede it, is esteemed to be a point of much uncertainty. The great fact, that the aristocratical Church has fallen into a minority, and must go out of power, is the one to which we wished more especially to direct the attention of our readers. Some of them will naturally ask, If the voluntary system is ever adopted, and the presentations to livings removed from aristocratical hands, how many persons can then be counted members in the Church, so called, "of England?" If the Dissenters and the Catholics now outnumber the Established sect, with all the advantages of land, wealth, patronage, and fashion in its favor, what would be the relative proportion with those advantages removed? Would not the Church, so called, "of England," collapse on a sudden into a frightfully small minority? And if such is the fact, how far are its opinions or its conservatism as a political power entitled to respect even in England, much less in America, where government is merely organized liberty, revolution in permanence?

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## MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ON ITS TRAVELS.

At a late visitation of "eminent men," legislators and others, to the various public institutions in and about the city of New-York, the Mayor made an English Poet, M. F. Tupper, visible at the Institution of the Blind. The following is from the *Tribune*:—

"Mr. Tupper was introduced to the pupils and the audience by his Honor, the Mayor, as a distinguished English poet, and the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Mr. Tupper said he did not expect to be thus called upon, and should not attempt to make a speech. *He was not prejudiced against Americans, for he looked upon them as Englishmen.* He would, instead of making a speech, deliver a few verses written by himself. *They were composed some time since in London, and a copy of them was solicited by Mr. Lawrence, our distinguished representative, who lived in a style of princely magnificence in London,* and they were published in this country before his arrival. If he could not remember them all, the audience would forgive him. The poem was entitled 'The Union, written by a Unit.' He gave the first verse, and the remainder appeared to have escaped his memory, but, after a determined effort, they came back and he was enabled to complete the recital."

How condescending, and how pleasantly and autobiographically egotistic of Mr. Tupper, "English Poet and Philosopher," to recite his own doggerel; to carry his own dunghill about with him to crow upon. We hope he has "more of the same sort left," for no doubt he will have to "go round," and

will be expected to go through the performance before many very select audiences. They must be excessively amusing, and it will have a run from the novelty. Only think, a Proverbial Philosopher amusing! It must have been a treat to see a "philosopher" making a "determined effort" to overtake some fugitive stanzas which "*appeared* to have *escaped*." Why they should leave his mind we are at a loss at present to imagine; they must be *his*, for we do not know any other mind so stupidly unpoetical as to conceive such a piece of sermonized jingle.

What a pity the pupils could not *see* the antics of this "English poet and philosopher." There would be no danger of their ever becoming anti-national. Nothing is so good as the force of example. This, however, does not hold good with Willis and the other small-talk writers of the press. They are better anti-national as they are; for they have the doubtful honor of being in earnest, while if they espoused the right side they would be hypocrites. They would disgrace a good cause, while as it is their connection only ratifies a bad one.

Sympathy is a more dangerous disease than we were aware of. We all know the effect produced (as the story goes) on a sympathetic, sober man, by the presence of a drunkard. We are told that it was too much for poor sympathy, and he consequently became drunk. From our childhood we have read this story constantly in the papers, put there, we suppose, as a warning to youth, "not to look on drunkards" with sympathy; but notwithstanding the credence attached to its constant appearance in the said way, (for, as the song says, "It must be true, I read it in the papers,") we always doubted the fact. But Mr. Tupper's late conduct on visiting the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island knocks our doubts of years into a metaphorical "cocked hat," and not only argues but proves the power of sympathy in a remarkably strong and interesting light. Like the effect produced on the sober man by the appearance of the toper, the presence of the lunatics was too much for Mr. Tupper.

"Why, Martin, law! how changed you *are*; not the domestic-hearth-loving being you used to be—how noisy you are getting! how valiant!" said a particular friend of Mr. Tupper's to him on reading the following in the *Morning Herald* of the 25th March:—

"On Mr. Tupper's introduction he said: 'I have not prepared a speech—all that I have to say is that *I love you. I have come over the Atlantic ocean* to say *I love you*. You have some faults which I do not mean to flatter; *but you deserve to be called Englishmen*. (Cheers, mingled with suppressed murmurs.) I find no difference. I have crossed the ditch, and I find you are Englishmen at the other side. (Cheers and hisses.) Yankee Englishmen, I mean. (Cheers and laughter.) I wish to write a book about you.

"A Voice—Not in the Dickens style.

"Mr. Tupper—I want to tell the truth about you. I WILL PROTECT YOU, though I am aware you do not need protection. *I find England as great here as at home.* I have come into the land of orators and statesmen. I want to say a few words about this Institution. I have come among you—(Interruptions, with cries of 'Go on,' amid which Mr. Tupper sat down, while a horn was sounding in vain for silence)."

"My dear fellow, good Martin, is this true?"

"Yes," replied M. F. T.

"You're mad, by G—!"

"No, 'pon my life; but I've been looking at the lunatics, and——"

Unless Mr. Tupper was overcome by the sight of the madmen, we do not know how to receive his insulting and unbecoming speech. How English a piece of kindness it was to come over the ocean to tell us he loved us! Bulwer says the same thing, while he is immortalizing himself as a pickpocket on a gigantic scale.

The mountebank Thompson came with the like intent, and we are pleased to see that his overtures have been met with due appreciation. His telegraphic exodus from Springfield proves that dead cats are often much more formidable than live ones, and that a diseased egg can often "double a man up" better than a "game chicken." We hope Mr. Tupper does not mean to follow in the paths of these gentlemen. If he does, we think he will find that his receptions will prove (he is fond of proverbs) that "practice makes perfect."

Has Lord Palmerston, seeing how admirably his protectorate is succeeding in Central America, sent out Mr. Tupper (Heaven save the mark!) to be the lord protector of the United States?

"I will protect you," says my Lord Tupper. What a burst! Vanity was at a high pressure when that was let off. It must be a source of solid pleasure to Mr. Tupper, in his private reflections, that he was not permitted to proceed, and we trust he may profit by the fact, and not allow himself to be carried any farther in a course of disreputable notoriety by the recurrence of such scenes. Every foreigner is modestly welcome to our shores; the laws protect strangers: but when they sink the gentleman in the mountebank, then it is our duty to inform them that we do not allow such proceedings to go without a critical reproof, and against every thing absurd, disgusting, or positively injurious in such a public display, we feel bound to enter protest.

Mr. Tupper will be made a fool of by the few persons who aspire to a place in the book he is going to write on America. The little reputation he has will be crushed, and any good-nature in the man will be pressed out of him, toadying and being toadied in turn. He will be led to believe he is a poet, which, notwithstanding Mayor Kingsland's discovery and Senator Stanton's "distinguished" patronage, we beg disinterestedly to doubt. Poetry is not *proverbs* or *sermons* cut up into set lines and walking on a certain number of feet.

Mr. Tupper and the public are equally (to use an intensely British phrase) *sold* by these paltry publicities. If travelling Englishmen, of some literary reputation, wish to retain it, they should beware of holding it up to contempt: the less often they say, "I have come among you," the better. "I have come among you," quoth he? Lord, what a simpleton!

# MISCELLANY.

## A GREAT NOVELTY;

*To Wit:*

CORRUPTION IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

The good people of New-York have been laboring for several days under a grand fit of astonishment and horror, at the discovery the most novel and original—a discovery of an attempt at corruption in their Senate! A late representative from the city of New-York, inspired by a pure and patriotic enthusiasm, has with a commendable diligence raked together and published in the *Herald* some shocking particulars, which we commend to the attention of all State legislators and their constituencies. The mischiefs of corruption in a State Senate are not confined to the State itself. Every body knows that, by the nature of our governments, as the State Governments are, so will the Central Government be. It is the force of example then that we are to fear; lest by any possibility the hitherto unsullied purity of our *National* (?) Senate and House of Representatives may by sinister example, in some faint, imperceptible shadow of a degree, be contaminated! Frightful possibility! Suppose, for example, the virtue of a national legislator, under strong temptations, were to give way; suppose he were actually to *sell* a vote or his support of a bill;—should we not immediately hear the crack of doom? Would not the Union incontinently fall to pieces? For is not 'vartue,' glorious 'vartue!' the foundation of Republics; and if the foundation were to crack, would not the nation fall?

Money, it is said, was paid to legislators to prevent the passage of a bill against gambling! Dreadful and deplorable novelty! How thankful we ought all to be that virtue and the law have at least one stronghold left, that the Central Power of the Union is *sound* and *pure*. Happy people!—glorious in the majesty of a pure, vigorous, and incorruptible Central Legislation!

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Modern Modesty.—We read: "It is said in the *Messagiere* of Modena, that the naked statues in the churches at Rome are to be covered, from motives of modesty. Canova's Genius of Death in the monument to Pope Clement is to be thus adorned, and the many little cherubs which abound in various churches are no longer to be left in a state of improper exposure. The immodest pictures are also to be improved." What is meant by "improving" immodest pictures, we leave our readers to find out. But surely Catholicity has forgot its soul when it becomes worse than Iconoclastic, merely maudlin sentimental, "covering up little cherubs in a state of improper exposure!" Our readers will remember the answer of Napoleon to one of the ladies of his suite, who remarked on the indecency of these very statues, that the "immodest idea was not in the marble, but in the mind of the observer." Nevertheless, we will tell a better story than that. A friend of ours, an artist of some eminence, had once occasion, in his youth, to instruct a young lady in the art of drawing from life; and to begin, he directed her notice to a plaster cast of the nude figure known as "Hercules leaning on his club," which had been for years innocently resting on a pedestal in a corner of the parlor of the mansion in which she lived. The first lesson progressed well, nor did the plaster create greater alarm on that occasion than it had done while standing merely ornamental in its corner. On returning, however, to give his second lesson, our friend discovered the young lady modestly sitting at her drawing table with eyes intent on the little statue, about whose white waist there hung suspended in grace ful folds, an impervious and picturesque curtain, being a small red cotton pocket handkerchief, the property of the lady's maid. We recommend the device to Pio Nono, and "the Genius of Death."

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Multum in Parvo.—If the population of the United States is 25,000,000, including all ages and colors, and the imports of the year 1850 are $150,000,000,—though there is little doubt, by smuggling and "*ad valorems*," i. e. false valuations they will come nearer $200,000,000 in worth,—every man, woman, and child in the United States will have paid six dollars to foreign merchants and manufacturers. The payment will be made in money and in provisions, flour, &c., in a proportion not well ascertained.

This tax or tribute is paid chiefly on manufactured articles, such as can easily be made in America, and upon products which can easily be grown upon our own soil. The entire expenditure, excepting about $10,000,000, paid for materials which cannot now be grown or made upon American soil, is paid by our people to enable other nations, but chiefly England, to drive us out of all the markets of the world. A part of the profits of this enormous taxation maintains the English steam navy, pays the salaries of the English Free-trade ministers, the cost of armies in India, and the murderous armed police of Ireland. A yearly subscription of not less than Five Dollars a year for every man, woman, and child in America is paid out, directly or indirectly, for the maintenance of the British Empire.

Now there are not fewer than two millions of industrious and able artificers in America, living in forced idleness, or digging the earth for a scanty subsistence, to the detriment of the true American farmer, who could produce at least one hundred dollars annually more than they do, in the kinds of

labor suited to their knowledge and capacity. Full a million more could be profitably employed in the production of food and raw material, to be used by the two millions of artisans well employed.

Three millions of persons, now either bankrupt, idle, or badly employed, would add, if *well* employed, at least $300,000,000 to the annual income of the nation.

An armed steamship costs about $500,000. For $50,000,000, *a hundred* powerful steam-vessels can be built. For $100,000,000 annually a steam navy of one hundred vessels can be kept afloat, in such strength and order as to defy the combined French and English squadrons. With such a navy, which would cost every man, woman, and child in the United States $3 32, a commercial system could be kept up all over the world that would compel England to share the market which she now monopolizes, and break up that frightful system of extortion and aggression upon which she now depends for the support of her manufactures and for her ability to tax and frighten America. She would be driven off the continents of North and South America. She would be checked in her designs upon the Chinese. She could be compelled to evacuate or liberate the East Indies. She could make no wars nor commercial treaties until the people of America gave her leave to do so. America would dictate terms for the defence of the liberty of all nations.

The five dollars a year paid by every man, woman, and child in America for the support of the British Commercial Empire, would be invested in profitable industry, and give employment to the entire idle or impoverished population, native or immigrant, of the United States. An enormous and cheap supply of manufactures and produce would be the consequence, yielding a grand surplus to be sent away and sold in foreign markets. The profits of such a trade, so defended, would come back to us in the shape of money, and all the elegancies and luxuries of other nations and climates. An immense commerce, five-fold our present trade, would be the consequence. Every mode of industry, every kind of enterprise would be employed. The people would be rich, proud, and happy. The Republic of America would be not only the first power, but absolutely the *ruling power* of the earth. No nation would *dare* to make war upon it. All this and more may be accomplished by mere legislation. But at present England legislates for America, and Congress *dares* not do anything for the people because they have no steam-navy. SHAME—SHAME!!

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* TRAVELLING ENGLISH NOBLEMEN IN AMERICA.—The *New-York Herald* of January 4th reports a lecture delivered by Lord Morpeth at the Leeds Mechanic's Institution in England. The Hall was densely crowded, and his Lordship was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, which we may take as an indication of popularity at least. Of course a great number of very distinguished persons were present at the lecture. Lord Morpeth is now Lord Carlisle. According to his own representation, his Lordship's visit to the United States was a kind of political rustication, or leave of absence. Various reasons have been assigned for his visit. Our own private belief is that Lord Morpeth came here in a double capacity: first, as a private gentleman, for health and amusement, and second, as an English humanitarian statesman, to spy out the land, and see what it could do and what might be done with it. He travelled through twenty-two States, kept a journal of his progress, and lectures from the journal. His Lordship has so vast an abundance of words, it is difficult to give the matter they signify without great labor of sifting; and, indeed, the lecture itself is so dull and sleepy a performance, so thoroughly superficial and devoid of ideas, after reading it the critic is fitter for a nap than for anything else. His Lordship landed in Boston; he describes the city with all the dulness and without any of the minuteness of the Guide Book. His affection for Boston is evident; he expresses it. He observed the Bunker's Hill Monument—the old elm tree at Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword to take command of the national army. He dwells upon the English character of Boston. He remarks that Mr. Justice Story was an enthusiastic admirer of his country; but that Mr. Story also had a great admiration for Lord Hardwicke and other English lawyers. He qualifies his praise of Mr. Story with the remark, that when he was in the room few others could get in a word. He gives the usual description of Dr. Channing in his last days. In brief, he saw the notabilities of Boston. He took notice of the public schools of Boston. The only topic upon which his Lordship is absolutely enthusiastic is that of the waiters at the Tremont House, who were all, he says, Irish and English. He remarks that American railway cars have stoves in them, which is very convenient. "New-England," says his Lordship, "produces chiefly ice and granite." After describing the city of Albany he remarks, "What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the farms, than all this life, enterprise, and energy swelling up in the desert?"

He notices that some of the towns are called by Roman, others by Indian names. He says, he thought his arrival at Niagara very exciting, and immediately enters upon a description of a stage coach which is very long. He then enters upon a description of his sensations at Niagara, which were very much like those of other men. In short, everything that one finds in the newspapers in summer time, except their spirit and animation, may be found in Lord Morpeth's lecture. Upon the whole, it is the most exquisitely dull of all travellers' descriptions. His Lordship is an abolitionist. He winds up with a violent and bitter denunciation of slavery. He thinks, however, that America may, in future generations, do much for the liberty of man and the glory of God. His dulness, blandness, prosiness, humanitarianism, English prejudice, and imperturbable insolence and self-sufficiency do so thoroughly qualify him for the office, we doubt not he will one day become a member of the English Cabinet, perhaps Premier. He is "as tedious as a king;" you can no more be witty upon him than you can upon a pudding.

Application of Iron to Railway Structures.—It was to investigate the subject of the application of iron to railway structures that a Commission was appointed, consisting of Lord Wrottesly, Professors Willis and Hodgkinson, Captain James, and Messrs. George Rennie and William Cubitt, with Lieut. Galton as secretary. At starting, the Commission endeavored to make themselves acquainted with all the experiments which had been already made on iron by engineers; and on this point they state (*London Athenæum*):—

"From the information supplied to us, it appears that the proportions and forms at present employed for iron structures have been generally derived from numerous and careful experiments, made by subjecting bars of wrought or cast iron of different forms to the action of weights, and thence determining, by theory and calculation, such principles and rules as would enable these results to be extended and applied to such larger structures and loads as are required in practice. But the experiments were made by dead pressure, and only apply therefore to the action of weights at rest. As it soon appeared, in the course of our inquiry, that the effects of heavy bodies moving with great velocity upon structures had never been made the subject of direct scientific investigation, and as it also appeared that in the opinion of practical and scientific engineers such an inquiry was highly desirable, our attention was early directed to the devising of experiments for the purpose of elucidating this matter."

To ascertain the effects of moving weights, a well-devised apparatus was constructed in Portsmouth Dockyard, and a very extensive series of experiments made by Captain James and Lieut. Galton. "The results which they obtained were equally new and important, developing for the first time the fact, that *a given weight, passing rapidly along a bar, produces a 'greater deflection in that bar, during its passage, than it would have done had it been suspended at rest from the centre of the bar.*" Thus, for example, when the carriage loaded to 1,120 lbs. was placed at rest upon a pair of cast iron bars nine feet long, four inches broad, and one and a half inches deep, it produced a deflection of six tenths of an inch; but when the carriage was caused to pass over the bars at the rate of ten miles an hour, the deflection was increased to eight tenths, and went on increasing as the velocity was increased, so that at thirty miles per hour the deflection became one and a half inches, that is, more than double the statical deflection. Since the velocity so greatly increases the effect of a given load in deflecting the bars, it follows that a much less load will break the bar when it passes over it than when it is placed at rest upon it; and accordingly in the example above selected, a weight of 4,150 lbs. is required to break the bars if applied at rest upon their centres; but a weight of 1,778 lbs. is sufficient to produce fracture if passed over them at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The Commissioners properly insist, therefore, on the importance of giving to all railway structures an amount of solidity far superior to that which is found by experiment or calculation sufficient to support as a dead weight the heaviest loads that can ever travel over them.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Jesuit; or the Amours of Captain Effingham and the Lady Zarifa: A Drama, in Three Acts.* By Thomas W. Whitley. New-York. 1851.

"This is, really and truly, a goose of a book; or, if any body wishes the idiom to be changed, a book of a goose." So wrote the celebrated and classic wit, Dr. Maginn, on one of the books of a certain Nathaniel Parker Willis. We thank the Doctor for the sentence quoted, for it expresses our idea exactly of the so-called drama before us. To follow up his opinion, he says, "There is not a single idea in it, from the first page to the last, beyond what might germinate in the brain of a washerwoman." Our sentiments exactly on the "Jesuit."

It is a strange fact that small minds are celebrated for "nothing in particular," save the great amount of vanity they are able to contain; and lest Mr. Whitley (by any of those self-conceiting and self-pacifying arguments which vanity takes refuge in) might for a moment imagine he is as tall (in a literary point of view) as Mr. Willis, because we have without any trouble placed the same cap on both their heads, we at once beg to take his conceit by the forelock, and wake him up to the fact that he is not. He must stand alone. He is unapproachable in his way. Stupidity at times is so ridiculous as to be laughable; but this pamphlet has not even that doubtful recommendation. It is so stupidly *stupid* as to be tiresome. Well it is for the author of the "Jesuit" that the ancient practice of the gods wreaking their vengeance on offending mortals has fallen into disuse; else would the goddess of the dramatic art have given him (without much difficulty) the fate of Midas, or drowned him—not in the classic Styx, anticipative Mr. W., there are too many poetic reminiscences thereabouts—but in a butt of congenial ass's milk. The ablest physicians recommend *it* for *consumption*.

In plot, dialogue, character and action, this drama has the distinctive marks of being meagre, commonplace, unnatural and stupid. Even the title is excessively stupid. Any thing so ultra smacks of illiberality, bigotry to say the least; and for a drama such a title was ridiculous, for persons who do not agree with the sect "Jesuitical" would derive no pleasure from seeing what

they dislike taking up the two or three hours they wish to devote for instruction or amusement in the theatre. It was evidently written and called so for claptrap, but unfortunately, or fortunately, it has fallen into the pit its writer so untheatrically left too open. The author cannot be an American, or he would have liberality. He is not an Irishman, or he would have wit. He is not a Scotchman, or he would have common sense. He is not a Frenchman, or he would have vivacity. Not a German, or he would have solidity. Not an Italian, or he would have ease. But he is, we think, an Englishman, from the caricature he attempts to draw of an Irishman, and from the rancorous feelings which must have prompted him to waste otherwise valuable time on such an unworthy production.

We are aware that wholesome chastisement, coming from a respectable quarter, often confers temporary notoriety, or even consideration, on worthless and insignificant things. We know this; and if we shall be instrumental, by the advantageous position we hereby give him, in changing Mr. Whitley's false taste and unsound feelings for the future, we shall in no wise object to all the benefit this criticism may confer on him.

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*Letters from the Continent.* By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the Louisville Journal. New-York: D. Appleton. 1851.

This admirable volume might have been titled, with great propriety, the "Exodus of Cant." Of all books of travel we have for a long time (perhaps ever) read, it is the only one which has dared to go out of the beaten track of sketchers, tourists, and health-seekers. This is not so evident in regard to places, as to the descriptions of places. In this book you will not find a fulsome echo of the latest work on the same route, made up from foreign guide-books, or the opinions of titled English aristocrats whose thoughts have no weight save dulness, and who annually follow the steps of Childe Harold, aping the "gloomy," and fancying they are, each and all of them, either a Byron or a Byronic hero. You will not find such in this book, but you *will* find straight-forward and candid opinions and descriptions of the lands and people through which our author passed, written in a racy, piquant, and truly American vein. The letters from Paris, Constantinople, Cologne, Liverpool, and London, are remarkable for their truth, wit, and the national, the true republican, eye through which our author views what passes around him. Those from London are especially true, and ought to be welcomed by every American as the first truthful picture that has been given to them by an observant countryman — one who writes candidly, not drawing on his imagination or the imagination of English writers on their own country, but noting down his experience of John Bull and the people who do homage to that "almighty" personage. Americans who look around them and on the world through English spectacles, would do well to look into this book, and we think they would soon come to our conclusion that their glasses have been *green*. And by Americans of the flunkey class, reading these letters, would see to what society he aspires who apes English manners; and if his manhood has no higher ambition, then truly, him we wish not to enlist.

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*The Annual of Scientific Discovery.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851.

This very useful repository, edited by David A. Wells, A. M., and Geo. Bliss, Jr., ought to obtain a place in the collection of every student, literary man, and those who are anywise interested in the march of science of the present time. It is a complete Year Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, geology, antiquities, and zoölogy, (we must not leave *that* out in *this* age of animals,) with a list of recent scientific publications, patents, important papers, reports, and obituaries of eminent scientific men. The book is handsomely printed, with a portrait frontispiece of Professor Benj. Silliman.

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*Protestantism and Catholicity Compared, in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe.* Written in Spanish, by the Rev. J. Balmes. Translated from the French. Second Edition. Baltimore: Murphy. 1851.

This is a fair translation of Balmes' celebrated work, which engrossed so much attention in Europe. That it will command consideration on this continent, is evident from the fact of its already having attained a second edition. Balmes' style is forcible, eloquent, and comprehensive. In his preface he says: "Among the many and important evils which have been the necessary result of the profound revolutions of modern times, there appears a good extremely valuable to science, and which will probably have a beneficial influence on the human race,—I mean the love of studies having for their object man and society. The shocks have been so rude, that the earth has, as it were, opened under our feet; and the human mind, which, full of pride and haughtiness, but lately advanced on a triumphal car amid acclamations and cries of victory, has been alarmed and stopped in its career. Absorbed by an important thought, overcome by a profound reflection, it has asked itself, 'What am I? Whence do I come? What is my destination?'"

"'What am I?' The European Democrat would answer: I am the likeness of God, kept in perpetual childhood by the social ban of kings and princes who, shrouding society with the remnant of feudal usage, present me for every modern Herod to deal promiscuous slaughter upon. 'Whence do I come?' From the region of darkness and imbecility. 'What is my destination?' Light and freedom and manhood."

This is the true view of "the revolutions." It is needless to say that Balmes argues, and it is thought profoundly, for the spread of civilization by Catholicity. We could not, in a short notice, enter into an argument with his elaborate work, and therefore shall leave it with the remark that it

possesses a very remarkable interest for both the Protestant and Catholic student of the progress of civilization in Europe, and the effects of these religious principles thereon. The work is well and cheaply gotten out in a good octavo form, by the well-known Baltimore publishers.

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*Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography.* By Wm. Smith, LL.D. Revised by Charles Anthon, L.L.D. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Anthon's classical reputation is a sufficient guarantee that this work will be found all that the student and general reader can require.

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*History of the United States of America.* By Richard Hildreth. Second Series, Volume I. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The first volume of the second series of Mr. Hildreth's continuous History of America, has been issued as above in a neat library shape.

It is the object of this work to give a complete and detailed account of the United States in their social, political, intellectual and economical aspects, during the exceedingly agitated and interesting period of the first generation succeeding the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The three volumes, by the same author, on our colonial and revolutionary history, must be considered as merely an introduction to these.

This period of thirty-two years not only possesses a great deal of dramatic unity, but also admits of a division into three acts, each a sort of whole by itself, and each embraced in a separate volume.

The first volume, now presented, opens with a full account of the state of feeling and prevailing views in the different States at the moment of the organization of the new national government, showing the origin of that division of parties by which the country ever since has been more or less agitated, and the echo at least of which still resounds in our ears.

Nor is less attention paid to the exterior relations of the United States with the neighboring Indian tribes, with Britain, Spain, and France; relations which, after the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, came to furnish the great turning points of American politics.

The doubtful relations with the various Indian tribes, especially the war with the Northwestern Indians, the Whisky Rebellion in Western Pennsylvania, the gradual distinct formation of parties, and the personal character and individual aims of the principal leaders, together with the most remarkable transactions in the particular States, furnish interesting episodes to this narrative.

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*The Manhattaner in New-Orleans; or, Phases of "Crescent City" Life.* By A. Oakey Hall. New-York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1851.

For a gloomy noon in December or a heavy afternoon in June, we could desire no better companion than Mr. Oakey Hall and his Crescent City life reminiscences. His is a perfect diarrhœa of gossiping and piquant recollections and descriptions of places, persons, and occurrences in and about the "Calcutta of America," as he not inappropriately terms New-Orleans. His is any thing but "bald and disjointed chat," and save that he made us search Webster's Dictionary in vain for some of his expressions, our time with him was hearty, good-tempered, and instructive.

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*The Celestial Telegraph; or Secrets of the Life to come, revealed through Magnetism.* 2 vols in 1. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, publisher.

We have glanced over this work, and we think it will afford some amusement if not profit to the reader. At page 142 of the second volume, we find the following:—

"When deceased persons appear, is it the body in which we have known them on earth that appears?"

"No."

"Then why are they so much alike, and dressed as they were among us?"

"Because, otherwise, it would be impossible to recognize them."

Now, this doctrine is by no means a new one. We remember when a boy, in the city of Charleston, to have heard of a negro woman who had been in a trance for several days, and when she came to she was asked by an old aunty,

"Way you been?"

She replied, "In Hebben."

"Well, tell me, den, who you see dare?"

"Why, ah!—I see old massa; he was dress up in he soger cloes, hab a cock-hat on he hed, an a bran new sord by he side. Kye! I tell you wat, he look smart as ebber I see um on gen'ral review day. I see old missus too: he dress up in a elegant dress, wid spangle all ober he dress, and a splendid torta-shell comb in he head. I tell you wat, old missus look quite smart: he look jist like he look when young missus gin dat weddin' party."

"Well now, Mom Susey, look yar: old aunt Peggy he bin ded sence you bin in de trance. You see eny ting ob him?"

"Oh, git out, nigger!—dont bodder me! I bin dare sich a leetle time, I haint hab a chance to go in de kitchin!"

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*Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey.* By Aubrey De Vere, Esq. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

These few chapters of travel are finely contemplative and philosophical, as well as picturesque and intelligent. There is also an air of *honesty* and earnestness that, combined with the unpretending yet finished style of the author, give a charm to the work that is as rare as it is fascinating. If we add to these peculiarities a mind well stored with the glorious classic times of which the scenes described are the monuments, a fine taste for art, and an imagination peculiarly susceptive of poetical influences—what better guide would one want for an intellectual excursion into the

wonderful land of ancient art and eloquence and undying song!

Other peculiarities of the book than those mentioned, we may convey the best idea of by two quotations. We give them also for their intrinsic interest.

THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

"It is a fortunate circumstance that among the monuments of antiquity which have escaped the spoiler's hand at Athens, are some of a character so singular that if they had perished (and a touch might have destroyed them) nothing would have remained to give us an idea of what they had been. One of these is the 'Lantern of Demosthenes,' another is the well-known 'Temple of the Winds'—a small octagon tower of exquisite proportions, the alternate sides of which are graced with projecting porches supported by pillars, while aloft the eight Winds expand their wings, floating forward with refluent hair, and holding in their hands the urns of benignant dews and showery influences, by which the seasons are tempered to the use of man. This building, which contained a water-clock in communication with the fountain Clepsydra, was originally surmounted by a Triton revolving on an axis, and sustaining in his hand a wand, the point of which drooped over the emblem of whatever wind was blowing at the time. On the side of the building still remain the lines which, like those traced on our dials, marked the hour by the shadow cast from the styles above. This building is a beautiful instance of that architectural tact which turns every practical need to account. It would be a dangerous model in the hands of a copyist, for the least alteration in its proportions would probably spoil its effect, and the slightest misapplication would make it ridiculous. One can hardly hope that it has hitherto escaped being travestied: if, indeed, it has ever been made to surmount a Greek portico, and do service as the spire of a meeting-house, there has at least been a moral significance in this application of the 'Temple of the Winds.'"

The following, touching Lord Byron, is very interesting:—

"Mr. F. * * * * joined the Greek cause, to which he continued faithful during the whole of the war. In our discussion on that subject, he told me many interesting anecdotes of Lord Byron, with whom he was intimately acquainted. What he may think of him as a poet, I do not know; but he entertains the highest respect for the powers which Lord Byron exhibited as a man of action and of business. His temper and his shrewdness (as he assures me) were equally admirable; and whenever a quarrel arose between the native chiefs, the matter was referred to him as an arbitrator. He had always tact enough to allay heart-burnings, and his energy was of a nature so eminently practical that not a few of the vaporers around him found themselves hard at work when they had only thought of a little agreeable excitement. What a pity that he was so prematurely cut off! Who knows but that he might have displayed a high military genius—an attribute which includes so much of imagination as well as of intuition, that it must be in some measure allied with the poetic faculty. Whether, however, he had failed or succeeded, how much might not the severities of a few campaigns have done to re-invigorate his enervated system, purge away his vanity, and shake him out of the self-love which imprisoned him! Byron has never been done justice to, and perhaps never will be. In his day he was extravagantly over-praised; and after he had become the 'spoiled child of the public, whom he had spoiled,' his errors were with as little discrimination exaggerated; a violent access of virtuous indignation, with which the public is periodically visited, concurring with its natural inconstancy. His works were, one and all, premature—forced in the hot-bed of a too fervid popularity. His severer critics forgot how adverse his fortunes were to his true greatness. They ask, 'Had he not rank, wealth, fashion, fame, beauty,' &c. &c.? No doubt he had; but these are only the elaborate nothings that cheat a great design—the petty entanglements that check free movements. Genius, like virtue, wears its leathern girdle, and feeds on scanty fare; is flung upon faith for support, and follows the guidance of a remote hope; in other words, has not its portion in the present, that it may lay up store for a remoter day. Those who run in flowing attire, not succinct, and on the soft field, not the race-course, cannot put out their full speed. Considering the eminently practical nature of Byron's intellect, as well as the rhetorical character that pervades much of his poetry, and which so singularly combines the impassioned eloquence of Rousseau with the declamation of Pope, it is likely that if he had steadily devoted himself to public life, he might even have become a parliamentary leader. His temperament, however, would not have allowed of such a devotion."

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*Wallace: A Franconian Story.* By the Author of the "Rollo Books." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Jacob Abbott's works are always welcome visitors to the young folks around the hearth. The series of which the present volume is the second, partakes of the usual interest which a domestic tale, neatly written, and with a good purpose, presents.

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*The Moorland Cottage.* By the Author of "Mary Barton." New-York: Harpers. 1851.

We just read enough of this book to say, that it is a plainly but pleasingly-written story of domestic *Life in England.* We most likely would have read it through, but fortunately a friend informed us that it was "touched not a little with the spirit that is manifesting itself of late in the social condition of the English people." We immediately put the book down, after thanking our friend, and affirming our conviction that it was worse than folly to busy ourselves with the reprint of a social and political tale of English life, not spirited enough to be amusing as a tale, nor reliant enough for a political tract, while the gouty

state of our own government demanded all our political attention. We should look at home.

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need,
God help thee, guarded by the passive creed!
* * * * * * *
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,
When the dark plumage with the crimson beak
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak;
So trust thy friends, whose idle tongues would charm
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,
Thy torches ready for the answering peal,
From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!—HOLMES.

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*American Institutions and their Influence.* By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. With Notes by the Hon. JOHN C. SPENCER. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is the first volume of De Tocqueville's celebrated "Democracy in America." This portion of the work was originally published as it is now presented, and is a complete and succinct essay on the institutions of our country. On its appearance it was universally welcomed, and admitted to be the best, "if not the first systematic and philosophic view of the great principles of our Constitution which has been presented to the world." It was the intention of the publishers to present De Tocqueville's entire work in a condensed, abridged, and cheap form to the American public; but finding that to condense would be to destroy, inasmuch as our author's opinions and illustrations are so admirable on every branch of the subject he touches, they determined to issue the volume before us (as it originally stood) complete, in a commodious and cheap form, awaiting the public will to guide them in the publication of the succeeding volume. It is unnecessary to state that the second volume will be in anxious demand by all readers of the first.

The editor is more than usually well qualified for the task intrusted to him. "Having had the honor of a personal acquaintance with M. De Tocqueville while he was in this country; having discussed with him many of the topics treated of in this book; having entered deeply into the feelings and sentiments which guided and impelled him in his task, and having formed a high admiration of his character and of this production, the editor felt under some obligation to aid in procuring for one whom he ventures to call his friend, a hearing from those who were the objects of his observations." The notes of Mr. Spencer will be found to elucidate occasional misconceptions of the translator. It is a most judicious text-book, and ought to be read carefully by all who wish to know this country, and to trace its power, position, and ultimate destiny from the true source of philosophic government, Republicanism—the people. De Tocqueville, believing the destinies of civilization to depend on the power of the people and on the principle which so grandly founded an exponent on this continent, analyzes with jealous care and peculiar critical acumen the tendencies of the new Democracy, and candidly gives his approval of the new-born giant, or points out and warns him of dangers which his faithful and independent philosophy foresees. We believe the perusal of his observations will have the effect of enhancing still more to his American readers the structure of their Government by the clear and profound style in which he presents it. This edition is suitable for the library as well as general reading.

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*Foreign Reminiscences.* By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. Edited by his Son. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

These reminiscences will be found very interesting, as they consist of personal recollections and anecdotes; accounts of political intrigues and general observations of the persons and events that signalized the mighty drama with which the present century was opened.

Associating intimately with many of the principal personages of the times, he draws characters from his own observation; and notwithstanding all that has been written on those times, this is a contribution that must command attention.

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*Lavengro: The Scholar—The Gipsy—The Priest* By GEORGE BORROW, Author of "The Bible in Spain," &c. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

The author of this book has made himself so famous by his previous publications, that we need not dwell upon his genius or his style. His books are of that adventurous personal and graphic character that are most fascinating to the general mind. The one before us is full of strange adventure, wild and picturesque scenery, both of places and people. Has there ever been a man of literature, that so entered into the spirit of, and identified himself so completely with *vagrancy?* If Mr. Borrow *has done with* the Gipsy tribes of Europe, we *invite* him to those of America. What a field there is for him among our western wilds and along the Oregon and California *trails*, marking the habits and manners of that strange nomadic race "the *pioneers*," for ever "moving" westward, westward, half their lives living in their wagons in the wilds. And varying these by excursions among the Indians on the way, he might make one of "*the books*"—such an one as our friend Putnam delights to put on his best Kingsland paper, secured as it would be by copyright from all dishonorable or envious interference.

By the way Tom Hyer has offered, we see, to any Englishman that will fight him, $3,000. We wonder if Tom's martial ardor has not been aroused by reading this book, (so full of the ring,) and if he does not mean the challenge for our author!

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Alex. Ramsey

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVI.

FOR MAY, 1851.

## THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the entire freedom of thought and speech which in this Republic we theoretically possess; notwithstanding the varieties of forms and opportunities existing for the discussion of the great and the small questions that arise among us; the numerous halls of legislation that are dotted over the entire surface of the nation, as well as the great central Congress of the whole; the newspapers "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa;" primary meetings and political assemblages of the people; pulpits, lecture-rooms, and unrestricted book publication; and notwithstanding a certain general intelligence, and aptitude for thinking, speaking, and writing, a calm observer must be struck with the rarity of instances in which an important question, if arising within the arena of political strife, is considered with a breadth of thought adequate to its thorough elucidation. What are the causes of this national deficiency? In the first place, we are too one-sided as individuals, and too "*many-sided*" as a people. Each one is born into or attaches himself to a sect, clique or faction; and every region has its predominant local dogmas and tone of thought. Each one therefore is apt to have a preconceived theory, or a local prejudice, which more or less interferes with a wide and liberal view of any question which touches the whole nation, or the discussion of which embraces general principles. In the next place, there may be too incessant discussion for deep thinking. The stimulus to declamation is sympathy; and the staple of declamation is appeals to feelings, to prejudices, to interests. Wise thought and consistent logic visit genius in other spheres. The daily press is too incessant in its demands for well-considered thinking, and too local in its very nature, and all its attachments, for unbiased consideration. That form of periodical literature which is the best for such modes of presenting subjects as we are lamenting the want of, and which we have endeavored to contribute to, in the establishment of this Review, is interfered with too much by the flood of foreign rivals to assume as it ought this its proper function among us. Other causes of the evil we allude to exist, but we need not at present name them. It will be seen, we may remark, that it springs from the abuse of some of our most valuable privileges, and is only another illustration of the imperfection of all human systems.

Now we would not have it inferred from these observations that we do not think this nation arrives at the truth of questions that arise within it, or that it does not as rapidly advance in the settlement of principles as others. It does so; but yet it does not outstrip others as it should, considering its unimpeded thought and unshackled press, if there was less of the friction we have described. Truth appears to be only struck out among us in fragments after the conflict of

battle, and finally moulded together for general use after the bitterness of the strife has passed away.

One question there is, the solution of which seems to be hopelessly impeded by these causes — the question, namely: What is the duty of the whole nation, arising under its admitted Constitution, in reference to the subject of Negro Slavery in the Southern States? The passage of the new Fugitive Slave Bill and its enforcement have given occasion for a new discussion of this subject, and have especially stimulated all those influences which we have named, as adverse to the wisest and calmest consideration of important questions. There are some reasons why this should not be regretted, as it presents the question in a more tangible and practical shape than it usually assumes, and enables us to test the declamation it excites by the well-established principles of government, of common sense, and of divine law.

There may be occasions when it is the part of wisdom to decline a controversy involved with collateral issues and impracticable abstractions; but it is not only wise, but manly, to embrace the occasion, when the question is presented in a form that admits of a clear decision by the common sense and common conscience of the world. But before commencing the presentation of our own views of this embarrassing subject, we propose to show the operation of the causes we began by adverting to, in impeding the fair discussion and settlement of the general question, in order that we may bespeak a more candid hearing.

In the first draft of the Declaration of Independence submitted by Thomas Jefferson, the following was among the grievances enumerated: "He (the King of Great Britain) has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating them and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of a *Christian* King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguishing dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which *he* has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom *he* has obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another."

This may be too strong a statement of the case, and no doubt was considered so, as it was not inserted by Congress in the Declaration as adopted. Still, it is undeniable that the introduction of slaves into the colonies was especially patronized by the English Government, and maintained by repeated acts of Parliament. And also, "being openly countenanced by the Dutch in their municipal charter and corporate societies, slavery was forced upon the American Colonies."* "In nearly every instance," says Dr. Stevens, "the earliest legislation in each colony was directed to putting down such a species of labor. Virginia early discouraged it, and during her colonial existence, passed laws imposing duties on slaves imported into the colony, thus virtually prohibiting them." Mr. Madison says, "The British Government constantly checked the attempts of Virginia to put a stop to this infernal traffic." "South Carolina soon passed a law prohibiting their further importation."† It was rejected by the King in council, who declared the trade "beneficial and necessary to the mother country."

"Massachusetts, the first State in America which directly participated in the slave-trade, and that, too, though a member of one of the Boston churches earnestly rebuked the traffic, imposed duties upon negroes imported, and aimed at other efforts; but as late as 1774, when the Assembly of Massachusetts passed an act 'to prevent the importation of negroes and others as slaves,' Governor Hutchinson refused his assent, and dissolved the Assembly; because to sanction it would have violated his instructions. The royal orders to Governor Wentworth, of New-Hampshire, directed him not to give his assent to, or pass, any law imposing duties on negroes imported into New-Hampshire. Slaves were introduced into Pennsylvania by William Penn; and though before he died he did somewhat to meliorate their condition, 'he died a slaveholder.'

"But what could the remonstrances of colonies or the labor of individual philanthropy accomplish,

* Stevens's History of Georgia, chap. ix.
† Ib. p. 286.

when kings, and queens, and cabinets, and cities, and Parliaments, and associations, for two hundred years, were the patrons and participants in this evil traffic! The treaty of Utrecht, in 1711, constituted Her Britannic Majesty Queen Anne, and His Catholic Majesty Philip V., the crowned slave-merchants of North America; the Queen agreeing in the space of thirty years to bring into the Spanish West Indies one hundred and forty-four thousand negroes, to the exclusion of every other slave-trader; and in her speech to Parliament the following year, she boasted of her plan in thus obtaining for English subjects a new slave-market in the Spanish West Indies.

"In 1729, Parliament, at the recommendation of the King, granted supplies for keeping up the slave-traders' posts in Africa; and in 1745 a British merchant embodied the views of the mass of the English people when he entitled his tract, 'The African Slave-Trade, the great Pillar and Support of the British Plantation Trade in America.'"*

Such was the general origin of the institution in the colonies, and the sentiments that existed in relation to it; but in the case of Georgia, the Trustees in England, who held the government of that colony, prohibited the introduction of negroes. They persisted for many years in this prohibition, contrary to the repeated remonstrances and exertions of the colonists themselves; and finally yielded to the representations and the apparent necessity of the case. What those representations were, and what high names lent their sanction to them, the following extracts from Stevens will show:—

"'Not only was this decline visible in Savannah, but it existed in every part of the province, as is evidenced by the magistrates, who in a letter to Mr. Martyn, Secretary of the Board, state 'that the whole inhabitants of Augusta, who have had negroes among them for some years past, declare that if they cannot have that liberty they will remove to the Carolina side; and many of late seeing us strenuous to see the Trustees' orders fulfilled, express themselves in the same strain.'

"'Thus this colony, once the pride of the philanthropic, the object of so many hopes, and the theme of so much eulogy, was pining in misery, and gasping for vitality, even under the eye of its great founder, and within seven years of its first establishment.

"'One of the remedies proposed was, to use, their own language, 'the use of negroes, with proper limitations, which, if granted, would both occasion great numbers of white people to come here, and also to render us capable to subsist ourselves, by raising provisions upon our lands, until we could make some produce fit for export, in some measure to balance our importations.' In opposition to these tenets counter petitions were drawn up at Darien and Ebenezer, the former dated January 3d, 1739, the latter March 13th, 1739, strongly disapproving their introduction, and urging the Trustees to persist in their refusal."

He quotes the Reverend Mr. Habersham as saying:—

"I once thought it was unlawful to keep negro slaves, but I am now induced to think God may have a higher end in permitting them to be brought to this Christian country than merely to support their masters. Many of the poor slaves in America have already been made freemen of the heavenly Jerusalem; and possibly a time may come when many thousands may embrace the gospel, and thereby be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. These and other considerations appear to plead strongly for a limited use of negroes; for, while we can buy provisions in Carolina cheaper than we can here, no one will be induced to plant much."

*Free trade*, it would appear by this extract, compelled the relinquishment of the original policy. Hon. Colonel Heron writes, May, 1748:—

"It is well known to every one in the colony that negroes have been in and about Savannah for these several years past; that the magistrates knew and winked at it, and that their constant toast is 'the one thing needful,' by which is meant negroes."

The celebrated George Whitfield, who was establishing his Orphan House, at Bethesda, Georgia, says:—

"Upwards of five thousand pounds have been expended in that undertaking, and yet very little proficiency made in the cultivation of my tract of land, and that entirely owing to the necessity I lay under of making use of white hands. Had a negro been allowed I should now have had a sufficiency to support a great many orphans, without expending above half the sum which has been laid out. An unwillingness to let so good a design drop, and having a rational conviction that it must necessarily, if some other method was not fixed upon to prevent it—these two considerations, honored gentlemen, prevailed on me about two years ago, through the bounty of my good friends, to purchase a plantation in South Carolina, where negroes are allowed. Blessed be God, this plantation has succeeded; and though at present I have but eight working hands, yet in all probability there will be more raised in one year and with a quarter the expense than has been produced at Bethesda for several years last past. This confirms me in the opinion I have entertained for a long time, *that Georgia never can or will be a flourishing province without negroes are allowed.*"

These historical references will serve to

* Stevens's History of Georgia, p. 268.

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present a general view of the origin of slavery in these States. It will be seen that it was never established or advocated by the colonists as an institution good in itself, but objected to, and only admitted on compulsion when it appeared necessary to their existence.

We quote now from the *Southern Quarterly Review* for January, 1851, the following passages, as confirmatory of the uniformity of these sentiments: "Indeed, for a long time, even our own people were disposed to admit our inferiority in this respect, and were used to base their apology for slavery mainly upon the ground of the present impossibility of abandoning it;" "and thus many, if not most slaveholders, gradually adopted the oft-repeated assertion, and were wont to admit in argument that our system was in all points inferior to others, and could only be maintained on the plea of necessity."

Such were the opinions and acts of the South as represented by their great men in former times. Let us now contrast them with the modern doctrines, inculcated with all the earnestness of conviction by some.

The views and arguments of General McDuffie, Governor Hammond, Mr. Calhoun, &c., we need not quote. They are fresh in the minds of all. Mr. McDuffie contended that Republicanism itself cannot exist permanently without the institution of slavery. The laboring population, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," he thinks, are unsafe depositaries of political powers and rights. The other authorities we have named hold, we believe, the same thing. But as we have not at hand the means of quoting the language of these gentlemen, we will turn to the article in our able Southern contemporary, from which we have already quoted for a summary of the opinions we are trying to represent. "The *investigation* (the writer calls it) *is of comparatively recent date, but its results are of vast importance. It has effected a revolution in the intelligence of the South which places the system upon an impregnable position.* It has been *examined* from every point of view, and we believe that every examination has increased its value. *We are satisfied now that we are right*—right politically, industrially, socially, *and above all, religiously.*"

After showing its superiority over every other relation of labor and capital, and the constant advantages to accrue to both parties, but especially the slave, by it, the writer exclaims, "What limits can be set to the admiration for a system which bids fair to do so much!"

These quotations and observations will be sufficient to show that there has a new set of opinions, doctrines, and arguments grown up in the South. They are held, we know, chiefly in one State, and are known as the South Carolina doctrines; but they are comparatively new, and may extend themselves. What is the cause of this change? Previous to any external pressure, we have seen that these opinions did not exist at the South; *à priori*, therefore, there is reason to believe that some connection exists between that pressure and these opinions. We believe it to be the general sentiment that that connection is positive—*cause* and *effect*. The "Abolitionists" are responsible for it. They have been unjust, one-sided, and unphilosophical. They have represented the slaveholder as *wilfully* unjust and wicked. Men whom their neighbors, even their slaves, know to be gifted with every Christian virtue and every human charity, they have maligned and denounced in the most opprobrious terms. Every one not carried away by their fanaticism has felt this to be injustice, and, indeed, irreconcilable with common sense. All know that men may be morally pure and honest while practising that which others may consider wrong. And no man positively knows for his brother man what is right and what not in complicated cases. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Self-preservation, (or what seemed to them to be such,) being the first law of nature, compelled them to defend themselves. Metaphysical subtleties being the chief weapon of attack, they resorted to the same weapons for defense; and in that section whose mind was impregnated by the genius of a great master of the sophisms of metaphysics, the result is as we have shown. The difficulties of the subject have been increased, and its solution retarded. Since the attack on the institution has been made from without, it has come to be defended as good *per se*, and we have seen no progress made towards a modification of their systems by the Southern States, no comparisons of opinions by those who have the fullest prac-

tical knowledge of the difficulties, dangers, and wants of the case. "Thanks to the energy," says the *Southern Review*, "with which these false positions were pressed upon us, we were at length driven to the necessity of investigating the subject from its very depth; we were forced to think for ourselves." Such has been the consequence of this one-sided, narrow-minded, and unreasonable method of treating a question involving serious difficulties and momentous consequences. If the abstract view of the question which the Northern extremists take is indubitably correct, even then the method adopted is impolitic and unwise, retarding the healthy action of sound principles on the minds of those who alone have it in their power to act practically in the matter. The question of the true relationship of races, intellectually, morally, physically, and economically, is undoubtedly a difficult one, and by no means yet settled. Historically, and may we not say providentially, the two most opposite exist here within a government based upon the abstract rights of the whole species. This form of government, the ultimate result of the highest intellect and purest conscience of man, being a self-government, declared and defined by public and common law as rules to be submitted to by all, *requires* necessarily a certain amount of intelligence, virtue, and even statesmanship, in every individual of the commonwealth. Now, within this government,—a government only consistent with the highest development,—introduced by unnatural and violent means, we have a race the lowest of the species, the least developed. How are we to act with regard to them; and how are we to bring them into harmony with our system? Let those transcendent minds who have arrived at the solution of all the questions involved in these, who penetrate the designs of the Deity in causing these differences of race, adapting them to differences of climate, as if geographical lines were to bound principles, at least compassionate those groping yet for the truth amid the vast and antagonistic teaching of History, of Physiology, of Metaphysics, and show us the way by steps, rather than by dogmatic assertions of conclusions.

But we have perhaps said enough to prepare the way for the more immediate purpose of this article, which is to set forth our views of the doctrines to be held and enforced with regard to the Fugitive Slave Law. It is peculiarly the province of the great Whig party—the party that has been called by European statesmen the *doctrinaire* party of the Union, and which settles the principles upon which on the whole the government is conducted, whether in or out of power—it is the province we say of this party, that has always been sound on the abstract principles involved whilst admitting the limitations of existing and historical facts, to proclaim, define, and defend the true doctrines which *must* govern in the case. We do not mean that the party has any thing new to add to its creed to apply here. It has well-established principles that cover it in all its length and breadth. Its pervading idea, what is it but the conservation of those principles by which all laws, if we may so speak, are legitimately enacted or repealed — the resistance to that disorganizing spirit that it has always opposed as an element of the opposite party?—an element which it has always seen is the one that liberty and sure progress has had the most to fear from in this country, because it has known that the principles upon which the government is based are such as without any violence, revolution, or bad faith, can meet all evils and effect all improvements within the proper scope of political action. It has resisted all violence and irregularity whenever they have appeared, and time has justified its faith in the pure principles of sound republican conservatism. To this party, therefore, we appeal in the case before us: first, because we know that the republic must look to *it* in all cases of real danger; and secondly, because men of station and renown within its ranks, and papers professed exponents of its doctrines, have swerved from their allegiance to this cardinal virtue of their party—faith in law. What now is the "*Fugitive Slave Law?*" Is obedience to it compatible with the principles of the great party whose character we have above attempted to indicate, and binding upon all conscientious citizens? To the first of these questions: We have seen that slavery was established in various States of this Union by the enactments of the mother countries who founded the colonies, and in one, Georgia, where it was resisted by the home governors, it was introduced by the importunities of the colonists, who supposed it essential to their existence. Its roots

therefore, whether for good or evil, are laid deep in the soil of these States. It has grown up and become interwoven with all their institutions, social and political, and, as we have seen, has got to be defended by one or two of them as a vital element in the State, whilst the rest regard it as an extremely delicate and difficult question, requiring the utmost circumspection in its treatment. Not knowing how otherwise to manage it, or from the absolute necessity of the case, it was recognised by the compact or Constitution by which all the States agreed to confederate and become one nation; and one of the duties of the non-slave-holding State in reference to the institution and the States retaining it, was defined and commanded by the following article: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

There seems to be the strongest reason to believe that, without this provision, the Constitution which has conferred such benefits, not only on this country, but on the world, could not have been formed. But whether it could or not, it *was* formed with it, and it is part and parcel of it, as much as any other provision embodied therein, and is therefore binding until abrogated in the legitimate manner prescribed for such purposes. To violate or to obstruct the operation of it is bad faith, and to evade it, want of manliness and courage. The parties objecting to it should proceed legitimately for an alteration of the Constitution. If they do not, or dare not do this, we are justified in suspecting them of ignorance of the first principles of sound republicanism, or of dishonest attempts to gain popularity by pretenses to superior virtue.

That the recent law of Congress made for the practical enforcement of this provision is "Constitutional," there can be, in our opinion, no sincere difference of opinion. It is declared by one of the best judicial authorities, Judge Nelson, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury of New-York, to be identical in principle with the act of 12th February, 1793, made by a Congress, several of whose members had been distinguished in the Convention that framed the Constitution, and "which was passed at the earnest recommendations of the Governors of *Pennsylvania* and Virginia, between whose States a difficulty had arisen in the surrender of a fugitive slave;" and thus the law would appear to be not only proper, but necessary to both North and South, in order to regulate the proceedings of those who were to have occasion to act under the provision of the Constitution in question.

Now this former law, thus identical with the new one in principle, has been tested by the only legitimate test, an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and has received the confirmation of that Court in the case of Prigg *vs.* the State of Pennsylvania; and is thus virtually made part of the Constitution of the country, no more to be denied than the existence of the original article itself. This most obvious view of the case, so plain to the common sense of any one who will simply look at the matter, Mr. Seward and Mr. John Van Buren have seen fit to deny in their recent letters. We regret this most profoundly, both for their own sakes and the quiet of the country. For they have surely committed themselves to a position utterly untenable, destroying all their moral force as legislators or expounders of law, and involving themselves, perhaps for ever with disorganizing factions. Without going into more detail respecting the law, or expressing any opinion as to its abstract justice or expediency, we would simply state that Judge Nelson, in the charge to which we have referred, minutely examines all the provisions of the law, and pronounces the opinion that no guaranteed rights are infringed by its details. The North of course must be consulted in such an enactment, lest some of its provisions should infringe upon some of their "peculiar institutions;" but within this limitation, whatever was necessary to carry into practice the provision of the Constitution the South have a right to demand. To deny them this right is to break the compact ourselves. Seceding would be a misnomer, for they would be virtually free from the bond of the Union. Such, then, is the law. And now to the other question; Is obedience to it compatible with the soundest principles of politics and the most abstract rights?

This question of course could not arise in reference to a law so legitimately and clearly enacted as we have shown the one in ques-

tion to be, were it not that the *subject* of the law was a matter opposed to the moral convictions of some portion of the community.

But does a difference of opinion as to the thing enjoined by a law justify resistance? Assuredly not; for the person opposed to a law, and against whose will it has been enacted, should consider himself, if called upon to act on the subject at all, as acting by compulsion, and therefore not morally responsible; whereas resistance to regularly enacted law is undoubtedly, in a Republic, the highest of crimes, except in such extreme cases as no one can pretend this is; for in all cases, as Burke says, "The speculative line of demarcation, where obedience ought to end and resistance must begin, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable. It is not a single act, or a single event which determines it. Government must be abused and deranged, indeed, before it can be thought of; and the prospect of the future must be as bad as the experience of the past. When things are in that lamentable condition, the nature of the disease is to indicate the remedy to those whom nature has qualified to administer in extremities this critical, ambiguous, and bitter potion to a distempered State. Times and occasions and provocations will teach their own lessons. The wise will determine from the gravity of the case; the high-minded from disdain and indignation at abusive power in unworthy hands; the brave and bold from the love of honorable danger in a generous cause: but with or without right, a revolution will be the very last resource of the thinking and the good." This most wise and eloquent sentence, the earnest utterance of the most philosophical statesman of modern times, had reference to resistance to the decrees of a monarchy. Its truths were the actuating principles of the venerated founders of this Republic, as witness their long remonstrances and their final "*Declaration.*" Yes, these, the wisest, purest, sternest asserters and defenders of human rights and individual freedom, felt the limitations of their individual judgments, felt the almost sacredness of existing authority, and the tremendous responsibility of constructing anew a power, whose authoritative mandate was to be the guide and defender of individual liberty and security, and the final arbiter, even in cases of conscience operating on the public weal. And by the Providential (for it must be considered in a no less solemn light) existence among them of the purest heart and wisest head that ever, in the annals of mankind, appeared upon the stage of military and political action, they established in the stead of the government overturned, *this*, the ideal of all sages, the goal of all political endeavor that was ever animated by intelligent and sincere desire for the highest good of the species. They substituted for the monarchical, a government totally different in principle, that was for ever to avoid the inherent defect of irresponsible power, to avoid the necessity for ever of all resistance to law, because that law was to be made and repealed by its subjects themselves. If now such sanction as we have mentioned has been given to the doctrine laid down in the passage we have quoted from Burke, as applicable *to resistance to a monarchy*, who will dare to point out the time of resistance to a government having no arbitrary element in its nature, whilst admitting the rightfulness of any government whatever, or the possibility of man existing in an organized free State? This resistance, covert or open, to the regularly enacted law of the land, because we are in favor of something else,—*we* the minority,—what is it but resistance to the first article of our own political creed as republicans? Who is it that would thus open the dread Pandora box of a free State? They are the men who claim to be the peculiar friends of abstract rights. Blinded by the dazzle of the sun upon which they insist upon fixing their gaze, and the gaze of all they would have to follow, the light that should guide them becomes but a snare for their destruction. And these sophist politicians, who encourage them by mistifying the law with legal subtleties, are we to consider them as blind, or as scheming to rise by creating confusion?

We have not felt ourselves called upon heretofore to discuss in this Review this question directly on its merits, because heretofore it has been kept in the region of speculation, theory, and discussion. At last, however, it appears to be assuming the tangible shape of resistance, and men looked up to as guides are (intentionally or not) encouraging treason to our Constitutional obligations. It is our duty therefore to attempt to embody what we know to be the opinion of all sound and patriotic mind-

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the Republic. That this overt or covert resistance is something entirely new, and *beyond the professed principles of the most ultra abolition* organizations or organs, may be a startling proposition to some who have unthinkingly lent themselves to the work; but we shall demonstrate to them in a few words that so it is. The following is the preamble to the Constitution of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society:—

"We, the undersigned, hold that every person of full age and sane mind has a right to *immediate* freedom from personal bondage, of whatsoever kind, unless imposed by the sentence of the law for the commission of some crime. We hold that man cannot, consistently with reason, religion, and the eternal and immutable principles of justice, be the property of man. We hold that whoever retains his fellow-man in bondage is guilty of a grievous wrong. We hold that a mere difference of complexion is no reason why any man should be deprived of any of his natural rights, or subjected to any political disability. *While we advance these opinions as the principles on which we intend to act, we declare that we will not operate on the existing relations of society by other than peaceful and lawful means, and that we will give no countenance to violence or insurrection.*"

And the second article of the Constitution is as follows:—

"The objects of this Society will be to endeavor, *by all means sanctioned by law, humanity, and religion*, to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States; to improve the character and condition of the free people of color; to reform and correct public opinion in relation to their rights, and obtain for them equal civil and political rights and privileges with the whites."

The American Anti-Slavery Society, established in 1833, declared its objects to be—

"The entire abolition of slavery in the United States. While it admits that each State in which Slavery exists has, by the Constitution of the United States, the exclusive right to legislate in regard to its abolition in that State, it shall aim to convince all our fellow-citizens, by arguments addressed to their understandings and consciences, that slaveholding is a heinous crime in the sight of God; and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned require its *immediate abandonment, without expatriation. The Society will also endeavor, in a constitutional way, to influence Congress to put an end to the domestic servitude, and to abolish slavery in all those portions of our common country which come under its control, especially in the District of Columbia, and likewise to prevent the extension of it to any State that may hereafter be admitted to the Union.*"

And other objects of the Society were stated thus:—

"This Society shall aim to elevate the character and condition of the people of color, by encouraging their intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and by removing public prejudice; that thus they may show, according to their moral and intellectual worth, an EQUALITY with the whites of civil and religious privileges; *but the Society will never, in any way, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force.*"

In the address put forth by them in the year 1835, they say:—

"We hold that Congress has no more right to abolish slavery in the Southern States than in the French West India Islands. Of course, we desire no national legislation on the subject. We hold that slavery *can only be lawfully abolished by the Legislatures* of the several *States in which it prevails*, and that the exercise of any other than moral influence to induce such abolition is UNCONSTITUTIONAL. We believe that Congress has the same right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia that the State Governments have within their respective jurisdictions; and that it is their *duty to efface so foul a blot from the national escutcheon.* We believe that American citizens have the right to express and publish their opinions of the Constitution, and laws, and institutions of any and every State and nation, and *we mean never to surrender the liberty of speech*, of the press, or *of conscience.*"

In an address of the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts, signed by W. L. Garrison and twenty-three others, is the following, to the same effect:—

"We are accused of interfering in the domestic concerns of the Southern States. We would ask those who charge this to explain precisely what they mean by interference. If, by interference, be meant any attempt to legislate for the Southern States, or to compel them by force or intimidation, to emancipate their slaves, we at once deny any such pretension. We are utterly opposed to any force on the subject but that of conscience and reason, which are mighty, through God, in the pulling down of strongholds. *We fully acknowledge that no change in the slave laws of the Southern States can be made unless by the Southern Legislatures. Neither Congress nor the Legislatures of the free States have authority to change the condition of a single slave in the slave States.*"*

It will be seen from these quotations, that all these societies—societies that are considered as embodying all that is most fa-

* For these quotations (used for a different purpose) we are indebted to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, published in Charleston. We mention this to call attention to the fact, that the South do not suppress or keep out of sight the opinions of even the extremists of the North, as they have sometimes been charged with doing.

natical on this subject—in these, their most solemn declarations, repudiate the idea of any treason to the Constitution or resistance to the law. Let them answer to their own consciences now, if any of them have violated these declarations and pledges?

That resistance to the law we are discussing is going beyond the pledged position of the abolitionists themselves, we think has been made obvious, by what we have said, touching the constitutionality and propriety of the act, and the quotations just made from these their principles, put forth by them as the result of their most serious deliberations, when, if ever, they laid aside feelings to express the decisions of their reason. If these declarations and promises were made only when the crime they repudiated seemed beyond their reach, knowing that they had no possible power to operate against the institution in the States, it would appear still more odious, to take the first occasion when their principles could be tested, to violate them. Whatever of respect their sincerity of purpose may have heretofore excited, will surely be utterly destroyed by this bad faith, and palpable weakness. That the purpose of those who resist the law is down right, acknowledged treason, witness the following from the resolutions passed by the recent Anti-Fugitive-Slave-Law Convention held in Boston:—

"*Resolved*, That every provision in any constitution or statute, which commands the commission of a crime, is both morally and legally void; and no judge, magistrate, officer, or private person, is under any legal obligation to obey such provision, but when called on to act under it, is bound to disobey it, and assist in frustrating its operation.

"*Resolved*, That since liberty, in the words of the Declaration of Independence, is an 'inalienable right,' and the right of every slave to his freedom is always and every where perfect, slaveholding, which robs men of this inestimable birthright, is the greatest of crimes.

"*Resolved*, That if the Constitution, in its true meaning, required the surrender of fugitives from slavery, the provision for that purpose would be utterly void in law, because requiring the commission of a crime."

How utterly abominable and dangerous, under the circumstances of the case, are such sentiments as these! How entirely inconsistent with the possibility of government! There must be either organized society or anarchy. Organized government must be either of one man, of a few, or a government of the majority. Neither of these are infallible, however pure may be their intentions; nor are they always capable of carrying out their best designs, from the existence of what really are, or are supposed to be, immovable obstacles. All governments are entitled to these considerations; how much more that in which all participate,—a Republic of universal suffrage; for the protection of all; established by a Constitution furnishing such wise legislative and executive machinery, for the prevention of crime in the individual, or to avoid the "*commanding of crime*" by itself, as has never before been seen among men. Should this government err, it has provided for its own fallibility by legitimate modes of correction. Should it command a crime, it asks no *passive obedience* in any real sense, but allows of discussion, of agitation, and of voting against, without restriction. But that it may not be a mere shadow and delusion, it cannot allow every wild theorist, or even the sagest and best men, in their individual capacity, to resist its mandates, on the plea that their conscience will not allow them to obey. They have, it is true, the *sacred right of martyrdom*, and to that they must resort, if they would not incur the guilt of doing an evil that good may come—an evil that may be a thousand times greater than the one they would correct. For the rest, their fiery zeal and burning speech are but the "torch of Erostratus," with which they would destroy this most beautiful fabric erected for the oppressed of all the earth, that they may glut their morbid appetite for fame. *They* aspire not to the crown of martyrdom, but consider their "right to LIFE, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness" and *praise* inalienable under any circumstances. To them and to all we commend the following wise and eloquent sentences, the conclusion of the discourse of the Rev. Dr. Adams:—

"That decision being given, and the law proved to be law,—you ask again what is your duty on Christian and ethical principles, in reference to a law which you dislike. I answer unhesitatingly, obedience to law, till such time as you can make it sure that the evils which that law entails so far overbalance all the good which obedience to law secures, that you are justified in resistance, for the sake of a surer, a higher, and a greater good. We do not say that the law itself may not be distasteful to your sensibilities; we do not say but that you may regret the necessity of its enactment; we do not forbid you to deplore the circumstances which gave it existence; we do not forbid you to

use all proper means to substitute a law which is better; we do not deny the right of private judgment, nor the right of resistance, nor the right of revolution; but in God's name, we do insist, before that last right be resorted to, and as you would justify your resistance on Christian principles, that you should convince yourself and convince others, that the benefits to be secured by resistance or revolution are vastly greater than any which follow acquiescence under constitutional order and security. To this narrow point we must come at last. You must not begin with natural rights and abstract rights, and push them in a blind, headstrong manner, in straight lines; for society is organized with a modification of our natural rights; and the advantages of a well-organized and well-governed social state are secured by the sacrifice of individual interests and personal preferences; and the question is, whether this state and order of things is not better than the resolution of society into its original elements, (if such a thing were possible,) each individual being left to assert and defend his own rights, in his own way, and by his own strength.

"Our Divine Lord beheld the sufferings of his countrymen under Roman oppression. Jewish taxation was farmed out in a way to occasion the Jewish nation unprecedented suffering. The Pharisees, designing to entrap him, asked whether it was lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar. 'Of whom,' asked he in calmest majesty, 'do you take tribute; of children, or of strangers?' They say, 'Of strangers.' Then, replied he, are the CHILDREN FREE. But he did not take his stand on this natural right and refuse the tribute. Acquiescence even in an unjust law was better than any advantage which could be attained by a premature, inopportune, and abortive resistance. So he sent to the sea and procured the coin for himself and his disciples. A beautiful illustration, we must all admit, of the great law of Christian expediency. Let the best thing be done, that can be done, in given circumstances.

"Certainly it is your *right* to eat meat, but for 'meat do not destroy the work of God.' The absence of all imperfection, of all defect, is more than can be demanded of any thing human. But do not destroy life for the sake of remedying blindness, deafness, or lameness. Do not demolish the temple for the sake of repairing a defect in its façade. Do not break the costly vase because of an unseemly stain on its surface. Do not overturn law and government to remove an incidental evil. If the evil, in your sober judgment, in your calm and religious reason, is so vast, so accumulative, so progressive, as to throw into shade all the benefits which accrue from a government administered according to charters and constitutions, the course before you is plain. The right of resistance is yours. The right of revolution is yours. But BEWARE THAT YOU DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE. Interests too vast, too solemn, for ourselves and the world, are at stake, to justify rashness. In other matters you may trifle; but you must not trifle here. Mistakes elsewhere may be innocent; but they are not innocent here.

"Do evils of such helpless, hopeless, overshadowing enormity exist in our own country, and under our own government, that resistance, the 'last resource of the thinking and the good,' is necessary? Evils there are. But are they of such a character as to overbalance the good? Slavery is an evil. We allow no man to surpass us in our utter detestation of the system. It existed in the country when our stern-souled fathers were called to frame the government. It existed by no choice or fault of theirs. When deliberating as to the formation of a Constitution, they were compelled to recognize the existence of an evil which they deplored; just as in using steel for a lever, you must allow for its natural properties, its permanent elasticity—the good notwithstanding the evil, when that evil is unavoidable and incidental. They have transmitted to us a priceless heritage, though the evil still inheres. Would to God that it never had existed. But can we soberly, intelligently, and religiously decide that it is so great, intolerable, and incurable, that we are justified in defying law, tearing the Constitution, revolutionizing the government; risking the advantages enjoyed by us and our children, for the sake of its removal?

"Every man, I think, will pause ere he rushes on such a decision. Circumnavigate the globe; where do you find a government better than our own; one which better answers the ends of government? Go to Madrid, to Vienna, to Constantinople, to Rome, to Petersburg, to Rio Janeiro, to Mexico, and be thankful for your own chartered, free and liberal government. It is the product of long history, of ancient events, ages of human experience. The roots of it lie back in the eventful scenes of other centuries. The scholar's lamp, the patriot's scaffold, the martyr's cell, the Christian's prayers, all the hopes of good men in ages past, have been converging, in the sweeping current of history, to the production of these liberal yet secure institutions in which we rejoice. I see the forms of our own fathers, wise in counsel, valiant in deed, Christian in purpose, who won for us the battle, and bequeathed to us the heritage. I see the ministers of God, whose spirits walked on every field of conflict, and whose prayers and preaching brought down the sanctions of religion to a cause which never could have triumphed had it not been good. All these come thronging back, peopling the air, as if incapable of enjoying their repose while any uncertainty overhangs the fruit of their sufferings and toils. I see the eyes of millions from every part of the world turned towards us, eagerly watching the great experiment of self-government. I see the exiled and the sad from every land hastening for shelter to our shores; finding liberty, home, and hope, beneath the protection of wholesome laws. I see the unparalleled blessings which Divine Providence has conferred upon us in the past, the present, and which open before us in the future. I see a nation of freemen, stretching from State to State, from sea to sea; free thought, free labor, free religion, a free Bible; schools, homes and churches; a nation involving in its success the hope of the world. Then I turn my tearful eye to that dark spot in our history—that great mystery of Providence; but I seem to see 'the stars in their courses fighting' against it. I feel that the evil is subordinate and incidental, not pri-

mary and intentional; and comparing evil with good, the smile of gladness will shine through the tears of my regret. I cannot, I dare not, I will not take the torch of Erostratus and apply it to a temple which is the wonder of the world, and a glory unto God. I will wait. I will hope. I will pray. My faith in God bids me be calm, patient, hopeful; believing that trials will consolidate our institutions, wisdom and goodness will perfect them, and that, with God's blessing, they will stand for us, for our children and children's children, a beneficent shelter and guardianship for an intelligent, industrious, contented, united, Christian people, to the end of time."

After this it will become us to draw to a close our somewhat hasty observations. We have attempted to call attention to the sectional and one-sided manner in which this question is discussed North and South. We have tried to indicate the limit of individual and national responsibility for the existence of the cause of the evil from which these difficulties spring. We have shown that a fanatical and inconsiderate opposition to it has begotten a fanatical defense of it. The Constitution, we have seen, acknowledges it, and in one particular carries it into every State bound to its authority. A law has been made to define and regulate the manner of obedience to this peculiarity of the Constitution. We have shown that this law, as long as it is such, must be obeyed. This simple statement of the case seems to render unnecessary the space we have devoted to the subject; but the common-sense view of the case has been obscured by the violence of sectional and *factional* discussion; and the question, being a "case of conscience" as well as "a case of law," has, it is not to be denied, some difficulties which require careful elucidation. We have shown, we think, however, that no intelligent, unprejudiced, or truly patriotic man, can have any question as to his duty in the case. The existence of the government on which all his hopes, and the best hopes of his race, depend, demands, we have shown, his allegiance to *law*.

Now, although this summary of our article would appear to indicate a subject the principles of which are above and beyond the lines of party divisions; yet, as we have intimated, the country must look for its safety, in the crisis created by this question, to *the party of law and order*. To all who profess their allegiance to this party, therefore, we have appealed. The principles from which we have reasoned have always distinguished it, *and must continue to do so*, or all that has given stability to this great experiment of government, or certainty to the final triumph of liberty every where, will have passed away as a delusion.

Uniformity of action and *sentiment* as to the *subject* of the law, has been attempted to be set up as necessary to the cohesion of the party throughout the different sections of the country. This is an utterly impracticable delusion, and could only be entertained by those ignorant of the national character and the principles involved, or who are making use of the very pretense of nationality for sectional ends.

Differences of opinion as to the character, consequences, &c., of the institution of slavery must be allowed to exist—always have existed, and will exist probably for several generations to come. We cannot continue as one nation, much less as one party, unless we can "agree to disagree" on the abstract points involved in this subject; yet, as we have shown, there *is* a vital principle dividing the two parties on which we have fought the battle of constitutional stability and sure progress on other fields, and which applies here with more than usual import. If, among the principles that distinguish the Whig party, we were called upon to select that which might be considered its soul—the immortal part—that which will never permit it to die, even if broken into fragments—we should name its adhesion to the prescribed constitutional and legal forms of establishing measures, and of effecting or resisting changes in existing ones. Its whole history is pervaded with this idea. We may refer, as examples, to the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States question; the Rhode Island rebellion; the disorganization movement in the State of Ohio; the disregard and resistance made in some of the States to the last electoral law of Congress; the Repudiation question; and at the present moment its battle in the State of New-York, against the outrageous arrest of legislation by the minority of the Senate. Here then we find a principle by which we can and must test the party allegiance of all sections and all individuals. To this each must sacrifice their sectionalisms, their predilections, and their private preferences for men or measures; confident that this will carry us safely through this, as it has every other difficulty, and ultimately establish the truth.

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whatever it may be, on fixed and immovable foundations.

And that we may avoid the natural impediments to this consummation, we may conclude as a warning to *all* with the words of the great Bacon:—"FOR THE WISDOM OF A LAW-MAKER CONSISTETH NOT ONLY IN A PLATFORM OF JUSTICE, BUT IN THE APPLICATION THEREOF; TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION BY WHAT MEANS LAWS MAY BE MADE CERTAIN, AND WHAT ARE THE CAUSES AND REMEDIES OF THE DOUBTFULNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF LAW; BY WHAT MEANS LAWS MAY BE MADE APT AND EASY TO BE EXECUTED, AND WHAT ARE THE IMPEDIMENTS AND REMEDIES IN THE EXECUTION OF LAWS."

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# VERSES

## WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF BOLOGNA, IN ITALY:

MUCH ADMIRED BY TRAVELLERS AND OTHERS WHO HAVE BY CHANCE MET WITH THEM.

Si tibi pulchra domus, si splendida mensa; quid inde?
Si species auri, argenti quoque massa; quid inde?
Si tibi sponsa decens, si sit generosa; quid inde?
Si tibi sunt nati, si prædia magna; quid inde?
Si fueris pulcher, fortis, divesve; quid inde?
Si doceas alios, in qualibet arte; quid inde?
Si longus servorum, inserviat ordo; quid inde?
Si faveat mundus, si prospera cuncta; quid inde?
Si prior, aut abbas, si dux, si papa; quid inde?
Si felix annos regnes per mille; quid inde?
Si rota fortunæ te tollit ad astra; quid inde?
Tam cito, tamque cito fugiunt hæc, ut nihil inde:
Sola manet virtus, nos glorificabimur inde.
Ergo Deo pare, bene nam tibi provenit inde.

TRANSLATION.

What, if the stateliest buildings were thine own?
What, if the choicest fruits thy table crown?
If thou hast heaps on heaps of gold in store,
And each succeeding year still adding more?
What if thou hadst the fairest, kindest wife,
To be the sweet companion of thy life?
If thou art blessed with sons, a large estate,
And all around magnificent and great;
What if thou'rt comely, valiant, rich, and strong,
And teachest others in each art, each tongue;
If thou hast numerous servants at command,
All things in store and ready to thy hand;
If thou wert king, commander of a nation,
Full thousand happy years, without vexation;
If fortune raised thee to the highest strain
Of grandeur, wealth, and dignity——what then?
Soon, very soon, all ends and comes to naught;
Virtue alone 's the greatest glory sought.
Obey th' Almighty's will: from hence arise
All happiness within; in this all glory lies.

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# "PENDENNIS" AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

If every fiction writer did his work as well as the author of Pendennis, we should give up all other kinds of reading, and take to novels. Mr. Thackeray understands the world, and what is equally important and much more difficult, he understands himself. He writes very much as Fielding would have written, had he lived in an age of newspapers and railroads; no less contemptuous of fashionable absurdities, no less a good hater of every thing that deserves to be hated; fully as keen, as sly, as good-humored. Fielding's novels were exactly suited to his age, and Thackeray's are no less adapted to ours—praise which can be extended to the productions of very few of his contemporaries. In fact, the latter is, with perhaps two exceptions, the only man living who knows how to write a novel.

Writing—filling up a given number of sheets—is very easy; and perhaps it is easier to write a "fashionable novel" than any thing else. Patience and a penny-a-line will accomplish wonders in this department of literature especially, and if to have produced a novel were to be famous, we should not, a year hence, have an ordinary individual amongst us. As it is, hardly a day passes but some "great American novelist" starts up on one side or the other, heralded by the intensest blasts of "able and impartial critics," who, in spite of the wealth of Webster's Dictionary, seem to want language to express their admiration of the new-born prodigy. To-morrow, the wonder and the book are forgotten, and other geniuses and other developments of "ripe scholarship," "profound insight into human nature," and "daring and dexterous philosophy," take their place. Meanwhile, in the intervals, we are required to acknowledge the transcendent powers of Reynolds, Dumas, and a dozen others of the melo-dramatic and gas-light school, whose only skill lies in touching up flaring pictures, in which all the men are bold, handsome, and devilish, and all the women beautiful and immodest. As for the virtuous characters thrown in to relieve the grouping, so mawkish and weak are they that one lacks patience to ridicule them. Indeed, it is quite a superfluous piece of labor to laugh at creatures whom the author made for nothing else than butts, and whom he was sure no mortal would imitate.

The novels, however, which the masters and misses of a moral community are allowed to read, and which are warranted to contain "nothing that can offend the taste of the most fastidious, or bring a blush to the cheek of the most refined modesty," are of much readier growth than the extra-Byronic productions just hinted at. To write the latter, one must know something of both the day and the night side of the world, and must have a free command of strong colors; while to fill many three-volumed sets of the former, requires nothing but an efflux of words—a redundancy of commonplace. Every novel must have a hero, therefore you are entitled to yours; and as no one limits you in your selection, you may take the best the market affords. You can easier make him handsome than ugly, therefore let him be an Adonis. Nothing more convenient and natural than to give him a fine house, and plenty of cash in his own hands or those of his guardian. If you cannot make him witty out of your own resources, cram him with a jest-book, or the repartees in Congreve, or give him a fund of sentiment which will necessarily render him melancholy, and then no one will expect him to be otherwise than magnificently dull. In your heroine you have if possible more boundless latitude. An ugly hero might be endured, but a plain heroine never. Riches, brilliancy, fascination, deep dark eyes, "chiselled" features, a swelling form,—let her be the incarnation of all these. Then your plot—what more simple? Every body likes to read about love, so yours shall be a love story. Your matchless embodiments become enamored each of the other; there are obstacles sudden and fearful in their course toward happiness. You cre

and unrelenting fathers, who have designed the pair to different embraces. You suppose one or more uncles who look on grimly, or always oppose the weaker party. Then you fill in with cousins, rivals, and confidants; threats and reconciliations; pages of rapture and sentiment, of agony and bliss; and wind up orthodoxly with a wedding and universal contentment. And after all this, you take breath, and find that to be a "distinguished novelist" isn't really as difficult as some critics would make it out to be; and very possibly you come to the conclusion, that if you had the time, you might publish as many and as good novels as G. P. R. James, in which opinion, if you are of average common sense, we heartily coincide.

The masculine good sense of Bulwer has but just escaped this easy and vapid round of love-ridden commonplace. Christopher North calls Bulwer "the foremost man of all the world;" and bating a little Scotch enthusiasm, and a slight predilection for the bantlings of his own Blackwood, his remark is well said. None but a very well-seasoned man could have written the Caxtons, which is as great in its way as the diplomatism of the other Bulwer, who is so kind as to ease us Americans of all the difficulties of governing ourselves. But in the case of our baronet-author, turn back a volume or two, and read those half-dozen fictions entitled the Pelham novels. Discover if you can the reasons—if indeed there were any reasons employed—which induced a man of strong mind, great information of books, hand-in-glove sympathy with such bold satirists as Fielding and Smollett, and an extensive acquaintance with all sorts of men and women, to fill so many endless sheets with sentimental nonsense, which would have grieved the type-setters of the Minerva Press. There was so much of freshness and wit in these novels, so much of keen perception and strong satire, that they could not help becoming famous; but their attemptedly "fine passages," which were neither few nor far between, "out-Heroded Herod," and burlesqued the romances that turned the head of poor Don Quixote. Purer, more unspeakable twaddle was never seen in the rejected manuscripts of a magazine scribbler. Gradually the author became wiser, and changed his tune. He began to write in the strain in which men "drive bargains and make love."—real love, and not the imaginary Cupid of perfect, and perfectly silly, puppets. Common sense and ambition have made him at last a novelist of whom the English ought to be proud. Bulwer in 1851 knows how to make a novel what it should be, and unless he is vainer than we think a man of his mind and years can be, he looks back on the rhapsodies of his earlier productions with more contempt than the most contemptuous critics.

Thackeray and Bulwer—who next! who is the other exception to our wholesale condemnation of aspiring novelists of the "last half of the century?" We had almost said Dickens, but we repent of being so lenient in our judgment. Dickens is not equal to a first-rate novel. We will not say of him, as the wiseacre remarked of Sheridan, that "he has some talent!" Dickens is a great writer, a very great writer, and his faults lie more on the side of excess than deficiency. It is his great difficulty that he will not be satisfied with the eyes which Nature has given him. He looks about him through magnifiers—sometimes through a microscope. He mistakes caricature for satire, and when he ridicules any thing, he heightens it into an impossibility before he asks us to condemn it. He proposes to put us out of conceit with a tight-fisted and arrogant man of business, and he gives us as a specimen that unheard-of devil, Ralph Nickleby. He essays a pleasing contrast, and we are suffocated with those benevolent old idiots, the Brothers Cheeryble. His favorite heroes are for all the world like those "nice young men" who are the boast of their aunts in the country. His plots are beneath notice. In half of his fictions he makes no pretensions to such inconveniences. Dickens is the prince of sketchers, the great apostle of incident, the arch-master of low comedy. As for his pathos and philosophy, the less we say about them the better. Dickens has done the world a great deal of very practical good, and we hope he will live long to enjoy his reward, and do more. And without laughing one whit less with Mr. Pickwick, or shaking our fist less wrathfully in the face of Uriah Heep, we may say, as we said a few lines back, that Dickens has not yet shown himself equal to a first-rate novel.

What are we to say about the "great unknown" author or authoress of Jane

Eyre and Shirley? Simply that his or her productions are the most clever monstrosities that ever amused or excited a novel-reader. They beggar probability and nature with so bold a front, one thinks it scarcely worth while to quarrel with them. Every body has read them, has been struck by their clear, strong style, by their dissections of morbid mental anatomy, and by their utter disregard of all the laws which critics have been accustomed to hold sacred. The drift of their narration reminds us of nothing more than those chapters of private life we sometimes see in the newspapers, entitled, "Truth Stranger than Fiction," in which it is set forth how a man murdered his wife to marry his grandmother, or how an heiress eloped with a mysterious stranger who afterward proved to be the coachman, or how a nobleman fell in love with a basket-girl and elevated her to his titles and distinctions; all of which might be made the basis of very matter-of-fact, very startling, and very unnatural novels. Such heroines as Jane Eyre and Shirley never lived, and we venture to say never will live. So of the other characters, the Moores, the Yorkes, the St. Johns, whose distinctive traits will readily suggest themselves to the reader. Yet, after all, "Shirley" and "Jane Eyre" were very readable books. Reading them was like looking at a menagerie of wild beasts and chimpanzees. Raree-shows are all very well occasionally; and one or two such books as "Jane Eyre" could have been easily tolerated; but a small fry of imitative writers took the hint of success, and deluged us with "autobiographies" and "confessions," that in extravagance and "powerful passages" threw their great originals quite into the shade. Perhaps the most ridiculous of all these parodies is a book called the "Initials," which is entirely made up of would-be strong scenes between a hero and heroine. There is a stupid German who is in love with the heroine, and a stupider younger sister who is in love with the hero; and matters become a little tangled. Finally a compromise is effected, and the German takes the younger sister, leaving the heroine and hero to get married as soon as they please. Of such miscreated fictions we hope we have seen the last; but unfortunately our hopes are stronger than our expectations. We are quite sure that we shall witness many more of them.

There is no such nonsense in "Pendennis." It is a book of the world emphatically. You may put on your hat at any time and dive into the cellars of this metropolis, or into the dingy counting-rooms of our warehouses and stores, or mount into the "sky-light parlors" in which our needle-women, and solitary artisans, and lesser journalists work and live, or visit those catch-alls of a shifting society, our boarding houses, and you will find just such men and women as Thackeray tells you of. The characters in "Pendennis" deal very little in abstractions of any kind; they neither sentimentalize about love, nor talk Platonic metaphysics at one another, nor discourse upon matters in which no mortal feels any interest. To condense what we would say in a word, they are natural without being commonplace. And to represent characters in this manner is, we think, the perfection of writing.

The most unreadable book we ever saw was a selection from Scott's novels, entitled "Beauties of Waverley." The tediousness of that very common volume, the "Beauties of Shakspeare," is proverbial. And in reading reviews, every body skips the "selected passages," which, however, every reviewer considers himself in duty bound to insert. This unreadableness of isolated passages is perfectly natural. It would be much stranger if any body could read them. In pure literature, continuity—completeness—are every thing; and with loss of connection, there ensues want of power to interest. And therefore books of selections, and reviews which are nothing but remarks on extracts culled out here and there from a novel, or a poem, or an essay, are the driest food ever offered to the mental palate. Macauley is the most readable reviewer of the day, simply because he takes leave of his authors at the title-page. Perhaps this is an abrupt apology for not using our scissors on "Pendennis;" but we hope the reader will pardon us for fearing to trespass on his taste and his good-nature.

A single word by way of amends for thus leaving the style and story of Pendennis to the reader's own time and inclination. It is a little odd that in three of the best fictions of the day, the Caxtons, David Copperfield, and Pendennis, authors—journalists—should be principal characters. Bulwer is half sarcastic and half pitying tow-

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his hero-author, Mr. Caxton; Dickens pushes his imaginary journalist on the road to honor and emolument with a heartiness that shows quite clearly his own ideas as to the profession of literature: Thackeray is more discouraging than either; and we think he is right in representing authorship as more hazardous and unremunerative than his contemporaries are willing to allow. There are scores of reasons why an author may work hard, and write well, and yet be poor. His trade is one in which supply is always greater than demand; and consequently at the outset he encounters increased labor at a diminished remuneration. In the majority of the departments of business in which men engage, profits have a tendency to increase geometrically; but an author's pay per page is apt to remain stationary; and after twenty years' labor he may be able to write less in a given time than when he commenced putting pen to paper. He is constantly embarrassed by the competition of amateurs, who may often write as well as himself, and are willing to write an occasional article for nothing but the pleasure of seeing themselves in print. His habits beget irregularity, and often a morbid and destructive habit of reverie. The proprietor of even the smallest amount of moneyed capital feels that even while he is idle his stock is working for him; but the author, like the day laborer, loses ground every moment he is unemployed. We are speaking of the men who write for their bread, and who are dependent upon their brains for their dinners, not of those few privileged and truly enviable authors whom luck has raised above the necessity of work. Authorship, as a means of subsistence, ought to be made discouraging; and we are grateful to influential writers for showing it as it is. It will be time to recommend the profession when it needs recruiting.

Men of literary tastes may enjoy literature and write books without transforming the muse into a slave to their daily necessities. A few golden prizes are not sufficient to counterbalance the blanks which most of those who invest in the lottery of letters must inevitably draw. And without attempting to detract in the least from the value of those rewards which the successful author enjoys, or underrating the nobility of that ambition which prompts to sound and manly labors in literature, we may be permitted in all honesty to repeat the sentiment which Mr. Thackeray has inculcated in perhaps a more convincing dress, that the man who is favored with neither fortune nor patronage should consider seriously and with open eyes before he sets out in the difficult and unremunerative path of practical authorship.

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# ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

In our February number we brought Southey's life down to a very peculiar point in his literary career,—the publication of "Madoc." Whatever the critics may say, we know that Southey considered this as his greatest achievement; and we remember, on one occasion, he emphatically declared, that he should only wish to have inscribed on his tombstone, that he was the author of "Madoc."

The most casual reader cannot fail to have remarked the singular compound of action and re-action, or diction and contradiction, under review, although, to a very close observer, no idiosyncrasy is more clearly traceable in its continuity than that of Robert Southey. Notwithstanding the startling changes in his career, they are as logical as the rapturous steps of Pindar.

In April, 1805, "Madoc," his favorite poem, was published, but met with no great success: two months after its publication, not one half the edition was sold. Nothing pleased Southey better, even in his later years, than to praise this long and tedious poem. It has, however, fine, eloquent passages, but the soul of poesy is wanting. There is a fine, simple, heroic dignity in the tread of his verse, but the inner spirit is a mere reflection.

In the autumn of 1805 he paid a visit to Scott at Ashestiel. Of his complete isolation we may gain a notion from an extract in a letter to his brother, Lieut. Southey, dated Dec. 5, 1805:—

"From November to June not a soul do we see, except perhaps Wordsworth once or twice during that time! Of course it is my working season, and I get through a great deal."

We cannot refrain from copying Southey's own account of his daily routine:—

"My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter boys: three pages of history after breakfast, (equivalent to five in small quarto printing,) then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections or biographies, or whatever else suits my humor, till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me. * * * Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper. And this is my life, which, if not a very merry one, is as happy a one as heart can desire."

In 1806 he commenced his "Curse of Kehama," notwithstanding the ill commercial success of "Madoc," which is thus announced in a letter to Cottle:—

"'Madoc' has not made my fortune. By the state of my account in May last, that is, twelve months after publication, there was a balance due to me (on the plan of dividing the profits) of £3 19s. 1d." * * * "In spite of the slow sale of 'Madoc,' I cannot but think that it may answer as well for the year's ways and means to finish the 'Curse of Kehama,' and sell the first edition, as to spend the time in criticising other people's books."

In 1807, Southey edited, out of pure kindness, Kirke White's Remains, and prefixed a memoir, written in that clear style for which he is so justly famous,—as Coleridge said one day: "Southey never interferes with his subject; his language is so clear, you never think of the author,—only of the subject. This is a great merit." This labor of love led to a correspondence with Kirke White's brother Neville, which was destined to prove of life-duration.

In March, 1807, his friend Wynne succeeded in obtaining for him a pension of £200 per annum, which enabled Southey to relinquish the allowance which he had received since his marriage from Wynne. Propriety in money matters was one of Southey's great virtues, and materially added to the uniform respect with which he was treated by his friends. It is a point in which literary men are too apt to be careless.

* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, LL.D. Edited by his son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

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Towards the close of 1808, Sir Walter Scott, in a fit of indignation with Jeffrey, who edited the *Edinburgh Review*, not only withdrew his name and contributions from that celebrated organ, but resolved to start an opposition. After consulting with Longmans, the *Quarterly Review* was announced, and Southey regularly engaged to contribute. Gifford was appointed editor, and a fitter man in many respects could hardly be found. This was an event of great importance to our poet, as it regularly brought him in £400 per annum, till his reason left him. This was a very seasonable help to him, as a family grew now rapidly around him. In March, 1809, he writes to his friend Duppa: "I have now three girls living, and as delightful a play-fellow, in the shape of a boy, as ever man was blest with. Very often, when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged!" The son to whom he so tenderly alludes was Herbert, whose death, in his twelfth year, Southey keenly felt.

Connected with this affectionate allusion to his young, and then only son, the very next letter in this volume, dated April 23, 1809, and addressed to Walter Savage Landor, contains an account of a narrow escape the boy had of his life from a sudden attack of croup in the night. The whole letter is so remarkable, that we regret our space will not allow us to quote it.

Next month he lost his youngest girl, Emma. Southey had great fortitude; this is apparent even under the most trying of his afflictions.

The following year brought Southey another addition to his income, in the shape of an engagement with Ballantyne to edit the *Annual Register*, for which he was to receive £400 a year. There was however much hard work to be done for it, and considering the conscientious manner in which he always performed his engagements, it was well earned. He was however not destined to enjoy this very long, for after two or three years, owing to the heavy loss upon the work, it was discontinued. This defalcation made him think of another work, and he fortunately selected the "Life of Nelson," the most charming of all his prose writings.

ared his "Roderick, the Last of
for publication, working away
dily at reviews, histories, &c.,
as usual. Indeed, Southey is a singular instance of what system, rigidly adhered to, will accomplish. We may as well name, for the information of the curious, that the "Life of Nelson" brought £300 to the author's treasury.

The singular effect produced in England by our isolated victories in 1813, are amply illustrated in the letters between Southey and his friend Bedford. The latter, in writing to the Laureate, had said: "Sharp is just arrived from Lisbon; he has been in America, where he went on board the Macedonian and the United States. He says the captured ship was pierced through and through, while in the American vessel scarcely any had been lodged. Our ship seems to have been very badly fought; the captors declared that they found many of the guns with the cartridges put in the wrong way."

Southey, in his reply to this, (May 26, 1813,) says:—

"Tom is made quite unhappy by these repeated victories of the Americans, and for my part, I regard them with the deepest and gloomiest forebodings. The superior weight of metal will not account for all. I heard a day or two ago from a Liverpoolian lately in America, that they stuff their wadding with bullets; this may kill a few more men, but will not explain how it is that our ships are so soon demolished, not merely disabled. Wordsworth and I agreed in suspecting some improvement in gunnery, (Fulton is likely enough to have discovered something,) before I saw the same supposition thrown out in the *Times*. Still there would remain something more alarming to be resolved, and that is, how it happens we injure them so little. I very much fear there may be a dreadful secret at the bottom, which your fact about the cartridges points at.

* * * * * *

"I do not know that the Captain of the Macedonia was a tyrant. Peake certainly was not; he is well known here, having married a cousin of Wordsworth; his ship was in perfect order, and he as brave and able a man as any in the service. Here it seems that the men behaved well, but in ten minutes the ship was literally knocked to pieces, her sides fairly staved in; and I think this can only be explained by some improvements in the manufactory of powder, or in the manner of loading, &c. But as a general fact, and of tremendous application, I verily believe that the sailors generally prefer the enemy's service to our own. It is vain to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed."

In September, 1813, Southey paid a visit to London, where he received an offer of the Laureateship on the death of Pye. After

bargaining about the odes, &c., he accepted it. The income was however only £120 per annum; which taxes reduced to £90; so that it did not materially enrich him. During this visit he was introduced to Byron at a dinner at Lord Holland's.

In a letter written the next year, we have a curious opinion from the pen of the Laureate. It is in a letter to Wynne: "I was a republican. I should be so still, if I thought we were advanced enough in civilization for such a form of society."

Strange as it may seem, a long acquaintance with Southey's writings, his history, and his associates, justifies our opinion that he never laid aside his republicanism, although it was part of the business of his life to seem to go against it; just as a butcher or a surgeon may seem to have abjured humanity, because the one kills animals, and the other performs operations involving human suffering. This opinion is confirmed by many quiet but unmistakable evidences of this under-current of feeling scattered through his writings, but more especially in his intimate correspondence.

No sooner had the battle of Waterloo thrown the Continent open to travellers, than Southey, like the rest of the English, tired of being confined so long in their school-room, the little foggy island, rushed over to Belgium to gaze upon the battle-field which had overthrown the most terrible foe the British had ever had. He also no doubt, had his eye to the composition of a poem on the subject. His letters from the Continent, read now, are too full of the subject, and too much tinged with the English feeling, to please one at this "time o' day." One of the most touching things in the whole volume is the letter describing his return. It places Southey in his best and strongest light, as a domestic man. Little did the fond father think how soon the storm was to come!

He had rejoiced over the downfall of Napoleon with an almost insane joy. He thought not of the pangs of that mighty heart when separated for ever from the son he so doted on; and lo! on the seventeenth of April his own boy, his Herbert, was torn from him in his twelfth year, after a short illness.

How nobly Southey bore this, the correspondence before us shows; but we happen to know that the Laureate was a changed man after that hour. He uttered his heart's truth when he said: "Thank God, I can control myself for the sake of others; but it is a life long-grief, and do what I can to lighten it, the burthen will be as heavy as I can bear!" And in a letter to Wordsworth he says: "The head and flower of my earthly happiness is cut off for ever." When it is borne in mind that he had educated the child himself even from his very alphabet; that since he had been four years old he had been almost the constant companion of his father, sitting in his study and amusing himself without interrupting his studies, some conception, though faint, may be gathered of the association of idea existing between them.

The next year brought to our Tory Laureate a vexation he little dreamed of—the surreptitious publication of his youthful bantling, "Wat Tyler." This had been written by Southey when he was very young, and irritated by many personal annoyances into a "highly anarchical" state of mind. The manuscript had been offered to a revolutionary publisher who was in prison for his violent Jacobinism, and it had remained in his hands ever since. Southey had long since arrived at the conclusion that it was destroyed; his astonishment and annoyance were therefore extreme when it was publicly announced as being in the press, as "Wat Tyler, a Poem by the Poet Laureate!" Many of his friends considered it as an infamous forgery, but Southey manfully acknowledged his bantling, and then endeavored to get an injunction restraining the publishers from selling it, but without effect, the Lord Chancellor declaring it was too radical to justify protection,—one of the most singular doctrines of that singular old crocodile-crying bigot. It is certainly the most spirited poem of the Laureate's. Indeed, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth seemed to lose the best part of their genius when they abjured republicanism.

This year the editorship of the *Times* newspaper was offered him, which he wisely declined. Rushing from England as though to get out of the way of his unhappy "Tyler," he took a tour on the Continent, and made the acquaintance of the glorious scenery of Switzerland; he returned in the autumn to the usual routine of his occupations.

The next year was taken up with "Life of Wesley," which caused much

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cussion. Southey had a tolerably correct notion of what would be thought of this book when he said: "For the bigot I shall be too philosophical; for the libertine, too pious; the ultra Churchman will think me little better than a Methodist; the Methodists will wonder what I am!"

The Laureate had now reached his forty-fifth year. He was anxious to make some better provision for his family, and he therefore closed with an offer to dispose of his interest in the Edinburgh Annual Register. He valued at this time his books as worth £1500; his copyrights as worth as much more, £1500; life insurance £3000. This was all that twenty-five years of hard labor, at the highest prices, had been able to secure to him. This is a sad picture beside the ledger of a millionaire merchant.

The next two years were spent in much the old way,—the same writing, the same reading, the same reviewing, and the same seclusion. He had at last finished his "History of Brazil," and sent it to the printers. One of the labors of his life was thus "under satisfactory way;" this relieved his mind much. In 1819 his son Cuthbert was born, to replace the loss of that sweet boy Herbert, whose death had so severely desolated the heart of the poet.

Notwithstanding his incessant reviewing, he found time next year to give his "Colloquies" to the public; a work which contains many bold and noble thoughts, surrounded by much false reasoning and exploded doctrine. There always seem to be two currents in Southey's soul, each exerting against the other a quiet but continuous motion. At one time we have opinions republican; then a touch of the monastic, which is quietly drifted into the orthodox channel by some felicity of common thought, which is at the best but a doubtful link in the logical chain. We especially recommend his "Beguinage Scheme," as detailed in page 385.

In 1821 Southey published the most questionable of all his works, the "Vision of Judgment." It is difficult to speak of this work with any seriousness or temper: if a serious poem, it is blasphemous; if not, profane. Byron's celebrated Parody is redeemed by its wit. Southey's for once was hopelessly dull; even his learning, instead of steadying his flight, only hung lead upon his wings, and gave a downward tendency to his career. That it was a dishonest poem, we do not believe. Southey had no doubt a distorted idea of George the Third; his insanity, his blindness, his age, all helped the delusion. His fancy gave the crowning finish to the absurdity, and hence that *chef d'œuvre* of dulness, the Laureate's hexameters. This poem however, we think, conclusively proves what we have repeatedly expressed in this review, that Southey had no real sense of devotion. He was a good, honest man, a conventional Church of England man, who, really believing that George the Third was the head of the Church, of course came to the logical conclusion that the head of the Church could not be damned; and therefore he felt it to be his duty to sing his advent to heaven. Byron, however, ought to have known better, for he was a poet, and one of great and original genius.

As a proof of the Laureate's love for formulæ, we may point out the singular bias he always displayed to choose for biographies, men who had made great alterations in the outer form of things: Wesley, George Fox, Cromwell, present a few instances. His love of history is also in a lesser degree a confirmation of this peculiarity of mind; even his love of politics can be traced to it.

Our space will not allow us to follow Southey so particularly during the remaining years of his life; nor indeed is it necessary, for, as he has himself remarked, day by day and year by year he followed the same unvarying round of labor, diversified only by occasional visits to London and the Continent. His longest flight from his nest was a trip to Holland in 1825. Here he became personally acquainted with Madame Bilderdijk, who had translated his Roderick into Dutch verse, and who had introduced herself to his notice the previous year by forwarding him a copy accompanied by a very interesting letter.

He repeated his visit the next year, and spent a pleasant time, unknowing that his return was to be signalized by the death of his youngest child, Isabel. She died Sunday, 16th July, 1826; and from this blow may be dated the ill-health of his wife, who soon afterwards became a confirmed mild lunatic. A letter which Southey wrote on the evening of the funeral to his three remaining daughters, Edith, Bertha, and Kate, is full of fine fatherly feeli[illegible] cannot be too deeply studied by households that know the

frail tenure by which life is held. It is difficult to reconcile Robert Southey the husband, friend, and father, with Robert Southey the bitter political and religious partisan.

This year he had an honor thrust upon him, which he wisely declined: he was returned to Parliament for Downton; but an exact estimate of his own powers made him strenuously resist the temptation.

We must make room for a short description of Southey's person from the pen of his son. When we knew him he was towards his decline, but we can readily believe all that follows:—

"In appearance he was certainly a very striking looking person, and in early days he had by many been considered as almost the *beau idéal* of a poet. Mr. Cottle describes him at the age of twenty-two as 'tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and intelligence;' and he continues, 'I had read so much of poetry, and sympathized so much with poets in all their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that to see before me the realization of a character which in the abstract so much absorbed my regards, gave me a degree of satisfaction which it would be difficult to express.' Eighteen years later Lord Byron calls him a prepossessing looking person, and, with his usual admixture of satire, says, 'To have his head and shoulders I would almost have written his Sapphics;' and elsewhere he speaks of his appearance as 'Epic,' an expression which may be either a sneer or a compliment.

"His forehead was very broad; his height was five feet eleven inches; his complexion rather dark, the eyebrows large and arched, the eye well shaped and dark brown, the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive, the chin small in proportion to the upper features of his face. He always, while in Keswick, wore a cap in his walks, and partly from habit, partly from the make of his head and shoulders, we never thought he looked well or like himself in a hat. He was of a very spare frame, but of great activity, and not showing any appearance of a weak constitution.

"My father's countenance, like his character, seems to have softened down from a certain wildness of expression to a more sober and thoughtful cast; and many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth; his eye retaining always its brilliancy, and his countenance its play of expression."

What follows concerning the origin and composition of "The Doctor," although diametrically opposite to the account Coleridge was in the habit of giving, is very likely to be the exact fact. Coleridge, we know, originated many works by his conversation, and helped afterwards by his suggestions; but he had so little physical exertion that all the praise for following them out belongs to the published and working author, whatever his merit as the impregnator might have been:—

"His course of life was the most regular and simple possible, and, indeed, in his routine he varied but little from the sketch he gave of it in 1806. When it is said that breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, dinner at four, tea at six, supper at half-past nine, and the intervals filled up with reading or writing, except that he regularly walked between two and four, and took a short sleep before tea, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was open to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. It was on such times that the most pleasant fireside chattings and the most interesting stories came forth; and indeed, it was at such a time (though long before my day) that The Doctor was originated, as may be seen by the beginning of that work and the Preface to the new edition. Notwithstanding that the very mention of 'my glass of punch,' the one, temperate, never exceeded glass of punch, may be a stumbling-block to some of my readers, I am constrained, by the very love of the perfect picture which the first lines of The Doctor convey of the conclusion of his evening, to transcribe them in this place. It was written but for a few, otherwise The Doctor would have been no secret at all; but those few who knew him in his home will see his very look while they reperuse it, and will recall the well-known sound."

Southey's greatest "relaxation" in his mountain home was a pic-nic, and all who have ever seen him in one would hardly recognize the fierce politician and polemic in the happy and "infantine" young gentleman of sixty. He had the same freshness in his conversation which is so great a charm with Leigh Hunt. They seemed incapable of feeling old, however aged they might grow.

After this his greatest rapture was in looking on the outside of his books. He delighted in mechanical order and beauty, and selected all the best bound of his numerous library for his own sitting-room. His house was two small cottages thrown into one. This consisted of many small rooms, and a number of long passages, which he sometimes dignified with the name of corridors.

In October, 1830, he made another journey to London, with the author of Philip Van Artevelt, who had been on a visit to him at Keswick. After a short and uneasy stay at the metropolis, he made an excursion

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to Hampshire and the west of England. It was here he had an interview with the Duchess of Kent, and his loyal heart was much gratified by the Princess Victoria then telling him she had read with great pleasure his Life of Nelson. Praise from a princess, "heiress presumptive to the greatest Empire in the world," was of course very valuable and delightful. He also paid a short visit to his future wife, Caroline Bowles. After this trip he for the first time for twenty years revisited Bristol. Towards the end of January he was again at his old favorite desk, in the full flow of his accustomed pursuits.

In a letter dated 1st Feb., 1831, he confesses to more weakness than we could have given him credit for; he here boldly avows his belief in the absurd report that a conspiracy was on foot to destroy the King and Ministers; an absurdity believed in only by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter and other old women rightly wearing the aldermanic *gowns.*

He now began to feel very uneasy concerning the Reform movement, and betrays more alarm than the occasion warranted. We must quote part of a letter dated May 14, to show how entirely the *phobia* had bitten him :—

"I saw Lord —— this morning: he said 'we are going to wreck;' and I was shocked to see how ill he looked—twenty years older than when I dined with him at Croker's in December last. It is not bodily fatigue, but anxiety, that has produced this change; the clear foresight of evils which are coming in upon us with the force of a spring-tide before a high wind. Every one whom I see or hear from is in worse spirits than myself, for I have an invincible and instinctive hope that the danger will be averted by God's mercy. In the present state of the world nothing seems to proceed according to what would have been thought likely. Who, for example, could have expected that France would not have been at war before this time, or that Louis Philippe would have been still on his uneasy throne? Who would have supposed that Russia would have been defeated in its attempt to suppress the Poles? or that Austria could have put down the insurrection in Italy? I say nothing of the madness which king, cabinet, and people have manifested at home, because they really seem to be acting under a judicial visitation of insanity. But I am almost ready to conclude that we shall weather this storm, because all probabilities and all appearances are against it. Some unexpected event may occur; the war for which France has been preparing upon so formidable a scale may break out in time, and in a way which will render 'ble for our ministers to remain at peace; or such a revolution may be effected in that country as will frighten the king and ministry here into their senses. Some death may take place which may derange the administration; some schism may make it fall to pieces; the agricultural insurrections and the burnings may begin again, and act in prevention of a revolution which would otherwise inevitably follow; or, perhaps, the cholera morbus may be sent us as a lighter plague than that which we have chosen for ourselves."

The "dreadful state" he was in at the *nobleman looking old* is very characteristic. Would he have expressed as much anxiety had the entire peasantry of England been stricken to a premature decay? We fear not.

Another peculiar, and very unpleasant phase of his nature, is displayed in the following extract from one of his letters :—

"Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication, and which his representatives, in spite of all dissuasion, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is, that at the consummation of all things, he, and you, and I, and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the living skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot Venus, and Thurtell, and Probert, and the twelve apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity—yea, all men and all women, and all children that have ever been or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike, are all to be put together, and made into one great celestial eternal human being. He does not seem to have known how nearly this approaches to Swedenborg's fancy. I do not like the scheme. I don't like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Phillpotts, and Lord Althorpe, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I myself; I, in an English heaven, with you yourself—you, and some others, without whom heaven would be no heaven to me."

Although Southey was not a very jocular man on these subjects, let us hope he was joking here; at all events, we prefer Leigh Hunt's retort to Wordsworth, who was talking somewhat Calvinistically one day to the poet of Rimini—which drew from the latter a declaration "that he would infinitely prefer being damned *with his fellow-creature* to being saved *by himself*;"—a sentiment for which we honor him!

In 1834 his daughter married, which, Southey said, "would afford him room for more books."

We are now about approaching the most painful trial of his life—the insanity of his

wife. We will however quote her son's words :—

"But these plans were destined to be sadly and suddenly disconcerted for the time. I have before alluded to the weak and nervous state of my mother's spirits; and of late, total loss of appetite and sleep had caused serious apprehensions, which were, alas! too well founded; for, just as we were on the point of departing, the melancholy truth became apparent that she was no longer herself. It is, perhaps, rash to endeavor to search into the causes of these mysterious visitations of Providence; but it may, I think, fairly be alleged, that an almost life-long anxiety about the uncertain and highly precarious nature of my father's income, added to a naturally nervous constitution, had laid the foundation for this mental disease; and my father himself also now felt and acknowledged that Keswick had proved, especially of later years, far too unquiet a residence for her weakened spirits, and that much company and frequent visitors had produced exactly the opposite effect to what he had hoped. Her immediate removal seemed to offer the best hope of restoration, and this step was at once taken."

But here we must pause to call the reader's attention to Southey's own account of this terrible bereavement. For forty years they had been almost inseparable: mark how cold and callous is the tone of his letter to a friend announcing this desolating fact :—

"I have much to be thankful for under this visitation. For the first time in my life, I am so far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this additional expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty. As I can do this, it is not worth a thought; but it must have cost me much anxiety had my affairs been in their former state.

"Another thing for which I am thankful is, that the stroke did not fall upon me when the printers were expecting the close of my naval volume, or the Memoir of Dr. Watts. To interrupt a periodical publication is a grievous loss to the publishers, or, at least, a very serious inconvenience."

We wish to be charitable, and therefore, without another word of comment, leave the matter in our readers' hands.

In 1835 he had an additional pension of £300 per annum granted by Sir R. Peel.

In 1837 his wife died. His eldest daughter, Edith, consequently assumed the management of his household.

Southey had, some years before, become acquainted with a literary lady, a Miss Caroline Bowles, very clever, and the author of some readable volumes. After a correspondence, which led to an offer, they were married; and the lady, who was an old maid, and ought to have remained so, being fit for nothing else, went home to the happy domestic hearth, Greta Hall. For the first time in Southey's life, domestic quarrels were heard in his house. Edith was a talented, lively young woman, little disposed to be lectured by a mother-in-law, whom she considered as an intruder; and after severe crimination and recrimination, his son Cuthbert and his daughter resolved to leave their father's house.

The new Mrs. Southey was a clever authoress—there her merits stopped. She was fonder of putting the point to an epigram than to a dispute—of fanning the flames than extinguishing them; and between these hostile fires the Laureate's mind wavered, and, after a short struggle, gave way; he never recovered the shock, and for the rest of his life, the once clear-headed, vigorous-minded author was a harmless imbecile! Justice bids us state, that the chief cause of this unhappy event, his second wife, made the only reparation in her power, by faithfully fulfilling the duties of a guardian and a nurse,—a poor compensation for so grievous a wrong, *but a just retribution for her unamiable nature.*

Mr. Wordsworth related to us, that he had noticed a change in Southey, for which he was at a loss to account; he never suspecting the real nature of the awful visitation, till one day when he met the Laureate walking *without his hat*, at some distance from his home. This led the bard of Rydal to suspect a loss of reason, as he well knew what a stickler for appearances Southey had ever been, even to the very minutest points.

We will not linger over this miserable picture. He was perfectly quiet, although his mind had entirely gone. Docile as a machine, he would sit for hours in his old study, intently gazing on a book, frequently *upside down*, as the case might be. Now and then the force of habit came over him, and he would take up a pen and mark on a piece of paper some incoherent words, more frequently mere hieroglyphics, without any meaning attached to them. He knew nobody—seldom opened his lips—occasionally smiled; but his favorite pursuit was walking up and down his library looking with "lack-lustre eyes" at his books, which had been so long the chosen treasures of his heart.

He died 21st March, 1843, and sleeps at

the western end of the beautiful church-yard of Crosthwaite.

In person, Southey was tall and spare; his nose "hawky," being the most striking feature in his face, excepting his eye, which was always prominent, and occasionally fierce and staring; his forehead was well formed, and his hair, once raven black, very gray. This was as he appeared to us the day before he started on his last trip to the Continent, in 1840: we think he was then bound to Spain, with his son Cuthbert. He was courteous, yet brusque; and owing to his seclusion, there was a *mauvaise honte* about him somewhat out of place in a Poet Laureate.

We have to a certain extent foreshadowed our opinion of Southey at the commencement of this review. We did it advisedly, that the reader might accompany us throughout our short sketch, either confirming or rejecting our estimate. We have only a few remarks to make now, and shall briefly consider him as a man, poet, historian, critic, and biographer.

As a man, Southey was emphatically virtuous, benevolent, prudent, self-denying, and *super-eminently* domestic. Slow in making friendships, they were rooted when once formed. Ever ready to grant prudent help to deserving persons, he never solicited aid without an imperious necessity, and then he endeavored to fulfil the obligation most religiously. His house was a shelter to several of his poorer relatives, and his kindness to Mrs. Coleridge was unremitting.

Regular in his own habits, and exact in fulfilling his own duties, he made no allowance for the frailties of others of more genius or different temperament, and less prudence. In this we more particularly allude to his conduct to Coleridge, for whose domestic misery he was to a certain extent responsible, as he had persuaded that singular compound of inconsistencies to marry, when he had himself emphatically, in a written communication to his future brother-in-law, declared that he had no intention of leading Miss Fricker to believe he was attached to her. Southey also knew that a prior and mutual affection existed between Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, (the great poet's sister;) he therefore ought to have more charitably and kindly judged the greatest genius and the greatest infant of modern times.

We should not have made these remarks, but a recent article in an English Review has so unjustly laid the whole blame on Coleridge, that we feel called upon to place the question in its true light.

A life of Coleridge is yet to be written, in which justice shall be done to all parties: to the unamiable, virtuous, but vulgar minded wife; the weak-willed and infirm purposed dreaming poet; and the clockwork Laureate, who talked to Coleridge as though he were a cheesemonger. This, however, we take to be Southey's most indefensible point.

As a poet, his chief excellence consists in a perfect command over the English language, which enabled him to describe precisely what was necessary to forward his plan, whether gorgeous illustration or elaborate description. His longer poems abound with admirable specimens of every kind of description, whether of the passions or of mere historical events; but we miss those electric flashes which show the original poet. He is great in all the external appliances of poetry; he is wonderfully learned and ingenious, rather than a poet of genius; he models everything perfectly, but he does not *create;* he writes all that can be written *about* any poetical subject, but the faculty of making a new subject, or treating an old one in a new light, does not belong to him: he has no *vivifying* power; he cannot create a soul under the ribs of Death.

Some of his inscriptions are faultless, so far as language is concerned; but we find nothing original; it is only the best well-known thought, tersely and elegantly phrased. This is a great merit, we cheerfully concede, but it is not original genius.

To a certain extent this want militates against him as an historian, and prevents him taking the first rank. History requires as much philosophy as poetry, not in creating, but in resuscitating.

Industry can collect *facts;* sagacity can *collate* them; judgment *select* the most probable; *practice* can put them into simple language, and an educated mind *draw inferences:* but it requires the man of genius to make the "dry bones live," to repeople the past, and effectually reproduce the men of other days. An historian without this faculty is merely an old almanac maker! But if Southey has not grasp and comprehensiveness of intellect sufficient for the

gigantic grouping of history, he is wonderfully fitted for biography. Unable to sketch the nation, he succeeds admirably in the man; unable to design or group a great historical picture, he paints a portrait to the life; and this we think is consistent with his whole character. He is domestic, not national, and has not the faintest claim to be considered cosmopolitan.

As a critic, he is copious and appreciative, except under some great disturbing influence, when of course, like other men, he is more the partisan than the judge. Where, however, he gives his author fair play, few men so thoroughly go into a subject as he does. Still the great deficiency is apparent; he passes over, as though he had not the faculty to recognize, all those more subtle and mysterious evidences of the highest order of genius. He is more fitted to expound Walter Scott's poems than those of either Coleridge, Shelley, or Browning. Like a surgeon, he anatomized the material more than he expounded the spiritual; he relished *Kirke White* more than *Tennyson*.

As a politician, notwithstanding his wish to see the masses prosperous, he had too little faith in human nature, and too little knowledge of mankind *in action*, to render him fitted to give advice, except upon particular questions. He resembled a physician who attempts to strengthen a weak limb, or cure a local disease, by only operating upon that special part of the body, instead of invigorating the whole system, and restoring the part by making the whole frame healthy.

Still he was conscientious, and while we cannot avoid lamenting the weakness which induced him to permit the "son of Cispin" to alter his articles, we can hardly expect him, considering his necessities, to thunder in that narrow-minded man's ears, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

He was a virtuous, but not great man; a kind one, but not a philanthropist; a pleader, not a philosopher; a soldier, not a general; he could preach sermons, but not write texts; he was *the great part* of a great poet, a great historian, and a great politician; but he was not the entire one of the smallest of each of that class. Such was Robert Southey, the correspondent and acquaintance of Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, but not the friend or sympathizer of either.

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## BABYLON.

The sun goes down on Shinar's blooming plains,
And while afar from Aram's* rocky heights
His mellowing glances linger with delight,
Vineyards and flocks and herds; acacia groves,
Willow, and tamarisk, and lofty palm;
And fields of ripening corn, and lotus flowers;
And winding streams — Euphrath† and Hiddekel—
Are flushed with gold. The brooding air is soft
And balm as was the joyous breeze that played
In Eden's sacred bowers. Now sally forth
Peasant and prince, grandsire and prattling child,
Strong men, and matrons grave, and maidens fair,
And lusty youths—Assyria's noblest pride;
Flute, viol and dulcimer, and cymballed feet,
And pealing voices, tell of merry hearts,
All open wide to catch the sunny smile

---

* "Aram—the Highlands—was the name given by the Hebrews to the tract of country lying between Phœnicia on the west, Palestine on the south, Arabia Deserta and the river Tigris on the east, and the mountain-range of Taurus on the north."—*Kitto, Cyc., Vol. I., p.* 197.

† Gen. ii. 14. Hebrew, *Phrath.*

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That heaven to earth sends greeting.
Yet list: afar from Chebar's* reedy banks
A wail of sadness floats upon the breeze;
Judea's captive daughters there have hung
Their voiceless harps upon the willow boughs,
And sat them down to weep for Zion's fall.

The night has come—the night on Babylon—
The grand and solemn night! On Belus' tower†
See now the Sabæan‡ watchers take their posts,—
Their eyes upturned upon the circling heavens,
To them familiar more and far more dear
Than scenes of earth,—discoursing with the stars:
"Come forth now, one by one, majestic train
That sweep the ample forehead of the sky;
Arcturus§ with thy sons, who nightly play
With steadfast lustre round the central pole;
And thou, Orion, with thy glittering bands;
And thou, the Queen of Heaven,‖ the brightest far
Of all the planetary Five,¶ who speak
To us of times and seasons, days and years,
And give the future to our cogent grasp.
Ye are our gods; beam forth upon us now
Your guiding rays, Spirits that mediate
Between the finite and the infinite,
Bright emanations of that Mystic Power,
Unseen, and unapproachable, that hides
Beyond; great Source of light; itself all light,**
Eternal, inexhaustible, ineffable,
Whose pregnant efflux fills the universe
With energy,—creative—*it* alone."
The moon looks down upon the stately Queen
Of empires. Dome on dome, and tower on tower,
Uprising huge to heaven; embattled walls
Like hills with forests crowned, with mighty gates
Of ever-during brass; and obelisks††
That sleep against the sky; and palaces
With roofs o'erlaid with gold, whose portals wide
Are watched by sphinxes grim, or gryphons fierce,††
Or winged beast colossal, with the face
Of human kind—from alabaster hewn;
Gardens and wooded heights and blossoming trees,
And sparkling founts suspended in mid-air
By labor vast,—her silvery light reveals.
With eager step the haughty monarch leaves
His golden throne, to bathe his fevered brow

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* Ezekiel i. 1–3.

† Herodotus says: "The priests of Belus devoted themselves to the study of Astronomy, and for this purpose the temple was crowned by an astronomical observatory."—*Kitto, Vol. I., p.* 268.

‡ A name applied to the ancient star-worshippers of Western Asia.—*Ibid. Vol. II., p.* 743.

§ Job xxxviii. 32.

‖ Venus. Jer. vii. 18; xliv. 17. Layard's Nin., Vol. II., p. 346.

¶ "The greatest attention is given to the five stars called planets, which they name interpreters; for to those who study them carefully they foretell events."—*Diodorus Siculus*, ii. 30, 31.

** "The Creative Spirit was set forth by them under the image of an eternal, inexhaustible fountain of light."—*Kitto, Vol. I., p.* 406.

†† Layard's Nineveh, Vol. II., pp. 139, 170, 348, 349.

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In the cool night air, ease his wearied mind,
Unquiet, and by meditation deep
Of plots, and conquests, and resolves, o'ertasked.
Now out upon the loftiest tower he stands
Erect, and quaffs the od'rous breeze that bears
Him tribute from Damascus' flowery vale.
How swells his mighty heart with joy and pride,
As o'er the glittering scene outreaching wide
His roving eye runs gladly, till its gaze
Fails in the distance of the far-off haze.
And now he rests; there falls upon his ear
In strains of grateful melody a voice
That soothes the monarch's mind, and *speaks his soul:*

"No longer, no longer shall Amytis* sigh
To bring her loved hills of Ecbatana nigh;
For the land of the Mede with its forests of pine
No splendor or beauty hath equal to thine.

"O monarch most mighty, around thee arise
The fruits of thy triumphs sublime to the skies;
Thy sceptre transcendent bears magical sway,
Since Nature thy mandate has learned to obey.

"O monarch most mighty, no gods are like thine,—
Astarte,† and Nisroch,‡ and Belus divine,
And Nebo,§ and Nergal, and Rhea whose feet
The serpent and lion in harmony greet.

"No more can the boasted Jehovah withstand
The storm of thine anger—the might of thy hand.
His temple of Zion is razed to the ground,
Its vessels of gold in thy temples are found.

"Through thy dungeons the kings of Judea now roam;
By thy rivers her maidens are sighing for home.
Here the princes of Egypt and Tyre bend the knee,
The kings of the earth are too feeble for thee.

"O monarch most mighty, repose from thy care,
And calmly the honors of majesty wear;
The glory of Babylon never can wane,
The house of thy kingdom shall ever remain."

The song is hushed; the winds have ceased to sigh,
And in the silence of the midnight hour,
Afar from haunts of men, with glaring eye
And matted hair and naked limbs, all torn
By thorny reed and sedge and clinging brier,
A madman creeps along Euphrates' stream.‖

* * * * *

* The hanging gardens were constructed by Nebuchadnezzar at the wish of his queen Amytis to possess such elevated groves as she enjoyed on the hills around her native Ecbatana.—*Kitto, Vol. I. p.* 270.

† The Phœnician "Ashtaroth," Judges x. 6.

‡ 2 Kings xix. 37.

§ Nebo is supposed to have been the symbol of the planet Mercury; Nergal (2 Kings xvii. 30) of Mars.

‖ Dan. iv. 28–33.

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Sun, moon, and starry spheres, who never tire
Upon your track of splendor in the sky,
Wheel on your shining chariots through the void;
Wheel on, and bring Jehovah's chosen ones,
The keepers of his pent-up vengeance, near.

Armies of the living God,
Brandishing the smiter's rod,
From the mountains of the North,*
Send your trampling legions forth;
Come from Minni's towering height,†
Girded for avenging fight;
Come, with quivers well supplied,
Elam's sons from Ulai's tide;‡
Come, with burnished spear and shield,
Persians, to the battle-field;
Come upon your milk-white steeds,
Eagle-winged, victorious Medes.§
Armies of the living God,
Set in phalanx deep and broad,
Up, with speed of light, away,
Make of Babylon a prey.
Like the swelling of the sea,
Rolling on to victory
Over Shinar's ravaged plain,
Rush the eager hosts amain.
Sentry now to sentry calls,
Round the close-encompassed walls.
Let the archer bend his bow
Stout against the scoffing foe;
Let him make his arrows bright
For their swift, unerring flight.
Louder grows the sound of battle,
Darts on brazen armor rattle;
Iron mace through helmet crashes,
Sword with spear in fury clashes;
Engines huge with voice of thunder
Cleave the battlements asunder.
Dry the fountains of the deep
Through the open channel leap;
Break the gates of brass,
Let the conquerors pass.
Hasten to the palace gates,
Where the impious monarch waits,
King and prince and concubine,
Revelling in dance and wine,
Where the finger on the wall
Traces proud Assyria's fall.
Let the eye no pity show,
Let the heart no mercy know,

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* Jeremiah l. 3, 9, 41.

† Jer. li. 27. A contraction for Armenia. A trace of the name Minni appears in Josephus (Ant. i. 3-6,) who, quoted from Nicholas of Damascus says, "There is a great mountain in Armenia, over *Minyas*, upon which it is reported that many at the time of the Deluge were saved."

‡ Dan. viii. 2. Isa. xxii. 6.

§ Jer. li horses were entirely white, and of extraordinary height and bea

Let the fiery surges run,
Do to her as she hath done.
Dash her young against the stones;
Fill her streets with dying groans,
Put her mighty to the sword;
'Tis the vengeance of the Lord.
Come and sit thee in the dust,
Silently in darkness sit;
Own thy desolation just,
While the shadows o'er thee flit;
Glory, strength and beauty gone,
Fallen, fallen Babylon!

O Time, thou spoiler of the nations! spread
Wide o'er the sad and silent city now
Thy raven wing. On crumbling arch and wall
Let lions roam, and stealthy jackals cry,
And satyrs dance, and slimy serpents hiss;
Hyena fierce, and owl of mournful note,
And cormorant and fiery scorpion dwell.
Bring down her tottering towers, and bury deep
In the embracing bosom of the earth
The secret "chambers of her imagery,"
The wondrous trophies of her power and pride.
In ages hence, from distant western climes,
The sons of nations yet unborn shall come
To break the silence of her sepulchre,
And set the long-imprisoned captives free.

---

'Tis done! Wild roamer of the desert sands,
Haggard, uncouth, untutored Bedouin,
Look down and see how your unconscious feet
Have revelled o'er the cities of the dead.
Bend low, and gaze upon the sculptured piles
Thick set with characters mysterious,
And chambers, on whose alabaster walls,*
With ivory inlaid, and bordered round
With fresco-flowers and mouldings tipped with gold,
In gorgeous hues undimmed by time, are traced
The records of a nation's history.
Behold! these are Jehovah's witnesses,
Upspringing from the dark, oblivious night
Of ages gone, to tell your swarthy sons
How true, how great, how terrible is God!

A. R. W.

* See Layard's description of an Assyrian palace, vol. II., pp. 207, 208.

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# POLITICAL POETS:

## WALLER AND MARVELL.

EDMUND WALLER and Andrew Marvell! wits, poets and politicians! together distinguishing the same royal court, the one as its ornament and honor, the other as its ornament and shame: history has booked their names together, and it is not for us to separate their fames. Poets and politicians both, 't were well if we could say partisans and patriots also; but the facts forbid the *s* in either case, for *Marvell* was *singular*, and being a marvel in more ways than one, shared not his zeal or integrity with his elegant contemporary—we may not say rival. Observe wherein they resembled each other, and how they differed. Both were wits, but after unlike fashions. Waller's was the elegant impudence of Brummell; Marvell's the honest, anti-humbug humor and philosophic court-foolery of Sydney Smith. Waller sacrificed his principle to his interest for a *bon mot*, and played upon words and popular credulity with the same *elaborately* contemptuous self-possession; Marvell made daily sacrifices of himself, from matters of most trifling mere convenience to studied schemes of wildest ambition—sacrifices of all pardonable longing and the ready prize of smiling, generous opportunity, to sturdy truth, and the pious earnestness of patriotism—and all for a jest. A King could not purchase Marvell with gold and political distinction; Waller's interest and intellect were to be easily secured by any flimsy promise of momentary gratification for his political pride or his personal vanity. Cromwell died, and immediately appeared Waller with a finished panegyric of fulsome flattery wrought in very elegant verse. The Commonwealth became naturally defunct. "Every dog has his day," and so had Charles II., who was welcomed at the foot of the throne with a sweet copy of congratulatory verses by ever-convenient Waller. But the stanzas to the Restoration were critically inferior to the Cromwellian eulogy, and the mad-cap monarch was "hurt." Waller's ready wit supplied the consolation. "Poets, [illegible], "ever succeed better in fiction than in truth." Charles was satisfied. Marvell, the incorruptible, was representing in Parliament, for the modest consideration of two shillings *per diem*, the goodly constituency of the goodly town of Kingston-upon-Hull. His voice in legislative halls was the voice of simple sincerity and truth, and good men pursued the sound. His pen was a nimble rod wherewith, in fearless, stinging satire, he chastised the licensed fashionable profligacy and insolent measures of the gay cavaliers. So his Majesty would fain have purchased him for his own table, and accordingly commissioned Lord Danby, his treasurer, ready provided with purse and court-diploma, to seek out Hull's inflexible honesty, and persuade him, with a choice appeal couched in right courtly phrase, to let himself be bespoken on the terms already provided. Marvell's reception of the King's commissioner was hospitable and cheerful. Anticipating the honor of the visit, he had already provided amusement for his distinguished guest, and having patiently endured his delivery of the royal message, called in an attendant to testify to his pecuniary independence, and the ample *provision* supplied by a generous constituency for his support, by showing that he had made a full dinner for three successive days on a leg of mutton! Every one knows the rest—his enjoyment of the Lord Treasurer's discomfiture, and how, when he had withdrawn, he sent to a friend to borrow a guinea. *Query:* Did he really need the guinea, or was this merely a trick to make an historical anecdote? So much for the wit of the *wealthy* member from Hull.

The Muses favored the two legislators with like partiality; but the poetical faculty which adorned the one appeared in the other "with a difference." The poetry of Waller is essentially *artistical;* its merit is the excellence of high art in accurate imitation, elaborate execution, brilliant polish, faultless finish. 'Tis the work of the engraver, not of the designer; of the chiseller of a statue,

not the moulder; 'tis a daguerreotype, not a miniature. Waller is to a true poet what a mere copyist is to a painter; what Benvenuto Cellini was to Michael Angelo. His poetry is heartless, soulless; without truth or tenderness. 'Tis a simpering city belle, made up by a milliner, and all ready to "die of a rose in aromatic pain;" not a bouncing milkmaid, all in a glow of lusty panting health. On the other hand, the poetry of Marvell is truthful and sincere. There is in it much of simple, unaffected sentiment, and the artless earnestness of kindly feeling. There is perhaps in the sentiment of it more elegance than force, and it lacks in great measure that refined finish of skilful execution which distinguishes the verses of Waller. But then, in compensation, it possesses eminent *naturality*, which the effusions of Waller sadly want. The poetical faculty in Marvell is rather an ornamental accomplishment, superadded to his graver and more enduring claim to distinction, the claim of staunchest patriotism and abandoned partisan devotion, unchanegable as Truth itself.

Except by William Hazlitt, perhaps, his poetical performances are not decidedly esteemed sufficient foundation for the structure of fame which Time has erected to his memory. His verses are such as a good and very kindly and well-meaning man would make. They are eminently tender and pure, such of them as can be so qualified; for perhaps those which are merely political are among the best, as they are, undoubtedly, the *most:* political squibs; happy and amusing versions of current court scandal; careless shafts of satire for passing follies; stinging rebuke for arbitrary imposition, or pointed ridicule for prevailing quackery, of whatsoever nature it might happen to partake. Such, for the most part, are the politico-poetical themes of the member from Hull.

In illustration of these remarks, and to establish their critical correctness, we supply some specimens from the poetical compositions of the two subjects of our sketch. Waller's lines "On a Girdle" have been every where quoted, and are already sufficiently familiar. So, also, with his exquisite "song,"

"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be," &c.

Another "song," however, will be new to many readers:

"Say, lovely dream! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face!
Colors of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

"In Heav'n itself thou sure wert dress'd
With that angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded, am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

"But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream;
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
Ne'er put on that sweet extreme.

"Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despised love in thy face,
And make it t' appear like mine.

"Pale, wan and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

"Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear
With humble words express my woe.

"Perhaps from greatness, state and pride,
Thus surprised, she may fall;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death-resembling, equals all."

All who have read Mrs. Jamison's "Loves of the Poets," (and they must be few who have not,) know who is the "Sacharissa" mentioned here. Waller had been wedded to a rich heiress of London, (he was himself master of an income of three thousand pounds,) who died the same year of her marriage. *Instantly*, Waller, with his own peculiar gallantry, donning his gayest court suit, ("the trappings and the suits of woe" were not for Rochester's "Coryphœus of court wits,") went a-wooing of Lady Dorothea Sidney, ("Sacharissa," eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester,) no doubt "whistling as he went, for want of thought," Herrick's "Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may!" Unfortunately "Sacharissa" was not available. She happened, haplessly for our smitten swain, to be possessed of some "silly modicum of sense." She was not to be won by the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely" in the groves of Penshurst. She said him "nay," and married the Earl of Sunderland.

Here is some of the wit he wasted, whilst his "delusion" endured:—

"AT PENHURST.

"While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
*He** sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of Love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire."

* * * * *

"This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, *president of verse;*
*Highly concerned* that the muse should bring
*Damage* to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee forth to see,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah! cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heav'n has heaped on her."

Long years had lapsed since the penning of these very verses, and the Countess of Sunderland had fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf," when, on some occasion encountering her poetical suitor "aforetime," she demanded to know (no doubt in memory of decayed coquetry) when he would make for the Countess such sweet and pleasant verses as "long time ago" he was wont to dedicate to his peerless "Sacharissa." "Whenever," replied adroit Waller, with a *let-that-pass* air becoming the occasion, "whenever the Countess shall have acquired the youth and grace and beauty that was Sacharissa's." Here is a question suggested for the consideration of a Ninon, or a De Staël, or a Lady Mary Wortley, or a "Lady of Fashion," or an authoress of "Etiquette, and the Code of Conversation": Was *compliment* intended or conveyed in Waller's answer? This ready-witted adaptation of himself to contingent circumstances was an instance of the quality of Brummellism which distinguished him in an eminent degree, and which every where discovers itself in the course of his political career, being easily donned for all court occasions.

Of the poems of Marvell, those which are exclusively political were necessarily most popular in his own day. In those times of partisan turbulence, oddly jumbled with court wit, careless gallantry, and reckless, unscrupulous, indiscriminate libertinism, a mere languishing lover cut but a sorry figure at best. To be sure, verses merely amatory were produced in plenty, and of sufficient tenderness; but then, these were but formal *tenders* of fashionable compliment, and their artificiality was safely understood. Men then, as women now-a-days, moved in circles, coteries, *cliques;* and each wit of the hour, any inventive producer of lively verses, was, for the nonce, acknowledged Coryphœus of some little set. Each happy hit at any passing political absurdity, each racy version of some present *circular* scandal, had its willing pedlars, notable people who were "in the joke," and eager to provide for its publicity. Of such squibs as these Marvell was a prolific producer. By their means he achieved unparalleled popularity with the Commonwealth party, and in the estimation of the gallant cavaliers, some reputation for formidability as an intractable arch-roundhead. Nevertheless, it was not as a licensed lampooner, and no better, that the bluff old patriot figured. His was graver sport. To be sure, he played somewhat *widely* with the lash of his wit, on this side and on that, *tipping* an absurdity in a tender part with a taking grace; but then all was done with a good-humored air, and all *pro bono publico.*

Still, apart from political purposes, Marvell produced many verses of rare excellence which have easily lived down to our day, and, thanks to the careful nursing of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, even yet retain their wonted health and vigor. Hazlitt bestows enthusiastic commendation upon "the power and sweetness" of Marvell's verse, but seems to despair of convincing the public against its will, and despite its preconceived prejudices. He furnishes, for proof of Marvell's merit, these very elegant lines

"TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

"Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.

* Sir Philip.

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Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast;
But thirty thousand to the rest:
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate,
But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity;
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
*The grave's a fine and private place,*
*But none, I think, do there embrace.*
Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.
Let us roll our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life.
*Thus, though we cannot make our sun*
*Stand still, yet we will make him run.*"

In some lines entitled "Thoughts in a Garden," suggested by the quaint device of a "flower-dial," the following passage, luscious as bursting grapes, and refreshing as water-melons, occurs:—

"What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and *curious peach*
Into my hands themselves do reach;
*Stumbling on melons as I pass,*
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass."

And elsewhere, speaking of Providence, he says:—

"He hangs in shade the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet."

But we must proceed to consider Marvell and Waller in their offices of political poets. It must be remembered then that both were not *partisans*, for Waller was not one, save in so far as he found his party in himself. They could not be at all times political opponents, so long as Waller, invariable only as he was Waller, continued to pendulate, let Marvell be never so inflexible and tenacious, and at no time to be bought, begged or borrowed for the use of royalists. Marvell was the recognized oracle of the popular party. His speeches and writings furnished political maxims for the adherents of Cromwell and upholders of the Commonwealth. Waller was the veriest time-server and sycophantic waiter on the powers that be, ready to be any thing in the ecstacy of being in favor, and holding prosperity in higher estimation than honesty. Waller was the nephew of John Hampden, yet the world of factional turbulence has scarcely produced another such mere professional traitor. His mother, however, (Hampden's sister,) was a rabid royalist, and is said to have soundly rated Cromwell for his share in the death of Charles I. When Judge Crawley was impeached for his opinion favorable to the levy of ship-money, Waller conducted the prosecution against him, and 20,000 copies of his speech on that occasion were bought up by "the people." Yet, very shortly afterwards, he was implicated in a plot to surprise the city militia, and was detected in arranging to admit the King's forces. For this he was tried, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of £10,000; and nothing can equal the abject meanness, pitiful poltroonery, and wretched prostitution of every sentiment of honor which he discovered in his apology to Parliament and the people. Waller sat for the town of Hastings in Charles II.'s first Parliament, and throughout that reign represented different constituencies. From his wide and open field of political experience, Waller descried afar off the fate of James II.; and when that reckless monarch was about to throw the national Church and the Constitution into "confusion worse confounded," prophesied of him that he would be "left like a whale upon the strand." Waller was born in 1605 at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire. Shortly before his death, he purchased a small property there, that "he might die, like a stag, where he was roused." This was well in him, and more worthy than

was his wont. One is almost persuaded to pardon the meanness of his past life for the sake of its close. This praiseworthy ambition of his eleventh hour, however, was not to be gratified. He died at Beaconsfield, in 1687, and in the churchyard there he lies hard by to Edmund Burke. Rare company for each other are they, there under the mould!

Andrew Marvell was a rare good man. He inherited many excellences from his father, and, like a good and faithful servant, he abundantly multiplied those "talents of trust." Of this same father of his a curious (may we term it *pleasant?*) story is related. He was a clergyman, residing in Hull; and on one occasion, proceeding to Lincolnshire to marry a youthful couple, he embarked with the lovers in a small boat. The weather was calm, and the water quiet, but old Marvell had an anticipative feeling of danger. Nothing alarmed by the promise of quick death presently, on the contrary seeming strangely cheerful, he threw his cane ashore as he entered the boat, crying out, "Ho! for Heaven!" The boat sank, sure enough, and all were lost together. There is something very beautiful in all this. His parting gift to the familiar shore, and his brave affection and fidelity for his young friends, have in them something of modest martyrdom and the gentlest heroism. His son, Andrew, received his education at Cambridge, and having completed his studies there, and been graduated, he early proceeded to avail himself of the advantages of travel. It was at Rome that he met with Milton, and there an acquaintance, which afterwards was matured to friendship, political and personal, was easily established between these two. After having been secretary to the embassy at Constantinople, Marvell was selected by General Fairfax to instruct his daughter in languages. It was while thus employed, or immediately upon the completion of this duty, that Milton, who had lately been presented with the unsolicited appointment of Latin Secretary, obtained, through the interest and kind offices of his friend the Secretary Bradshaw, Marvell's appointment to assist him. Milton's friendly interest was afterwards richly repaid by Marvell, who at the Restoration co-operated with Davenant to procure for Milton, who had rendered himself dangerously obnoxious, a share in the general amnesty. Shortly previous to the Restoration, Marvell was chosen to represent the town of Hull, and he was the latest English member who received a regular *per diem* from his constituents. The Messrs. Chambers, remarking upon this fact, have appended this note to their article on Andrew Marvell, (*Cyclopædia of English Literature*:) "The ancient wages of a burgess, for serving in Parliament, was 2*s.* a day; those of a knight for the shire, 4*s.* They were reduced to this certain sum the 16th of Edward II. We have seen the original of an agreement between a member and his constituents, dated September, 1645, in which the former stipulated to serve 'without any manner of wages or pay' from the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town. The excitement of the civil war had increased the desire of many to sit in Parliament." Marvell's character as a parliamentarian was right elevated and noble. He was eminently pure and upright, a man of inflexibie integrity and earnest purpose of right. All parties honored him, and his own idolized him. As a speaker, Waller surpassed him far in eloquence, but as a patriot, he had not his peer. His death in 1678 was singularly sudden and unlooked-for. No previous illness gave warning of its approach. For some time after, various suspicions as to its cause were floating abroad, and there were many who believed that he had been poisoned. The corporation of Hull voted an appropriation for a monumental memorial to be raised in his honor, but there were vetoes in those days, and the vote was vetoed by the Court. But what of that?

"I know he is not dead; I know proud Death
Durst not behold such sacred majesty."

We will now supply some specimens of the political poetics of these two rare worthies, and so conclude. First, as in order of arrangement here, we give some stanzas of Waller's "Panegyric to the Lord Protector." It is too lengthy to quote entire:—

"While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite and make us conquer too;

"Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but when they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

"Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of Ambition, tossing us, repressed.

"Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

"The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

"Heav'n, that has placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

"Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

"Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succor at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

* * * * * *

"Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene, when without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

"Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

"This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union by that stroke."

What politic impudence, this reminding Cromwell of Brutus!

"That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall."

In the next stanza he proceeds to contrast the Roman Senate with the English Parliament on a like occasion, and Rome's dire catastrophe with England's sudden prosperity; and concludes with—

"As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast,
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

"Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight."

We will now give Marvell's treatment of the same subject; and herein we have an admirable *study* of the distinction between the true and false of sentiment, in written matter of any sort:

"AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

"The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

"'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

"So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace;
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his native star;

"And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds wherein it nurst,
Did through his own side
His fiery way divide.

"For 'tis all one to encourage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
Or with such to inclose
Is more than to oppose.

"Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

"'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

"Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

"Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

"Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold no break
As men are strong or weak.

"Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

"What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art.

* * * * *

"And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does best act and know.

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"They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

"Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the Republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey!

"He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs.

"And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt;
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

"She having killed, no more does search,
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first do es lure,
The falconer has her sure.

"What may not then this isle presume,
While Victory his crest does plume!
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year!

"As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

"The Pict no shelter now shall find,
Within his party-contour'd mind;
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

"Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hands in near
The Caledonian deer.

"But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect.

"Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain."

This, in a merely literary sense, is a very noble and elegant eulogy. In addition, from our knowledge of the author's character, it is but just to judge it honest and sincere. Holland was the enemy of the Commonwealth, and harbored and comforted the outcast King; therefore it was obnoxious to Marvell, who has made a very whimsical, almost absurd, satire upon it, which should be familiar to all who have ever heard the name of the author. It is only necessary to hint at it here. He styles Holland "the indigested vomit of the sea;" "so much earth as was contributed by English sailors (or *pilots?* this last is better, because more contemptuous) when they heav'd the lead!" and says, "the Dutch, with mad labor, fished the land ashore,"

"And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergrease."

"How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Through the centre their new-catched miles!
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground!"

"Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples play'd;"

"The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossest,
And sat not as a meat but as a guest;"

"And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau."

"Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, be a magistrate."

And other such; but we must have done with these rare worthies. Of politicians of the passing day, their story will serve to instruct a gracious few, and amuse the graceless many. Surely, history, personal, political, or literary, no where presents another instance of such sustained symmetrical contrast.

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# DONA PAULA;

OR,

# THE CONVENT AND THE WORLD.

A TALE OF PERU.

## CHAPTER I.

THE ANGELUS.

It was a warm evening towards the end of the pleasant month of January——No, reader, this is no misprint; January *is* a pleasant month in some parts of the world, and the venue of our story is laid in the southern hemisphere.

It was a warm delightful evening; the lingering day was on the point of melting into twilight; the eternal trade-wind moved lazily through the streets and squares of Lima, flapping its wings still moist with the snows of the Andes, fanning the fainted air, and making it a luxury to breathe the breath of life. On such an evening, we beg the reader to repair with us to the City of Kings, the lordly capital of Peru—only in imagination, however: would to Heaven it were otherwise.

The fair Limenians* had just sallied out for the evening *paseo*, vespers, an ice on the plaza, or the serious business of love-making. There had been no *toro* fight that day; and slowly had the tedious hours crept on despite the usual resources of Peruvian idleness, lisping scandal, smoking *puros*, drinking maté, (a habit imported from Buenos Ayres,) and lolling and rocking in the indispensable grass hammock that just swung clear of the stone floor. The streets were filling with *sayas y mantos*, that picturesque and convenient costume of the ladies of that region. Blessed *saya y manto!* Were Phidias to live again, and deify in marble the myth of Amorous Intrigue, certes he would drape his statue in that delightful dress. So uniform and similar to each other were the charming black phantoms that flitted past, delicate though not aerial, but graceful and languid as the dancing girls of old Ionia, that the mother could not have recognized her daughter, though her own needle had sewed every stitch of every seam and ploughed the silken furrows of the elegant disguise. Reader, did you ever lose your wits at a masquerade ball, in attempting to follow some particular black domino through the crowd of black dominos? If so, remember your bewilderment, and learn to pity a Limenian husband if he chance to be jealous; though—Manco-Capac be praised—the element of jealousy seldom enters into the character of the gentlemanly Peruvian.

But to return to our story—for we have a story to tell—the streets of Lima, on a fair evening of January, 183–, were filling with a throng of bustling mortals, bent on the busy pursuits of idleness. Under one of the arcades of the *Plaza Mayor*, several young men stood in a group, sipping *frescos*

* *Limenians.*—We have adopted this word in speaking of the inhabitants of Lima almost upon our own responsibility alone. We have seen it and heard it used but very seldom, and never by paramount authority. Writers seem to have followed no rule but their own caprice in that respect. They employ indiscriminately the epithets Limayan, Limanese, Limanos, and such like derivatives, without having either custom, analogy, or any other excuse whatever to offer, except this, that there is no one adjective which has thus far obtained exclusively in the case. We have made choice of the word at the head of this note for several reasons. Its termination has an English sound, an obvious recommendation. It resembles the corresponding term in Spanish, which is Limeño (pronounced Limenio.) And finally, its formation proceeds according to the analogy that governs in similar cases.

*de piña* for a pretext, but really and evidently engaged in the arduous toil of killing time. They were all foreigners; some wore the British, others the American navy uniform; one, somewhat taller than the rest, was conspicuous no less for his fine figure and pleasing, manly countenance, than for his citizen's dress, which contrasted with the gold bands and glittering buttons around him.

It was difficult to venture, with any degree of probability, any surmise whatever as to the nationality of the latter. His features and form had something of the North American cast; but he had a slight accent when speaking in English, not that Yankee peculiarity which Mr. Cooper and other *English* authors are so fond of pointing out, but an unaccountable foreign intonation difficult to be located. He was not a native of Peru, for his fluent Castilian was free from all provincialism; whenever he addressed a few complimentary remarks to passing señoritas, he lisped like a true Madrilene, although a practised ear might have detected that in his pronunciation which declared that he was not a Spaniard by birth. In truth he was one of those cosmopolites who have taught themselves foreign tongues, until they have lost, in a measure, the idiomatic peculiarities of their own.

"Saint Clair," cried an American midshipman, addressing this personage, "when is that steamer of yours going to astonish the natives of these parts?"

"She will soon arrive, my boy; why do you ask?"

"Because I have invited the girls for an excursion to Chorillos on board of her; we are to have the Vallejos, the Recaverras, and all the rest of the fashion."

"Well, Crocket, I should advise you not to appoint a day."

"Why so?" unsuspiciously demanded the young man. "Don't you think she'll be in pretty soon?"

"Yes, my boy; at least I hope so; but that is not the reason: you might get quarantined, you know. You remember the sailing match."

The young man addressed as Crocket, a curly-headed young middy, joined in the laugh which this remark elicited at his expense, although it alluded to a circumstance which had mortified him not a little. Owing to some youthful misdemeanor, his last liberty day had proved a day of penance, which he had passed gazing ruefully through the starboard bridle-port of the unwieldy transport ship which represented the American flag in the harbor of Callao, whilst his friends, in fast cutters and with ladies and music on board, were beating against the fresh trade-wind, racing for the expense of a sumptuous dinner at San Lorenzo.

They were still laughing—for the author of the joke had that very afternoon shown himself the liberal proprietor of a champagne of superior brand—they were still laughing, when there "hove in sight," to use the phraseology of our new acquaintance, a most voluptuous figure attired in the national gear of the country. As usual, the folds of the *manto* were drawn over the head and features so as to allow but one eye to appear—but what an eye! The diamond glittering on the pretty hand which held the jealous veil, threw no such flashes as that bright black eye. The lower edge of the saya, gathered quite tightly, displayed such tiny feet as Lima alone can boast, while the artful and coquettish motion of the figure contrived to give, through the ample drapery, such promise and vague indications of the perfection of female proportions, that Canova, had he been there, would have made a pilgrimage to the summit of Chimborazo for the sake of copying from such a model.

"Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Crocket. This was a nautical oath peculiar to himself. Though wild to excess, the youth had principles of his own, and seldom indulged any very profane interjections.

"A ve-ry pret-ty girl," languidly drawled forth a young lord with a single epaulet, plying his quizzing-glass not ungracefully.

"Fine craft that," growled a red-faced, gray-headed lieutenant in H. B. M.'s Navy, who thought it unseamanlike to allow an opportunity to pass of bringing in Neptunian metaphors—"Fine craft that, and a capital figure-head."

"Saint Clair," resumed the young American officer, "did you see that look? Hist, there goes another. She is after you, my fine fellow. Heave short, my boy, and make sail in chase."

Saint Clair had too good an opinion of his precious person, and withal too much sagacity in such matters, not to have noticed the look; and the flattering inference of his young friend was the more readily enter-

tained, that he already knew by experience how many kind things the eye of a señorita can speak in the City of Kings.* Perhaps also he had business elsewhere, and was not sorry of a pretext to part company. At all events, he lost no time in following the technical directions of his sea-faring companion.

"No following," cried Saint Clair, as he started in pursuit.

"Honor bright," answered Crocket. "Come, gentlemen, let us go and try our luck at *monté*."

Not the bee-hunter, who *lines* the industrious little insect he pursues through the forest trees—not the Indian warrior, who dogs the mocassin prints upon the autumn leaves, ever displayed more perseverance and ingenuity than Saint Clair in tracking the game he was now chasing. Nevertheless, so many *sayas y mantos* rustled under the *portals* and in the open square, and so similar were they all to that of his inamorata, that several times he lost sight of her. Once he was on the point of giving up his enterprise, when he caught a glance of a jewelled little hand playing carelessly with the black folds of a *saya*.

We dare not say that she beckoned to him; but certain it is that she displayed the jewel upon her hand at an opportune moment, and when her pursuer seemed to hesitate whether to proceed or turn back. The ladies will appreciate the nicety of our distinction, and perhaps furnish us with some delicate phrase to express the precise shade of our meaning. Saint Clair, however, did not stop to settle punctilios. No sooner did he mark his prey than he sprang forward to overtake it; but, at that very moment, the great bell of the Cathedral commenced tolling, the military band before the palace struck a solemn strain, and suddenly, as if by one accord, every being upon the plaza knelt down. It was the signal for the *Angelus*,† and therefore, men, women, and children—men with guilty winnings still ringing in their hands, men who carried concealed weapons and were very ready to use them—women, who were hurrying to fulfil promises better left unkept—children, the too forward

* *City of Kings. (Ciudad de los Reyes.)*—Lima has obtained this high-sounding appellation from the simple fact that it was founded on the day of the Epiphany, in 1534.

† *Angelus.*—Some of our readers may feel disposed to question the accuracy of our description of a scene which Lima actually presents twice every day in the year. We grant that to the untravelled American it may present at first view an air of strangeness and improbability. Nevertheless our description rather falls short of the truth. We have witnessed similar scenes time after time in the City of Kings. Fortunately we are enabled to transcribe a passage in point from a highly respectable authority:—

"Every morning at a quarter to nine, the great bell of the Cathedral announces the raising of the Host, during the performance of high mass. Immediately every sound is hushed in the streets and squares. Coachmen stop the carriages, riders check their horses, and foot passengers stand motionless. Every one suspends his occupation or his conversation, and, kneeling down, with head uncovered, mutters a prayer. But scarcely has the third solemn stroke of the bell ceased to vibrate when the noise and movement are resumed; the brief but solemn stillness of the few preceding moments being thus rendered the more impressive by contrast. The same incident is renewed in the evening between six and seven o'clock, when the bell sounds for the Angelus, (oraciones.) The Cathedral bell gives the signal by three slow, measured sounds, which are immediately repeated from the belfries of all the churches in Lima. Life and action are then, as if by an invisible hand, suddenly suspended; nothing moves but the lips of the pious, whispering their prayers. The *oracion* being ended, every one makes the sign of the cross, and says to the person nearest him, *Buenas noches*, (good night.) It is regarded as an act of courtesy to allow another to take precedence in saying, 'Good night,' and if several persons are together, it is expected that the eldest or the most distinguished of the group should be the first to utter the greeting. It is considered polite to request the person next one to say *Buenas noches*; he with equal civility declines; and the alternate repetition of 'Diza Vm,' (you say it,)—'No, señor, Diza Vm,' (no, sir, you say it,) threatens sometimes to be endless.

"The effect produced by the three strokes of the Cathedral bell is truly astonishing. The half-uttered oath dies on the lips of the uncouth negro; the arm of the cruel Zambo, unmercifully beating his ass, drops as if paralyzed; the chattering mulatto seems as if suddenly struck dumb; the smart repartee of the lively Tapada is cut short in its delivery; the shop-keeper lays down his measure; the artisan drops his tool; and the monk suspends his move on the draught-board: all with one accord join in the inaudible prayer. Here and there the sight of a foreigner walking along indifferently, and without raising his hat, makes a painful impression on the minds of the people."—*Travels in Peru, by Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi.*

As to the concluding remarks of the learned doctor, we would here state that it altogether depends on the mood of the populace whether the sight of indifferent foreigners "merely makes a painful impression," or provokes a riot. To the honor of "our flag" be it said, we have never

plants of that tropical hot-bed—all knelt down, with one movement and one inspiration—all knelt down and bowed their heads, because it was the hour and the custom; and, our word for it, not a lip was there that did not utter some prayer with what sincere fervor habit and education can inspire.

All were kneeling upon the plaza except Saint Clair. With form erect and eager eyes, he forgot the scene around him; he had but one thought, that of discovering the name and residence of the fair señorita with the bright diamond ring and the brighter black eye. Presently the scandal of his standing up while so many devout Christians were prostrate, began to attract general attention among the kneeling hundreds in his immediate vicinity. First an indistinct murmur broke upon the solemn silence of the hour, then the murmur grew into imprecation and open menace.

"*Sangre de Dios*, down with the foreigner," cried many a voice, whilst many a *puñal* gleamed in the uncertain light. Saint Clair heard and saw; but he was by nature a bold man; and now that he had, as he feared, missed one adventure, he felt no particular objection to a scene, however dangerous, that seemed likely to furnish him with a pretext wherewith to disguise his defeat. Therefore, without heeding the ill-boding exclamations around him, he stood up more proud and erect than ever, with a smile of defiance upon his curling lip.

"For Heaven's sake, señor," whispered a voice at his elbow, which in spite of the growing tumult he heard quite distinctly, "for Heaven's sake, señor, kneel, and do not look at me."

Subjugated as by a charm, the young man obeyed without demur; glancing, however, as he knelt, he caught a view of the features of the speaker. It was now almost dark; but in that short moment, thanks to the light of a stall near by, the image of those features graved itself in his heart never to be effaced. Her silver voice was still ringing in his ear, and, mentally, he repeated her last words, "kneel and do not look at me." Strange to say, the bold, dashing Saint Clair, a skeptic in all holy things, he who but a moment before was following that same maiden through the crowd with no further thought than to beguile an idle hour and to achieve an adventure that he might boast of—Saint Clair felt himself as under the empire of a spell. With something like a religious feeling, he bowed his head as the rest did; mechanically he repeated, in lieu of prayer or orison, the simple words of entreaty which a voice so sweet had uttered; still more mechanically, and as it were against his own will, he obeyed the injunction implicitly; almost meekly he bowed his head and never ventured to look at her; and when, with the rest of the crowd, he sprang to his feet, she was nowhere in sight.

## CHAPTER II.

### BEING A CHAPTER OF SPECIAL PLEADING.

**Plaisante justice qu'une rivière ou une montagne borne! Vérité en deça des Pyrénées erreur au delà.**
PENSEES DE PASCAL.

VERILY we who, from inclination or want of experience, do shun the Domestic Novel, and prefer those subjects which give us an opportunity of displaying our travelled lore—verily we tread upon dangerous ground. Our path lies over quicksands, and pitfalls on either hand beset us innumerable. There is about as much likeness between the manners of the Peruvians and our own, as there

seen an American thus deliberately outraging the feelings of the hospitable Peruvians. Our people seem to have an innate respect for the manners of other nations. They often follow the maxim of "When you are in Rome," &c., to the extent of even appearing to conform with any custom not disreputable in itself. We will not venture to say that they bend the knee in the open streets of Lima when the Host is passing or when the bells toll for the Angelus, but they at least raise their hats and assume a respectful attitude. Those foreigners who parade their superb and bigoted arrogance, and purposely, as it were, insult the popular feeling by "walking indifferently along," those foreigners, although they may speak our language, come from a far different corner of the globe.

is in the landscapes of the two countries. You might as well compare the Catskill to Chimborazo, or Union Park to Plaza Mayor, as to expect that the standards of right or wrong in vogue under either climate will agree—the Peace Congress not having as yet legislated to any practical purpose.

Therefore fear we that in transporting the reader to the City of Kings, we have done little to dispose him to view our personages with an unprejudiced eye, unless we can likewise persuade him to shift for a while his meridian of propriety.

The white Creoles of Peru are now bearing the legitimate consequences of the crimes of their ancestors. The companions and early successors of Pizarro have handed down to their descendants an inheritance which the latter must long retain. The lordly estates of the old Spaniards have in a great measure disappeared, but the pride of rank and the pride of wealth have survived the causes which produced them. The Creoles no longer form an exclusively privileged class, but the indolence and vanity which exclusive privileges engender still do and long must remain characteristics of their race. The chivalrous and half-barbarous prowess of their military forefathers no longer makes their land the classic ground of romantic adventures; but the habits of despotism, the scorn of letters, and the incapacity for self-improvement still mingle as a taint with the very blood in their veins. The murderous spirit which assailed the empire of the Incas with the dagger, the axe, and the brand, may still be traced, not in deeds of arms, but at the *toro* fight and the *coliseo de gallos*. In fact, the fierce conquerors of Peru, could they now rise from the grave, might still trace their own portraits, miniature-softened, in their descendants, but would smile in scornful derision to behold their own sublime vices so dwarfed and stunted in their posterity.

Yet have they their redeeming traits, these Peruvian Creoles, among which stands prominent temperance, that negative virtue, together with a pleasing and graceful urbanity, a courtly yet dignified refinement of manner, the result of Andalusian affability grafted upon Castilian hauteur. Like their virtues their faults are of a somewhat passive character. Indolent and extravagant, fond of show and pleasure, yet incapable of labor even under the stimulus of poverty, they present a lamentable picture of heedless profligacy. Their enervating climate, their sultry noons and delicious nights, the unstable earth which rocks daily under their feet, seem to prompt and encourage their reckless disregard of the morrow and their incurable apathy. Uncertain of another sun, they enjoy each day as a respite snatched from the earthquake. The fate of Pompeii has partly visited them more than once, and daily threatens them even now. Therefore, like the gay votaries of pleasure who danced by the Vesuvius' side, they seem anxious quickly to squander a life so uncertain. Is it strange that the land of Atahualpa should have retrograded instead of making progress under a republican form of government,—that form which, above all others, requires public virtue, individual energy, and steadiness of purpose?

On the other hand, the women of Lima present in many respects an obvious contrast to their countrymen. They are shrewd, scheming, bold, and often energetic. The extent of influence which they have achieved for themselves would almost realize the visions of George Sand. Generally gifted with intellects of a superior order, though wholly uncultivated, they excel in conversation, repartee and all the social talents. Their sarcasm is proverbial for keenness. There is no walk of life which they do not invade. In politics, in commerce, and even in war, they often display unrivalled aptitude. Ostentatious and fond of glitter like their lords, they stop at nothing to gratify their love of pleasure. They brave and dare the utmost extremities. Under the impenetrable veil of their national disguise, they boldly visit, unattended, the gambling-house, and lose or win large sums with all the composure of the accomplished caballero. No dread of consequences deters them from the pursuit of any objects they have in view, and if some measure they still observe in their conduct, it is less because they fear scandal than because they love mystery.

We pause in this our general description of the fair Creoles of Lima, to acknowledge the many exceptions to which it must necessarily be subject, and to advert to the fact that Lima has actually furnished one female saint to the Roman Catholic calendar.

To proclaim adequate praise of the personal attractions of these beautiful creatures, would require a thorough union of all the

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sister arts. Our unassisted pen can but sketch a few outlines. They have all that fascination of elegant deportment and graceful bearing which poetry has so long attributed to the women of Andalusia. Their dark eyes evolve the most luminous flashes; their cheeks are uniformly pale, but the warm tint of their fair complexions requires not the relief of color; their teeth are invariably perfect, and their sweet lips present in their outlines an expression of mingled caress and sarcasm, flattery and wit, which may be considered as one of their most effective weapons in that warfare which one half of the human race is constantly waging against the other half. Their forms are in a vast majority of cases admirably symmetrical. They pride themselves more particularly on the smallness and proportions of their slender little feet. An enthusiastic French author, travelling in Spain, falls into rapture at the beauty of Andalusian feet, and in his ecstacy resorts to *la finesse du cheval Arabe* for his comparisons. Were he to come to Lima, he would probably be driven to the lama for a simile, or rather cast off all similes in despair. The ladies of Lima are quite conscious of their possessing this favorite point of beauty, and contrive all manner of artifices to set it off. In the most familiar intimacy, on the most trivial occasion, they may be found, half dressed perhaps, but displaying those rich silken integuments of their nether extremities which our modest pen must not name, and which China manufactures — rich return freight erewhile of the semi-annual galleon—for the Peruvian and Mexican markets. Even when rocking in their grass hammocks, they manage to parade one delightful little foot over the side of that comfortable couch. When they pronounce upon the claims of rival beauties—one of their most habitual topics of conversation—be sure that whether their verdict be praise or censure, the foot of the party under criticism always has to undergo a strict and rigid cross-examination. Of a foreigner's claims to loveliness, they are apt to dispose with a pretty toss of the head, and an unanswerable argument *ad pedem:* "She has an English paw," they will say, and pout their scornful lips—*una pataza inglese.* If a lady of condition chooses to sally forth alone on a night adventure, she will remorselessly veil her beautiful face, disguise her graceful form in ered *saya;* of her eyes she will allow but one to see or be seen, close muffling the rest of her face with perhaps the most unaristocratic of faded mantles; all this she may do, but she will watch before going out that her foot is closely fitted in the richest of white silk, and many a mode she will devise upon the way to show as much of it as possible, artfully picking her way where the whole way is clear, and, a-tip-toe, guarding her white satin shoes from imaginary quagmires.

Again we have adverted to the delightful disguise of which we have spoken before. Travellers have described it over and over again, so that it requires no illustration at our hands. One fact, however, we must mention in connection with it. The graceful, picturesque, charming, mysterious *saya y manto* no longer (alas!) belongs to the present. It scarcely exists but as a relic of the past. The husbands of Lima, with denunciations in one hand and Parisian bonnets in the other, have fairly driven it from the place. Formerly a stranger, stopping with his friends at a hotel in Lima, if gifted with an adventurous turn, need but look about him awhile and dart away in pursuit of the first *saya y manto* he perceived with sufficient *disinvoltura* to engage his attention. He might pursue the enticing mask through the defiles of the City of Kings; and if after a long walk he was disappointed in any way—as for instance when the opening saya disclosed a faded visage of threescore, or a still more provoking tormentor, after a long test of his pedestrian abilities, slammed a pitiless door into his ridiculous face—he need but saunter about the town, and then return to his hotel, where he might relate to his friends any adventure he had the wit to concoct,—true foundation, believe us, of many a charming adventure which adorns many a page of Peruvian travel. But now-a-days, so fallen is that rich apparel, so forsaken by the better classes, the foreigner addicted to experimental romance may with all safety give chase to its wearers without being compelled to invent the catastrophe.

We have said enough, albeit little we have said, to prepare our readers for a mode of things essentially differing from the status at home. If, for instance, we felt inclined to animadvert upon certain peculiarities of the Peruvian clergy, to show how they share in the general corruption, and neglect all of their charge except its temporalities; if we

were to speak of their innumerable *nephews* and *nieces*, their fighting cocks, their falconries, their exactions, their political intrigues, and their general ignorance, we should have to swell into a volume this chapter on Peruvian ethics. But these and such like circumstances need but be alluded to in explanation of the fearful degeneracy and corruption which has come upon the descendants of the haughty Castilians. As a matter of course, many of the conventionalities wherewith society has in other climates propped up the frail edifice of public virtue, are disregarded here. The marriage tie in particular is shunned by all but certain classes, with whom questions of rank or property make that yoke an unpleasant necessity. In the place of that relation another has sprung up, much resembling that strange domestic institution which the Roman law defines and sanctions by a name once considered proper enough, but now a term of reproach. Here this uncertain social contract prevails without specific legislation, and is known by the name of *compromiso*, (engagement,) or marriage *detras de la iglesia*, (behind the church.) It involves no scandal, no degradation of either party, and invests the fair one with much of the standing of a wife. Females seem to evince but little repugnance to a *compromiso;* and with cause. Not unfrequently these loose bonds, tightened by habit, age, and progeny, are ultimately riveted by the Church into the chain of matrimony; and so sanguine feel these women of accomplishing this result, that few are found unwilling to enter the preliminary state. They make conditions however, stipulate terms before surrender, are artful, dressy, and very expensive; but faithful—*sic dicitur.* In a contract of this kind, all the advantage would appear, at first sight, to be on the side of the male animal; and so it is in a great measure. Yet by dint of craft, patience, and a species of manœuvring which we will leave our fair readers to define for us, the women of Lima so endear themselves to their unconscious captive, so thoroughly coil themselves around his heart, that victory seldom fails to remain with them.

Thus much we have deemed it necessary to state, in order to warn our untravelled reader not rashly to pronounce judgment, if in these our pages aught should be related at variance with his own standard of decorum. Let him remember that he is abroad. Let him fancy that he is with us on a trip to distant lands. He need no more wonder at tropical usages and ways than tropical vegetation. Haply the manners of the country are somewhat startling and novel; so are cocoa-nut trees and bananas. In other words, if he wishes to journey pleasantly, let him leave all the luggage he can at home, and not travel, like an Englishman, with a bundle of prejudices upon his back.

## CHAPTER III.

### BEING A RETROSPECTIVE CHAPTER.

Beloved reader—beloved, since thou hast purchased this our book—hast thou ever been the dupe of a good impulse? As an instance, hast thou ever, of a dark night in the autumn, been appealed to in some thoroughfare by a plaintive voice that solicited bread for a sick father, a widowed mother, or several orphan children? Hast thou, in the plenitude of thy benevolence, unbuttoned thy great-coat to fumble for the votive shilling? And after relieving distress so pitiable, much musing the while and ruminating the after taste of charity, hast thou watched, peradventure, and seen the glad proprietor of thy largess limp into the nearest gin-palace, unequivocally preferring the staff of life in its liquid and potable state? Dost thou remember the feeling of deep disgust wherewith, on such an occasion, thou didst spitefully rebutton the garment aforesaid, vowing never again to heed the counsel of a generous heart? If all this ever did occur to thee, O reader, as to us it hath, then mayest thou entertain some faint conception of the rage of our hero, when, upspringing to his feet, he found our heroine was gone.

Yea, reader, this tale boasts a hero and a heroine. Of the latter we shall say nothing in this place, reserving entirely to ourself the privilege of causing her to reappear when and wherever we elect. Of the for-

mer, while he stands on the plaza, biting his lip and stamping his foot, we have now occasion to say a word. We have already given to understand that he was somewhat tall, somewhat good-looking; let us add that he was about thirty years of age—too old, we fear, for an orthodox hero; but the truth must be told. He was very bold, very shrewd, very fond of adventure—too fond, indeed, for it was whispered in some well-informed circles that he was nothing but an adventurer. We have good reason to know that he was a Frenchman by birth; but unlike many of his countrymen, he did not seem to think that this accident conferred upon him any particular distinction. Indeed he was a true cosmopolite in the spirit; having then lately—and we half love him for it—shot in a duel Don Manuel Iota y Griega, for some remarks that reflected upon the universal Yankee nation.

Who he was, and whence he came, were questions much mooted in Lima; but no satisfactory conclusion had ever been reached. We, who now might, prefer not to throw any light upon his previous career: first, because it is wholly immaterial to the further development of the story; and principally, because we have a fondness for our hero, and feel averse to saying, without good cause, aught that might raise a prejudice against him.

His history, however, since his arrival at Lima, any gossip in that city could give; and as it is short, we will here insert it. Once upon a time, dropping as it were from the clouds, he stopped unheralded at the principal hotel of Lima, where he engaged a sumptuous apartment, and lived in style. To the horror and despair of Tour, the black cicerone, he asked no questions, required no guide, no valet-de-place, but went about the streets, inspected the curiosities, and took rides, like one who knew the place well, and could pilot himself. As he made no visits, sought no acquaintance, yet dressed very well, and staked a handful of ounces on the *caballo* of spades with aristocratic indifference, public curiosity naturally began to take the alarm, and many were the surmises that soon floated upon the surface of society in connection with his name. The most fanciful hypotheses were indulged, the wildest theories set up; and we are not sure that our hero himself would not have been submitted to a downright course of North American cross-examination had he not fortunately, and without an afterthought, shot Don Manuel in a duel,—a feat which rather raised him in the estimation of that fickle public, and effectually prevented the question direct. But as soon as it became rumored that the mysterious stranger was accredited to Messrs. Alsop & Co., and that those gentlemen discounted his drafts, it is amazing how decidedly the public tide began to set in his favor. Points that heretofore had appeared dark or dubious in his character or his origin, now became so clear as to require no further investigation. His society was courted, cards and notes of invitation were showered upon him, together with small pink communications of a still more flattering import. How charitably we feel inclined towards those who do not seem likely ever to require any favors at our hands.

Such was the standing of our hero when tidings reached Lima that a decisive battle was about to be fought between the candidates for the Presidency. This has been for years a favorite mode of determining a Peruvian election. For instance, a President having once exhausted the patronage of the Government is pronounced to have reigned long enough. Then, without any, the slightest regard to the unexpired term of his office, the influential men, *i. e.*, those out of power, begin mustering their strength for a new election. A party of *montañeros* is organized, and the first mule-load of ingots that happens to venture out of the mining district without sufficient escort, is pounced upon and made the basis of a revolutionary exchequer. An army is then raised, and the election carried *nem. con.*, unless the incumbent or some other candidate can manage to strip a church of its ornamental gold and silver, or in some other manner provide wherewith to feed his troops. Should the latter prove the case, a battle ensues; without much bloodshed, however, except when, as sometimes happens, the *rancheras* or *filles du regiment* who follow either camp elect to take a part in the affray; and then many a scratched face and nasal hemorrhage testifies the valor of those fierce Amazons.

When Saint Clair heard that a battle was about to be fought, he ordered his servant to saddle his charger, a splendid animal of the Chili breed, whose curvets alone had made our hero the envy of many beholders. Soon as Saint Clair reached a point that

commanded a view of the battle-ground, he examined long and critically the position of the two armies, hesitated awhile as to his course, and at last, like one who has solved a problem or taken a satisfactory determination, rode deliberately to the tent of General G——, who was taking his siesta while his wife reviewed the troops.

Our hero offered his services as a volunteer, spread forth certain credentials, was attached to the staff of Mrs. G——, and managed to secure the good opinion of that warlike lady, who thenceforth availed herself of his services on every occasion. At the fiercest period of the conflict, and while the event appeared yet doubtful, he suggested a movement by which the enemy's position might be turned, and leading a small part of the reserve to the charge, succeeded in routing the foe.* The lady was not ungrateful. After the contest, she offered him a command in the army or navy, the deed of a silver mine subject to a British mortgage, or finally any thing that he might demand. Saint Clair most wisely declined those tempting offers, and protested that his only ambition was to be accounted her Excellency's most humble servant. By this moderation he won for himself the golden opinions of a host of applicants who dreaded him as a competitor. Only, when Congress met, he petitioned for and readily obtained a charter of privilege and further facilities for the navigation by steam of the coast of Peru.

There were not lacking those who, even while our hero's reputation stood at its zenith point, ventured to assert that the steamers would never exist except in the charter of Congress, and that the author of the scheme was, to say the best of him, a needy projector, whose only aim was to hypothecate his enterprise and leave the country. For,

* Our account of a Peruvian battle may appear fabulously improbable to such of our readers as have little knowledge of the "way such things are done" among our South American brethren. We would refer the incredulous, *passim*, to nearly every account which travellers have vouchsafed us in late years. They will find our views much more than endorsed in that charming work of Madame Flora Tristan on Peru,—a book which ought long ago to have been made accessible to the English public. That talented authoress gives a laughable relation of a great battle fought near Arequipa by two competitors for the Presidency, of which she was nearly an eye-witness. One of her relatives was an officer in one of the contending armies; and as she lived within a short distance of the battle-field, she had ample opportunities of learning the truth. It would seem that on this occasion the *rancheras* took a heroic part in the combat, and that the officers of the victorious army had to travel some forty or fifty miles in pursuit of *their* general, who had run away at the commencement of the conflict. They found the conqueror abjectly hid away in an inglorious retreat. The history of the Roman Emperors alone furnishes a parallel for that ludicrous incident. The chronicles of nearly every nation on the globe present instances of soldiers betaking themselves to flight with little or no cause, particularly when they felt no interest in the issue of the combat, or when they doubted the capacity of their leaders, both which considerations operate generally to damp the ardor of the Peruvian ranks, especially in times of civil war. But it is generally observed, that officers at least, through motives of pride, contrive to make a decent show of personal bravery. Nevertheless there is many a "day of spurs" in the experience even of the bravest nations of the world, to which we might point as a "pendant" to the most ridiculous caricature of an engagement which our imagination could possibly draw. In the absence of mythological faith, it is somewhat difficult to account for the strange panic terrors which occasionally seize upon large bodies of men, and hurry them along in heedless flight, reckless of shame, officers and men following each other *ut pecus pecudi*.

It may not be altogether flattering to our national vanity, but it is nevertheless true, that several events in our own history might with propriety be set forth as appropriate companion pieces of the most inglorious of Peruvian or Mexican *hazañas*. To say nothing of others, a laughable feat of arms was performed during the last war with Great Britain, which is too good to be told in plain prose. We have made an epic of it, and beg leave to lay it before our readers. It is every tittle true. Many of the principal actors in the farce are still living and can testify. Besides, it is not altogether unrecked of by that grave matron, History.

## THE BATTLE OF SACKETT'S HARBOR.

### A DOWNRIGHT EPIC.

—

### CANTO FIRST.

Thrice wearied Muse of Epic chaunt, sore veteran of the skies,
From thy well-earned half-pay repose, retreated Muse, arise!

[Oh, no! hold—this will never do. Our vivacious friend is a most *note*-worthy contributor; but this is unreasonable to take, when we give him of our space so much more than an inch, an *ell* to foist upon us an *epic!* It is so well done, however, that when we get safely through his story, if the symptoms of our readers are favorable, we will administer it to them.—*Ed.*]

after all, what was he but an *estrangero*, a foreigner? As well might an individual of the canine race hope to escape his doom after the cry of mad dog has been raised against him, as that a foreigner should expect to rise to public eminence in any of the Spanish Republics without exciting envy and prejudice. The narrow and bigoted policy of the Council of the Indies has survived the sway of Spain over her colonies. Under the mask of patriotism, every obstacle is thrown in the way of the permanent establishment of foreigners, and then a complaint is inconsistently set up that the latter only seek those shores to enrich themselves, and quickly depart with their gains; as if it were likely that a stranger should form any attachment for a soil where the very qualification which he lacks, that of being a *hijo del pais*, is made the condition of preferment. It is the boast of our country to have pursued a far different course; and much of its growth and prosperity may be attributed to that sole cause.

The Spanish tongue is spoken in the largest, richest, and fairest part of the Continents of America. And co-extensively with that language, anarchy, misrule, political degradation, and insignificance, together with the characteristic hatred of foreigners, may be said to prevail. If the latter are not always legislated out of the country, it is because the popular prejudice is deemed sufficient to prevent their permanent settlement. Appetite for the plunder which the property of thriving foreigners offers, has excited many a revolution, supplied many a pretender with the means of fomenting civil war. True, the State is ultimately mulcted in heavy damages; but prevision is no characteristic of the statesmen of those climes. Besides, they trust to "the law's delay." They have not sufficient confidence in their tenure of power to expect that the same administration which has committed a wrong will have to atone. Meanwhile foreign capital seeks other channels, local trade languishes, and the country is thrown back for a quarter of a century. So much for the jealousy of foreigners in young empires.

In spite of all his disadvantages, our hero, by dint of firmness and address, supported as he was by high and powerful patronage, and singularly familiar besides with the idiom and the usages of Peru, succeeded in wearying down his opponents, and of surviving the odious appellation of new man and *estrangero*; in good sooth, he commanded at last as much influence and respect as any foreigner ever obtained in that distracted region. At the presidential palace he was always a welcome visitor, so much so indeed, that it was rumored that the favor shown him by the still beautiful Señora G—— did not spring from gratitude alone.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHEREIN OUR HERO TURNS EAVES-DROPPER.

Such was the enviable station which Saint Clair had achieved in the polished city of Lima at the time when our story opens. The reader will remember that we left him accusing his destiny in a fit of rage for that he had, by his own fault, lost all trace of his unknown beauty. There would be no end of recounting the follies which he committed on that memorable night. He strode through the plaza, elbowing every body and critically examining each *saya y manto*. He entered uninvited several dwellings, rang his heavy silver spurs upon the sacred marble of the cathedral, followed several figures clad in black, addressed a few, discovered on one occasion an old woman, on another his laundress, a Samba who laughed in his face, when, in choice Castilian phrase, he asked leave to raise her manto.

Poor Saint Clair! for the first time perhaps in the course of his wild career, he had followed an instinct not purely selfish: he had so far yielded to considerations of delicacy as to obey the gentle injunction of her who knelt by his side on the plaza; and by so doing he had lost every trace of her. He had followed a generous impulse, and the impulse had misled him.

At last, weary with his vain exertions, and half ashamed of having permitted his disappointment to work so much upon his feelings, he bethought himself of rejoining

his companions, whose good opinion he felt interested in preserving. He had now been wandering about the city for several hours without taking his bearings. He remembered however having crossed Rollo's bridge, and therefore he knew that he was in the suburb of San Lazaro. For a wonder the sky was that night almost without a cloud, and he could see the Southern Cross blazing in the firmament nearly overhead. Guided by that direction as we, in a different hemisphere, might be by consulting the North Star, he sought to retrace his footsteps. A few minutes led him to the Alameda, a beautiful but deserted promenade on the banks of the Rimac.

Here he paused, and muffling himself with his fine lama *poncho*, sat down upon a stone bench. His object seemed to be not so much to rest and collect his excited spirits, as to accomplish some fixed purpose, if one might judge from his occasional marks of impatience and frequent consulting of his watch. He had not been there long when the sound of voices in earnest conversation caught his quick ear. His conscience was not overburdened with scruples; he was not one to hesitate to play the part of a listener, provided he could do so without compromising his outward and apparent dignity. Besides, on this occasion, he was evidently waiting for some one or some thing, and was probably delighted to find an occupation of any kind as a substitute for patience. The sounds appeared to proceed from the bed of the river, a shallow mountain torrent which at this particular spot breaks into many separate streams, divided by small knolls of land, covered generally with rank tropical vegetation. Cautiously Saint Clair crept down to the sandy beach below; silently he advanced, masking his progress as best he could, and at last gained a position where, concealed by a group of banana trees, he could see the speakers and overhear their conversation.

Standing on a small island in the middle of the stream were two persons distinctly visible in the full moonlight. One wore a clerical habit; the other was a short, ill-made youth, dressed with affected care. After reconnoitring, our hero muttered to himself:

"Why, that is nothing but Ramon Casauran, the greatest fop and ugliest monkey in Lima. But who is the priest? I thought I knew all the Dominicans in this town."

The person first described in our hero's soliloquy was also the first whose voice became audible to the concealed listener. In a somewhat shrill yet mincing and affected tone, he spoke:

"Would it please you, Padre Francisco, to inform me wherefore you chose to appoint this dreadfully damp place for our rendezvous? It would have afforded me much more satisfaction to meet with your reverence at the house of some of your fair penitents."

"I had especial cause," answered the other; "but of this by-and-by; meanwhile I have something of much consequence to impart."

"Speak on," answered the youth, playing with his riding whip and bowing half disrespectfully; "speak on, Father."

"You must know that your beautiful cousin, Doña Paula, has escaped from our hands."

"Escaped! with whom?" eagerly cried the youth.

Saint Clair fancied that the tone in which this question was spoken was expressive of bitter jealousy and disappointed love. The priest replied:

"I do not exactly mean that she has left the sacred walls of Santa Maria de Trujillo for ever. You know, my son, that her novitiate is soon to expire. She insisted previous to taking the veil that she should be permitted to see her father. She threatened if refused to decline before the whole assembled church. Such a scandal could not be permitted. Therefore, after consulting with me, our Lady Abbess consented to her going to Lima, Don Antonio de Silva not being, as you know, in a condition to repair to Trujillo."

Don Ramon had listened with great interest to this account. For a moment he seemed lost in his reflections; at last he addressed the priest:

"I cannot see," he remarked, "what great harm there is in all this."

"Indeed!" sneeringly said the Padre. "I see only this: Don Antonio de Silva is very old. He is very fond of his only daughter. If she sees him, she will prevail upon him in all probability to permit her to leave the convent on the ground of imperfect vocation. In that case, one Don Ramon Casauran, now heir presumptive to a splendid estate, would find himself——"

"Fortunately," interrupted the young man with something like irony in his tone, "most fortunately, it happens that my interest in

this matter is identical with that of our Holy Mother the Church. If Don Ramon loses his inheritance, the convent of Santa Maria will lose a rich dowry, and a certain bond of Don Ramon to Padre Francisco de la Mota will be void for want of performance of the condition precedent. Nevertheless, I am ready and willing to second any efforts you may deem necessary to remedy the evil."

It would seem that there was much force in these remarks, for the priest lowered his head and answered nothing. It would seem also that Don Ramon was conscious of having disposed of the subject, for with an air of bantering raillery he again addressed his clerical listener:

"You have not yet informed me, Padre Francisco, wherefore you appointed this very disagreeable place for our meeting."

"As to that," answered the Padre, "you need but wait half an hour to learn, through your own eyes, the reason of my selecting this spot. You know that the Government has lately been defrauded to an alarming extent by the secret exportation of silver and gold. Heavy rewards have been offered; parties of *serenos* have been stationed to watch every avenue that leads to the seaboard. Nevertheless the nefarious trade is so well organized, that no clue has yet been obtained. Yesterday a Sambo revealed to me that mule-loads of silver-bars were sent down from a secret dépôt with which he was not acquainted, and that the bed of the Rimac had been chosen as the only road that was neither suspected nor guarded, probably because it seemed impossible to travel over it. To-night a convoy is to pass this way. Do you understand now, Señor Don Ramon?"

It would appear that Saint Clair had become highly interested in the latter part of this discourse. With what motive we will leave the reader to guess, he drew from his pocket a double-barrelled pistol, and taking deliberate aim, fired directly over the heads of the speakers. Astounded at the report, they betook themselves to flight. Don Ramon Casauran, under-sized and ill-formed as he was, distinguished himself by the rapidity of his motions. Leaping from island to island across the river, he was soon out of sight. But the priest, entangled in his long robe and closely pursued by our hero, stumbled and fell into a narrow arm of the river. Before he could recover himself Saint Clair's nervous grasp was upon him.

"Misericordia!" screamed the affrighted Padre.

"Silence!" whispered his pursuer. "Answer me one question, and answer truly, or thy lifeless body will float down yonder rapids. Who was the Sambo that told thee of the Rimac's mysteries?"

"El Chato Encarnacion," answered he.

"Well, go thy ways," scornfully rejoined our hero, partly releasing his hold; "but first tell me thy name."

"Francisco de la Mota," stammered the priest, in that convincing tone which terror supplies.

Padre Francisco was too much terrified not to avail himself quickly of the permission. Saint Clair, left alone, turned his steps up the stream. After he had progressed about half a mile in his difficult march, he stopped and searched the dark gorge of the Rimac with an anxious and piercing glance. Presently he saw a blue light flash for an instant and disappear. He repaired to the spot. Three or four mules with muffled hoofs were treading the dangerous defile, led or guarded by twice that number of men. The utmost silence prevailed. A peculiar whistle from Saint Clair brought the whole party to a halt. One of the mule-drivers advanced towards him.

"Where is El Chato?" inquired our hero.

"At Lima, señor, waiting for us," was the response.

"He is waiting there to betray you," said Saint Clair, with ominous calmness. "The wretch has informed. Retrace your steps, and take the road to Miraflores. As to Encarnacion, let him be dealt with according to custom."

These few hurried orders being given, our hero made the best of his way to the bank of the river. Thence through the magnificent solitude of the Alameda, and the bustling suburb of San Lazaro, he gained the far-famed bridge of Rollo, and without any further adventure found himself at the portal where he had left his party.

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## CHAPTER V.

### BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SOME MYSTERIES OF LIMA.

Oui! l'or n'est qu'une chimère!—ROBERT LE DIABLE.
Le hazard ce seul dieu qu'adorât son audace.—LAMARTINE.

Our hero's friends were no longer under the portal; but he knew where to find them. He proceeded at once to a certain well-known establishment, the true name of which any pilgrim to that holy land of pleasure will at once suggest with a smile expressive of many and varied recollections, although we elect to call it by the title of *Bala de Plata.* A flight of stairs and a long narrow passage led Saint Clair to a large room, where a numerous assemblage stood or sat on one side of a green table, whilst, on its other side, a banker and a dealer expounded the oracles of Fate to such applicants as laid their offerings at the deity's shrine, viz., four pieces of thin pasteboard painted with curious Spanish figures, the very counterpart, we believe, of those imported into France to amuse the helpless lunacy of Charles VI. To be explicit, they were playing *monté,* or rather, one of the varieties of *monté;* for this name seems to apply to all the national modes of gambling in Spanish countries. At least, we have never witnessed any game of chance in any American region where the Castilian tongue prevailed, that was not called *monté,* excepting perhaps some lately imported French improvement in the science of play. We would ask etymologists to give us the history of that word, and inform us through what chain of remote analogies it might perhaps trace its origin to the famous papal institutions by which the Court of Rome sought, in by-gone days, to replenish the ecclesiastical exchequer. We mean the *luoghi di monté,* prolific parents, they say, of many a gambling establishment on a larger scale. Why not sponsors also of those humbler stock-exchanges, the monté-banks? The room which Saint Clair now entered presented a lively appearance. Several tables, groaning with the weight of choice liquors and all the delicacies of the season, seemed spread as if on purpose to console the unfortunate gambler, or to nerve him to further attempts. Well-dressed females flitted about the room, addressing to each one in turn a word of flattery or encouragement, whilst the convenient *saya y manto* served to disguise many an aristocratic votary of the attractive deity, Fortune, whose pernicious altars nowhere perhaps are so numerous or so well attended as in cities like Lima, where that worship is prohibited by law.

Saint Clair recognized there all the individuals with whom he had been conversing under the portal, when the occurrence we have related called him away so suddenly. The weather-beaten old lieutenant, whose pay supported a family at home, was there with the rest; but he did not play; he never indulged in luxuries requiring an investment; he stood by a side table, cramming his capacious stomach with the gratuitous viands ready spread before him. He was enjoying a good supper on the strength of his having entered the room with others who played. The young nobleman, on the contrary, sat directly opposite to the banker, with one elbow upon the green cloth, while his other hand was actively engaged in piling up his winnings, or disposing his stakes in some of the various ways, which, though incomprehensible to the new beginner, are full of meaning for the experienced gambler. The young man was visibly quite excited; his quizzing-glass hung useless upon his bosom. He was not at all short-sighted now.

Behind him stood the American midshipman. We know him as yet only by his nickname of Crocket, which, being as good an appellation as any other, we will still continue to apply to him. The young man appeared somewhat disappointed. His expressive physiognomy had settled into something like a pout. Still he watched the game, with his hands in his pockets, evidently finding nothing there.

Towards the latter our hero directed his steps, after surveying the anxious faces around him with feelings that the cynic smile upon his lip sufficiently explained.

"You have been losing?" said he, in his blandest tone.

"Only my month's pay," answered Crockett, striving to appear indifferent, though, in spite of his efforts, his manner betrayed vexation.

"Do you feel disposed to make another attempt?"

"No; I'm not in luck to-night. Besides, I don't know where to find the purser just now."

"Well, my young friend, suffer me to be your purser for a short time. Stake this ounce on that king."

The young midshipman acted as he was directed, and to his amazement, by following the instructions of his friend, he found himself a winner to a considerable amount. He followed his Mentor to a side table, and after returning to him the loan he had volunteered—

"Saint Clair," said he, "you must be a witch."

"Not at all, my dear fellow; I am only a man of the world. The main difference between us is, that I have bought experience, and that you are now paying for the first lessons of your apprenticeship."

"Nevertheless," answered the youth, somewhat nettled, "I have to thank you for your loan and your advice."

"I am glad you like my advice, as I have determined to give you some more. My friend,"—here his voice and manner became indescribably impressive,—"my dear friend, never play."

"Thank you; you are very moral to-night." The young man spoke these words in a tone which he attempted to make bantering, but which testified that the remark of our hero had produced an effect. The careless young sailor would have accepted, without wincing, a whole broadside of arguments to the same effect from his captain, or any person whose duty it might be to guide and admonish. But here was a man of the world, a notorious gambler, a dashing character, a votary of pleasure and dissipation; was it he, now turned lecturer, who would warn a friend from the path he himself had followed so long, and if report belied him not, so successfully? A remonstrance from such a source was well calculated to attract attention; there was, therefore, much bewildered astonishment in the young man's tone, as, looking up to his friend, he said, "You are very moral to-ht."

"I am not any more so to-night than at any other time," quietly answered Saint Clair. "I have another reason, a worldly reason, for thus advising you: a very young man ought never to play; young men furnish the odds in favor of the bank; they are invariably dupes and victims, until, at their own expense, they sometimes learn to victimize others. My friend, I would wish you to be neither victim nor victimizer—play no more!"

"Why," replied the youth, reddening as he spoke, "do you think that they cheat?"

"I will not pretend to say whether they do or not. For my own part, I always play as if I knew they did. That is the secret of your success to-night. Your stakes were small, and always on a neglected card; it was the banker's interest that you should win every time; yet I dare say that it was all the result of chance alone. Shall we try a glass of Italia punch?"

These last words, added evidently for the purpose of shifting the conversation, were uttered in no very loud tone; and yet, such are the sympathetic affinities which a ruling passion supplies, the gray-headed lieutenant, who was passing at a short distance, caught the words at once.

"Italia punch," cried he, as he came up; "certainly; when mixed ship-shape, Italia punch makes capital grog."

We will here cheerfully endorse the statement of the experienced veteran. We believe that some publicans of the first class in New-York parade, in their lists of potable exotics, the tempting announcement of Italia punch. But we deny that the thing itself, in its genuine perfection, ever was accessible to a New-York public. Let but the right kind of Italia punch be once brewed for the discriminating connoisseurs of Manhattan, and cognac will fall in the market; the three great whiskeys will be at a discount.

It would seem that the Italia punch in question was really "ship-shape," to judge from the large quantities which our friend the lieutenant imbibed; and it would seem, moreover, that its effluvium excited a sort of magnetic attraction, for the same group which we introduced to the reader at the opening of this story was soon gathered around the smoking concoction. Glass after glass was drained; healths were proposed, and witticisms were perpetrated. These we spare our readers, because, all the world

over, young men in their cups generally act precisely in the same manner.

"I have the morning watch to keep," remarked the young nobleman; "I must start at once for Callao."

"Say the word, ship-mate, and we'll get under weigh," hiccoughed the gray-headed veteran.

"Surely, gentlemen," interposed Saint Clair, "you do not dream of riding to Callao at this hour of the night. Crocket, were you going to join these gentlemen?"

"The youngster need not go on our account," remarked his lordship. "*We* are going though."

"You expose your lives wilfully," answered Saint Clair, who really appeared anxious. "Let me entreat you to stay over night."

"What is it that alarms you?" inquired the youthful midshipman. "For my part, I had rather meet the robbers than otherwise."

"So had we," rejoined the titled officer.

"Meet them and board them," added his technical friend.

At this moment a young man entered the room, and beckoned Saint Clair aside.

"Is it done?" eagerly inquired the latter.

"It is," said the stranger; "I come to ask your further orders."

After a moment's reflection, Saint Clair answered in a whisper:

"Let him be placed where Padre Francisco de la Mota will be sure to see him in the early morning."

Our hero's friends, heated with punch and the excitement of their projected *night*-errantry, paid no attention to this *aparte*, and left the room without taking leave of him. The three officers were soon in the saddle, and galloping towards Callao.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a well-mounted horseman overtook them. It was no other than our hero himself.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHEREIN AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH NAVY GETS HIS NOSE PULLED WITHOUT HAVING OCCASION TO RESENT IT.

Saint Clair, mounted upon his fiery Chilian horse, presented a perfect type of the Peruvian *caballero*. He had adopted the costume and gear of the country in all particulars, wisely judging that fashion should not be arbitrarily uniform, but bend according to the exigencies of the climate, and that the judgment and experience of the natives qualified them to decree what style of dress was best adapted to the local requirements. In pursuance of these principles, he wore on the present occasion a broad-brimmed slouched hat which almost concealed his features, a large *poncho* made of the choice wool of the *lama*, and dyed red; of the same material were his capacious leggins, which buckled high above the knee. His saddle was of that clumsy but convenient make most in vogue in the country; his spurs and stirrups were of massive silver, while his holsters contained the identical pistols which had shot Don Manuel.

Thus accoutred and prepared, he was a most valuable acquisition for our little party, by whom he was greeted as enthusiastically as Wellington by his countrymen when he returned crowned with the accidental laurels of Waterloo. He found his friends in high spirits and prepared for any encounter. Indeed, such wonderful effects had the Italia punch produced that they seemed desirous of meeting an army of footpads.

It is not our intention that they shall be disappointed. We wish to prepare the nerves of our fair readers for the event, and guard them from undue agitation. Indeed, at the date of our story it would have been deemed an occurrence of extraordinary character, if a party, having announced publicly an intention of taking that dangerous journey at night, had failed to meet with the *montañeros*. The road our party were following was admirably calculated for ambuscade and surprise. It was the decayed phantom of that magnificent avenue laid out without regard to cost by the wealthy successors of Pizarro. For several miles it is bordered by double rows of beautiful shade trees. The traveller might ponder long to find a suitable excuse for such a display of

umbrage in a land where the sun is seldom seen. He might conclude at last that these trees were planted merely for the sake of ornament, unless he were informed that they were laid out by a Viceroy of Peru whose name was Don Antonio O'Higgins, an *Irishman.*

On either hand for a considerable distance from Lima this beautiful thoroughfare is bounded by regular walls which inclose orchards and gardens. But as our travellers proceeded, the road and the country around assumed a desolate appearance. Of the walls and trees that once stood there, nothing was left but suspicious thickets and heaps of rubbish, which furnished the robbers with convenient hiding places. At intervals, thin streams of water crossed the road; scanty vestiges of a vast and comprehensive system of artificial irrigation, by means of which the Incas had succeeded in making the now desolate plain of Lima one of the most productive spots upon the earth. The barbarian neglect of their European successors has suffered this prodigious monument of *scientific* enterprise to become almost useless; but in spite of Time and Gothic recklessness, such was the Cyclopean character of those works, that enough remains to excite the wonder of travellers. And even at this day, it would require but little outlay to make the rich valley of Lima smile again in loveliness, by restoring those structures which would compare favorably with any architectural triumph of Man against Nature. Our travellers had many proofs of this fact before their eyes. Wherever these ill-fed gullies supplied the moisture which the dry though rich soil of that volcanic country unfortunately lacks, you could trace their course through the barren plain in long lines of strong, healthy verdure, showing what labor and care might accomplish for a country which now imports its breadstuffs. Altogether it was as dreary a path as the imagination can conceive. By the imperfect light of the moon, not a building was in sight, nor was it possible to discern the faintest trace of cultivation. The little party had progressed heedlessly, and conversing in a loud tone, some five or six miles of their journey, when they came to a spot admirably calculated for the highwayman's ambush. They had just crossed a marshy ground, formed by the decay of one of those channels which were dug in former days to distribute the waters of the Rimac through the plain, and they entered a section of the road where the deep sand compelled them to walk their horses; so that their retreat and their advance would, in case of need, prove equally difficult. On either side large heaps of fallen *adobes* from the ruined walls, and clusters of low bushes, threw dark heavy shades in the moonlight; while at the right, and in the direction where the noisy Rimac's voice might occasionally be heard whenever the trade-wind lulled for an instant, the ground was covered with high, tangled vegetation, where a giant variety of the fern species prevailed, and which presented great facilities for a masked advance and a retreat.

Saint Clair requested his friends to come to a halt, and addressed them in a low voice:

"We shall be attacked in the neighborhood of this place, or not at all. Let us be ready. Look to your pistols. See that your girths are tight, and make as little noise as possible."

The fumes of Italia punch had now so far evaporated as to allow a glimmering of reason to find its way into the minds of those Saint Clair was addressing; therefore, without answering a word, but simply obeying through that instinct which teaches men to follow in the hour of need those who are willing and able to lead, they acted as he had directed, and the whole party advanced for a short distance in serried order, when Saint Clair, who was a little in advance, cried out to his comrades to halt.

Again they obeyed, although they could perceive no cause for the command, and our hero rode ahead alone. He had hardly proceeded a few yards, when suddenly each bush and fallen wall, each stone and thicket, revealed a human form, and weapons of different kinds glittered in the moonlight.

"Alta!" cried a loud clear voice, and our hero checked his uneasy steed.

The party in the rear now observed his motions with the utmost anxiety, prepared to offer a stout resistance. Each held a pistol in his right hand, his sword made fast to his wrist by the sword-knot, while they secured themselves in their saddles, expecting the command to charge to come from their self-instituted leader.

Meanwhile they saw Saint Clair coolly rein in his fiery charger, and stand there for

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a few instants, a fair mark for many levelled weapons which they saw peering from every hiding spot around him. Presently a man on foot approached him, exchanged a few words with him, and suddenly took off his sombrero and began listening in a most respectful attitude. Saint Clair, on the other hand, maintained a lofty port, and with his riding-whip pointed as he spoke to a certain cluster in the distance. In this direction the man disappeared, and after a few minutes returned, accompanied by a personage on horseback. This individual approached our hero, and the two withdrew together to a short distance, conversing earnestly the while.

It was not long before the stranger issued a command in an unknown tongue, (the ancient language of the Incas,) accompanied by a loud shrill whistle, and suddenly level weapons and armed men all disappeared as if by magic, and shrunk back into their former hiding-places, and the road was silent and deserted as before.

Saint Clair rode back to his party, and informed them that they now had the way clear before them. They were not slow in availing themselves of the privilege, and spurring their horses they galloped towards the ancient city of Callao, whose circular castles began to be visible in the distance. His friends were delighted with their good luck; the nobleman remarked that our hero was "a trump;" the gruff old lieutenant chuckled, and expressed an opinion that he had got "the weather-gage of *that* squadron." Crocket simply observed that they had been fortunate. He did not praise the diplomacy exerted on the occasion; but although he said little, it was evident that he thought a great deal, for he appeared to treat his former friend with something like suspicious reserve. After the first explosion was over, they began to inquire into the immediate causes of the peaceful retreat of the banditti.

"What did you say to them?" inquired the young British officer.

"What *traverse* did you work?" chimed in the gray-headed sea-dog.

"Simply this, gentlemen," answered their deliverer; "I informed them that you were officers in the British Navy coming from, not going to Lima; and from this circumstance, like men of sense, they inferred, it appears, that you could have nothing left about you that was worth taking."

This reply, despite its ironical tone, seemed to give general satisfaction. Persons in similar circumstances are not given to exercising their causality over much. The gruff lieutenant in particular appeared to be exceedingly pleased. He chuckled over the trick all the way to Callao, commenting upon the event in his characteristic phraseology.

"Sailed under false colors, eh?"—"Showed the wrong papers to the boarding officer"—"Made believe the prize wasn't worth the capture"—"Wonder if the foreigner will charge us salvage?" Such, and many like expressions, which fell audibly from his lips at intervals, showed conclusively how highly he relished the stratagem.

Without further mishap they reached the city of Callao, where falling in with another party of belated revellers, they joined in the intellectual pursuit of putting the town "in stays," as Jack would term it; after which they bribed the guard-boat to leave the young nobleman on board of his ship, admirably prepared, we fancy, to keep his morning watch.

It is no part of our plan to follow the remainder of the party through the incidents of the latter part of the night. We trust and believe that Saint Clair and his youthful friend retired like quiet and moral men to the nearest accessible bed, and there slept off the excitement of the night. But we feel interested in the fortunes of the aged lieutenant, and will follow in his wake until we see him drop anchor.

That experienced sailor no sooner found that his convoy had parted company than he steered for the mole, probably in some vague anticipation of finding there a man-of-war's boat. After making "short tacks" from one end of the street to the other, and "grounding" several times—as he himself expressed it in his low grumbling soliloquy—he "came to" at the head of the mole between two enormous mounds of wheat that lay there without the needless protection of a roof. The necessity of storing grain, our readers will remark, is here obviated from the double fact that it hardly ever rains in this climate, and that there are no birds in the neighborhood that would feed upon the hoarded treasure. Here our weather-beaten friend "cast anchor," as he himself qualified the action of dropping heavily upon the leeward side of one of those hills of wheat;

The accumulated grain, disturbed at its base, immediately obeyed the law of gravitation, and began to slide, until the belated wayfarer, who was already asleep, became entirely covered up.

The sun rose afterwards, and the vigilant sentry who guarded the head of the mole, perceiving something of a red color protruding from the side of one of the conical heaps of wheat under his charge, began to poke it with the end of his bayonet. The thing having manifested some signs of uneasy vitality under this harsh process, the soldier approached to survey it more closely. He seized the object of his curiosity between his thumb and index, and pulled it with all his might; when, lo! there arose from the avalanche of grain, first the head, then the body, and next the limbs of a human form, following its nose, which was still held by the astonished Peruvian sentry.

And thus it occurred that an officer in the British Navy got his nose pulled without having occasion to resent it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WHEREIN OUR HERO IS PILOTED TO SOME PURPOSE BY A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

We have expressed a hope that Crocket and the indefatigable hero of these pages had, after a night so full of adventures, sought the repose which they needed so much. But it would seem that, at least as regards the latter, this hope was rather more charitable than well founded. However this may be, the same gray dawn that witnessed the outrage perpetrated upon the proboscis of an officer in H. B. M.'s Navy, saw Saint Clair approaching the walls of Lima.

His countenance, habitually pale, did not seem in the least altered from his exertions of the previous night; and attired as he was in the picturesque riding-dress of the country, he presented on his gay charger his usual dashing appearance.

Yet to judge from the indolent habits of the fair inhabitants of that luxurious city, there seemed but little likelihood of his exciting any admiration at that early hour of the morning, save, perhaps, in the unsophisticated bosoms of sambas and market women.

He now entered the gate and began wending his way through those deserted streets where scarcely a human being was in sight, save here and there a straggling *sereno*, weary with watching over the safety of the slumbering city; or a peasant woman *bestriding* a grave-looking donkey, half sinking under the accumulated weight of the Amazon and her stock in trade of vegetables and poultry; or else the matutinal convict-gang, guarded by an armed inspector, and sweeping the dust of the streets into heaps in readiness for a cart which followed, dragged by other convicts.

This was no hour for pleasure or promenade—no hour even for adventure—no hour for sauntering idly about the streets, pausing at every grated window behind whose bars a female titter is heard, for the purpose of *reguardar la reja*, (looking at the railing,) as the not unusual practice of peeping into a window is pleasantly called in Lima by a considerate use of the figure Metonymy. Neither was our hero abroad thus early on any similar errand. In truth he had ordered some stern business done, and he wished to see with the master's eye that it had been well done.

He now rode in the direction of the convent of San Domingo, one of the richest religious establishments in the country, whose lofty steeple towered above the low houses that line the streets through which he had yet to pass. This is one of those showy structures which, seen from the sea in connection with the white walls and terraced roofs of Lima, produce an effect rarely witnessed except upon the stage.

When he reached the convent, he found a considerable crowd gathered round the entrance door. From the animated gestures of the by-standers, it was easy to perceive that something unusual had occurred. Our hero soon ascertained the particulars, and was rather surprised that an event by no means unprecedented, or even rare in the capital, should have excited so much commotion. The body of a murdered man had just been discovered stretched across the main entrance of the Convent of San Domingo.

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The body was that of a poor Indian, and of the by-standers by far the greater number were also Indians. Their countenances, habitually morose and sullen, wore on this occasion an expression of vindictive fierceness. In general they preserved their characteristic taciturnity, although as our hero rode up to the outer edge of the crowd, he overheard some remarks in the sonorous *Quichua*, (the ancient language of the Incas,) expressive of deep feeling and resentful indignation.

The Indian population of Peru is widely different from that on our part of the continent. It retains and cherishes recollections of an aboriginal civilization which the semi-Spanish substitute it now enjoys atones for but indifferently. When Pizarro invaded the dominions of the Incas, he found there a systematic and highly wrought order of society. The Indian monarchs had wielded for ages their absolute sceptre in a manner so searching, yet beneficent, that the whole empire and its inhabitants were reduced to a level with the most perfect and wonder-working machinery. Every act of private life, as well as every public contingency, was regulated by laws skilfully framed to confer the greatest possible comfort to the individual, and at the same time to eradicate the last symptom of independence from the minds of the people. The whole country was divided into districts, where some specific occupation, best suited for the climate and the local genius, was devised and enforced, not so much by penalties as by a strict yet patriarchal method, whose admirable operation Fourier might have envied. The produce of labor was so distributed that want or famine was impossible. Commerce there was none, for no currency existed. Labor, the Incas had discovered, was the sweetener of life, as well as a safety-valve for the bad passions which disorganize society; and therefore they had contrived to accustom their subjects to constant but moderate labor, by means of what has been considered a source of discord and anarchy—agrarianism.

In the mountainous districts where agriculture was impossible, the native flocks of the country were tended by a pastoral population, or the precious metals were extracted from the mines. From the remoter fastnesses, the wild tribes of the forest furnished warriors for the ever-active armies of the Incas; while on the coast range, and wherever the soil admitted of improvement, colossal structures for artificial irrigation, whose remains are still the wonder of the traveller, converted the dry land of Peru into a beautiful garden. There, in the midst of plenty and content, and provided with all the conveniences and comforts which art can supply, their peaceful subjects realized the dreams of the Golden Age. The whole working of the system gave a practical proof that, UNDER A DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT, the principle of association *can* be applied to social life according to the schemes of sundry modern reformers.

This distribution of labor produced, if indeed it was not suggested by, a corresponding difference in the character of the population. On the coast and on the lower mountains which approach it, in the midst of a rural or pastoral people, the Spaniards met with but little opposition; while the warlike tribes that roamed in comparative freedom over the greater part of the Peruvian territory, have never completely acknowledged the supremacy of the white race. At times since the conquest, the invader's power has penetrated certain interior districts, and cultivated considerable sections under the cover of an armed force, or the still more efficient protection of the mild and persuasive propagandism of the Franciscan monks. But the moment the soldiers were withdrawn, or the fierce and overbearing Benedictines took the place of their gentle predecessors, a sudden irruption of Indians would overwhelm the growing settlement, and leave a hideous ruin in its stead.

Thus the beautiful Montaña of Vitoc has been many times partiently redeemed from the wilderness, and suddenly restored to its primeval state. The barbarous system of *Repartimientos* thinned the numbers of the aborigines; the still more rapacious *Mita* reduced them to want; but neither these nor the mortification of defeat have ever completely quelled the Indian spirit. Insurrections and conspiracies without number have, within the last half century, fully attested this fact. The superior discipline of the whites invariably prevailed over their half-naked antagonists. But the latter have recently made immense progress. The long struggle for independence between Peru and the mother country has taught them the use of fire-arms and the secret of their previous defeats. Their mountains abound in materials for gunpowder, and the

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day may yet come when the descendants of the Incas will again rule over the land which Pizarro deluged with innocent blood. They preserve perseveringly such remnants of their ancient polity as yet remain amongst them. They venerate the reputed descendants of their former monarchs; they yield a ready obedience to officers whose authority rests only upon tradition and customs. They affect and cherish their old customs; their dances and their songs are all significant of a mournful regret for the past. And in their dress they prefer above all other colors their own *blue* badge of mourning. In fact, after three centuries of degradation and misery, the national sentiment of the Peruvian Indians is nearly as strong as it was when Balboa first spurred his fiery charger into the waves of the Pacific. As yet they are content with nursing that sentiment in silence, their gloomy physiognomies alone expressing the habitual brooding and melancholy recollections of the Helot; but another Tapac Amaru may some day rise among them.

Saint Clair noticed with some anxiety the dark and vindictive countenances of the Indians assembled around the gate of San Domingo. By the side of those melancholy stoics, the gesticulating mulatto and chattering negress presented an obvious contrast. These expressed their feelings with a warmth of manner sometimes affecting, sometimes ludicrous.

"Pobre Encarnacion!" cried one in a dolorous voice.

"Aquel Chato!" cried another querulously; "I always said he would come to that. He went out too much o' nights. He had too many friends among the miners for his own good."

These and similar expressions were silenced by the approach of Padre Francisco, who, issuing from an inner door, began haranguing the multitude in a very authoritative tone, and with manifest disgust in his manner. He concluded a brief speech with sundry summary orders in relation to the removal of the corpse, and suiting the action to his words, commenced belaboring the bystanders nearest to him, until he had pretty effectually cleared the entrance gate.

This indecent haste compared unfavorably with the decorous demeanor of the spectators as they opened to make way for those who bore the corpse, and respectfully formed themselves to follow in the rear of the procession. Our hero marked the direction of the melancholy march, and when it had disappeared in a cross street, concluded to follow at a distance.

It stopped at the door of one of the most stately mansions in the capital. Saint Clair carefully marked the number. It is no part of our plan to explain his feelings at this particular juncture. None were visible in his outward appearance. Satisfied apparently with his survey, he was about to retrace his steps, when, chancing to look at the upper balcony, he caught a glance of a figure which engrossed all his attention.

It was a beautiful female half concealed behind the gorgeous curtains, and gazing on the scene below with grief and horror vividly depicted upon her expressive countenance.

For several minutes our hero remained looking upon this beautiful apparition with eyes half dimmed by the conflict of various and overpowering emotions. She had not seen him yet, at least he thought so, nor did he wish that she should at this time. His conscious soul would have shrunk under the pure ray of her glance. Conquering his violent agitation by a strong effort of his vigorous will, he turned sadly away, muttering to himself as he rode along:

"This, then, must be Doña Paula—beautiful Paulita! Old Silva is very wealthy. That infernal priest—that profligate Casauran! I will thwart them yet. That this poor Indian should have been her father's dependent—perhaps her own foster brother! There is a fate in this!"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHEREIN THIS TRUTHFUL STORY WAXETH PATHETIC.

No man is more free from this passion (sorrow) than I, who neither like it in myself nor admire it in others.
MONTAIGNE.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### A LOVE SCENE.

Chi può dir com' egli è in picciol' fuoco.
(He little loves who can explain his love.)—PETRARCH.

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## CHAPTER X.

### WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN HOW DONA PAULA DE SILVA FOREGOES THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

"Thy days shall pass in peace
'Mid counted beads and countless prayer,
To bid the sins of others cease,
Thyself without a crime or care."—BYRON—*The Giaour.*

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## CHAPTER XI.

### WHEREIN THIS TRUE STORY COMES TO A DEAD HALT.

"Brevity is the soul of Wit."

We trust, gentle reader, that the last three chapters have proved neither tedious nor wearisome to you. It was with a feeling of mournful regret that we struck out all but their titles. They were constructed after the most approved style of modern novels. They gradually unfolded the difficulties of our chief personages, and prepared you for the final catastrophe with a circumstance of dramatic effect which Dumas might have envied. Besides, they contained all the wooing which our pages could boast; for our hero was a man of action as you have seen, and action was also a characteristic of our heroine, as you may or may not see hereafter. Had the three condemned chapters been left for your perusal, you would have found how Doña Paula de Silva (the very girl, as you have shrewdly guessed, whom our hero chased on the plaza and afterwards saw at a balcony one morning) vainly pleaded with her bigoted old father to be allowed to peril her soul among the breakers of the world; how the aged dotard insisted upon mooring the precious craft within the harbor of the Church; how his purpose nearly failed him when the sweet creature fell crying at his feet; and how he was induced to smother his emotions by the artful manœuvring of his selfish kinsman Don Ramon and of Padre Francisco—the very individuals, strange to say, whom Saint Clair overheard planning their damnable intrigues on the banks of the Rimac.

You would have seen how the adventurous Saint Clair clambered one night to the bower of his ladye love; how she strove to appear indignant, and only succeeded in appearing alarmed; how he calmed her fears, and told his love; and how she half confessed her own, yet refused to fly because she dreaded her father's anger, well knowing that of all prejudice, religious prejudice is the most unforgiving. You would have shed a tear at their sorrowful leave-taking that night; but when the fatal hour had come for the procession to begin its way towards the convent of Santa Maria de Trujillo, where was situate the living tomb to which our heroine was to be consigned; and when the procession was attacked on its way by armed banditti, when the litter which contained the beautiful Doña Paula was forcibly opened, and the leader of the brigands discovered himself to the fair prisoner as her own enamored knight in disguise, and the fair prisoner refused to be released from her dreadful fate and to fly with her rescuer, and deliberately pressed forward on her melancholy journey rather than incur the irrational ire of her sire, our word for it you would have sobbed outright.

The interest of this veritable story would have been raised to the melodramatic pitch, if we had told you how, at the very gates of the prison where she was doomed to linger, she saw the short squatty form of her hateful kinsman, who, advancing towards her as if to take a friendly and eternal leave, whispered into her ear some demoniac words taunting her for having once rejected him and fallen in love with a worthless adventurer.

Of all these details you are necessarily deprived. We do not see that they are material to the story, or if they are, we might as well dispose of them in ten lines instead of as many pages. We are not sketching a character but telling a story. The end is our aim, not the bulk. Besides, shall we confess it? we experience great difficulty in managing true incidents by the rules which govern fiction. If we had invented this narrative we might mould it as we chose, but truth is not so plastic. Our information in regard to the principal events we are engaged in relating was chiefly derived from Crocket. And his heedless, good-humored or ironical way of telling the most touching scenes made an impression upon our minds which renders us incapable of "working them up" (especially the love passages) in the true novel style.

Years had elapsed since the date of our story when we became acquainted with that remarkable young man. It was at Lima that we met him in the character of a Lieutenant. For he had acquired a fondness for that city,

which made him on all occasions solicit orders for the Pacific station. Our curiosity had become excited on the subject of Saint Clair's adventures in Peru, several passages of which we had heard related in conversation; and we chiefly sought the acquaintance of the young officer on account of the leading part which he was known to have enacted in some of the most striking of those adventures. We two soon became quite intimate. But he rather disliked to recur to the past. It needed the utmost exercise of our diplomacy to induce him, when in the best of temper, to disclose the memorable scenes he had witnessed; and then the prevailing mood of the moment so tinged his scanty revelations, that it required the greatest stretch of our analytical powers to string the disjointed fragments into a connected whole.

We will here insert as an instance one of our conversations with him on the subject. It took place on the quarter-deck when he was on duty. There were several points which we desired to clear up in those transactions of which we already had information. Therefore we plied the young Lieutenant with direct and leading questions.

"Pray," we remarked with the greatest simplicity, "how did you ever account for the success of your friend in getting you out of the robbers' hands?"

"I don't know," answered he, in an abstracted manner. "Boatswain," exclaimed he, "overhaul that boat's falls."

We modestly waited until the order was executed, and then we returned to the charge.

"Were you not puzzled to find out——"

"Quite so. Call away the second cutters."

Thus foiled in our cross-examination, we had nothing to do but to bide our time. We watched our chance however, and at the first opportunity tried him "on another tack."

"I am somewhat surprised," we ventured to remark, "that a gentleman like you, and an American Navy officer, should have continued on friendly terms with a man whom you had discovered to be the chief of a gang of robbers."

The young man's face colored, and he replied with warmth:

"Indeed he was no such thing. I suppose that it may look so to you from what I said the other night, but I'll tell you. You know that the Government here forbids the exportation of the precious metals, or else lays duties on them which are tantamount to a prohibition. Well, such measures would annihilate commerce if there was no way of evading the law. The greatest houses in the place have been from time immemorial engaged in smuggling silver out of the country. Indeed, officers of high standing in our Navy sometimes lend their aid to such practices. I ought to know; I was captain's aid on board the ——. The shipper is a rich man now. Saint Clair was deeply engaged in that business, and, I presume, had to hire the *montañeros* once in a while to help him. That gave him considerable influence among them."

"I presume," said we, delighted at the success of our ruse, "that the montañeros helped him some in that attack on the escort of Doña Paula?"

"I rather think they did. If it hadn't been for her silly scruples, Saint Clair's steamer was all ready to put to sea. We got her there, though, afterwards."

"Do tell me all about it."

Here he seemed to think that he had said enough for one sitting. So, looking about for some new pretext to break off the conversation, "Quarter-master!" cried he.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the quarter-master.

"Quarter-master, what signal was that?"

"3. 1. 8., sir."

"Very good. Quarter-master!"

"Sir!"

"Make 2. 1. 9."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The affair of the signals disposed of, we began making new zig-zag approaches towards the busy officer; but whenever he perceived in us the slightest disposition to question him on our favorite topic, he suddenly discovered something about the ship to be overhauled or looked after. First he called up the gunner and asked him about some tompions; then he had a forecastleman sent to the mast and placed on the black list; next he had to hold a consultation with the boatswain concerning the standing rigging.

But we were as persevering as even himself; we let no opportunity escape to gratify our curiosity, until the weary officer, determined to foil us to the last, ordered eight bells struck and the watch called.

The relieving officer came on deck in very bad humor. No wonder; it lacked t-

minutes of the time by our unfailing chronometer.

We fear that our indiscreet revelations are in a fair way to prejudice the reader against our naval friend. This we sincerely regret; for we love Crocket as if he had been our hero. Let the reader however take a six months' cruise on board of a man-of-war, and we think that he will feel inclined to make much allowance for sins which only involve temper on the part of Navy officers. Life on ship-board is an unnatural life. The constant contact of so many human beings crowded together within a small space is calculated to engender a fermentation, a continual irritability of disposition, against which the happiest understandings are seldom proof. Nowhere would "familiarity" so quickly "breed contempt," were it not that this artificial mode of life is propped up by the still more artificial stays of Discipline and Hierarchy. That rank thing, Rank, is like a chain passing from summit to base of the crazy edifice of Naval Discipline, and binding together the most heterogeneous elements. Each individual bears with the tyranny of his superiors, first because he must, and chiefly because he has others under himself upon whom he can vent his spleen. Thus the majestic First Luff, after his morning report to the skipper, comes out of "the presence" either radiant or morose, according as that gouty or dyspeptic chieftain has treated him well or ill—has passed a good or a bad night. Incontinently he proceeds to distribute the channels of grace or ire among the lesser reservoirs. From junior luff to middy, from middy to warrant officer, from boatswain to mates, it flows fore and aft, until the "third class boy" gets kicked under the forecastle by the last landsman on the muster roll.

Yet each class has its rights, and is tenacious of them to an extent which—considering the little consequence of the matters generally involved—is sometimes quite ludicrous. Midshipmen are particularly obnoxious on that score to their superiors. An old skipper was once remonstrating with one of these worthies upon the decay of the good old rules of the service. "When I was a midshipman," said he, "I had not the tenth part of your privileges." The youngster replied: "Oh! Captain, now-a-days midshipmen are *gentlemen*, you know."

And so they are—the most technical young gentlemen in the world—regular sea-lawyers—not sharks, but tenacious and punctilious to an incredible extent. Their address in provoking their superiors and yet shying clear of a court-martial is proverbial. Once a watch officer had to send a youngster below for some slight misdemeanor.

"Go below, sir," said he.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the youth, touching his cap. With ready obedience he went down the hatch, and immediately reappeared on deck.

"Go below, sir," repeated the watch officer, in a rage.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the imperturbable midshipman, suiting the action to the word, but coming up again in an instant.

In short, he carried on the same manœuvre of obeying the strict letter of the order several times, until the wrathful Lieutenant bethought himself of saying,

"Go below, sir, *and stay there.*"

With so many causes of irritation, is it astonishing that Navy officers are seldom distinguished for sweetness of temper?

We have tried it; try it you.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# PROTECTION—FREE TRADE.

## MR. CAREY'S "HARMONY OF INTERESTS."

The following letter we gladly insert, although we think the author does not perceive the essential force of Mr. Carey's positions in reference to the *economy* of harmonising all interests within the limits of the country, so that each may support and *protect* the other. His views, however, must be effective in the right direction, as the conclusions he arrives at are the same, and as they are so clearly reasoned out from his premises; and more especially, because these premises coincide so well with many of the principles from which the Free-Traders argue. We of course by no means agree with our correspondent in the supposition that the reasoning of Mr. Carey and the Protectionists will fail of any result, and we dissent entirely from his statement that our "theory has less and less favor with the public." Our correspondent's main point, however, in reference to the currency may be entirely sound, but it is far from covering, as he appears to assume, the whole ground.—Ed.

Mr. Editor:

*Sir*:—We have read with pleasure and profit the articles of Mr. Carey, "Harmony of Interests," which you have noticed in the columns of your journal. We are steady advocates of "protection;" we adopt many of his principles as true, and esteem his statistics as of immense value; still, we think Mr. Carey has not touched the leading point of the argument, and therefore we fear his reasoning, like that of the great body of the advocates of the policy of protection, will fail of any result; no impression will be made upon the public mind to control our legislation.

For thirty years, the question has been debated in our halls of Congress and by the press, and it is, to us who advocate the policy of "protection," a melancholy fact, that our theory has less and less favor with the public. One of three things is therefore true: either *experience* is not in accordance with the reason of things; or we do not present the question logically to the public mind; or the *common sense* of society, with all the light of long debate, is incompetent to decide, either from reason or experience, what is the best national policy. The *first* cannot be true; the *last* we will not admit; the other, therefore, must be the reason for the present condition of public opinion.

The position of Mr. Carey is, that "Commerce is King;" that commerce, as now conducted, is an unproductive employment, wasting labor and capital in transporting commodities between distant producers and consumers, who should be located together. *Granted*: but what gives King Commerce *his power*; what enables him thus to govern and control the operations of society for his own interest, and to their so obvious loss; why do men thus waste their energies at his bidding in these unprofitable ways? There is no law compelling them thus to act, and they would not thus act if there was not an *apparent* advantage in the course they adopt. Individuals and communities, in America at least, are free to pursue the policy they deem best; no law *restrains* us in our avocations.

The object of society in the prosecution of its industrial pursuits is, the largest supply of its wants. In all countries, but especially in America, agriculture is the great interest, occupying the mass of the population. If now the agriculturist finds, that with a given quantity of *wheat* he can obtain at market a larger quantity of *iron* from England than he can from Pennsylvania, why should he not do so? He will say to the iron maker, You have the freight and duty, some twenty-five per cent. on the cost, in your favor; if, under these circumstances, you are unable to give me but seventy-five pounds of iron, while I can obtain one hundred pounds from Europe, I can see no reason why I should take the smaller quantity for your benefit; you say I shall be a gainer by the operation, but I am unable to discover the advantage, and it seems more reasonable that you, who are the *few*, should take the smaller quantity of *wheat*, than that we, who are the *many*, should take the smaller quantity of iron; your theory of bringing the producer and consumer together

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will result in either case, and the interest of the majority ought to govern; again, if the government does not get the revenue from the European in the form of duties, I must pay it in direct taxes, since the government must be sustained.

If the iron-maker replies that the *high price of labor* prevents his giving more than the seventy-five pounds, the agriculturist will answer that *wheat* as well as *iron* is the product of labor; if the price of labor is too high to make *iron*, why is it not too high to make *wheat?* I compete in the open market with the European wheat-grower, and why cannot you compete with the iron-maker? You live in a country where subsistence is abundant and cheap, where there is an abundance of iron ore, coal, limestone, and labor; you pay no taxes comparatively; what is the reason you cannot compete in your *own* market with the Englishman, who makes iron in a country where subsistence is scarce and dear, where taxes consume half the product of his toil, and to reach your market he must transport his iron across the Atlantic, and after paying the taxes of his own government, must pay a duty of twenty per cent. to support ours?

If the iron-maker alleges again that *labor is too high*, the agriculturist will reply that labor alone does not determine the price of commodities. Labor alone *produces* commodities, but these commodities must not only repay the price of labor, but must sustain the whole of individual and national expenditure. In Europe, kings, armies, navies, lords, bishops, and paupers, to say nothing of lazy fund-holders, all live from the products of labor; and although the share of *labor* may be small, the price of *commodities* must be equal to the burden of taxation and expenditure which they sustain; you ought therefore to sell at European prices, since your remuneration will then exceed that of the European by all the difference of taxation.

But, replies the iron-maker, there is so much poverty and want in Europe, will you reduce us to their condition? The agriculturist will reply, European poverty does not make iron *cheap* but *dear;* every worker in England must not only sustain himself, but his pauper neighbor, since paupers, while they earn nothing, must be fed and clothed from the labor of those who toil; this will reduce the *quantity* of commodities, but certainly not their price; if there were no paupers in England, but all labored, the quantity of products would be *greater* and their price *less*, and you less able to sell in market.

Thus, at every point, the "free-trade" party, if he is competent, can meet and refute all the usual arguments for "protection;" and though all our experience demonstrates, what Mr. Carey has so clearly proved by his statistics, that the periods of "protection" have been periods of prosperity, and those of "free trade" periods of adversity, still we fail in demonstrating, by logical argument, the truth of our position.

Yet ours is the true position; experience is a better guide than theory or even logic, and we will endeavor to state the argument in what we deem its true and only form—in a way in which our experience and our logic shall correspond to each other.

Nations, as well as individuals, exchange commodities, not directly, or by barter, but through the medium of *money* or *currency;* that is, we do not give wheat for iron, but both for money, which is the measure of their value. It is essential then that the moneys or currencies of the parties exchanging should be the equivalent of each other, otherwise there may be apparent, but no real equity in the exchange.

If the currencies of Europe and America *are* equivalent, then "protection" is not defensible; if they are *not*, which we maintain is the truth, then it *is* defensible, not for the reasons generally given, nor for those of Mr. Carey, but for other, better and sufficient ones.

*Value* is the relation of supply and demand. The value of things is in their uses; neither money nor other things have any value except that of use. The use of money is to measure and exchange values, and for this purpose one quantity, provided it be fixed and permanent, is as good as another; ten pounds of gold are, for the purpose of money, as good as a hundred, because ten pounds would be just as *useful* as a hundred.

Gold is used as the measure of value *primarily* because it is a substance whose *quantity* is fixed: it has collateral qualities, its permanence and divisibility, but *fixedness of quantity* is its principal excellence. All our ideas of *intrinsic* value are absurd; a sufficient quantity of gold for the use to

which it is applied has value; more than that would add nothing to its aggregate value; more of *any* commodity than our uses require, only reduces the larger to the value of the smaller quantity.

The whole quantity of money in use determines the quantity which shall indicate the value, by the price, of the commodity in any given exchange. If the quantity of money be large, price will be *high;* if the quantity be small, price will be *low*. *Price* is, therefore, simply the relation which exists between the quantity of money in use, and the number and value of the commodities to be exchanged, and the price of any given commodity is the relation which that commodity bears to the whole number and value of the commodities to be exchanged, and the quantity of money by which the exchanges are to be effected. This principle, which we denominate the *Law of Price*, is the key to the whole subject; it is a self-evident proposition, so plain and obvious that it needs no illustration. *Price* has no relation to *value* except to indicate its quantity. Exchanges may be effected without the intervention of price, as when a loaf of bread is given for a piece of meat; an exchange of commodities has occurred, but nothing is known of the *price* of either, because price refers only to money; and here, we repeat, it is evident, that in order to any equitable exchanges, the moneys, currencies, or measures of value of the parties exchanging, must be equivalents of each other, must indicate the quantity of value in each of the commodities exchanged by the same rule, like the measures of length, weight, or capacity.

Gold is *assumed* to be the measure of value in the commercial world. Were it *really* the measure, the currencies of the world would be nearly equivalents, differing only in the cost and risk of transport from the point of production to that of consumption; but modern society has substituted *credit* in the place of gold, and this credit exists in such *different quantities*, in the different countries, as to destroy all the equivalent relations of their currencies, and of course, to disturb the equity of exchanges made in conformity to these varying currencies. But while they have substituted credit for gold, they insist upon retaining gold as the *ultimate* measure of value, and compel, by the force of law, the convertibility of this money of credit into gold at the option of the holder, thereby laying the foundation for all the financial evils which afflict modern society. But this law of convertibility is found to be sometimes impracticable; in Great Britain, for a whole generation, it was set aside by the force of circumstances, and twice in the United States, within forty years, the same event has occurred, and by common consent the evil of an unconvertible currency has been submitted to, as the only tolerable mode of arranging the equities of contracts and exchanges.

In France, until quite recently, a currency almost entirely metallic has been used, and of course prices are low; in Great Britain, since the resumption of specie payments by the Bank, a currency of nearly equal parts of metal and credit has been in use, and there prices are higher than in France; by the recent recharter of the Bank of England, the relation between the metal of the Bank and its issues of credit as currency has been fixed by law, and the action of that Bank governs the financial action of the whole kingdom. In the United States, the whole subject is left to the discretion of the bankers, who, like other men, act with exclusive reference to their own advantage. By the law of the currency, whatever performs its functions acquires the power of reproducing itself in the form of interest, like capital; *credit* as currency earns interest equally with *capital*, and therefore, acting for his own interest, the banker increases the amount of the credit currency to the utmost extent practicable, and the *quantity* of currency in the United States, as compared with that of Europe, is probably two to one. What we *call* dollars are really only *half* dollars, and of course all *price* in the United States is, as compared with Europe, doubled. That blind giant, the public, while suffering under the miseries of a disturbed currency, has evinced the instincts of reason by laying hold of the ideas of "hard money" and "sub-treasuries," but, quieted by returning prosperity and ease, the present condition of things entirely meets the general wish, and the banker deserves praise that he has not acceded to all the clamor of the public for more money.

This expansion of *price*, arising out of the expansion of the currency, renders *our* market the one to which all the surplus produce of the world naturally tend, as that in wl

price is highest; while our exports, from the same cause, are confined almost entirely to those articles, cotton, rice, and tobacco, to which climate and soil afford a "protection" more certain and permanent than that of the tariff. A mere modicum of food is exported to England, where the excessive burden of taxation upon land enables us to dispose of a small quantity of our surplus. Our own labor is prevented from supplying our own wants, because *its* price, like that of commodities, is increased by our expanded currency, and not because the supply of labor is inadequate. All the gold we can obtain from California and other sources is insufficient to meet the demand occasioned by excessive imports, and to make up the deficiency, we export all the forms of public credit created by national, State, and corporate loans. Some of our shrewdest statesmen admire the wisdom of this course. We are, in fact, like a nation of miserable spendthrifts, living by running in debt to Europe, and are rapidly approaching the verge of bankruptcy. The failure of a crop of cotton, (the failure of the potato crop came near to bankrupting Great Britain,) the suspension of gold from California, or the exhaustion of public credit—all, or either of these events, will plunge us again into the condition of 1837–8.

Few persons are aware how entirely the finances of the United States are dependent upon the great products of Southern industry. The North and West, embracing three fifths of the population of the nation, the greatest consumers of foreign products, have nothing whatever of their own to exchange for them; were those articles, the staple products of the South, which furnish eighty millions of exports, to fail, or should any event occur to disturb the steady flow of commerce, by which they are transferred to Europe to meet our imports, while they are paid for, beyond the consumption of foreign products by the South, by the products of Northern and Western industry which find there their market, and the profits of Northern trade and navigation, our whole financial structure would fall into ruin and confusion, our currency of credit would perish, and the nation be driven again to suspension.

This *expanded currency* is, however, an *organic law of society* in the United States; it ramifies through all the fibres of the body politic; it is the *essential interest*, to which all other economic interests must give place. In a community like ours, where, owing to the absence of capital and our universal intelligence and activity, credit is in such general use, the utmost care must be exercised in the management and preservation of the currency, since *it* determines the power of every obligation, national, corporate, and individual, with the force of law; every disturbance of it is fatal, and only the most gradual change, which will enable us to *grow* into the altered condition—altered it should be—can be either safe or tolerable.

The *currency of the nation*, therefore, and not its manufactures, is the interest which requires "protection," not for any *natural* reasons, but for those which are, like itself, merely artificial; reasons which have their origin in the defective system which has become an integral portion of our national polity; from the errors of our ideas in relation to the nature and uses of money—from the mistaken opinion so general in society that *price* and *value* are equivalents.

The *currency* is emphatically a *national* interest, not a sectional one. South, North, East, West, agriculture, manufactures, commerce—all districts and all classes of the nation are alike interested in its preservation; but especially the industrial, the poorer classes, whose great commodity, labor, will perish, and leave them defenseless whenever the interests of the currency are injured, or its bulk *suddenly* diminished; the rich may outlive the storm which will sweep the accumulations of industry into their coffers, but the industrious, the poor, must suffer.

The South, it is true, has suffered more severely from the defects of the currency than the North: they have attributed their difficulties to the tariff, but that is only *remotely* the cause; had no tariff ever existed, the currency would never have been expanded. Their difficulties, like those of the North, have their origin in the currency; the products of Northern industry find their market at home, but the South have bought in a *dear* market and sold in a *cheap* one. Their lands, their negroes, their supplies of almost every description are purchased at home, with an *expanded* currency of credit; their products, the bulk of which find their market in Europe, have been sold in a *restricted* currency of metal. It is a law of commerce, that the market which takes the bulk of any commodity, fixes the price for

the whole. The South must *continue* to suffer more than the North, since time will be required to enable them to buy and sell in the same currency; but they can gain nothing by "free trade" but ruin. The revulsion of 1837–8 did not benefit the South; the tendency of the present condition of things is to a similar result. Their supply of capital is less, their use of credit is greater than at the North, and just in that proportion will be the evils of a derangement of the currency to their interests.

It is a striking evidence of the truth of our position, that the *sugar* of the South requires "protection" equally with the *iron* of the North, with this difference only: iron is the product of a people abounding in capital, skill, and industry, while sugar is the product of those destitute of all these; hence the *degree* of "protection" required for sugar may be less than that required for iron, but the necessity springs from the same source, the currency.

The *currency* can only be defended and preserved by "protection," in the form of a *tariff upon imports*, which shall secure to our own labor the supplying of our own wants. It is through the *currency*, by its derangement and diminution, while all obligations exist in their full extent and force, that the evils reach us. The tariff need not be excessive; but it should be such as will give the great interests of iron, cloth, and sugar, security against European and foreign competition. No fear need exist that the cost of these commodities will be unreasonably increased; there is a supply of capital, skill, and labor in the nation sufficient to insure an abundant supply, and domestic competition will at once reduce the profit of their production to the general level; but it would be wise to submit to any probable amount of taxation rather than destroy our *currency*. We paid a hundred millions for the war with Mexico, and no *pecuniary* injury has been felt. *Protect the currency* of the nation, and all our other economic interests will be preserved. G. B.

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## CROSSING THE FERRY.

FROM UHLAND.

All remains—though years have passed
Since I crossed the river last;
Sunset's glow from castle flashing,
On the dike the waters plashing.

Ah! my mournful thoughts deride me;
*Then* two loved ones sat beside me:
Here, a father's look of truth;
There, the beaming brow of youth.

One a life of meekness led,
Meekly slumbered with the dead;
One, with pride and passion warm,
Fell 'mid conflict, cloud, and storm.

Thus, when Memory is my guide
Backward o'er life's pictured tide,
I must miss the fair and brave,
Ravished by the conquering Grave.

Yet, though Death breaks love's communion,
Soul with Soul is still in union:
Life itself was soul-like then;
Soul for Soul now yearns again.

Take now, boatman, take thy fee;
Thrice thy due I offer thee:
For with me two spirits crossed,—
Spirits of the loved and lost. S. N. N.



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# THE PRELUDE.*

"SEVERAL years ago," said Wordsworth in his preface to the "Excursion," "when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being able to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the 'Recluse;' as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

The "Recluse," it will be perceived, was to have consisted of three parts. The "Excursion" was published in 1814. The "Prelude" was commenced in 1799, and finished in 1805, but its publication was deferred during the lifetime of the author. The third part was planned, but never written. Poems that appeared after the "Excursion" contained the materials which the author had designed for the last division of the "Recluse." Coleridge was the friend to whom the poem was addressed. He read portions of it in Malta, where he was residing when most of the "Prelude" was composed. After his return he listened to its recital by the author, to whom he addressed a poem commencing in the following enthusiastic strain:—

"Friend of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic, that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind,
By vital breathings secret as the soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!"

We will endeavor now to follow Wordsworth through his spiritual autobiography, watching the growth of an individual mind, meditating upon the relation between a developing soul and external things. The "Prelude" is just what we should have, *à priori*, expected from a great and sincere poet of Nature. He opens to us the treasury of his heart, and speaks freely of the impressions made upon his spirit by surrounding objects. We would stand with deep reverence in the "ante-chapel" of a holy spiritual temple, and listen to the life-music that mingles with the melody of nature. We would look both for "the foundations and the building up of a Human Spirit," and would seek not only the truths revealable to "the understanding mind," but also the "thoughts all too deep for words" which are "quickened in the heart."

Wordsworth was the favorite child of Nature, and Nature trained him with motherly care. With the songs of his nurse were blended the murmurs of a fair river, sending a voice "that flowed along his dreams."

* The Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind. An Autobiographical Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street. 1850.

"For this didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves!"

The river, which passed along the terrace-walk of his home, on whose breast fell the shadows of surviving towers, was a dearly loved and tempting playmate. When five years old, he spent his summer days in bathing in a race drawn off from the river, scouring the sandy fields, or leaping through the flowery groves. In the distance was Skiddaw's lofty height, around were rocks and hills and woods; and when these "were bronzed with deepest radiance," he sometimes "stood alone beneath the sky," as if, he says,

——"I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,
A naked savage, in the thunder shower."

Ere he had "told ten birth-days," it was his joy

"To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf."

One does not readily think that woodcocks are the most poetical objects at which "the young idea" may "shoot," but the true poet may fall upon sublime thoughts while engaged in insignificant pursuits.

"Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. *I was alone,*
*And seemed to be a trouble to the peace*
*That dwelt among them.*"

Sometimes he yielded to the temptation, and made a prey of the bird that was captive of another's toil. The moralist may find a significant fact in the following description of retribution taking place in a poetic soul:—

"And when the deed was done,
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod."

Those "low breathings," those almost silent steps pursuing the poet-boy, as he wandered in the woods at midnight, conscious of guilt, remind us of the apparition in Job which "harrows up the soul with fear and wonder":—

"A word stole secretly to me,
Its whispers caught my ear;
At the hour of night visions,
When deep sleep falleth upon man,
I was seized with fear and shuddering,
And terrors shook my frame.
A spirit was passing before me;
All my hair stood on end.
He stood still, but I saw not his form;
A shadowy image was before my eyes."

It is not necessary to follow him through all the "vulgar joys" that are the "prompt attendants" on a child's pursuits. In the midst of all sports, all occupations adapted to boyhood, he felt entwined around him the motherly arms of Nature. When he climbed to a giddy height some slippery rock for the raven's nest, and hung alone "shouldering the naked crag," the wind blew through his ear a "strange utterance;"

——"the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!"

The immortal spirit within him grew like "harmony in music." A power was busy in "a dark inscrutable workmanship" reconciling "discordant elements," so that a calm existence in after years might grow out of even "terrors, pains, and early miseries." While roaming by moon-light on a lake, a distant peak, "black and huge," seemed to tower up between him and the stars, and,

——"with purpose of its own,
And measured motion like a living thing,"

seemed to stride after him. His understanding of Nature and her influence upon his soul in early life are best described in the following passage:—

"Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature, purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,

When vapors rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and 'midst the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long."

For any but the high-priest of Nature to utter the following passage, would be little short of blasphemy; but for the one who is admitted within the *sanctum sanctorum* it seems the sublimest devotion, prompted by consciousness of inward power:—

"Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
*A vulgar hope was yours* when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea?"

The cottage in which he dwelt, home amusements and household games, had a ministration of their own; but the blast that howled without on a wintry night had more meaning in its voice for him than all within. Nature not only peopled his mind "with forms sublime and fair," but gave also "joys of subtler origin."

"Yes, I remember when the changeful earth
And twice five summers on my mind had stamped
The faces of the moving year, even then
*I held unconscious intercourse with beauty*
*Old as creation*, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters colored by impending clouds."

We must linger with Wordsworth for a season in the period of "school-time." The mere incidental charms of rural objects grew weaker, but his love of Nature for her own sake increased. His sympathies were enlarged, and dearer to him grew the

"Daily common range of visible things."

Experience began to aid him, and he seemed to realize how

——"men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

To him the language of Tennyson was applicable:—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

"But vaster."——

When he begins to record his deeper experience of Nature's influence, he stops short, as if expiating for previous neglect, and pays a just tribute of filial respect and reverence. He, whose heart and eye will not respond to the following, has forgotten in part (for he cannot wholly) the holiest and most blessed of all earthly relations:—

"Blest the infant babe,
(For with my best conjecture I would trace
Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the babe,
Nursed in his mother's arms, who sinks to sleep,
Rocked on his mother's breast; who *with his soul*
*Drinks in the feelings of his mother's eye!*
For him, in one dear presence, there exists
A virtue which irradiates and exalts
Objects through widest intercourse of sense.
No outcast he, bewildered and depressed;
Along his infant veins are interfused
The gravitation and the filial bond
Of nature that connect him with the world.
Is there a flower, to which he points with hand
Too weak to gather it, already love
Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him
Hath beautified that flower; already shades
Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unsightly marks of violence or harm.
Emphatically such a being lives,
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
An inmate of this active universe.
For feeling has to him imparted power
That through the growing faculties of sense
Doth like an agent of the one great Mind
Create, creator and receiver both,
Working but in alliance with the works
Which it beholds. *Such, verily, is the first*
*Poetic spirit of our human life,*
By uniform control of after years,
In most, abated or suppressed; in some,
Through every change of growth and of decay,
Pre-eminent till death."

Many things may be omitted about distant horse-back rides, scanty fare, and long walks with a young friend,

"At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the vale,
Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude;"

but we must not pass by a strong manifestation of subjective power of mind and feeling;

"An auxiliar light
Came from my mind, *which on the setting sun*
*Bestowed new splendor; the melodious birds,*
*The fluttering breezes, fountains that ran on*
*Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed*

*A like dominion, and the midnight storm*
*Grew darker in the presence of my eye;*
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport."

When his "seventeenth year was come," his "own enjoyments" were transferred to "unorganic natures;" from "Nature and her overflowing soul," he received so much that all his thoughts "were steeped in feeling."

"I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;
*O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought*
*And human knowledge, to the human eye*
*Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;*
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible,
*Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,*
*O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,*
*Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.*"

We must now follow the young poet to Cambridge, where he spent eight months "in submissive idleness." The "Castle;" "Magdalene Bridge;" the "*Hoop*"—"famous Inn;" troops of school-boys; tailors; tutors; "hose of silk;" "hair powdered;" "dressing gowns;" invitations; suppers; fruit; wine; "Gothic courts;" college kitchens; "Trinity's loquacious clock" telling the quarters "twice over with a male and female voice;" the pealing organ; statue of Newton "with prism and silent face;" lecture-rooms filled with students faithful to their books, half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants, and honest dunces; examinations, and other things that need not be mentioned to the initiated, and to the uninitiated useless, were much less interesting to a soul endowed already by Nature, than

"The common countenance of earth and sky:
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace
Of that first Paradise whence man was driven;
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed
By the proud name she bears—the name of
Heaven."

Within him was a spirit that could to a certain extent resist the injurious sway of place. He studied the works of the Infinite rather than the works of men. What did he care for the spirit of antiquity when he could commune with the spirit of the universe? For him there was diviner wisdom and more celestial music in the Cam than in the pastorals of Theocritus. He gave a moral life

"To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,"

without the aid of classic lore. Homer could add nothing to the delicacy of a soul that was to the spirit of Beauty that pervades heaven and earth

——"obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind."

He laughed with Chaucer "beside the pleasant mill at Trompington;" called the "sweet Spenser,"

——"moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft face,"

"Brother, Englishmen, and friend," and, one of a festive circle seated within a lodge and oratory once occupied by the temperate bard, poured out libations and drank to the memory of Milton,

——"till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since."

Yet in calmer moments he made

"Breathings for incommunicable powers,"

and felt

——"how awful is the might of souls,
And what they do within themselves while yet
The yoke of earth is new to them, the world
Nothing but a wild field where they were sown."

He complains in rather too conservative a manner about the degeneracy from those times when Erasmus, Bucer, and Melancthon read by moonshine through lack of taper light; speaks of the

"Loose indifference, easy likings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,"

which were the results of a bad local influence; and gives the following general description of English college-life:—

"All degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise
Here sat in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;

And here was Labor, his own bond-slave; Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
Honor misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile
Murmuring submission, and bald government,
(The idol weak as the idolater,)
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him; Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown."

In the next book, entitled "Summer Vacation," there are no particular manifestations of newly awakened powers. He was happy to return to familiar scenes:

"When first I made
Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative."

There seems to have been more human-heartedness about his love for Nature after his return from Cambridge, the result perhaps of leaving solitude for a season and mingling with the world. There was more pensiveness in his feelings, which was shared by brooks, trees, mountains, stars, every external thing. There was in his love of Nature, it may be, less of tenderness, but there was in it more depth, "scatterings of awe or tremulous dread." A "heartless chase of trivial pleasures" was not without its influence on his mind and heart:

"Mid a throng
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gayety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
And tingled through the veins."

His religious love of Nature was, however, an ample safeguard against any kind of dissipation. In the morning, for him "the sea *lay laughing at a distance*," while near,

"The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light."

"Books" bore also their part in promoting the growth of an individual mind. Hitherto "the speaking face of earth and heaven" has been looked upon by the mind as its "prime teacher," for there is an

——"intercourse with man
Established by the sovereign Intellect,
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
A deathless spirit."

Wordsworth studied the works of men, but he regarded them as subordinate to Nature. At those sacred hours when we can hold communion with the spirit of the universe, the time is too precious to waste with the thoughts of others.

"Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
*Yet would the living Presence still subsist.*
* * * * * *
But all the meditations of mankind,
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth,
By reason built, *or passion, which itself*
*Is highest reason in a soul sublime;*
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
* * * * * *
Where would they be?"

The only legitimate object of study is God,—God in his works, in his Word. Books are only helps or hindrances to us on our way to the great Fountain of wisdom.

The following denunciation of an evil that is laid upon the most favored children of the land, is severe but just:—

"Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet where,
Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend!
If, in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed,
Each in his several melancholy walk
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may not taste
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets,
A prelibation to the mower's scythe!"

In the following passage, bearing upon the same point, there lurks a terrible satire, and many there are in our times that deserve its sting:—

"These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged
The froward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have the skill
To manage books and things, and make them act
On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our time,

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The guides and wardens of our faculties;
Sages who in their prescience would control
All accidents, and to the very road
Which they have fashioned would confine us down,
Like engines; when will their presumption learn,
*That in the unreasoning progress of the world*
*A wiser Spirit is at work for us,*
*A better eye than theirs, most prodigal*
*Of blessings, and most studious of our good,*
*Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours.*"

Most happy was Wordsworth that he had a mother who did not mistrust our nature, but

——"had virtual faith that He
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk,
Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts, and as innocent food."

Into the temple of Nature he went for his profoundest meditations, to offer the holiest homage of his heart; but he also received,

"In measure only dealt out to himself,
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets,"

and saw how a

——"*visionary power*
*Attends the motions of the viewless winds,*
*Embodied in the mystery of words.*"

In the years afterwards spent at Cambridge, nothing remarkable occurred. When his course at college was finished, he went on foot with a young friend to the Alps. At that time Europe was thrilled with joy,—

"France standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again."

Calais, days of festival, flowers withering on triumphal arcs, vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy, the gentle Saone, swift Rhone, woods, farms, orchards, cottages, lurking towns, deep and stately vales, merry crowds, flowing cups, dancing hand in hand, monastery bells, convent of Chartreuse, awful solitudes, arms flashing, military glare, the "ghostliness of things in silence visible," St. Bruno's pines, Vallombre's groves, summit of Mont Blanc, Vale of Chamouny, "the Simplon's steep and rugged road," "unfathered vapors enwrapping lonely travellers," noise of waters at night,

——"*making innocent sleep*
*Lie melancholy among weary bones,*"

Socorno's lake, Como, cloistered avenues, Alpine heights, Gravedona, triumphant looks that were then "the common language of all eyes,"—whatever was seen, heard, or felt,

——"was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale
Confederate with the current of the soul,"

to speed his voyage; and

——"every sound or sight,
In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness."

He looked upon all social convulsions from a distance; "the ever-living universe," turn where he might, was opening out for him its glories.

We must now follow the poet of Nature to that great wilderness of social life, London. His bold imaginations of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, of gorgeous ladies floating in dance, of the River proudly bridged, of St. Paul's dizzy top and Whispering Gallery, of the tombs of Westminster, of Guildhall Giants, of carved maniacs at the gates of Bedlam, of flowery gardens, of vast squares, of the Monument, and that chamber of the Tower

"Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,
Their steeds bestriding,"

and of many other things, vanished in the presence of "the living scene;" for words, indicating the names of objects that we have not seen, are courteous enough to take any meaning that we like; and what poetic mind ever found any near relation between the ideal and the actual? The flowing, endless stream of men and things, the wares and signs of tradesmen, raree-shows, dancing dogs, minstrel bands, screams of female venders, shrill London cries, ballad-singers, studious lawyers, cripples stumping on their arms, showbills, military idlers, bachelors sunning themselves, men of every nation, "the spectacles within doors,"—birds and beasts of every nature, "strange plants convened from every clime," pictures, statuary, models of cities, churches and mouldering temples, pantomimic scenes, "babblement at Saddler's Wells," the voice of woman uttering blasphemy, the theatre, the senate, the church,—all these things, and more than these, where

"That large fermenting mass of human kind
Serves as a solemn background, or relief,
To single forms and objects, whence they draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,
More than inherent liveliness and power,"

possessed a power to teach; but their influence did not pass "beyond the suburbs of the mind," because for him,

"From early converse with the works of God
Among all regions,"

the works of man held a subordinate place.

"The spirit of Nature was upon me there;
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
Through meagre lines and colors, and the press
Of self-destroying, transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling Harmony."

In the next book, entitled "Retrospect," he shows how his love of Nature led to love of Man. He first looked at Man

——"through objects that were great or fair;
First communed with him by their help."

The place of human-kind was not at first pre-eminent; it was subordinate to that of Nature. Until

——"two-and-twenty summers had been told,
Was Man in my affections and regards
Subordinate to her, her visible forms
And viewless agencies; a passion, she,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come."

His thoughts were drawn by slow gradations to the good and ill of human life; and as his love of Nature became more holy and deep, there was quickened in his heart an indestructible love of Man. All the evil exposed to view in the city of London could not change his elevated views of human nature:

"Neither vice nor guilt,
Debasement undergone by body or mind,
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,—
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes scanned
Most feelingly,—could overthrow my trust
In what we *may* become."

We must now follow the poet to France, and trace those influences that led him to become a revolutionist. At first, after reaching Paris, he busied himself with outward scenes, with things of note and places of renown; looking upon concussions incident to political change with feelings unconcerned, almost tranquil. He was like one who passes suddenly into where the is "filled, and tion far advanced." The first storm was then overblown, and the "strong hand of outward violence locked up in quiet." Societies polished in arts, versed in punctilio, sequestered from the rest by privilege of birth, in which all agitating questions were carefully shunned, he visited for a season; but he soon became a patriot, giving all his heart, all his love, to the people. With a band of military officers, some of whose swords "had been seasoned in the wars," he associated. He felt the ferment that was then universal. Because he was an Englishman, and by indulgence of a "half-learnt speech," he was in the mean time tolerated and freely living with the defenders of the crown. He saw "that the best ruled not," and felt "that they ought to rule." He had lived in solitude, in holy communion with Nature, and had not been taught the deepest lessons of history. The revolutionary spirit was easily caught. The highways were crowded with the bravest youth of France; around him, were the tramp of armies and the bustling preparations for war. Some of the noblest and best were devoted to liberty. Against abuses, injustice, and the causes of poverty, the partisans of freedom were ostensibly fighting. Many touching scenes of indigence and wounded affection were presented to one that felt every injury inflicted upon a fellow-being. He passed the prison where lay the monarch of France in bondage with his wife and children, and surveyed the palace where the voice of retribution had been lately uttered from the mouth of the indignant cannon. All these places, however, were then mute, and gave no response when his questions upbraided their silence. After viewing the scenes sprinkled with revolutionary blood, he spent a sleepless night:

"The horse is taught his manage, and no star
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps;
For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried
To the whole city, 'Sleep no more!'"

He heard shrill voices from the throng, shouting, "Denunciation of the crimes of Maximilian Robespierre," and heard the fruitless accusation of Louvet. His inmost soul was agitated:

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"I could almost
Have prayed that throughout earth, upon all men,
By patient exercise of reason made
Worthy of Liberty, all spirits filled
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,
The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive
From the four quarters of the winds, to do
For France, what without help she could not do,
A work of honor; think not that to this
I added, work of safety: from all doubt
Or trepidation for the end of things
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt."

Any service, however dangerous, he was willing to undertake in so great a cause. What seemed to him then a harsh necessity, but afterwards a gracious providence of Heaven, compelled him to return from those revolutionary scenes, in which his brain was growing wild, to England.

When Britain put forth her "free-born strength" in league with the confederate powers against his beloved France, he received the first shock given to his moral nature, and felt the first lapse and "turn of sentiment that might be named a revolution." He believed that, if France prospered, "good men would not long pay fruitless worship to humanity," and was therefore, and not alone, indignant at the course of his country.

"I rejoiced,
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,
Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief—
Grief call it not, 'twas any thing but that—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
When in the congregation bending all
To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
Or praises for our country's victories;
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sat silent,—shall I add,
Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come."

At this season, pitiable indeed was the condition of his mind and feelings:

"Most melancholy, at that time, O friend!
Were my day thoughts; my nights were miserable:
Through months, through years, long after the last beat
Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,
Such ghostly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death,
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth
And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me
In long orations, which I strove to plead
Before unjust tribunals, with a voice
Laboring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
In the last place of refuge—my own soul."

"Borne aloft in vision," like "ancient prophets," although his heart was troubled, he wanted not consolations; for through the "time's exceeding fierceness" he saw

"Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime behests."

He clearly saw that no ordinary causes had produced the woe,

"But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,
But burst and spread in deluge through the land."

We have not yet followed the disturbed poet to his last descent. When the liberties of France were opposed by England in open war, he was first drawn "out of the pale of love!" Hope itself was lost, and things to hope for.

"So I fared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,
Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honors; now believing,
Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground
Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, demanding formal *proof*,
And seeking it in every thing, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.
* * * * * *
* * * 'The lordly attributes
Of will and choice,' I bitterly exclaimed,
'What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned, would yet
Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce?
And, to acknowledge law rebellious, still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime!'"

A devout sister was to the poet at this season a guardian angel, counteracting by a holy faith and reverent trust his wild infidelity. Nature, assisted by human love, led him back "to those sweet counsels be-

ween head and heart," from which genuine wisdom grows. His heart was alienated from France, when she summoned in a Pope, "to crown an Emperor." He was disgusted with the spectacle of a people, that had once looked up in faith, "as if to Heaven for manna," taking a lesson "from the dog returning to his vomit." The sun of French liberty, that had once shone for him in splendor, was turned "into a gewgaw," a mere "opera phantom." His love for France was never any thing but an insane passion for a mistress; his real love was for a poetical ideal of Freedom, that sprang from his heart and brain, beautiful like Venus from the sea. His ideal, contrary to his hope and faith, was not realized; hence his anguish of spirit; hence his loss of hope and faith for a season. Those very thoughts and feelings that gave him his ideal, could, by the aids of nature and human love, work within him a cure.

There follow two books, entitled, "Imagination and Taste, how impaired and how restored." The poet's views are, that Nature is the only true teacher; that, when the world of man is scanned, even the visible universe falls under the dominion of a taste less spiritual.

> From Nature doth emotion come, and moods
> Of calmness equally are Nature's gift:
> This is her glory; these two attributes
> Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
> Hence genius, born to thrive by interchange
> Of peace and excitation, finds in her
> His best and purest friend; from her receives
> That energy by which he seeks the truth,
> From her that happy stillness of the mind
> Which fits him to receive it when unsought."

In the "Conclusion," we must be permitted to direct attention to a passage "of personal concern" with the poet. It is not without meaning for those gifted with genius, as well as for those favored by fortune:

> "A youth, (he bore
> The name of Calvert; it shall live, if words
> Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
> That by endowments not from me withheld
> Good might be furthered, in his last decay,
> By a bequest sufficient for my needs,
> Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk
> At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon
> By mortal cares. Himself no poet, yet
> Far less a common follower of the world,
> He deemed that my pursuits and labors lay
> Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
> A necessary maintenance insures,
> Without some hazard to the finer sense;
> He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
> Flowed in the bent of Nature."

We are now at the close of "the history of a poet's mind." The "Prelude" is a wonderful poem, and unique. It may be inferior as a whole to the "Excursion," yet it contains passages not surpassed in beauty and sublimity by any thing that the poet has written. Our copious extracts have been selected with reference to a single point—to mark the growth of an individual mind; yet they sufficiently attest the imaginative power of the author. We do not hesitate to predict that the "Prelude" will be the most popular of all Wordsworth's works. In it he speaks to the heart in its various moods, and gives tongue to the latent emotions of the soul. Through him the voice of Nature is heard, and every one feels a response from his inner nature;

> ——"for there's not a man
> That lives who hath not known his godlike hours,
> And feels not what an empire we inherit
> As natural beings in the strength of Nature."

It only remains to give a brief outline of Wordsworth's external history.

He was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland. His early lot, unlike that of many a divine poet, was not one of poverty. His father was law-agent to Lord Lonsdale, and had sufficient means to give his sons the best education. Our poet, with his brother Christopher, who was afterwards Dr. Wordsworth, and for a long time master of Trinity College, spent several years at Hawkesworth school, in Lancashire. The poet was entered at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787. Unlike Coleridge and Southey, he quietly finished his university course of studies, and took his degree. After leaving college, he travelled for a short period, married a lady, as all report says, very amiable, his cousin, and settled in Westmoreland.

In 1793, in his twenty-third year, he published his first work of poetry, entitled "The Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches." The "Evening Walk" was among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, while the "Descriptive Sketches" refer to a pedestrian tour made through Switzerland with his friend and college fellow, Rev. R. Jones. There was nothing very remarkable in the poetry, save those bright dreams of liberty which animated at that time his friends,

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Coleridge and Southey. Coleridge was then a Socinian and Republican, and proclaimed his opinions in his "Juvenile Poems," and a drama on the "Fall of Robespierre." Southey about the same time became a Jacobin and Socinian, abruptly terminated his university career, and wrote his poem of "Wat Tyler." At the same period, Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd actually resolved to found a "Pantisocracy" on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the wilds of the New World. While Coleridge lived at Stowey, Wordsworth lived but two miles off, at Allfoxden, and shared the feelings of the three young poets, who were eager to found a new state of society, in which there should be neither priest nor king. It would hardly be a work of love to show how the ardent young republicans could afterwards join themselves to the conservative party of England. Carlyle's wise Yankee friend says, that conservatism is only radicalism gone to seed. The *young* poet Wordsworth could write as follows in regard to freedom:—

"Oh give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
To brood the nation o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred child of clay,
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tides shall stay!'
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
May with his creatures sink to rise no more!"

In 1798, Wordsworth and Coleridge published a collection of "Lyrical Ballads," as an experiment in a new style of poetry. Most of them were from the pen of Wordsworth, and his object was to make common things and common language poetic. In the judgment of the public, the "Idiot Boy" was a poor substitute for the "Triumphs of Temper" and the "Rape of the Lock." The poems were ridiculed and read, but the poet had no inclination to conciliate the public. The "Lyrical Ballads" were followed in 1807 by two more volumes, in which were exhibited powers of description and feeling that could not be denied. His name, in spite of his theory, began to be associated with those of Cowper and Goldsmith, on account of his real merit. In 1814 appeared his poem of "The Excursion," his great work. His readers became numerous. Jeffrey continued to growl, but while growling showed a look of admiration. "The White Doe of Rylstone;" "Sonnets on the River Duddon;" "The Wagoner;" "Peter Bell;" "Ecclesiastical Sketches;" "Yarrow Revisited," and some others, were the subsequent works of the poet. The poems have been arranged according to subjects as follows: "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood;" "Juvenile Pieces;" "Poems founded on the Affections;" "Poems of the Fancy;" "Poems of the Imagination;" various sonnets, memorials of tours on the Continent and in Scotland, and ecclesiastical poems; "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection;" "Evening Voluntaries;" "Poems referring to the Period of Old Age;" "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems," and "The Excursion." It was a fancy of the poet that his works should be read in this order, to give them full effect.

Unlike most of his brother poets, he never shivered in the wintry wind of poverty. In 1814 he obtained, through the patronage of the noble family of Lowther, the office of Distributer of Stamps, a situation at once lucrative and demanding but little time. Already a gentleman (referred to above) in the neighborhood had left him a large legacy, which was followed by other bequests. In 1842, when he resigned his situation to his son, he received a pension of three hundred pounds from Government; and was the next year, at the death of Southey, appointed Poet Laureate. It would be wrong, perhaps, to inquire whether his good fortune in this respect had any thing to do with his conservatism. The "generous and magnificent patronage" of Messrs. Wedgwood was not without a certain influence with one great poet. We sometimes search for recondite causes, and omit those that are obvious. Youth is always radical, age conservative. Change of fortune sometimes rouses into activity new feelings, and thus produces change of opinion and action. Continuation of fortune, good or ill, confirms opposite tendencies of the mind. The heart, however, refuses any thing but love for the one who has exhibited

——"those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence."

O. W. W.

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# SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY

## IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

From a period not long after the publication of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, till near the close of the last century, metaphysics was a favorite science in England. Many of its most distinguished men won their reputation in this field of knowledge. For nearly a hundred years, a large portion of the literary talent of the country was absorbed in investigating the nature and laws of the mind, and in settling the controversies which grew out of these subjects. In these abstruse pursuits and questions, most of the cultivated part of society was deeply interested. Nor were the objects sought to be accomplished, and the problems to be solved, regarded as matters of curiosity only, or of no practical utility. On the contrary, they were thought to have the most intimate connection with the foundations of government, morals, religion, and all the great interests of life. The attention which was thus for many years bestowed on metaphysical pursuits in England, was suddenly arrested near the end of the last century by a variety of causes, but principally by the all-absorbing interest which the French Revolution awakened among all classes of society. This portentous event, threatening to change the political face of Europe, and produce a new order of things in all the surrounding countries, was too exciting to permit much interest to be taken in recondite speculations and abstruse questions. From this period, the cultivation of metaphysical science rapidly declined in England, till this once favorite literary pursuit became so much neglected that it seemed to have lost all attraction in the land of Locke, Berkeley, Reid, and Hume. Since the death of Dr. Brown, in 1820, no great name or work of remarkable ability has appeared in this department. Every other species of knowledge has been diligently cultivated, while this *prima philosophia*, this "science of sciences," has been almost as much thrust into the background as if it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the questions it proposes to answer were exploded problems, or matters that have no connection with the common affairs of life.

The publication, however, of the work to which the attention of our readers is invited in the present article, has shown that the former spirit of metaphysical inquiry is fast reviving in England. Contrary to antecedent probability, and the author's own expectations, the first edition was rapidly exhausted, and a second one called for. The work has also been published in our own country, and meets with a favorable reception from the reading public; yet it is somewhat singular, considering its popularity, that it has received so little attention from the press. Usually, when a work of this description makes its appearance, it creates a great sensation in the literary world. It is arraigned at every tribunal of literary criticism, from the quarterlies to the daily journals. After having been reviewed, criticised, praised or blamed, till the public are tired of hearing of it, it is permitted to proceed quietly to the accomplishment of its final destiny. But this book, although very popular with the readers of such works, and universally allowed to exhibit uncommon ability, has received but very little attention from the press in any form. We do not recollect to have read but two criticisms upon it in the English periodicals: one of them, in the *North British Review*, was written by Dr. Chalmers. In the periodicals of our own country we do not recollect to have seen but one extended notice of it; yet if it has been strangely neglected by the press, it has not been by the reading public. It has been extensively read and admired, both in England and this country. The popularity which it has obtained is amply merited by the character of its contents. In every

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respect, it is one of the best works that have been published for many years. Among the claims which it has to this high rank, every candid and intelligent reader will recognize—

In the first place, the beauty, clearness, and simplicity of its style. Since the establishment of the Scotch school of metaphysics, most of the works which have appeared on this subject have aimed to be not merely dry scientific treatises, but productions written with elegance and beauty, and possessing great literary attractions. In endeavoring to accomplish this object, however, they have frequently gone to excess. The authors have overlaid their thoughts with too much rhetorical embellishment and poetical coloring. Their style may be pleasant to read, and possess many literary excellences; but from its want of precision and definiteness, it is but poorly adapted for scientific purposes. This is particularly the case with Dr. Brown, whose lectures, regarded as a scientific treatise, are greatly injured by those defects. From such faults Morell is entirely, or to an unusual extent, free. In reading his work we meet with few or none of those flowers of rhetoric which are so profusely scattered over the pages of some metaphysical writings that have appeared within the present century. While his style is one of uncommon elegance, beauty, and force, at the same time there is a remarkable clearness and simplicity running through all his sentences. We follow the transparent stream of his profound and often original thoughts with the same ease and pleasure as we read one of Jeffrey's reviews, Irving's sketches, or Macaulay's essays.

In the next place, the author has succeeded in furnishing the most lucid exposition of the various metaphysical systems that have prevailed in modern times. Particularly is this the case with regard to his presentation of the theories of the German writers. We have read many attempted expositions of their metaphysics, but have never before succeeded in gaining any very clear idea of them. Our conceptions of German transcendentalism were so vague and unsatisfactory, after reading the books designed to expound it which have fallen in our way, that we had almost despaired of seeing a lucid account of those systems of speculative philosophy which are beginning to have such a decided influence on the intellectual character of the age. From the many abortive attempts which have been made to supply this desideratum, we had nearly arrived at the conclusion that it was in vain to expect it. Morell, however, has amply gratified our wishes in this respect. He has succeeded in his efforts to effect this object in a manner that deserves high praise. He has furnished as clear and easily understood an exposition of the metaphysical speculations of Kant, Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, as Stewart has of those of Locke, Berkeley, Reid and Hume. We find, with Morell for our guide, but little or no difficulty in comprehending German transcendentalism, and following its attempts to explore those dim, obscure regions of thought which the sober, common-sense metaphysicians of England regard as utterly inaccessible to the human mind. He has been successful in this enterprise, where so many before him have failed, principally by the new method he has adopted. Instead of translating the strange, uncouth terminology of the German writers into English, he has reproduced their ideas clothed in his own clear and simple style. He has performed for them the same office that Dumont did for Jeremy Bentham, and executed his task with equal, if not superior ability. The consequence is, that most of the difficulties complained of in reading the German metaphysicians entirely disappear as their views are unfolded in his lucid pages.

In addition to these merits, the author shows an intimate and profound acquaintance with his subject. He seems to have thoroughly explored the whole field of modern metaphysical lore. He seems to have read accurately and attentively all that has been written on the science whose history he records, from its commencement with Descartes down to the latest publications in his own and foreign lands. The plan which he adopted in acquiring the materials of his work was admirably adapted to put him in possession of a thorough knowledge of the various systems of mental philosophy prevalent in the several countries of Europe. He tells us that after having become deeply interested in metaphysical pursuits while residing in London, he repaired successively to Scotland, Germany, and France, and read the most celebrated works in philosophy, and heard the most distinguished professors in their lecture-rooms expound the subject to their students in each of these countries.

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After he had completed his studies and matured his views, he published the work under consideration, as a guide to others who might be inclined to follow over the same wide and devious track of thought which he had been employed in traversing for many years. The result of his labors is a book replete with more various and interesting metaphysical learning than any other in our language.

Among the merits of the work also must be mentioned its candor and justice. Although the author has had occasion to criticise and expound the opinions of a multitude of writers whose views are diametrically opposite to his own, yet he has performed his task with unusual fairness and liberality. Decided and firm in maintaining his own opinions, he is nevertheless remarkably free from a harsh, censorious spirit towards those who differ from him. His opponents must acknowledge that he has generally given a fair, full exposition of the philosophical systems they embrace, and done justice to the characters of the writers whom they regard as their leaders in metaphysical science. An illustration of this remark is furnished in his treatment of Locke. He utterly repudiates his theory respecting the origin of our knowledge, being himself an idealist, and partial to the views of Cousin and the German philosophers. Yet he never speaks of this profound and clear-headed thinker in that contemptuous and depreciatory tone which most transcendentalists employ whenever they have occasion to mention the name of Locke. On the contrary, whenever he refers to this great philosopher, whose reputation till recently was equal to that of Bacon and Newton, he uses such language as every one must adopt who reveres the combination of great virtues with extraordinary talents, and admires a life spent in advancing the interests of religion and the welfare of mankind.

Such are the general merits of the work in which Morell has furnished a rich intellectual repast to all who are interested in metaphysical investigations. From its character and the object it has in view, it naturally suggests a comparison with the productions of two other writers, who have also won a high reputation in the same line of literary pursuits, Cousin and Dugald Stewart. With both of these authors, regarded as historians and expounders of modern metaphysical science, Morell, in every point of view, deserves to be placed on an equality. In profound and extensive philosophical knowledge, in brilliancy, force, and beauty of style, in soundness of judgment and clearness of exposition, he is in no respect behind the French eclectic, or the popular Scotch professor. Those who have never read the work under consideration, but have formed their judgment of Morell from his "Philosophy of Religion," can have no just idea of his merits. The latter production gives no correct notion of his talents. It is to a great extent a failure, and has very much disappointed the expectations of his admirers. It shows that it was either hastily written, and published before the author had matured his views and fully mastered his subject, or that his talents lie rather in the art of clearly expounding the systems of other philosophers than in the power to construct one of his own.

Having mentioned the literary merits of the work, we proceed next to the consideration of its contents. The object of the author is to present "an historical and critical view of the speculative philosophy of Europe in the nineteenth century." In carrying out his plan, however, he has not confined his attention merely to the metaphysical theories that have been prevalent for the last fifty years. He has gone back to the time of Bacon and Descartes, and presented an outline of intellectual science down to the close of the last century. This portion of the work occupies about one third of its contents, and is designed to prepare the way for a proper appreciation of the various metaphysical systems of our own age. The remainder is devoted to the history and criticism of speculative philosophy during the present century, and is a full, copious, and satisfactory account of all that has been written on this subject in the several countries of Europe since 1800. In the arrangement of his work the author has adopted a plan devised by Cousin, which greatly assists him in effecting the object he has in view, and which gives unity to each of the various conflicting and apparently isolated systems in mental philosophy which for the last two centuries have followed each other in such rapid succession. By the plan he has employed, order is diffused through the vast chaos in which intellectual science presents itself to our observation when we consider the endless

number of writers on this subject, and the widely different opinions which most of them have maintained. Instead of merely recording and criticising the views of the leading metaphysicians of modern times individually and separately, he has classified and arranged their theories along with those of the inferior writers with which they severally assimilate, under five heads: Sensationalism, Idealism, Skepticism, Mysticism, Eclecticism. Each one of these divisions embraces some great fundamental principle in mental philosophy, although the expounders and advocates of it differ many shades in their opinions, and, from the positions they assume, are sometimes classed under other heads than the one which generally characterizes their system. Thus, Sensationalism includes Locke and those who sympathize with his views respecting the origin of our knowlege. Idealism embraces Berkeley, Kant, the Scotch school, Schelling, Hegel, Fichte, and all who make self, "the innate faculties of the human mind," of more importance than sensation and the outward universe, in accounting for the source of our ideas. Skepticism comprises Hume, Kant, and those whose object has been to show the uncertainty of the principles of human knowledge, and "detect falsehood without building up any system of truth." Mysticism takes in Descartes, Gassendi, Schleiermacher, and such as, distrusting reason, rely on the feelings, "the truth organ within the human soul," as the foundation of their philosophical belief. Eclecticism includes Cousin, and every one who holds that each of the preceding systems contains much truth along with an admixture of error, and that a true system of mental philosophy is to be formed by taking from them what is correct and rejecting what is false.

Having laid out his plan in this clear and judicious manner, Morell travels over the field of modern metaphysical knowledge, tracing the various systems of intellectual philosophy to their source, following them in all their ramifications, recording their progress and results, comparing them with each other, and presenting within a moderate compass a copious synopsis of all that has been written on this, one of the most important subjects of inquiry within the range of the human mind. We should be glad to follow him over this wide survey of intellectual science, and discuss some of his opinions of the several systems the history and principles of which he has written and expounded with so much ability. But it is absolutely impossible to do this in the limits within which we must be confined. We therefore conclude our remarks on Morell by pursuing some inquiries suggested by the perusal of his work.

In the first place, is mental philosophy to be regarded as an established science; or is it as yet only a chaos of contradictory systems and opinions? Many look upon it in the latter light. They believe that notwithstanding the talent and labor which have been bestowed upon it, nothing of great importance has yet been discovered or established in this department of knowledge, and that every thing is almost as fluctuating and unsettled as it was two hundred years ago. It must be confessed that there is in the past and present condition of mental philosophy much that favors this view. In reading such a book as that of Morell, where the history of metaphysics for the last two centuries is spread out before us in a comprehensive and summary manner, one of the first things which strikes us is the vast number of superior men whose energies have been intensely employed in this line of investigation. From Descartes, the first great metaphysician who appeared in modern Europe, down to our own times, what a host of great geniuses and profound philosophers have labored diligently to unfold the laws and nature of the human mind. The annals of no other science can show a greater list of superior men who have toiled assiduously to develop and illustrate its principles and truths. Locke, Leibnitz, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant are men who will compare with those who have distinguished themselves in any other department of knowledge. Besides these chiefs in intellectual philosophy, what a vast number of men of second-rate ability have devoted their lives to metaphysical pursuits. How many of them have written elegant, logical and systematic treatises on this prolific subject. The works on speculative philosophy which Morell has criticised and expounded, would of themselves form an extensive library. Since such an amount of labor has been bestowed, and such a degree of ability employed in this line of investigation, it would naturally be supposed that at the present time it is a fixed, well-established science;

the foundation firmly laid and the superstructure far advanced and rapidly becoming a harmonious and well-proportioned edifice. But apparently it is the reverse of this. We survey the ground over which Morell takes us in his history, and instead of beholding each laborer in the mine of metaphysical truth using the discoveries of his predecessor in order to dig deeper and to penetrate further into the recesses of the human intellect, commonly beginning his enterprise by demonstrating the ignorance and error of all have who toiled before him. The great object of the majority of metaphysical writers has been simply to clear the field of intellectual science of the obstructions with which others have covered it. System after system and theory after theory have followed each other in rapid succession; and as each one has generally aimed to demolish its predecessor, nothing is left behind but a few fragments of truth. Hence, as we look abroad over the vast field, instead of contemplating a well-established science, we seem to behold only the debris of the various philosophies that have successively risen, flourished, and passed away. We see nothing fixed, settled, and determined. A chaotic mass of conflicting opinions every where meets our view. This is the light in which many regard the state of metaphysical science at the present time. And it is one reason why it is so extensively neglected. It is thought that notwithstanding the talent and labor which have been employed, every thing in this department of knowledge is so unsettled and fluctuating that it is scarcely worthy of the name of a science, and does not contain well-ascertained truth enough to compensate for the labor of gathering it. Although there is some foundation for this opinion to rest on, yet it is only a partial and one-sided view of the matter. It is true that there has been and still is a great number of conflicting and contradictory systems of mental philosophy in vogue. This science, it must be admitted, is still in its infancy, and has been carried to nothing like the perfection which natural philosophy, astronomy, and other kindred branches of knowledge have attained. But the same is true of theology, politics, and political economy. In all these sciences how little is there as yet that is settled and determined beyond any further controversy. How opposing theories are there clashing with one another and aiming at each other's overthrow. Still it is not denied that in these several fields of investigation great advances have been made, and a large number of principles and truths placed on a solid foundation. On this account they are entitled to be considered as sciences, and not a mere congeries of chaotic opinions. As much may be justly claimed for mental philosophy. A cursory glance at the progress of metaphysical inquiries for the last two centuries will show that mental philosophy, notwithstanding the unsettled state of many of its principles and the different views taken of the questions it seeks to answer, can also lay claim to a large number of admitted and incontestable truths. From the time when Bacon pointed out the true road to knowledge, and gave an impulse to the human mind which has ever since sent it forward in a career of constant improvement, almost every great metaphysician has done something towards building up the science of mental philosophy. Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hartley, Reid, Stewart, and Brown have all labored successfully in this dark, intricate mine of truth, and made valuable additions to the store of metaphysical knowledge. They have each of them brought to light new facts in respect to the human intellect, or placed admitted principles on a surer foundation, or rectified former errors, and furnished a clear, systematic exposition of former discoveries. From their works can be gathered a system of mental philosophy that will receive as general an assent as any system of theology and political economy, or any theory of government that has yet been formed.

But finally, and a more important question, What is the practical influence of metaphysics? Is it merely a speculative science, confined almost entirely in its results to the few who are engaged in investigating its truths or fond of studying it as a pleasing intellectual pursuit? Or does it exert a material influence on the mass of mankind, and the common affairs and interests of life? Many men whose opinion carries great weight with it in such matters take the former view. Robert Hall affirms respecting the influence of this science: "Grand and imposing in its appearance, it seems to lay claim to universal empire, and to supply the measures and the criteria of all other knowledge; but it re-

sembles in its progress the conquests of a Sesostris and a Bacchus, who overran kingdoms and provinces with ease, but made no permanent settlements, and soon left no trace of their achievements. While a few speculative men amuse themselves with discussing the comparative merits of different metaphysical systems, these [the popular class of authors] are the writers whose sentiments, conveyed through innumerable channels, form the spirit of the age; nor is it to be doubted that the *Spectator* and *Rambler* have imparted a stronger impulse to the public mind than all the metaphysical systems in the world." It is a matter of surprise that Robert Hall, a man of such sound judgment, profound learning, and extensive observation, should have made this declaration. Whatever degree of deference is due to his opinions respecting such matters, he has unquestionably in this instance greatly erred. The history of metaphysical investigations, from the earliest age of the world down to the present time, shows the falsity of the sentiment he has expressed. If there is any one class of intellectual men more than another which has impressed a permanent character on its age, and left an enduring influence behind, it is the authors of the great metaphysical systems which have successively prevailed in the world. Take for instance Plato and Aristotle as illustrations of this remark. What a powerful, wide-spread, and enduring influence did they exert over the human mind for ages after they had disappeared from the earth. For nearly two thousand years they held jointly or alternately an almost undisputed dominion in every civilized land, coloring the opinions of mankind on government, religion, morals, literature, and all the great interests of life. These men, and likewise their distinguished successors in the same line of investigation in modern times, instead of resembling Sesostris and Bacchus in their short-lived conquests, find their types in the founders of the great empires which have survived the lapse of ages, and given a new aspect to the history of the world. Take also the two works, the *Spectator* and *Rambler*, which Hall has cited as having "imparted a stronger impulse to the public mind than all the metaphysical systems in the world." Compare these books with the writings of Locke and Hume, the one of whom was contemporary with Addison and the other with Johnson, and another illustration is furnished of the uncorrectness of the great preacher's opinion respecting the feeble and transitory influence of metaphysical systems on the mass of mankind. Which has been the most powerful in shaping public opinion for the last hundred and fifty years, Addison's *Spectator*, or Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding? On this point there can be no reasonable doubt. The *Spectator*, consisting of a series of interesting stories and agreeably written essays on the common duties of life and the follies of the times, has been almost universally read wherever the English language prevails, and doubtless will be till the end of time. Yet from the character of its contents it never did and never can do much towards directing the current of public opinion except in matters of no great importance. It is read and admired as an agreeable and interesting book, and here its influence principally ends. The Essay on the Understanding has very materially moulded the character of the European mind in literature and science since its publication. In England it created an intense interest as soon as it appeared, and it has contributed in no small degree to form the peculiar spirit of the nation. In France it has produced still greater effects. In the hands of Condillac and his disciples it was made, through the perversion of its principles, an effective instrument in undermining the foundation of religion and morals, and introducing the reign of atheism. If we compare the influence of the *Rambler* with Hume's metaphysical works, we shall see the same truth still further illustrated. The *Rambler*, the production of Johnson, and written in his imposing yet vicious style, and containing many just views of life and morals, had an extensive circulation in its day. But it has long ceased to be read, and never gave any lasting complexion to public opinion. Hume's metaphysics, on the other hand, produced an intense commotion in the literary world during his life, and the train of influence they set in operation is still acting as vigorously as ever. His attempts to pour confusion and darkness over the whole region of thought and belief, after deeply agitating the public mind of his own country, roused the profound intellect of Kant to endeavor to arrest the metaphysical skepticism which was confounding ordinary men and perplexing philosophers. His investigations sprung

the fertile mine of German metaphysics, which is now so manifestly shaping the intellectual character of the age. The powerful influence of metaphysical systems on public opinion is likewise strikingly exhibited at the present time. Who are the authors that are the most effective in coloring and shaping the current of public thought in our own day? They are not Byron, Scott, Dickens, and Macaulay. These writers are universally read and admired; but their opinions only slightly tincture the minds of their readers. The men who are doing most to impress their views on the character of the age are those who are advocating some metaphysical system in a popular form. They are Wordsworth, rearing the superstructure of his poetry on the groundwork of a philosophical system; Coleridge, Carlyle, and Emerson, baptized with the spirit of German transcendentalism, and in various ways disseminating its mystic sentiments among their countrymen. These are the writers who, more than any other at the present day, are shaping public opini o in England and America. Hence it may be inferred with the utmost certainty that metaphysics is not a science merely confined to the regions of speculative thought. It exerts a greater influence on the mass of men than almost any other intellectual pursuit. The popular poet, novelist, historian, and essayist are read by admiring millions; but the impression they make is comparatively feeble and transitory. They pass away, and the current of public thought generally flows on in much the same direction as if they had never existed. But when a great metaphysician makes his appearance, a new impulse is to be communicated to the human mind. His principles, at first confined to a small circle of select admirers, eventually find their way through various channels to the mass of men, and influence their whole tone of thought on all the affairs of life.

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# THE OUT-DOOR ARTIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE VANDERBURCK.

The entire population of the good city of Brussels was stirring. Talma, the great French tragedian, was to close his engagement this evening in Leonidas, the author of which drama, young Pichot, had so lately been snatched from classic literature on the eve of his first triumph.

The doors of the theatre had been besieged almost since the break of day; to the south the train of eager spectators extended as far as the extremity of the *Place de la Monnaie*. It was evident that the old theatre could not contain the crowd that thronged, in anxious expectation, around its doors.

The hero of this species of ovation, the personage who thus excited the enthusiasm of these worthy beer-drinkers of ancient Brabant—a race of men by nature very phlegmatic—was standing at a window of the *Hôtel de la Croix-Blanche*, quietly occupied in shaving himself. His glance fell occasionally with great indifference upon this crowd, that was attracted by himself alone, as if he were accustomed to such triumphs, and accepted them like a monarch who does not allow himself to be intoxicated by the enthusiasm of the people.

He was conversing familiarly with an old friend, an inhabitant of the city, a great amateur of the drama, who had even made an attempt upon the boards in his time, though unsuccessfully indeed. Thanks, however, to the protection of Talma, who was all-powerful under the Empire, he had exchanged the buskin, which suited him so ill, for a trifling post in the revenue department, which suited him but little better, but in which he was at least sheltered against hisses. The fall of the imperial Colossus had not displaced the *protégé* of the great artist. Governments are changed, empires crumble, but taxes and tax-gatherers are permanent.

"Well, well! he will not come," said the tragedian in a tone of vexation, which seemed caused by wounded vanity; "he is an old madman, a misanthrope. And still, I assure you, my dear M. Lesec, I got up *Leonidas*

expressly for him, thinking to cause him a pleasure, and to flatter his old republican ideas. It is the most tedious and declamatory tragedy that we have played since *Germanicus;* but I produce an effect in it by a few pompous and patriotic verses which it contains, especially in the provinces; and this good David would have thought he beheld his own painting brought upon the stage. But he will not come; he has refused you; I was sure of it. Age, exile, the memory of the past, all these have sadly changed him; he is no longer our David of the Consulate."

"I have just left him," replied the collector. "He received me somewhat as Hermione receives Orestes in the fourth act of Andromache. He was bitter-sweet, to say the least. 'I never go to the theatre,' he cried roughly. 'Tell my friend Talma that I thank him for his kind intentions, but that I always retire at nine o'clock. He will do me a favor if, before his departure, he will come and drink a can of beer and smoke a pipe with me.'"

"He is completely turned into a Fleming," replied Talma sarcastically. "Poor genius! to this it comes at last! to smoke Dutch tobacco, and to despise the arts. Persecution does more harm than the guillotine, my dear Lesec," added the tragedian, in a tone of bitterness; "it kills our great men in their fifetime, and deprives us, perhaps, of twenty *chefs d'œuvre*. I pardon the Restoration for surrounding itself with men of empty brains, but it ought not to exile our men of talent; they are not so very plenty in these times. But let us drop the subject; a little more, and we should be talking politics."

Talma finished shaving, as any private individual would have done, his companion gazing upon him the while in wondering silence, as if he thought it extraordinary that the representative of so many heroes and demi-gods could deign to remove his own beard. The crowd upon the square kept continually increasing, promising to *Leonidas* an ample harvest of pistoles and of crowns.

"Do you know, my dear M. Lesec," said the great actor suddenly, as he sponged his chin with cold water, and half closed his eyes, as if he were about to utter a sarcasm; "do you know that our stern republicans are oftentimes as thoroughly imbued with aristocratic notions as the old noblesse? I will bet you ten Napoleons that David would have come to the theatre if I had gone and invited him in person. I thought of doing so, but I had not time. I have been plying here the trades of manager and prompter. These rehearsals are killing me; to teach talking puppets in perukes, to play tragedy! Stay, I have still about three quarters of an hour at my disposal: I will go and attack this old Roman in his citadel. Will you accompany me?"

"Willingly," replied M. Lesec, shaking his head, like a man who consents to a proposal, but with little expectation of success.

The tragedian, whose air was quite common-place when he was off the stage, drew on his overcoat, and familiarly gave his arm to his friend the collector, who, quite proud of such a companion, walked with his stateliest step in crossing the *Place de la Monnaie*, assuming to himself a liberal share of the glances of curiosity and admiration which greeted our two friends as they passed along. They soon left the crowd, however, and turned from the *Rue Pierre Plate* into the *Rue de la Fourche*.

"We are about to encounter a hurricane, my illustrious friend," said M. Lesec; "prepare yourself. As for me, I throw the whole burden upon your shoulders; I will not meddle with the matter."

"Has he changed into a complete lycanthrope, then?" rejoined the actor, quickening his step. "Poor exile! poor dying genius! I pity thee!"

The two soon reached the new Louvre of the celebrated artist, which, notwithstanding its seclusion and its antiquated air, seemed quite a comfortable abode. A woman, of at least sixty years of age, with difficulty opened the heavy door, not without having first examined the visitors through a little grated loophole. Finally, they were admitted into an ill-lighted and somewhat disordered saloon, the ornaments and furniture of which, by a singular anomaly, presented relics of the taste of the last two centuries; and the master of the French school of painting, the celebrated David, entering from an adjoining apartment, advanced to meet them, with a quick, yet almost majestic step, although his form had already begun to bend somewhat beneath the weight of years.

To the great surprise of Talma, who ex-

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pected but a cold reception, David smiled upon him, and cast the large pipe that he held upon an arm-chair, in order warmly to clasp both his friend's hands.

"*Sacrebleu!* you are welcome, my old comrade!" he cried abruptly; "you could not have come at a better moment. I feel a joy that I have not experienced for a long while. Your presence but augments it." And the old painter rubbed his hands together, which with him was a sign of uncommon satisfaction.

Talma glanced at M. Lesec, as if to say: "The devil is not so black as you painted him." The worthy collector replied only in pantomime. His outstretched arms, and his eyes dilated to their utmost width, signified plainly: "I cannot comprehend it; it seems that the barometer has changed. This is positive, however, I for my part was received like a dog in a game of skittles. You will say, 'A humble clerk of the revenue department and the French Roscius are two very different persons,' I suppose."

"*Sacrebleu!* you must promise to come and dine with me to-morrow," resumed the painter, accompanying this cordial invitation with a smile; and the smile upon M. David's grave and austere face bore a considerable resemblance to a grimace, and the more so because, as is well known, he had a tumor in the mouth, which, when he spoke with animation, drew his cheek awry, and embarrassed his utterance.

"I cannot accept your invitation, my old comrade," replied Talma in a tone of regret; "I play this evening for the last time, and to-morrow I set out for Paris."

"You set out to-morrow?"

"I am obliged to do so. Michelet and Damas have the whole burden of the theatre upon their shoulders; the committee urges my return. Lemercier is only waiting for me, to rehearse a kind of Richard III."

"*Sacrebleu!* I mock at your committee; you shall depart day after to-morrow; a single day will not cause the *Théâtre-Française* to die of hunger. I expect my friend Girodet, and you must dine with us. It will make me younger by twenty years; it will remind me of our meetings at Koliker's, near the gate of the Louvre."

The illustrious exile accompanied this sentence with a second smile, even more terrifying than the first. The actor was greatly moved by it. There was something painful in this bitter smile; it seemed to betoken regret for his distant country.

"I will remain, I will remain for your sake, my good David!" replied the tragedian warmly; "for your sake I will neglect my duty—I will steal a day from my friends and associates; but it is on condition that you will make a slight sacrifice in my favor, and come this evening to see me play Leonidas."

"Well, well! be it so! I consent," replied the painter, whom the expected arrival of his friend Girodet had rendered joyous and almost affable. "I will come; but so much the worse for you, my friend, if I nod a little; that has happened to me almost every time that I set foot in a theatre."

"The plaudits with which M. Talma will be overwhelmed will wake you, M. David," said the obsequious M. Lesec; and this pleasantry gained him in his turn a smile and an invitation for the morrow, which he accepted with pride, although at the risk of compromising himself somewhat with the Prince of Orange.

"Decidedly, he has his good moments," said Talma to M. Lesec, when they had left the house. "It is to Girodet that we owe this."

"This visit causes him great pleasure," rejoined the collector. "Le Gros also came to see him, about a year ago. The poor old man leaped for joy, and wept like a child."

"And not one of them has sufficient influence to procure his return to France!" rejoined Talma, with a tragic sigh.

On the same evening, between six and seven o'clock, the old French painter and baron of the Empire, having ventured to put on a black coat, with a new red ribbon in the button-hole, entered, almost confused and timid, the great theatre of Brussels, and ensconced himself, as quietly as he could, in the stage box, which his friend Talma had caused to be reserved for him. He was accompanied by the officious M. Lesec, more proud, more radiant, more carefully beruffled and befrizzled than if he had been appointed first clerk of the finances. But, in spite of all the precautions of the modest artist to preserve his incognito, the rumor of his presence was soon spread abroad in the house. He was recognized; all rose respectfully; innumerable bravos resounded from the pit to the gallery. It is said that a noble prince, a worthy descendant of the

house of Nassau, accompanied by his young son, was not among the last to applaud the illustrious exile, who, agitated and affected, bowed awkwardly to the assembly, saying to M. Lesec:

"Ah, well, my friend, they still remember me! They know, then, here in Brussels, that I exist, or nearly so."

"The country of so many celebrated painters," replied the courteous collector, "owes these testimonials of admiration to a great man who demands of her an asylum."

"Enough! enough!" said M. David, who wished to preserve his good humor, and to whom this compliment brought back a painful remembrance; "do not forget that I have come here to see Talma." Leonidas soon appeared in truth, and in his turn attracted universal attention. Every glance was fixed upon him; every breath in that crowded assembly was hushed at the sound of his voice; at every sentence of the magnanimous Spartan the house shook with redoubled bravos. The painter of *The Rape of the Sabines*, of *Brutus*, of *The Oath of the Tennis Court*, of the picture of *The Coronation*, remained calm, motionless, mute, amid these alternate scenes of tumult and of breathless silence. He did not hear the plaudits of the house; his soul was elsewhere; he forgot even that he was seeing and listening to his friend Talma. He was at Thermopylæ, beside Leonidas himself; he was ready to die with him and his three hundred Spartans. Never had he felt himself so deeply moved. Far from yielding to sleep, as he had seemed to fear, his cheek glowed and his brow was covered with sweat, as if he were taking an active part in the heroic deed of devotion which formed the subject of this drama. At last the curtain fell. It was some moments before he could recover his composure, and when he had completely returned to himself, he was able only to utter the words, "*Mon Dieu!* how glorious it is to possess talent like that!"

On leaving the house, the crowd thronged around the French artist, who quickened his steps in order to escape from this last triumph, but who felt intoxicated with happiness, with joy, and with old remembrances. It was the fairest day of his exile, and he was smiling at the thought that this day was to be followed by a happy morrow, when a young woman of a slender and graceful form, her face serious and regular, her attire elegant, advanced towards him, and said, reaching out her hand:

"Permit the grand-niece of Franklin, Madam Hobart, to pay a tribute of admiration to an illustrious exile."

The old man bowed, pressed his lips upon the gloved hand of the beautiful American, but he could not find the slightest compliment to address to her. A stranger now presented himself, with an air almost of supplication, holding in his hand an open portfolio and a crayon.

"M. David," said the young Englishman, with a very guttural accent, "will you have the kindness to draw me a line, a single line upon this paper?"

"A line?" replied the painter with a smile, scarcely comprehending the wish of this insular amateur in autographs; "why not two?" He took the crayon and traced two parallel lines upon the paper, though not with true geometrical accuracy. The Englishman overwhelmed him with thanks, then turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

A sweet night, passed in golden dreams, succeeded to this happy day, and at early dawn the poor exile, who was usually so gloomy and so taciturn, rose, for the first time, cheerful and almost gay, and admonished his housekeeper, who was surprised to find that he had risen before her, to get breakfast ready, and to think in advance of the dinner, which he wished should be worthy of the renowned guests whom he expected.

"How! you are going out, sir, and so early?" cried the good woman, on observing that her master had his hat upon his head, and his cane in his hand.

"Yes, mother Rebecca," replied M. David with a smile, advancing to the outer door; "I take the liberty of going out, and of walking all alone, like a grown-up boy."

"But it is scarcely daylight; all the shops are still closed."

"I do not think of making purchases."

"But where, I ask, can you be going, then, at this hour?"

"Ha, *sacrebleu!*" replied the impatient painter; "can you not guess, old beldame? Why, I am going as far as the gate of Flanders, to meet my comrade Girodet."

"That is another thing; but are you sure that he will enter by this gate? Has he informed you of the exact hour——"

"Ha, *mordieu!* what is that to me? If I meet him, I shall embrace him some moments sooner, and if I should walk for an hour along the road, while waiting for him, it will divert me; it will be exercise. Doctor Franchomme has recommended it to me. Go now to your work, and see that the roast beef does not burn."

With these words, the former member of the Convention crossed the threshold of his solitary habitation, striking the pavement with his iron-shod cane, as if he had given a proof of his authority, and laughing in his sleeve at the expression depicted in the face of the old domestic, who gazed after him as he departed with an air of stupefaction.

The old man walked with a firm step; he inhaled, with full lungs, the fresh morning breeze; he was gay, young, and happy; he was about to behold a friend again. But in his eagerness, he had anticipated the time at which the diligence usually arrived, by nearly two hours; he did not perceive this mistake until he had walked for a considerable while in the large and filthy suburb, which lies adjacent to the gate of Flanders. His pipe, the faithful companion of his studio and of his exile, he had left behind him; in his hurry he had forgotten it. He continued his solitary walk, busied with pleasant thoughts, and diverted from them only by the passing of the workmen repairing to their labors, and of the market-women hastening, with all the speed allowed them by their Flemish rotundity, towards the market *De l'Horologe*.

When we are lounging on alone, above all, when we are waiting for some one, we act like children; we resort to every device to kill time, and to appear to be doing something. A flower-pot at a window, a magpie in a cage, a fly in the air, renders us the service of occupying our thoughts for a moment. M. David was so fortunate as to encounter during his prolonged walk an artist at work in the open air, a glazier doubtless, rather than a painter, who, mounted upon a ladder, was flourishing his brush with the confidence and enthusiasm of Le Gros, completing his admirable cupola of Sainte Geneviève.

The painter of *The Coronation* passed twice before the dauber, casting a furtive glance at his work, admiring the intrepidity with which the worthy man overlaid with pure ultra-marine the background of his landscape, to represent the sky. Beneath the sign, which was almost completed, was written in large letters, "*The Break of Day;*" a precaution as necessary to indicate the intention of the artist, as was the inscription, "*Flemish and Dutch beer for sale here,*" to reveal the occupation of the proprietor of this *chef d'œuvre*.

"Here is an honest Vandercrout," said the French artist to himself, "who understands about as much of perspective as a cart horse, and who, I would bet, flatters himself that he has all the talent of Rubens. He daubs his board as if he were greasing a pair of boots, and he is happy."

When M. David passed the third time before the ladder, he could control himself no longer; a second layer of ultra-marine had just covered the first; it was enough to make one's flesh creep. Continuing his walk, and without looking at the culprit, he muttered, "There is too much blue!"

"Ha! what is that?" cried the sign-painter. But the man who had ventured to make this criticism was already at a distance. Twice again, Girodet's friend passed and repassed before "*The Break of Day;*" and twice he could not refrain from uttering the same exclamation—"There is too much blue!" The offended artist turned and shrugged his shoulders in reply, asking himself, doubtless, what business this person had to meddle with his work? since to judge from his garb, he did not seem to be wealthy enough for a purchaser, and he was far from having the air of a skilful connoisseur. As he passed for the fourth time, the unknown lounger repeated his eternal refrain—"There is too much blue." The color mounted to the face of the Brussels Wouvermans.

"Do you not see, sir, that I am painting a sky?" he said, with that tone of apparent moderation which a man assumes who is growing angry, and still wishes to conceal his vexation. The artist had just descended from his ladder, and had posted himself on the opposite side of the street, closing his left eye, and making a shade of his palette, to assure himself of the effect of his painting. He was admiring himself in his work; he was happy, and M. David's exclamation came at a very untimely moment, to trouble his satisfaction.

"*Parbleu!* I suspected, indeed, that you

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were trying to paint a sky," replied the pitiless critic; "but I simply say, that there is too much blue."

"Have you, by chance, ever seen skies painted without blue, Sir Amateur?"

"I am no amateur. I say only in passing, and for your guidance, that there is too much blue—that is all. Do as you please, and if you think that there is not enough, put on more."

"But, blockhead that you are, have I not told you that it is a sky, a clear sky, without clouds, a sky that is to represent the break of day?"

"A reason the more, *ventrebleu!* a sky of the color of charcoal! Are you crazy, my dear fellow, to use blue? You must have lost your senses."

"By Saint Nicholas, it is too much!" cried the exasperated dauber; "you are an old fool and an ignoramus! you know nothing of painting. I should like to see you paint skies without blue."

"I do not say that I am very skilful in painting skies, but if I were to attempt it, I should not use blue."

"Indeed! it would be fine then."

"It would at least look like something."

"That is to say, that my picture looks like nothing."

"*Ma foi!* nearly so; it looks like the window-shutter of a wretched inn, like a sheet of daubed paper, like a dish of spinach—what you will."

"A dish of spinach! a window-shutter!" cried the Brabant artist, trembling with rage. "I, a pupil of Ruisdael! I, the fourth cousin of Gerard Douw! and you pretend to understand my art better than I do—an art which I have honorably practised in Anvers, Louvain, and Liege? A dish of spinach!" The rage of the insulted painter rose to such a pitch, that he grasped the critic by the arm, and shaking him violently, added:

"Do you know, old dotard, that my reputation has been made long since? that I have painted a red horse at Mechlin, a great stag at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every body stops in admiration?"

"*Massacre!* vile glue vender!" cried M. David, pushed to extremity, and tearing the palette from the dauber's hand; "give it to me; you deserve to be painted in the middle of your '*Break of Day*,' with a fool's face, and with ass's ears." And, hurried away by his indignation, he had already ascended the ladder, and was now effacing, with the palm of his hand, the entire *chef d'œuvre* of his brother artist, who stood motionless and stupefied.

"Stop! stop! old fool! old wretch!" cried the unfortunate painter, pale with terror. "A splendid sign! a picture worth thirty-five francs! I am lost! I am ruined!" And he shook the foot of the ladder, to compel the barbarous Vandal to descend. But the latter, alarmed neither by the cries of his victim, nor by the presence of several neighbors who had assembled at all this noise, continued pitilessly to efface "*The Break of Day*," mingling together the earth and the sky, the sun and the trees, the houses and the human figures, or at least what was designed to represent buildings and men; then, not less prompt in restoring than in blotting out, employing only the end of his finger or the handle of a brush, the new out-door artist sketched, in a few moments, a grayish sky, and the outlines of three boon companions, who, glass in hand, were greeting the break of day, and among whom figured a caricature of the sign-painter himself, easily to be recognized by the thick eyebrows and the truffle-shaped nose.

The spectators, at first restless and tumultuous, disposed rather to side with the dauber, their compatriot, than with the stranger, stopped short at the foot of the ladder, and were unable to repress a murmur of admiration, when the chaos of colors began to assume shape and order. The proprietor of the inn, attracted from the house by the tumult, advanced to join the group of inquisitive spectators. He was the first to cry "Bravo!" and to exclaim that the new out-door artist was at least equal to the former one. The fourth cousin of Gerard Douw suddenly felt his fury vanish and give place to admiration.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "you are of the trade then! confess, my worthy man, that you are of the trade! Yes, yes, it is a brother artist, who has wished to play me a trick," he said, laughing, to some neighbors who stood around him. "He is some Dutch or French sign-painter: but I am frank; I confess he has talent; yes, I acknowledge him to be my master."

The painter of *The Oath of the Horatii*, his momentary excitement having passed, was about to descend the ladder, amid the

plaudits of the spectators, when a new-comer appeared among them, mounted upon a handsome English horse, who recognizing, as he thought, M. David, on the singular pedestal upon which he was perched, had made his way through the crowd, at the risk of trampling some honest Fleming under his horse's feet.

"This painting is mine!" he cried, in a jargon which excited the merriment of the populace of Brussels. "I take it, I purchase it; I will give a hundred guineas for it; I will cover it with sovereigns if necessary."

"How?" said the Brabant painter.

"What say you?" asked the Flemish landlord.

"I say that I will give you any price you ask for this painting," replied the stranger, who leaped lightly from his horse, and in whom Talma's friend now recognized the young Englishman, who, on leaving the theatre on the preceding evening, had requested him to draw a line with a crayon in his portfolio.

"The picture is not for sale, young man," said the dauber, with a pride truly paternal, as if it were his own work.

"No," said the vender of beer, "for it is sold, and even partly paid for in advance. Still there is a way to arrange the matter, and if you wish to bargain for it, sir, it is with me that you must deal."

"Not at all, not at all!" said the dauber, making his way through the crowd; "it belongs to me; my brother artist has been so good as to give me a slight proof of friendship; the sign is my lawful property, and I am free to sell it to any one I please."

"Robber and knave!" cried the master of the inn; "my '*Break of Day*' is fastened to my house, and I alone have the right to dispose of it as I see fit."

"I will summon you before the Burgomaster, old rogue," said the man who had not painted the picture.

"I will sue you for a breach of contract," replied the man who had half paid him in advance.

During this while the crowd had increased about the disputants, and had become so compact that the broad suburb was obstructed by it.

"*Ventrebleu! Sarpebleu!*" cried a third speaker in a thundering voice, who had not spoken until now, such was his stupefaction and vexation at the turn which matters had taken; "why, it seems to me that I have something to do in the affair; I should think that I ought to be consulted a little."

"Right, brother!" said the sign-painter. "It is ridiculous to dispute thus in the street. Let us enter master Martzen's inn, and arrange things amicably over a can of beer."

M. David allowed himself to be led into the inn, in order to escape the crowd of inquisitive spectators which was constantly increasing. When within the house, the quarrel only grew more violent, the inn-keeper and the sign-painter still claiming the property in dispute, the Englishman still offering, with a profusion truly Britannic, to pay for it with its weight in gold.

"Ha, *sacrebleu!* ha, *mordieu!* and if I will not have it sold?" cried the true painter of the picture, impatiently, nay, almost angrily.

"Oh, my dear sir," said the inn-keeper, "you will not deprive a poor man of this chance, a poor inn-keeper who finds it truly hard to get through with the year, and make both ends meet. A little money would come very *àpropos*, and enable me to replenish my stock of beer and English ale."

"Do not believe him, brother artist!" cried the painter; "he is an old pinch-fist. He pleads poverty, but he has more crowns in his chest than you and I put together. I am the father of a family, and you owe me the preference as a fellow-artist. Besides, we will share the price of the painting; it would be but fair."

"Do not listen to him!" cried master Martzen, quickly; "he is an old thief, a spendthrift; he has not the wherewithal to marry his daughter, because he has guzzled down her dowry in beer and sausages."

"He lies in his heretical throat!" replied M. David's brother artist; "my Lubette is betrothed to a young French artisan, a cabinet-maker, an excellent workman, and he is to marry her in September, as poor as she is."

"A daughter to marry—a Frenchman—an excellent workman!" cried M. David, suddenly interrupting him. "*Sacrebleu!* that alters matters. I resign my '*Break of Day*' then; it shall be the dowry of the young bride, and I leave it to the liberality of this stranger to fix the price that he will give for the sketch."

"Excellent! illustrious master!" said the young Englishman; "this is judging right-

eously; the wise Solomon could not have decided better. As for me, I consent to the bargain with all my heart. I have offered a hundred guineas for the sketch, just as it is; I will give two hundred if the artist who painted it will consent to sign it, by writing at the bottom of the picture these two words merely—'*Pierre David.*'"

The baron of the Empire smiled in acquiescence; but his name had been pronounced, he was recognized.

A shout of surprise and joy followed this discovery; this revered and glorious name was repeated, enthusiastically, from mouth to mouth.

"What!" cried the dismayed dauber, "David! you are M. David, the celebrated French painter! Oh! my master! my illustrious master! pardon me for having addressed you with my hat upon my head, and for having treated you as an equal. I am nothing but a beggar, a wretch. Tell me that you pardon me!" and the poor man, with tears in his eyes, uncovered his head, and was on the point of falling upon his knees, when M. David reached him his hand with a cordiality truly republican. The inn was filled with a crowd of boon companions and inquisitive idlers; all present rose, by a spontaneous impulse, to the repeated cry of "Long live M. David!" then they thronged around him, disputing for the honor of touching their glasses to his. The worthy old man, softened by this novel and truly popular triumph, could not refuse to partake of a can of Holland beer, and the huzzas and shouts of joy were redoubled.

To complete the scene,—a scene so entirely *à la Teniers*,—the pretty Lubette, the daughter of the out-door artist, entered the inn, attracted thither by the rumor, which had by this time been noised throughout the whole suburb, of a sign which would hasten her marriage, and give her a dowry of two hundred louis d'ors. She cast herself, without ceremony, upon the neck of her benefactor, who received her with open arms, remarking that, after what had passed, he certainly had a right to kiss the bride.

At the same moment three strangers, dressed like substantial burghers, entered, with anxious haste, the inn of the "*Break of Day.*" It was the polite M. Lesec, followed by Talma and M. Girodet. The latter, who had reached Brussels an hour before, had not found M. David at his house. The tragedian and the collector had also repaired thither, and on learning that their host had not been seen since morning, they had been alarmed at his absence; fearing that some accident might have befallen him, they had hastened forth to seek him, and guided by the general tumult, now entered the inn of the "*Break of Day.*"

"Apollo be praised!" said Talma, on perceiving the great painter, with glass in hand, in the midst of a group of beer-drinkers; "no accident has happened to him."

"God forgive me!" added the collector, "this dear baron is kissing the girls; he was not so badly inspired when he rose at daybreak this morning."

"Bravo! bravo, my old comrade!" cried Girodet, and the author of "Attila" advanced towards him with extended arms. "You also, then, are beginning to change your style and school! Bravo, master! it is not amiss to end as Rembrandt commenced; but, by my faith, I did not suspect that you were employing your time in painting Flemish tavern signs."

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# BRADFORD.

[The following descriptive and historical sketch, kindly sent us by a lady, has lain long waiting a nook in our pages.]

Some few years since, Miss Sedgwick gave a glowing picture, in one of the magazines of the day, of her native county of Berkshire. May one who claims not her gifted pen give a slight sketch of her own county of Bradford? There is not indeed the tragic interest connected with the history of Bradford that belongs to Luzerne, and some of the other counties of Pennsylvania, but its early reminiscences are not devoid of interest. Probably there is no county in the State, or indeed in the Union, but that has some circumstances in its history that would excite interest were they but recorded. Campbell has rendered the Valley of Wyoming almost classic ground, and recently its annals have been transferred to the page of history, by one who has passed most of his days, from early youth far towards life's evening, within the precincts of the Valley — the Hon. Charles Miner.

There were Tories scattered among the Indians along the Susquehanna during the war of the Revolution, but the first permanent settlement made in Bradford was in 1778, by emigrants from Wyoming, and mostly by those who had passed through the horrors of savage invasion and civil strife which had swept over that ill-fated valley, and there had learned endurance. This settlement was made in what is now the township of Athens, then known as Tioga Point, and the adjacent Valley of Sheshequin. Colonel John Franklin, who is styled in Miner's history the hero of Wyoming, was one of this band of emigrants. He resided upon a farm on the eastern side of the Susquehanna, opposite where the village of Athens now stands, where he died some years since, at an advanced age. The prominent part that he took in the strife between the "Pennemites" and the "Yankees," at Wyoming, led to his imprisonment for two years in Philadelphia, under the charge of high treason. When this settlement was made, what is now Bradford, and the adjoining counties, including Luzerne, belonged to the town of Westmoreland; a township that embraced nearly, if not quite as great an extent of territory as the State of Connecticut, of which it was an appanage.

Bradford is one of the northern tier of counties in Pennsylvania, bounded on the east by Susquehanna, and on the west by Tioga counties. The Susquehanna enters it at the New-York line, and takes a southerly and nearly a central course through the county. The Tioga, or Chemung, unites with it about four miles and a half below the New-York line. The Tioga rises in the mountains, in the western part of Bradford, and after taking its course through Tioga county, it bends around through the State of New-York, receiving on its way the Cowanesque, the Canisteo, and the Conhocton. On its way through Bradford, the Susquehanna receives as tributaries the Wysox and Wyalusing creeks on the east, and the Sugar and the Towanda on the west. The Towanda and the Lycoming have their sources very near each other, in the south-west township of the county. The Lycoming winds away, through its wild and rapid course, to the west branch—the Towanda makes its way to the north branch of the Susquehanna, and unites with it two miles below the borough of Towanda. There is much scenery along this stream which is wildly beautiful. There are ledges of rock along its banks which would strike a person accustomed only to the prairies of the West with astonishment and awe. Athens is much the oldest village in the county, although it is not a place of near the population or business of Towanda. The location of the village, and the scenery of the whole valley, is very beautiful. This valley, which looks when in its quiet summer beauty as if the Angel of Peace had ever folded his wings over it, was the rendezvous of the army sent under the command of General Sullivan into the heart of the Indian country, during the summer of

1779, to endeavor to insure safety to our frontier. Sullivan, with part of the army destined to this expedition, was detached by the way of the Delaware to Wyoming, whence he ascended the river to Tioga Point. Here he arrived on the 11th of August, and encamped, awaiting a reinforcement, which arrived on the 22d, under the command of General Clinton. Sullivan now numbered nearly five thousand men—quite a formidable army for the object to which it was destined. A fort was erected in what is now the southern part of the village of Athens, which was garrisoned for the protection of stores for the army on its return, and was designed also as a rendezvous to send those who were wounded, or who sickened by the way. On the 30th of September the army, having accomplished its mission, returned to Tioga, and on the 3d of October took its departure down the Susquehanna to Wyoming, and thence to Easton. Before the army left the valley, the Susquehanna became so low as to render the boats useless which had conveyed the artillery thither, and as it was impossible to remove it, it was sunk in the river. This was done secretly, and perhaps the spot where it lies is not now known to any person living.

The successful result of Sullivan's expedition is known to all. Its devastating policy seems to us hardly consistent with humanity; but it received the sanction of Washington, and was the only way to preserve the frontier from a recurrence of the horrors of Cherry Valley and Wyoming. In 1789 a treaty was held at Athens, between the whites and several Indian tribes, in relation to massacres which had been committed upon the West Branch after the declaration of peace. Colonel Pickering was the commissioner of the whites, and the celebrated chief of the Senecas, Red Jacket, was the principal Indian orator. The treaty terminated amicably, but the murderers were not brought to punishment until a later period. As the settlements increased, the Indians drew away to the west, where their hunting-grounds might be undisturbed by the foot of the white man; but they must have turned with sorrowing memories to that lovely valley, and their fathers' graves in the grove of oaks upon the bank of the Tioga. The valley of Sheshequin was the birth-place of the poetess, Julia H. Scott, whose early decease has been so much lamented. Her grave is beside her "native river," in the place that was the home of her married life—Towanda. Her friends were looking with hope to her future literary career, when her first-born, and at that time her only child, was suddenly taken from her by death. Ever after it seemed as if a shadow of the grave was over her, until she was laid to rest in its darkness. There are many legends from her pen that throw a romantic interest around her own loved "river of the hills." Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud has given legendary interest to the valley of the Wysox, or Wysauken, as it was called at an early day. The hut of Feruslaer, the "Hermit of the Wysauken," stood, when the first settlers came into the country, upon the spot where afterwards rose her paternal home. The township of Asylum, in the lower part of the county, was so named from the circumstance of its becoming the home of a colony of French refugees, who fled from the horrors of the French Revolution. Some were nobles of high rank. Most of them returned to France as soon as they could do so with safety. The present Surveyor-General of our Commonwealth is the son of one of the French emigrants, who remained in the township of Asylum. Towanda, the county town of Bradford, is upon the western side of the Susquehanna, and is near the centre of the country. It is a flourishing town, and a place of much business. The village of Troy, in the western part of the county, is also a place of considerable business.

Bradford is a good agricultural county. The valleys of the Susquehanna and its tributary streams are fertile, and the uplands too are available for tillage, and amply remunerate their cultivators. Lumber is one of the staples of the county. During a rise of water, especially at the time of the spring floods, the Susquehanna is almost literally covered with arks and rafts, seeking a market at the lower towns upon the river, or perchance in Philadelphia, or Baltimore. This comes from every navigable stream tributary to the river. The lumbering business is one of risk and danger, and requires and develops much hardihood of character in those who pursue it. Some of the townships west of the river, in the northern part of the county, have l

settlements of Irish, who came into the country as laborers on our ill-fated canal. They have purchased small farms, and are beginning to gather around them the comforts of a permanent and independent home. They are generally destitute of education, but seem desirous that their children should have an opportunity of acquiring this blessing which has been denied to them. They are nearly all of them totally ignorant of American institutions, and their vote tells heavily against the Whigs, as they have been led to believe that the "largest liberty" dwells with their opponents. Much mineral wealth has been developed in the lower part of the county, and it is supposed that all our mountains contain coal and iron. Our mountain scenery is beautiful, often grandly so. These mountain ranges skirt the river on either side, sometimes bending around valleys, and again coming abruptly upon the river, forming those narrows which are often so alarming to the unaccustomed traveller; overhung as they generally are by ledges of rocks, and with a high and precipitous descent to the river. The North Branch canal, upon which so much half-finished work is left to go to destruction, was designed to terminate at Athens, three miles below the New-York line. The dam across the Tioga at that place was completed several years ago, and was supposed to be well built; until one night, becoming weary of waiting for the completion of the canal, or from some other cause, it moved off down the river.

I will say no more of my favorite county, except that its name was given in honor of an early Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, a gentleman of superior talents and acquirements, and one who was favored with the personal friendship of Washington.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Faust: A Dramatic Poem.* By GOETHE. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c., by A. HAYWARD, Esq. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. A new edition.

Goethe's "Faust," the most celebrated of German poems, has, fortunately for the English reader, been "done into" our language by Mr. Hayward, more perfectly probably than any other literal rendering of a poem that has been attempted. It was evidently a most laborious task to render this wildest, abstrusest of poems—a poem that has caused so much of *German* discussion and theorizing—into plain, intelligible (!) prose. But it was evidently a labor of love to Mr. Hayward. The propriety of so rendering it has been ably defended by him; and a synopsis of the arguments for it is given in a preliminary essay. This will be found very interesting to the literary reader. The general question is by no means we think settled by Mr. Hayward, but, with regard to this particular poem, he may probably be considered as having established his point. The publishers have done a most commendable thing in presenting the work in so beautiful and convenient a shape to the lovers of literature. We heartily commend it to all collectors of *good* books as a genuine library *gem.*

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*Miscellaneous Essays.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Another volume of the collected essays of this [illegible] author. It contains his remarkable papers, entitled "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," probably the most *artistic* piece of humor in our language of the kind, if it can be considered as belonging to any *class* whatever. The rest of the papers are: "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," "Joan of Arc," "The English Mail-coach," "The Vision of Sudden Death," and "Dinner, real and reputed." We have expressed our opinion before of the great merits of this author as an essayist, and need not repeat.

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*Hurry-Graphs; or, Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society.* By N. PARKER WILLIS. New-York: Charles Scribner.

It certainly smacks of vanity in Mr. N. Parker Willis to make into a book these "hurry-graphs," written for the weekly journal of which he is editor. He is evidently conscious of a large circle of admirers, and is too good-natured not to appeal even when not particularly *encored.* It may be a weakness; but we confess ourselves to be of the audience, and are glad to see the gentleman, considering him very polite. There *is* a Jean-Paul-lishness of expression, and of humor too, that we cannot resist. Seriously, notwithstanding the drawback of dandyisms and conceit that accompany them, we never read Mr. Willis's writings without a feeling of regret at the waste of a genius evidently capable of better things. There are frequently glimpses of thought on the verge of the profound, and observation acute to a degree, wasted by a morbid devotion to the conventionalities of

external life. The following, from the concluding essay, is worthy of Leigh Hunt in his best days:—

"The *omniscience* that is expected of our returning friends, 'The Spirits,' seems to us, among other things, to look a little like unbelief carried to perfection. We see no reasonable ground for supposing that John Smith, in one week after his death, is made acquainted with every thing, past, present, and future—made able to go to Europe or Asia, for instance, between question and answer, and bring obituary data of the questioner's departed friends—yet this is exacted. He is called off from his new occupations, catechised, and criticised; and his answering *at all* is pronounced a humbug, if he fail to tell what nothing but omniscience would be sure of answering correctly.

"And there is another thing which seems to us an injustice to this same ex-John-Smith. There is a natural tendency in the common mind to assist an oracle. No great truth was ever born into the world that did not start with the discredit of a Nazareth, and uneducated people are invariably the first to receive a revelation. But these ignorant first believers are not thereby rendered superhuman. They are still subject to their weaknesses as before—still susceptible of bias and untruth. In the first place, they may misunderstand poor John Smith, who has to speak to them through a newly discovered and imperfect alphabet; and, in the next place, they are nervously anxious to make *him* appear wiser than he is, while their vanity is interested to show *themselves* to equal advantage. John Smith's ghost may thus be greatly *assisted* and misrepresented, and the general credit of ghosts may be tested and condemned for what they never had the least idea of doing or saying.

"One other risk of injustice—in case Spirits have memories and still yearn to communicate with those they have passed a life in loving. It would, of course, be only communications of negative character and trifling importance that could be made public. The questions likely to be asked of the dead are upon subjects too sacred for newspaper mention. The most earnest seekers for spirit-converse would be those whose delicate and sensitive natures shrink most from the ridiculing cross-questioning of the scoffer. We are likely, for this reason, to have the best proof of spirit-revisitings carefully shut from us; and we may protest, in common fairness, we think, therefore, against any conclusive argument based on the dialogues that are published. The firmest believers whom we know, in this trans-Styxian telegraph, are highly intellectual persons, who have no desire to convert the incredulous, and who would sooner publish their private letters to the living than what they believe to be their hallowed converse with the dead.

"It is due to this, as to any important new theory, that the indirect probabilities of its being true should be taken into the question. With knowledge miraculously enlarging in every other direction, it seems natural that we should make at least some measurable progress in comprehending the spirit's first step into the new existence. It is not reasonable to suppose that death is always to be a terror; and it would not be at all out of measure with other Providential ameliorations of human life, if we were yet to look forward to a *clearly understood to-morrow beyond the grave*, as we do now to a morning beyond a night of weariness—laying off our bodies without fear, as we lay off our garments to go to sleep. Such a softening of our lot would not come about in a day, nor by a miracle, but would easily arrive by a gradual letting of light into the first dread darkness of eternity, and by enabling us to speak, from this side the brink, to those who are beyond.

"There would almost seem to be divine purpose enough, in giving us this glimmering look into the spirit-world, if it were only *to awaken a little the imagination, which seems under paralysis in the age we live in.* The Bible is all true, but it is all poetry, too; and our Saviour's medium for what he came to teach was the language of that very imagination which, in the present day, throws discredit over any new matter that it is employed to illustrate. To give us something startling, and yet vague, to believe, is likely to awaken us, if any thing could, from the unhealthy torpor of unbelief, in which the blood for the highest activities of the soul lies stagnant.

"But, of the indirect evidences in favor of the reality of this new spirit-intercourse, none seems to us stronger than its moderate beginnings and its apparent incapability of being turned to bad uses. Pretension would have made bolder experiments. Diabolical ingenuity would have given voice sometimes to the passions that die with us, and would have lent its aid to covetousness, ambition, and revenge. But the holier and purer affections have alone found a voice. Nothing has even *seemed* to have the power of communicating with us, in this way, except that which would confirm or awaken goodness. It favors nothing (as God is quite capable of arranging) that belongs exclusively to this world. On the contrary, its tendency is to set a guard over our secret motives and actions, and to make us feel, while it keeps alive the memory of the good who have gone before, that they are still within communion, and more with us in proportion as we are worthier. We repeat, that, if it is 'all humbug,' it is odd that bad people make no handle of it. This, and other signs, make it look to us less like a humbug than what might reasonably be conjectured by a religious enthusiast to be an apparent preparation for the coming about of the millennium.

"We have said, thus far, only what we think should fairly be allowed to the 'Spirits,' even by those who do not believe; and what we presume may be interesting, in the way of suggestion, to those who are reading or conversing on the subject. For ourselves, we shall enter into no controversy and define no belief; but we shall endeavor to see that the 'Knockers' get fair play, and we shall neglect no knowledge of spirits or spirit-land, which patience, experiment, and a *liberal credulity* can give us."

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*Ship and Shore in Madeira, Lisbon, and the Mediterranean.* By Rev. Walter Colton. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is a new edition of a favorite book of the

public. The author is a most lively, graceful, and pleasant companion through the scenes he describes. Although it is years since we first perused this book, we have never lost the pleasing impression that it left behind.

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*Warreniana: with Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By the Editor of a Quarterly Review. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Of these *shining* results of the once celebrated Warren blacking we need only quote the publishers' advertisement:—"This sparkling little volume having been for many years out of print, and not readily to be procured, it is again reprinted as a sort of companion to '*The Rejected Addresses*,' whose popularity still continues unabated."

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*Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their relation to Vital Force.* By Baron Charles von Reichenbach. From the German. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

These investigations into the nature of the abstruser physical phenomena, and their connection with mesmerism, animal vitality, and so forth, will attract the attention of that interesting, increasing, and imperturbable class of personages of both sexes who are pursuing their investigations with so commendable a pertinacity in the direction of the *other world*, in the new path found thereunto through the physical;—this progressive age being about to depart from the paths of the fathers, who went up to the spiritual through the spiritual.

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*A Treatise on Political Economy.* By George Opdyke. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

This treatise we have not had time to examine, more than to find that upon the subject of protection it is altogether unsound. In this part of the work the author proceeds with an amazing assumption of all the principal points in dispute, as though nothing had ever been said on the other side. This is the way *truth* is to be elicited! We must give Mr. Opdyke the credit notwithstanding of carrying his *assumptions* to their legitimate conclusions, *direct taxation* and the abolition of all custom-houses.

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*The Education of a Daughter.* By Archbishop Fenelon. *Translated from the French. To which are added, Fenelon's Epistle, Character of Antiope, &c.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We commend this little treatise of the celebrated Fenelon, as containing very many valuable practical hints on the subject of instruction that all may apply. The theology of the good Archbishop those who do not like it may omit, and there will then be enough that is of universal application to make his hints on training morally and intellectually worth the attention and application of all to whom the subject matter of the work is a part of their necessary duties.

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*Annals of the Famine in Ireland in* 1847, 1848, *and* 1849. By Mrs. A. Nicholson. New-York: C. French. 1851.

This is a book that will be read with profound interest; being the personal observations of an active and benevolent woman among the terrible scenes of this most frightful of modern calamities. We can at present only commend it to the perusal of our readers.

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*The Fruit Garden: A Treatise intended to explain and illustrate the Physiology of Fruit Trees, the Theory and Practice of all Operations connected with the Propagation, Transplanting, Pruning, and Training of Orchard and Garden Trees, &c. &c. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred and fifty figures.* By P. Barry. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We are told that this most interesting science has no more able practiser or exponent than Mr. Barry in this country. His instructions, *we* even can see, are clearly given, and with an evident *practical* knowledge of the methods of attaining the results aimed at. To all, therefore, who are so *fortunate* as to require such instructions, we need not say, at this appropriate season, buy this book.

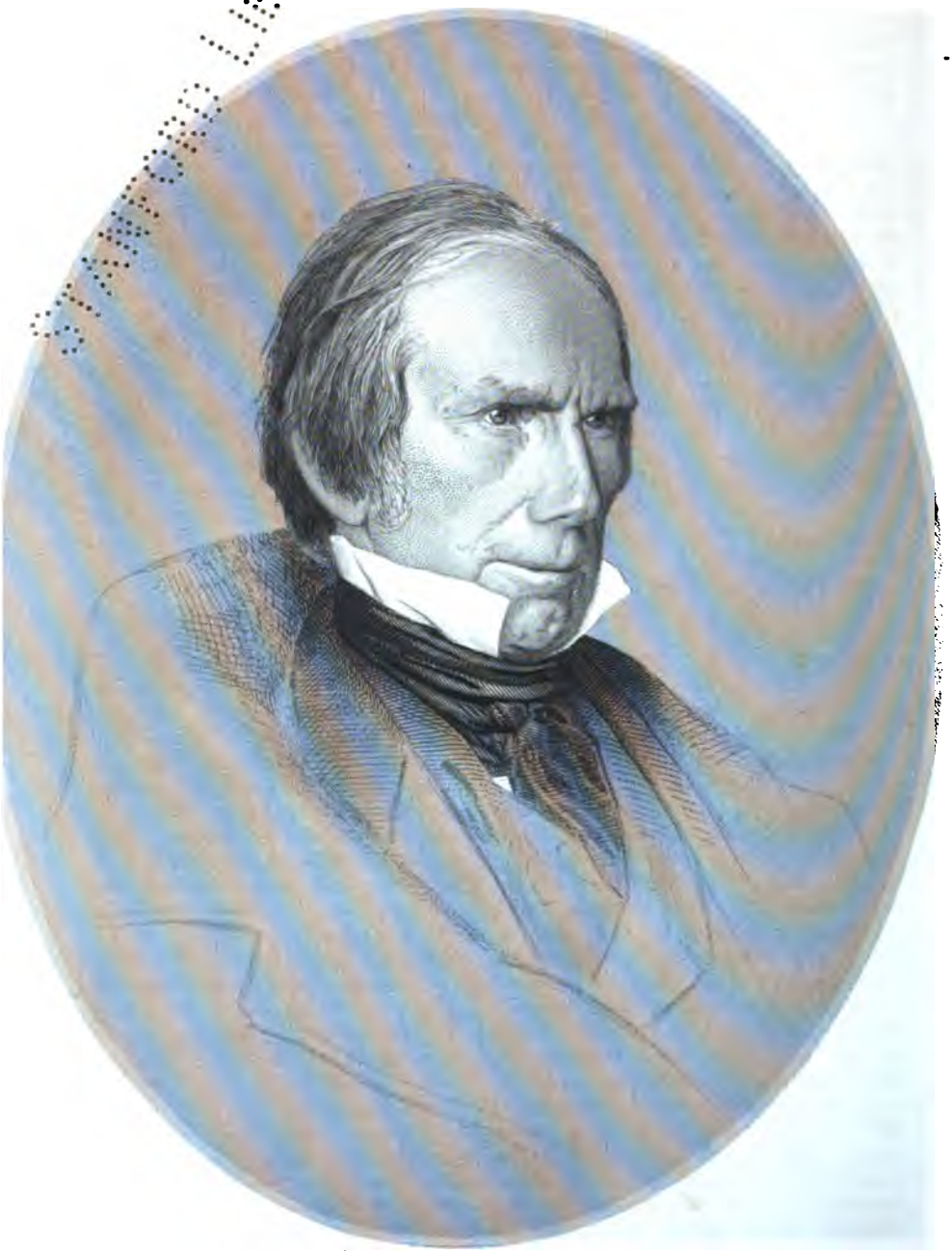
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## NOTE.—PLATE OF MR. CLAY.

We present in this number a new portrait of Mr. Clay. It has been our desire for some time past to obtain a worthy likeness of this celebrated man. In the daguerreotype taken by Mr. Root we thought we had obtained what we desired, and accordingly put it into the hands of the engraver. The result we confidently hope will be highly gratifying to our subscribers, as we think it enables us to present them with the best portrait of Mr. Clay that has yet been engraved.

The *first* number of this Review (now more than six years since issued) was embellished with the best one that could then be procured, although very unworthy of the subject. Mr. Clay was then candidate for the Presidency, and to the astonishment of even his opponents, (such an enthusiasm was his popularity, and so necessary to the honor and prosperity of the country did his election appear,) he was defeated. But he has served the country in these six years since with scarcely less efficiency and with no less ardor than if he had won the prize. Such is the difference between a patriot sage and a partisan self-idolater. This is all the biography any one requires of the intervening period between this portrait and the last.

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H. Clay

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVIII.

FOR JUNE, 1851.

## A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

## WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

### PART TWO.

The Bank excitement in the Senate was soon succeeded by the thrilling scenes which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain. It was well known that, however widely Crawford might differ from the body of the Republican party on questions of domestic policy, on the subject of declaring war he was with them heart and hand, and even zealous for an immediate resort to direct hostilities. He had given his voice for war since the time when the Chesapeake had been so wantonly outraged by the Leopard; and now, that repeated injuries to American commerce at the hands of British subjects had followed that first insolent invasion of our national rights, he did not hesitate to declare that further postponement of hostilities would bring dishonor to the American name and nation. The timid and dallying policy of the Administration was not in accordance with his bold and energetic nature. Negotiations had been prolonged from year to year, while both England and France were daily preying on American commerce. Pirates and privateers swept the ocean from one end to the other; our sailors were violently seized and impressed; our merchandise was ruthlessly confiscated. No quarter was shown by either of the belligerents, and no exceptions were made in any instance, or under any circumstances. Embargoes were raised only to subject our vessels to pillage, and restrictions modified only to benefit enemies and robbers. The Berlin and Milan decrees were still rigorously enforced, to our dishonor and injury, and British orders in Council still remained in full effect, notwithstanding our protestations and threats.

Such was the complexion of our intercourse with Europe when the session of 1811–12 was opened. It had progressed until April of the latter year, when the Vice President, George Clinton, died. In consequence of this melancholy and sudden event, the chair of the Senate became vacant. An election for President *pro tempore* was held, and Crawford was unanimously chosen. His elevation, however gratifying, withdrew from the active sphere of senatorial duties one

of the most zealous and powerful advocates for the war. He however discharged the delicate functions of this high office with an ability, impartiality, and promptness that won golden opinions from all parties, and that materially expedited the now complicated business of the chamber. But his abstraction from the floor did not operate to weaken his deep interest in the war question. His vote will be found recorded in favor of every measure which looked to preparation for an event that was now deemed inevitable; and when, at length, towards the beginning of summer, test questions began to be taken almost every day, the name of Crawford stands conspicuously in the affirmative on each occasion. The final act, as is well known, having passed both houses early in June, was approved and published on the 18th of the month; and Congress, after voting full supplies to meet the interesting exigency, soon afterwards adjourned.

It is not within the purposes of this article to pursue further allusion to the events of this memorable war. This is more properly the province of some future historian, whose labors shall be directed to that subject. We will barely say, that the *history* of that period remains to be written. Those who have essayed to do so, thus far, have been strangely ignorant or culpably negligent, if we are to judge their talent or their industry by the fruits of their attempts. There are points involved which claim the deepest interest, apart from the shock and thunder of battle-fields and of hostile navies, but which have received scarcely a passing notice at the hands of the penny-picking hordes and demagogue adventurers who have heretofore thrust their puny efforts on the reading public.

Crawford's reputation, at this time, had become equal to that of any statesman in the Republic. He had been not more than five years a member of Congress, and only eight years in public life. A comparatively short period had but elapsed since he had been an humble and obscure pedagogue. Yet his fame was now spread through the whole land, and the public voice ranked him among the greatest of the nation. The eyes of the people turned to him with confidence, as the crisis approached which all dreaded. His energy of character, boldness, and known business qualifications elicited general admiration, and his rapidly increasing popularity induced Mr. Madison to invite him to become a member of his Cabinet. He was offered the important post of Secretary of War, and earnestly solicited to accept. After mature reflection and consultation, he decided to remain in the Senate. This act we feel bound to condemn. In view of approaching hostilities with England, and consequent disruption of nearly all foreign intercourse, the Department of War was to become the principal and most interesting arm of the Government; especially when it is considered that the President himself was not peculiarly gifted with those qualities which constitute an energetic and successful war officer. Indeed, the event showed that Mr. Madison was wholly deficient in this respect, and, therefore, eminently in want of a counsellor like Crawford. We hesitate not to declare the opinion, that if Crawford, instead of the then incumbent, had been in charge of the War Department, a British force would never have crossed the boundaries of the District, and Washington would not have been pillaged and burned by the invaders. It is now generally conceded by military men that the battle of Bladensburg was lost to the Americans in consequence of bad management; and it is even a question whether a more energetic Government would not have been able to prevent the expedition and landing of Admiral Cockburn altogether. We do not mean to say that Mr. Madison was not an able and efficient executive officer, in the discharge of his general duties. As a civilian we regard him as standing pre-eminent among all his compeers. But we do mean to say that he was totally unacquainted with the practical rules of the military art, and most singularly deficient in natural endowments as concerns the qualities of a war officer. No one, we imagine, better knew of these deficiencies than Crawford. He was high in the confidence of the President, and was often advised with by members of the Cabinet. He was quite too sagacious not to have found out that they were all entirely unlearned in military affairs, and accomplished only in the civil routine of statesmanship. Mr. Monroe, it is true, had seen some active service, but it is no disparagement to say of him, that he had never discovered any extraordinary qualifications as an officer, beyond

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the possession of unquestioned personal courage; and this is not to be denied either to Mr. Madison or to his Cabinet. Besides, a long and successful diplomatic career had doubtless contributed to unfit the then Secretary of State for the prompt and energetic service of military life. The diplomatist and the commander are antipodes in character. The kind of study which makes the first is precisely that which is calculated to unmake the last. The one must study how to dally, to delay, to mystify language, to misinterpret expressions, to avoid direct issues, and, sometimes, to feign irresolution. It is true that the ancient mode of warfare was formed somewhat on the same basis; but modern warriors, Frederick the Great, Bonaparte, Wellington, Jackson, have proven that the opposite of all these qualities are the true characteristics of an accomplished commander. It may happen, as to some extent in the case of Napoleon, that the diplomatist and the captain may be united in one person; but it is certain that they were not united in the person of Mr. Monroe, although he was one of the most useful and distinguished executive officers ever known to the country. But Crawford, while having never received a military education, was eminently prepared to manage the War Department at a time when energy, decision, and bold qualities of mind and of character were so imperatively needed. Rapidity of thought was a chief trait in his mental structure, and immediate action followed. He possessed great enterprise, great prescience, and great resources of mind, while passion and enthusiasm were strangely blended with calmness and deliberation. None, in fact, who have studied and compared human character, will fail to perceive that his prominent traits of character were the very same as those which distinguished the elder William Pitt. The Department of War, then, was the office for which he was, at that juncture of affairs, particularly fitted; and having been so early, unwavering, and conspicuous an advocate for the declaration of war against Great Britain, there was resting on him, we think, a very heavy obligation to accept and enter upon the duties of the office which was tendered to him by the President. He chose to decide differently, and justice to his known disinterestedness of character requires us to believe that his refusal was induced by some strong personal reasons which have not been declared.

In the spring of 1813 Crawford was appointed Minister to the Court of France, in the room of Joel Barlow, who had died just a few months previously, whilst in the active discharge of the important duties of his mission. Our relations with his Imperial Majesty, at this time, were most delicately and singularly involved, and their conduct required the aid of just such a person as Crawford. There was no subtle diplomacy to be resorted to in their management, but a bold demand to be made for redress of past injuries, and an explanation asked of an act which betokened bad faith. The spoliations on American commerce and the sequestration of American property, which followed on the Berlin and Milan decrees, had begun to be most severely felt by all classes of our citizens, and a spirit of resentment was becoming rife throughout the whole land. In proportion to the delay of Congress to pass measures which looked to direct hostility with England, did Bonaparte increase the rigorous execution of these harsh decrees. He had resolved, from the first, that our Government should choose between France and England. Knowing that the British Ministry were pursuing a policy towards the United States which must inevitably lead to a war, he directed his whole efforts to precipitate that event. To this end, while sternly enforcing the Berlin and Milan decrees against us, he never failed to intimate, at the same time, that those decrees would be relaxed the moment that our Government took the initiative steps to hostilities with England. Indeed, he assured the American Minister that his course was the consequence alone of British insolence, which last being manifested as well to the United States as to France, he was resolved to make no exception in our favor until our Government prepared to resent the orders in Council; further declaring that the decrees were to be suspended so soon as we should procure a revocation of the British orders. These pretended friendly advances, made at a time when, in addition to the evils we were suffering in consequence of suspended commerce, our seamen were being daily impressed into the British service, were received with marked favor by the American Government and nation, notwithstanding that every one saw clearly the sole

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ish motive which actuated the French Emperor. No one doubted but that the advances were made with a view to throw the whole blame where, in fact, it properly belonged, on the common enemy of both countries; and thus, by producing angry and fruitless correspondences, to compel us into a state of hostility with England. But the American Cabinet were wise enough to see that these overtures from Bonaparte, no matter how intended, might be effectually used to bring our relations to a determination with either belligerent. Accordingly, on the first of March, 1809, a non-intercourse with France and England was substituted by Congress in lieu of the embargo, the President being authorized, at the same time, that in case either power should repeal or modify their exceptionable edicts, intercourse with the same should be renewed. Mr. Erskine was then the Minister of Great Britain at Washington. He was a warm advocate of peace between the two countries, and, availing himself of this law, gave assurances to the Secretary of State that the orders in Council should be withdrawn after the 10th of June following. Without waiting to inquire how far this declaration might comport with the ambassador's instructions, Mr. Madison very precipitately, as we think, issued his proclamation, opening the ports of the United States to British vessels, and renewing intercourse with England. It would have been more prudent, as the event showed, to await a confirmation of this promise from the British Government, and at the same time to cause that of France to be notified of the arrangement, so that her protestations of friendship might have been fairly tried. But the President, seemingly in too hot haste to conciliate Great Britain, issued his proclamation; and, as a natural consequence, this act, so well calculated to wound the pride and excite the jealousy of France, inasmuch as a discrimination was thus rashly made to her prejudice without allowing to her ordinary grace time, threw Napoleon into an uncontrollable ecstasy of passion. The Berlin and Milan decrees were executed against American vessels with tenfold rigor, and our Minister resident was loaded with taunts and reproaches.

In the meanwhile, the declaration and promises of Mr. Erskine were disavowed by the British Government, and it was announced that, in making such, he had exceeded his instructions. The whole arrangement, therefore, fell to the ground; and the President, repenting too late his precipitancy, renewed the Non-intercourse Act against England, early in the ensuing August. Mr. Erskine, chagrined and mortified, demanded to be recalled, and the last prospect of a satisfactory adjustment faded away.

In this extraordinary state of affairs, the Government of the United States was indeed seriously embarrassed as to its future course with the two implacable belligerents. In his anxiety to preserve amicable relations with both, and to avoid war, it is not to be denied that Mr. Madison, constitutionally timid as a politician, and perplexed by the unpatriotic course of the Eastern States, committed many blunders, and was guilty of extreme precipitancy in more than one instance. But the purity of his motives cannot be questioned, notwithstanding that his course may be liable to severe censure. To relieve this embarrassment, however, and to guard against future precipitancy, it was now determined to change position with respect to both belligerents. It was determined that the merchant vessels of both nations should be admitted into American ports, while their armed ships were excluded. The President, too, was again authorized to propose that in case either power revoked its offensive edicts within a certain time, the same was to be declared by proclamation; and that then, if the other nation did not also relax its policy, the non-intercourse law was to revive against the latter, and all restrictions raised as to the former. This act being communicated to both Governments, drew from that of France a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the American Ambassador, declaring that the Berlin and Milan decrees were revoked, and that after the first of November, 1810, they would cease to have any effect; "*it being understood*," the Minister said, "that, in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their orders in Council, or that the United States shall cause their rights to be respected." The guarded language of this letter, as well as the fact of its not being signed by the Emperor or accompanied by any authoritative repeal, should have placed, we think, a degree of prudent restraint on the course of our Government. There was, clearly, a

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most serious condition attached; and the question arose, whether it was *precedent* or *subsequent*, when construed by the technical rules of law. The American Executive adopted, promptly, the latter interpretation, and, despite the signal consequences which had followed his hasty action in a previous case, immediately issued his proclamation as prescribed by the act, without even the formality of a communication with England. The proclamation, as before, gave rise to many and serious disputes. That Napoleon intended the concluding sentence just quoted as a *precedent* condition, and that his decrees should remain in force until the British orders in Council were definitively revoked, the issue evidently unfolds. Itwas confidently predicted that England would not regard such an obscure declaration as a revocation of the decrees; that she would not, without a more formal promulgation of the Emperor's designs, relax her own policy; and she did so decide and act. As a natural consequence, therefore, American vessels were still seized under the Berlin and Milan decrees, as had been predicted, and the declaration of the French Minister produced no *visible* fruits. Bonaparte's crafty policy began to be clearly developed. Every one now understood that the Berlin and Milan decrees, since England had declined to revoke her orders in Council, would only be relaxed in our favor when the United States should declare war, as had been expressly *provided* in the French Minister's letter, against Great Britain. In this dilemma, an appeal was again made by the American Cabinet to England, to the effect that the declaration of the French Minister should induce a relaxation of policy. This appeal called forth the celebrated annunciation from the Prince Regent, that England would only revoke the orders in Council when the French Government, by some *authentic act*, publicly promulged, should make known the unconditional repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees. This answer was intended to be final, and it was so regarded; and at this point opens a chapter of history as interesting as singular, the elucidation of which is still locked up within the unexplored recesses of diplomatic craft.

The American Cabinet had now fairly taken its position. France had responded to its demand, and, if equivocally, at least in such way as had been recognized and acted upon. England had peremptorily refused, and to such extent had this refusal exasperated public sentiment, that no alternative was left but a resort to the last appeal of nations. It is clear that Bonaparte had been all along laboring to produce this result. His policy was developing at every period of the negotiations; and a fact which now soon came to light, left no doubt as to his designs in so long delaying a public and authentic revocation of his decrees. Here is the starting-point of the secret history. The declaration of the Prince Regent, while it precipitated the declaration of our war with England, had been seized upon by Mr. Barlow, our Minister to France, as a ground of appeal to the French Emperor to leave England without excuse for her conduct, by promulging an authentic and definitive repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees. It was urged that Napoleon should explicitly declare that these decrees had not been applied in our case since the previous, though disputed, declaration to that effect. Not having yet heard what effect the Prince Regent's declaration had produced on the American Congress and Government, Napoleon was reluctant, at first, to make any response to this appeal. If he should respond, and, in that event, England should revoke her orders in Council, he feared evidently lest such revocation on his part might calm excitement in the United States, and thus break up the prospect of war, which had now opened so auspiciously for his purposes. But in the meanwhile there came to France such rumors of hostile preparations in this country, of embargoes laid, and of moneys to be raised, of armies to be recruited, and of fleets to be equipped, that all doubt as to the result was fully removed, and war placed beyond the reach of remedy. Then he answered the call. A decree, bearing the imperial signature, was produced and handed to Mr. Barlow, which purported to have been dated and duly issued on the 28th of April, 1811, declaring unequivocally that no application of the Berlin and Milan decrees had been made, as respected American vessels, since November of the year previous, and fairly confirming the disputed declaration of the last date. This document, thus long and singularly concealed, was no sooner published, than England at once revoked the orders in Council. But the revocation came too lat-

War had been declared by the American Congress just *five days before*, though, of course, the news had not reached Europe.

The correspondence which produced the delivery of this mysterious document occurred in May, 1812. It reached Washington early in July of the same year, and threw surprise and consternation on the whole Cabinet. Congress had risen. War with England had been declared, and was then going on. It was now evident, from the date of Mr. Barlow's despatches, that the decree thus tardily published must have produced a change of British policy, and in August news came that the orders in Council, in accordance with the Prince Regent's declaration of nigh twelve months previously, had actually been repealed before the passage of the war act through Congress. We cannot pursue further this investigation. Suffice it to say that the American Cabinet was doubly confused by these startling developments, well knowing that Congress, at the approaching session, would institute rigorous inquiry into the whole matter. We do not charge that they deprecated or dreaded such inquiry. It is to be supposed that they did not. We certainly do not believe that they could have been seriously inculpated; for, admitting, as we must candidly insist, that the Cabinet had been guilty of some indiscretions, that they had been somewhat outwitted both by England and France, but especially by the last, and that they had fallen into some errors, we yet believe that war would have been declared against England in the face of this revocation, unless she had renounced the right of search and of impressment.

Such was the singular state of our relations with France, when Crawford was appointed Minister to that Court. Mr. Barlow had been instructed to demand an explanation as to the causes which had induced the long concealment of this definitive decree, to insist upon ample indemnity for spoliations on our commerce under the imperial decrees, and to bring about a favorable commercial treaty. But in the mean time Napoleon left Paris for the Russian campaign. He caused Mr. Barlow to be invited to meet him, late in the winter following, at Wilna. On this journey Mr. Barlow was stricken with the malady which produced his death, in December, and ere yet he had been able to perfect the negotiation. Crawford reached Paris in July of 1813, and was charged with the same instructions. But the Emperor was not then in his capital. He had been, since May, with the armies in and around Dresden, and was wholly absorbed with the events and scenes of the memorable campaign of that year. His mind was engaged with other and sterner matters than indemnities and spoliations; the coming event of his downfall had already cast its shadow in his path, and disasters and reverses, hitherto unknown to his arms, were already combining to hurry the fatal event.

Nevertheless, on the 27th of July, fourteen days after his arrival, Crawford took occasion to inform the Duke of Bassano, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in an official note, of his presence as the Envoy of the United States near his Majesty's government. The Duke replied, welcoming him to France, and recognizing his official presence; but requested that he should await the Emperor's return to Paris, and present his credentials at that time. It is known to all readers that this return was long delayed. During the entire summer and part of the fall, the campaign was vigorously prosecuted on both sides, and victory would declare for Napoleon to-day, only to be wrested from him to-morrow by the allies. At length the disastrous battle of Leipsic was fought, and Napoleon retreated from Germany. The brilliant victory of Hanau restored, for a moment, the prestige of his military fame; but the days of Marengo and of Austerlitz had passed, and the light of his ancient glory was fast fading before the gloom of approaching ruin. He entered Paris on the 9th of November, dejected and mistrustful, in no mood for negotiating concerning a matter comparatively so prospective and secondary as was his difference with the American Government. Yet, in token of the sincere respect which he had always professed to entertain for our Government and nation, he received the new Minister with great civility and favor. Crawford presented himself at the very first public reception after the Emperor's return. Napoleon advanced to meet him, saluted him, it is said, with a most profound bow, spoke in high terms of the character of the United States, and even complimented him, with true French urbanity, on his fine personal appearance.

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He remarked to the courtiers who stood around, that the American Minister's looks corresponded most strikingly with his great reputation as a statesman, and realized all previous conceptions of him.

Notwithstanding this civil deportment, however, the negotiation made no progress and Crawford's overtures were constantly postponed. The sinking fortunes of the Empire left Napoleon and his Minister no time to pursue the business for which Crawford had crossed the Atlantic. Indeed, the patience of the American Minister, never very great, was beginning fast to tire. In January, 1814, after having been in Paris more than six months, he writes to Mr. Monroe that he had only been able to effect one interview with the Duke of Bassano. This resulted in nothing. The communications of Crawford, touching the demands of his Government, were drawn with marked ability and skill; but the rush of startling events in Europe prevented the Duke from making any reply. At length, on the 25th the Emperor again left Paris for the armies, without having given any reason for the long concealment of the counter decree of 28th of April, 1811, or making any arrangement to satisfy the demands of the American Government. Crawford never saw him afterwards; and there the business rested during the whole winter.

It is known that in less than two months from the time that he left Paris, Napoleon was beaten at all points. The allies, pressing their advantages, advanced rapidly on Paris, and forced the garrison to capitulate. King Joseph and the Empress fled at their approach, and, on the 31st of March, the allied sovereigns, followed by their victorious bands, made their entrance into the city. The eighteenth Louis was restored to the inheritance of his ancestors, and Crawford received instructions to press the demand for indemnity on the new government. But a serious obstacle was now presented. The King assumed the ground that his government was not liable for the acts of the usurper. Crawford argued the point with great force, and clearly established the contrary position. The negotiations were prolonged throughout the year, and, had the government lasted, it is more than probable, we incline to think, that our demands might have been satisfied.

But an event was suddenly interposed which again distracted the entire business. Negotiations could scarcely be fixed on a treaty basis, before revolution unsettled the foundations. Napoleon escaped from Elba, landed safely in France, and, on the 20th of March, rode triumphantly into Paris. All Europe immediately declared war against him, and every other business gave way before the pressing necessity for preparation to maintain his throne.

The memorable Hundred Days followed. The few days that were allowed to Napoleon to remain in the capital were sedulously devoted to a resuscitation of the embarassed finances, to the raising of funds and provisions, to the levying of troops, and to the organization of armies. The forces of Austria and Prussia were already on the confines of France. The martial hordes of Russia were swarming on the banks of the Vistula. The British army had crossed over into Belgium, under command of the Duke of Wellington, and was forming rapidly for a march to Paris. The bristling bayonets of twenty banded nations were pointed against his single throne, and France, threatened on all sides, was looking to him as her only hope. Negotiations and treaties with transatlantic nations were not to be thought of at such a time, and, if thought of, there was no leisure to answer their demands. In fact, Napoleon left Paris for the armies so soon as his arrangements for prosecuting the campaign were completed, and his ministers were not clothed with authority to make any negotiation during his absence.

The scenes of the eventful campaign which ensued are well known to all readers of history. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, and in a few weeks afterwards Paris once again opened her gates to the allied armies. The fierce Prussian and the haughty Briton were bivouacked on her promenades, and each day witnessed some appaling act of millitary power, or some scene of national degradation. Treasured trophies of victory, and cherished monuments of glory and of architectural taste, were alike swept away and destroyed by the ruthless conquerors. No houses were spared save those occupied by the foreign ambassadors, and, among these, none was so respected as that of Crawford. The well-known banner of stars and stripes floated proudly above his door, and its broad

folds were a sure protection to all who came within their shadow.

During the occupancy of Paris by the allied armies, a public procession was ordered to celebrate the King's return. All the resident ambassadors from foreign governments were invited to participate, and as the occasion was to be made one of great attraction and splendor, all were desired to appear in their court costumes. Crawford was, of course, especially invited, as both conquerors and conquered were agreed in a common admiration of the American government, and in the desire to court amicable relations through its representative in France. The day arrived, and was distinguished, among other things, by a mirthful incident in connection with Crawford, peculiarly characteristic of the man and of his habits. A forgetfulness of small matters, particularly in the way of etiquette, was not the least distinguishable trait of Crawford's character. He could never bring his mind to the little task of embracing all the minutiæ of ceremony. Accordingly, at the hour designated, Crawford presented himself on the promenade, but had utterly forgotten to don his court vestments. He appeared in the ordinary dress of a plain American citizen, and would have doubtless failed, in consequence of this fact, to receive the attention due to his rank, but for an act of artless self-possession which eminently demonstrated his republican sense and simplicity, and which astonished the numerous, gaudily-apparelled spectators. It so happened that Crawford was intimately and favorably known to the Duke of Wellington, who was of course the lion of the day; and without pausing to calculate the amount of infringement on the stated rules of etiquette, he adroitly attached himself to the suite of His Grace, by whom he was received with genuine, unaffected English hospitality. This frank recognition on the part of the old Iron Duke, who had as little taste for mere peacock display as his blundering friend, produced a burst of applause from the assembled thousands around; and that which was, in fact, a great mistake on Crawford's part, was set down to his credit as a very harmless but apt exhibition of republican simplicity, designed to rebuke the glare and glitter of royalty.

In the August ensuing Crawford threw up his mission and returned home. He had failed to accomplish the object of his Government; but the failure did not proceed from incapacity or negligence on his part, or from any causes within his control. Revolution had followed revolution too rapidly to admit of tardy diplomatic business. France was in a continual turmoil during the whole period of his residence at her capital. Monarchs and ministers and governments had been changed repeatedly within periods so short as to resemble more the flitting pageantry of the stage than the scenes of real life and form. He had been interrupted and impeded at every step of the negotiations; and what progress had been made to-day, was lost among the strifes and struggles of to-morrow's revolution. Projets of adjustment and of explanation would be scarcely formed under the imperial dynasty, before the storm would rise as the ancient régime swept onward with its foreign allies. The basis of a treaty recognized under one government, would be peremptorily disavowed by that which succeeded. Crawford's temperament was not suited to a mild endurance of such political tergiversations and fickleness on the part of the French nation, while his republican notions of popular rights were daily outraged as he beheld France groaning under the sway of a monarchy, not its choice, but imposed on it by allied despots. It is probable, therefore, that disgust rather than discouragement induced him to demand his recall.

Thus was lost the last chance of ever obtaining a satisfactory solution of the secret history as concerned the famous counter decree of April, 1811. The final overthrow and banishment of Napoleon, the ostracism of his ministry, and the untimely death of Joel Barlow, closed all penetrable avenues to its elucidation; and it will probably remain ever a mystery to the world, unless chance or some posthumous revelations, yet to be made public, shall unfold and explain its details. We may as well remark also, in closing this period of Crawford's political life, that our claim for spoliations of commerce under the decrees of Berlin and Milan was prosecuted, amidst vexatious delays and despondences, under many succeeding administrations both in this country and in France, until, at last, the impetuous, resolute course of President Jackson extorted justice and satisfaction at the point of the bayonet. The first instalment was

paid by France in 1836, under the government of Louis Philippe.

Crawford brought home with him, as we are informed, not a very elevated opinion of French character. He regarded the French as an impulsive and restless people, governed less by judgment or reflection than by enthusiasm. He esteemed highly the noble qualities and genuine patriotism of Lafayette and his compeers, and viewed with just severity the absence of like appreciative tastes on the part of their giddy-minded countrymen. The ascendency and great popularity of Bonaparte was founded, as he argued, not so much in real attachment and healthful admiration, as in morbidly excited passion, and in pride unduly and fatally influenced by a perverted longing for national glory and aggrandizement. He denied to the French people the possession of the sound discriminating *sense* and sterling qualities of character which so eminently belong to the English and the Americans in their rational capacity. This may be regarded, by many, as a harsh and overwrought judgment. We incline to think, however, that those who judge France by the sure test of its history will yield a concurrence of sentiment. The prestige of great military fame, and of martial deeds, has ever allured and controlled the admiration and affections of the French people, from the days of Clovis and Charlemagne to the present time. It is unquestionable, we think, that the charge at Lodi, the battle of the Pyramids, the passage of the Alps, the victory of Marengo and its splendid results, did more to endear Napoleon to the ardent Frenchmen, than all the grand achievements of his civil administration.

The works of Cherbourg, the magnificent quays and bridges of the Seine, the spacious docks of Antwerp and of Flushing, the maritime works of Venice, the passes of Simplon, of Mont Cenis, and of Mont Genèvre, which open up the Alps in four directions, exceed in boldness, grandeur, and art any thing ever attempted by the Romans; yet it is not going too far to say that these noble monuments of genius, as compared with the glories of Austerlitz or of Jena, form not a single cornice of the broad pedestal of affection from which towers his adored image. It is not to be supposed that a man of Crawford's austere constitution and sound judgment could sympathize with a people thus supercilious and vain. He had no tolerance for that species of patriotism which springs from man-worship, and which burns only at the shrine of military renown. It was enough to fix and settle his opinion, when he had detected the extreme susceptibility of the French people on this point. Their chivalry, their bravery, their learning, their numerous unequalled accomplishments were all powerless, in his view, to palliate such fatal perversion of taste and of reason. On the whole, we incline to acquiesce in the correctness and justice of his opinions; though, at the same time, we have always cherished, and cherish still, a very high admiration of French chivalry and generosity of character, and must award to them the palm of excellence in all those beautiful accomplishments which so adorn the domestic circle, and constitute the charm of society.

J. B. C.

*Longwood, Miss.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# JUNIUS.*

"Podagricus fit pugil."—Horace.

Eighty years ago, Junius said—not with strict veracity, we believe—"I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall perish with me;" and ever since, the politicians and literary men of this country and England have been either trying from time to time to come at it, or wondering nobody at any time had been able to do so. This lettered Sphinx has set the wits of a great many to work, without having found an Œdipus among them, or, which amounts to the same thing, one who has had his solution allowed by the generality of people. He has spoken, nevertheless, though his announcement has not been high enough to be heard satisfactorily among the louder guesses of the Davuses.

This question of Junius is not merely a curious one. There is something more than idle curiosity to be gratified by it. The themes of Junius concerned not England and that age only, but America and posterity. His was an era when germs of mighty results were growing into life within the four seas of Great Britain. The expenses of Pitt's memorable war obliged the English ministry to try and get money by taxing the American colonies. This attempt led to rebellion and to the most propitious revolution the world has seen. Others more tremendous but less fortunate grew out of it; and the vibrations of these great changes are felt in the world to this day. The record of the opinions, controversies, principles out of which came such consequences, must always be interesting to us; and no small portion of that belongs to the bold literature of Junius. We naturally desire to know something about that masked scribe who singly attempted to stem the torrent of royal despotism, taught a king and his courtiers to tremble at the power of the printing-press, and baffled every effort of their vengeance. Our considerations of the subject may not only afford us many important historic views, but an interesting insight into the phenomena of human character. Junius must always be an attractive theme, till discovery shall do away with the mystery, and then he will be equally attractive as a part of history; as he is, even now, to those who recognize his lineaments and great life, and who know that, of his offspring, one was the pilot who weathered the fiercest storm that ever threatened the monarchy of England, and that the other led, with distinction, a portion of her armaments, in the midst of it.

As in Lord Byron's "Vision of Judgment," the mysterious appearance of Junius has undergone a variety of interpretations, changing from one likeness to another, after the manner of objects in "dissolving views."

> "One would swear
> He was his father; upon which another
> Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother.
> Another that he was a duke or knight,
> An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
> A nabob or man-midwife; but the wight
> Mysterious changed his countenance at least
> As oft as they their minds,
> Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task
> At this epistolary Iron Mask."

Among those put forward to claim the substance of this shadow were Edmund Burke, Gibbon, Lord George Germaine, Charles Lloyd, (George Grenville's Secretary,) Dunning, Lord Ashburton, John Wilkes, Sir W. Jones, John Horne Tooke, Henry Grattan, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Philip Francis, H. Macaulay Boyd, (called by Almon the bookseller, "a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket,") Henry Flood, (the Irish orator, famous for his cadaverous aspect and broken beak,) Sam. Dyer, (a member of Dr. Johnson's and Oliver

* Junius: Including Letters by the same Writer, under other signatures; to which are added his Confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. A new and enlarged edition, with new evidence as to the Authorship. By John Wade. London: Henry G. Bohn. New-York: Bangs, Brothers and Co.

Goldsmith's Literary Club, and Burke's particular friend,) Lord Temple, Lord Chatham, Col. Barré, the Earl of Shelbourne, W. G. Hamilton, (called, by misnomer, Single-speech,) Leonidas Glover, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, Major-Gen. Lee, the American, Horace Walpole, Valentine Greatrakes, &c. Enough surely in a list of between thirty and forty persons—a round half dozen of whom were Irishmen—to demonstrate—if demonstration on the matter were at all necessary—how widely men's conclusions can diverge from a common text, and what a small amount of proof and probability is sufficient to bring home conviction to the minds of a great many of us! Time has quietly disposed of the majority of the foregoing names; their pretensions were as shadowy as *Nominis Umbra* himself was considered to be, and they have made themselves thin air, into which they have vanished like Macbeth's witches. The claims made for them were feeble—mostly ridiculous. Lord Germaine was suspected at the time Junius first appeared, because his Lordship was known to feel animosity against the Marquis of Granby for the disgrace of Minden, and to hold the strong Whig opinions expressed by Junius. But Lord George could not have composed the Letters of the man in the paper mask. His Lordship's style was meagre and commonplace. His power as a writer was, in fact, upon a par with his spirit as a soldier—which is saying enough for the claims of authorship set up for him. Those of the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole and W. Gerard Hamilton, have also been supported. But these four fastidious men were all alike incapable of the truculent vigor, the splendid ferocity of Junius. Hamilton in particular was horrified that any one could think him the man to perpetrate some of Junius's paragraphs. "Had I written," he says, "such a sentence, (as that of a nobleman who had travelled through every sign of the Zodiac—from the scorpion in which he stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a virgin, &c.,) "I should have thought I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition for ever." Posterity cheerfully absolves Single-speech, the owner of the Raree Show at Strawberry Hill, his unready soldiership, and the polite letter-writer of the age, of any share in the guilty tastes or tendencies of Junius.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, has been put forward. An edition of Junius, published in London, 1801, with the name Robert Heron, Esq., asserts that this lawyer was the author of the letters. Heron's name was apparently an assumed one, and his design seemed to be to mystify the reader, and lead him from the track of the real writer. But there are many reasons why Dunning did not write them; the first of which is, that he could not. This reminds us of a saying of Henry the Fourth of France. When he was on a journey through the provinces, the mayor of a little town, desiring to excuse the omission of a public salute on his Majesty's arrival, said there were five reasons for the same—the first of which was, the want of cannons. Whereupon the King, who considered this excuse strong enough to stand alone, told the mayor pleasantly that the first reason was so good, he would dispense with the four others. In the same way, we may pass over the other reasons for setting Dunning aside. We do not lay any very great stress on the fact that he was Solicitor-General at the time the Letters appeared, and for over a year afterwards. We do not see why they might not have been written by an official, if he was a Whig. This test of ability is one which should be applied to all the claims; and one which, with one exception, none of those persons named can bear for a moment. The men of genius who have been spoken of—Burke and Gibbon—stand the test as badly as the feebler mob of the pretenders. Gibbon has no political character indicating his age; no strong blood to boil in the warfare of contemporaries. He seems to have belonged more to the reign of Justinian and the theological business of the Council of Chalcedon—to the bold Monophysites, Nestorians, and so forth, than to the early lustrums of George the Third, Wilkes and Liberty, and the Stamp Act. Burke's genius and that of Junius would seem to be decided contrasts. Burke never exhibited that asperity which belongs to the anonymous politician. Burke was a great generalizer. Junius dealt in particulars. The former carried out his meaning in a chain of reasoning. The latter is too impatient to reason; he strikes abruptly at his mark—"o'erleaps all else, to light upon the issue." It is told of Burke that his prolix oratory used very often to tire and thin

the House of Commons; it is known that the confident speech of Junius reached its aim with rapidity—took the popular assent by instant storm. Burke never felt the fierce hatreds of Junius. His denunciations of Warren Hastings were vague and melodramatic, compared with the tomahawking and scalping of Mansfield, Grafton, Barrington, and the rest, by their masked adversary. One of Burke's biographers, Mr. Prior, thinks he was Junius. As regarded the palpable dissimilarity in the styles of the two men, Prior tries to account for it by saying, that where the purpose was concealment, the unknown writer would assume a manner such as would make internal evidence of no avail. Dr. Bissett, who also wrote a life of Burke, is of the very loose opinion, that the latter "was not frequently the writer of Junius's letters, if he was of any." He further says, "I think Lord George Germaine not Junius, because inferior to the latter; Burke, because superior." Permitting these learned Thebans to neutralize each other, we come to Burke's own sentiments. Mr. Butler, author of the Reminiscences concerning Junius, says, Burke spoke of the latter in terms of disgust; and it is not difficult to understand the aversion of a mind like Burke's from the fierce invective of the anonymous writer. Mr. Burke truly said to Dean Marley: "I could not write like Junius, and if I could, I would not." In fact, Burke told Johnson, spontaneously, that he was not Junius. This may be accepted as a strong corroboration of the prior and better evidence of the Letters.

Charles Lloyd, brother of the Dean of Norwich, and private secretary of George Grenville, (Grenville, by-the-bye, is the only man whom Junius eulogizes in an unqualified manner,) has been thought by many to have been the author of the Letters. Dr. Parr,

> "the learned monster,
> Who wrote an epitaph that none could construe,"

swore by Lloyd. He said to Butler in 1822: "I tell you peremptorily that the real Junius was secretary to George Grenville; the name of Junius was Lloyd." He has recorded this belief in the catalogue of his library: "The writer of Junius was Mr. Lloyd, Secretary of Mr. George Grenville; this will one day be generally acknowledged." This belief came apparently from the facts that Junius always praised George Grenville, and that he ceased to write about the period of Lloyd's death, which took place three days after the last letter of Junius, dated January 19, 1773. Another fact may be opposed to the last of these. About six weeks after the death of Lloyd, Woodfall threw out his usual "signals" (in his communications with correspondents) for Junius. Now, it is believed, and we think correctly, that Woodfall could make a pretty shrewd guess at the writer, whom he always treated with a respect approaching reverence; and we may conclude he would not go to the trouble of signalling a dead man. An argument like this, however, is of inferior import in those considerations which properly belong to the character and identity of Junius.

The claims of Wilkes and Tooke, of the Boyds, Dyers, Glovers, Rosenhagens, Wrays, &c., are not worth dwelling on, now-a-days—they have been long given up. The name of General Lee has also been advanced; and in his case, there is a sort of *equivoque* which countenanced the imputation. Lee was the author of several letters printed in the *Public Advertiser* in 1769 and 1771, with the signature, "Junius Americanus." He was also the writer of the Preamble of the Bill of Rights. In a letter to Wilkes, Junius says: "Your American friend is plainly a man of abilities." In 1803 Mr. Rodney, in a letter printed in the *Wilmington Mirror*, stated that in 1773 Lee confessed he was Junius. It seems that in conversation, Lee asserted the secret of these Letters never would be known—that it would die with the author. Now Rodney, as he says himself, being wonderfully struck with something in Lee's manner, told him he thought he (Lee) must be Junius. Lee, he relates, looked confused, and then said, it would be but folly for him to deny he was Junius. (There appears to be some truth in that.) He then requested secresy in the matter. This has all the appearance of a cock-and-bull story. It is not improbable that Lee imposed an equivocal admission upon Rodney. He might have said he wrote letters signed Junius—inasmuch as he was Junius, certainly—but with a difference. The last attempt to unmask the great unknown seems to have

been made a few years ago, by Mr. Britton, who seeing the difficulties to be encountered in trying to reconcile any one man to the conditions of Junius, resolved to make sure of the matter and announce him as "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—to wit: Colonel Isaac Barré, Dunning, and Lord Shelburne; the first to answer the War Office pretensions of *Nominis Umbra*, the second to cover the evidences of legal acumen, and the third to countenance the lofty discontented Whig statesmanship of Junius. Mr. Britton's ingenuity certainly deserved better success than we apprehend his disquisition has met with.

The "ruck" in this race of prctensions, as a sportsman would say, has been diminished to two or three names—one of which is the true one. Richard, Earl Temple, brother of George Grenville and brother-in-law of Lord Chatham, has been advocated by Mr. Newhall, who published his argument in 1831. A report which originated about the year 1827, in the *Inspector*, a London magazine, edited by Effington Wilson, sent the public curiosity to look for Junius in the Grenville family. It was stated at the time, that Lord Nugent and the Duke of Buckingham, rummaging at Stowe, found a parcel of MS. papers containing three of Junius's Letters—among which was that to the King—concealed in a recess of which they were entirely ignorant, quite in the style of the Minerva Press mysteries! Whereupon the Duke went over to Lord Grenville, who looked solemn and conscience-struck, recognizing the whole affair, but begging to be spared for the present, and promising to provide for the publication of the papers after his death. The Duke and his lordship then pledged themselves to silence in the matter. We are not told that Lord Grenville presented his sword to be sworn upon, like Hamlet in the play. The conclusion that went about from all this was, that the masked individual had not been yet named, and that he was connected with the Grenville family. The whole story, in fact, was one of those things to which Burchell, if he could hear it, would have responded with his own irreverent commentary, "Fudge!" The idea that Junius, who dreaded exposure so much and perhaps so justly, would coddle up the manuscripts of his printed Letters and put them into the cranny of an escrutoire, along with other papers on kindred subjects, is so helplessly absurd that nothing but the instinctive credulity of the public would tempt any one to ventilate it. But the report made a sensation; and literary and political quidnuncs had strong hopes of being able to find out the awful Junius, by means of the secret drawer of the Stowe Library. One of the assertions generally made on the occasion was that the claims of Charles Lloyd, private secretary of George Grenville, were confirmed beyond any doubt.

"Parturiunt montes et nascetur ridiculus mus."

This affair, so full of "passages that led to nothing," did not die away however without deepening in the public mind the impression that Junius was a Grenvillite. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1826, (thought to be Sir J. Mackintosh,) says: "A simple test ascertains the political connections of Junius, the only circumstance which he could not disguise because it could not be conceded without defeating his general purpose. He supported the cause of authority against America. (This assertion is not correct; Junius said, the question of taxation should have been buried in oblivion.) He maintained the highest popular principles on the Middlesex election, with the same statesman who was the leader of opposition on that question. No other party in the kingdom combine those two opinions. Whoever revives the inquiry, therefore, unless he discovers positive and irresistible evidence in support of his claimant, should show him to be politically attached to the Grenville party, which Junius certainly was, and produce some specimens of his writing of tolerable length, such as might afford reasonable ground to believe he could have written these Letters. In the case of Francis and Dyer, the two candidates of most plausible pretensions, no proof has hitherto appeared in connection with the Grenville party."

Mr. Newhall of Salem supports his claims on behalf of Earl Temple by all the appearances of fraternal partiality for George Grenville and his policy which are visible in the Letters. The main strength of his argument is drawnf rom a certain "Enquiry" published in 1766, and denouncing in strong terms the political inconsistencies of William Pitt, just then created Earl of Chatham. This was attributed at the time of its appearance

to Earl Temple, and was doubtless writ by his dictation. It contained strong reproaches against the great Commoner for his acceptance of office without Earl Temple, who was always his steadfast ally in Parliament, and with whom, nevertheless, he had dictatorially refused to divide the offices of the ministry. The tone and substance of this "Enquiry" are compared by Mr. Newhall with the first of the Miscellaneous Letters acknowledged by, Junius and the correspondence visible in them is taken as a proof that Junius and the author of the "Enquiry" were the same. Mr. Newhall contends that the differences then existing between Lords Temple and Chatham account for the asperity with which the latter is spoken of in the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, the first of which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* in April, 1767; while the opparent change in the tone of the concealed writer towards Chatham, in the letters signed with his celebrated name, and commenced in January 1769, is owing to a reconciliation which took place between these noblemen in October, 1768, when Lord Chatham sent back the seals and ceased to belong to the ministry. Mr. Newhall brings a great many circumstances together with much ingenuity. His theory has a fair appearance, and it is a pity the man does not fit it. However, Mr. Newhall may possibly have been of that casuist's opinion, who, when told that the facts of the matter did not bear out his hiypothesis, said, "So much the worse for the facts." Nothing in Lord Temple's character or career countenances the opinion that he could write the Letters of Junius. That he was a man of some talent may be admitted. But the perfervid genius that lives in these Letters never in any degree belonged to him; and allowing for the spirit of polemical retort, we have, in a reply to the forementioned "Enquiry," (which came from some of Pitt's partisians—or more probably from himself, for the mark of the man seems to be on it,) a passage suggesting a pretty true estimate of Lord Temple. "But this I will be bold to say, that had he, Lord T——, not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in, and gone off with no other degree of credit than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality." This would have been said of a man who could write like Junius—never was said of the latter, by the bitterest of his opponents. Dr. Johnson himself, who was employed by the ministry to repel the onslaughts of Junius, is forced to confess the science and adroitness of theat dreaded gladiator. The scholar is constrained to admire, in spite of the pensioner's duty to denounce.

The only considerations that seem to favor Lord Temple are his high rank and wealth, such as would give naturally that tone of lordliness or condescension which belongs to every thing Junius has written, and which is as visible in his short notes to Woodfall as in his letters to the highest men in the nation. Lord Temple has never been much insisted on, and he is generally allowed to passff into the limbo of the failures, with Dunning, Dyer and the rest—men more confidently spoken of than he has been.

We now come to Sir Philip Francis—a man more asserted and proved to be Junius than any other—

"Seen, heard attested—every thing but true."

In some respects his claims seem stronger than those of all the rest. Great stress has been laid upon the wonderfully minute and correct knowledge of the War Office which Junius exhibits. Mr. Francis was chief clerk there, at the time Junius began to write—1767—and continued in it till 1772—a period covering the whole publication of the Letters. Mr. Francis left his place in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington, the Secretary at War. In Junius's Miscellaneous Letters, favorable mention is made of Francis that signed "Veteran" has the following: "The worthy Lord Barrington, not content with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis." The latter and Mr. Chamier were competitors for promotion; so that there was little good feeling between them. A very imposing amount of circumstantial evidence is brought forward in this way; and we must allow that if young Mr. Francis would write at all, he would be desirous of writing with the tone and sentiments of those Miscellaneous Letters relating to the War Office.

Another argument in favor of Sir Philip is drawn from the fact that he reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham. The inference here is not very plain, till it is stated that a multitude of phrases and sen-

timents which belong to these recorded speeches also belong to Junius, after a certain date. If even this does not lead us to the conclusion, it must be further stated that young Francis is presumed to have either plagiarized something of what he reported, and made use of it in his character of masked letter-writer, or (and this view of the case is preferred) to have, in his reports, tricked out the feeble eloquence of Chatham with phrases, idioms, metaphors and quotations *of his own*, such as he had no scruple in applying to his own purposes, in the Letters. Thus the juvenile Mr. Francis achieved two great celebrities with the same easy effort, the orator Chatham's on one side, and the writer Junius's on the other! This is the argument of Mr. Taylor, who, in 1813, published, *ovans gutteris*, a book called "Junius Identified," and who put together the best case that has been made for Sir Philip.

But, however favorable these considerations may seem, there are others which must tend to set them aside; to overthrow them effectually. In 1767, when the first authentic letter of Junius, signed "Poplicola," was published, Philip Francis was twenty-seven years old, and a clerk in the War Office. In the earlier letters of Junius there is no difference, in power or ability, from those of a later date, save what may be owing to a greater subsequent amount of anger or earnestness. The same peculiar style is apparent from the beginning. The tone, from the first to the last, is as decided as the style is unmistakable; the paternal likeness is stamped vigorously on all the offspring alike. Is it possible a young man of twenty-seven could produce such imposing specimens of political disquisition and literary strength as are furnished by the letters signed "Poplicola," "Anti-Sejanus," &c., in 1767? Is it possible the confident tone of them could belong to such an age in any man's life? It is perfectly impossible; there never was such a monster of a juvenile! And this intrinsic evidence, carrying with it a force equal to that of demonstration, is enough to overthrow the claims of Sir Philip Francis, *in limine*. There is another argument not without its cogency, but inferior to the first, to wit: Is it to be believed for a moment, that a young man, brought into public life under the patronage of Pitt and promoted by his influence; who had been private secretary to that great Commoner, for whose character and memory Francis professed the highest veneration to the last moment of his life, making it his glory and his boast that he knew him and served under his eye; is it possible such a young War-Office clerk should open a series of remarkable letters by a lofty and powerful assault upon the principles and policy of that renowned and revered nobleman? that a young Whig aspirant, full of his party's enthusiasm, should try his "'prentice hand" in such a business; should fly in the aged face of the most splendid and popular champion the cause of Whiggery had ever been able to boast? Such a hypothesis is just as violent and untenable as the other. Other considerations help to put out of countenance the claims urged for Sir Philip Francis. He has not been able to show, in all he has achieved, that he could have written the Letters of Junius. Nobody pretends to say that he has. His writings have a certain character of imitation, which shows the influence of early admiration and a subsequent and palpable effort at resemblance; but though he had a noble model and adopted it, his manner, however good and forcible, can never be compared with the strong, original style of Junius. Sir Philip has sufficiently proved to the world that he never had vigor enough, at any time, to draw the bow of Ulysses.

The intellectual power which brought forth these anonymous epistles could not have given such proofs of greatness, alone; have done so much and no more. They were certainly written by some man who showed himself as great in other things. The splendid energy they so unquestionably exhibit must be found, if we look for it, manifesting itself elsewhere in the statesmanship or literature of that age. The celebrity to which it belonged was a Colossus, not a *torso;* we see the foot—it has the appearance of a gouty one—and we are bound to look for the Hercules from which it has been severed. The genius and power of Junius lead us to search for the man, not among the clerks, secretaries, and understrappers of office, but among the noble and lordly spirits ranging at that time within the confines of England; the men who agitated with potential voices the politics and destinies of a mighty empire.

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It is futile to look for Junius anywhere but in the person of William Pitt, Lord Chatham,—one of the greatest and most original political characters of his time. The "terrible cornet of horse," whom Sir Robert Walpole could not muzzle in his youth, was the more terrible letter-writer whom the majesty of England could not compel to silence in his old age. In Chatham only, of all the remembered men of his era, we have the necessary first premise in that chain of argument which alone can lead us to Junius; that is, the ability to write the Letters. There is no sign of any other man who could do this. The only writer whose literary power, exerted in a political way, came near that of Lord Chatham, was Burke. But the genius of Burke, as we have said, and as all will admit, was demonstrated in different modes of thought and expression. Besides, Burke was a Rockingham Whig, while Junius, in the main, expressed the political principles of Chatham and the Grenvilles.

The better to understand why William Pitt should be Junius, it will be necessary, not to look alone to dates, motives of the day, contemporary coincidences, peculiar idioms, artificial hand-writing, the tall gentleman with the cloak in Ivy Lane, and so forth, but to the antecedents of his political career. In these we should try to find the spirit and motives of the war which the masked champion waged for five years against the Court and Ministry of England. He was born in 1708, and educated at the University of Oxford, where he was known as a good scholar, something of a poet, and a ready debater. Leaving Oxford, he travelled on the Continent, and, after his return, accepted a cornet's commission in the Guards; and was subsequently returned to Parliament for Old Sarum, in 1736. He soon distinguished himself by the bold style of his oratory and a certain independence of character, which highly offended Sir Robert Walpole, and gave an earnest of that overbearing disposition which in the end made him so feared and so famous. His eloquent retort on Sir Robert's brother and another old gentleman who stood aghast at the behavior of the young man, and called him to order, is well known, and even with all the disadvantages of the imperfect reporting of the time, reads, in sentiment and turn of phrase, wonderfully like his later standup fights against Ministers in the House of Lords, and like the personal passages of Junius. He was always considered irrespective and often insolent, and was dreaded and hated as much as he was admired. He set his face against the ascendency of Walpole—who took away the cornet's commission he had given him—and was stout enough to thwart the Hanoverian politics of George the Second, and condemn his partiality for the Electorate to the prejudice of the English nation. At last, the King, notwithstanding his aversion, was persuaded to call the formidable Mr. Pitt into office, in 1746; and the latter was appointed Paymaster to the Land Forces. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and the Grenvilles always acted in concert. In 1755 they were dismissed for refusing payment of some Russian and German subsidies before these had been sanctioned by a parliamentary vote. In 1756, in consequence of the national disasters, the King sent the Duke of Newcastle to invite Mr. Pitt and his friends into office. But Pitt refused haughtily to take any office under the Duke. The King wanted to get Pitt in without his friends, and Pitt wanted to carry them all in along with him. The King's favorite Ministers could not stand, and he bitterly complained of his helplessness. In 1757 he and his Government fell alive into the dreaded hands of the great Commoner. Pitt had *carte blanche*, made his ministry as he pleased, and ordered every thing in the most able and autocratical manner. He stipulated, among other things, that, instead of leaving the correspondence with the officers of the Navy to the Board of Admiralty, he should have it himself; to which the King was obliged to consent. Thus Pitt wielded the naval armaments of England with his own hand, as it were. His ministry commenced in 1757 and ended in 1761; having been one of the most glorious in the English annals. The spirit of the great Secretary, standing alone in his own high place, seemed to pervade all the offices and armaments of the nation, which, from a condition of danger and despondency, saw itself, in three years, victorious and dreaded in every quarter of the world.

In the mean time the Minister was an object of implacable dislike to the Leicester House party, which had for its head the Princess Dowager of Wales, the mother of Prince George, afterwards George III., and

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for its hand the Earl of Bute, tutor to the Prince. The Princess saw with horror how the royal prerogatives had been controlled by the Whigs in the days of the two Georges, and she determined so to influence the Ministers of England and train up the heir apparent, that the detested influences of Whiggery should not be perpetuated in his reign. Thus the Leicester House *Camarilla* fostered that Toryism which was soon to ascend the throne with George the Third, and preserve a powerful ascendency from that day to this. The genius and popularity of Pitt struck them with dismay. What if the King's enemies were at his feet? The King's prerogative was nearly in the same predicament. The Minister's glory was an eye-sore and a panic, and the united parties of the two Courts labored to obstruct and deface it. They took advantage of the antipathy which the King never ceased to feel for the lofty English genius of Pitt, and while the latter was greeted with a general shout of popular applause, a host of mercenary writers were subsidized who denounced him, all over the nation, for the reckless waste of public money caused by his belligerent system of government; and after his resignation in 1761, continued to assail him for his apparent desertion of his old principles in his acceptance of a pension and a title (that of Baroness Chatham) for his wife. Never was a man more furiously baited by the partisans of the Court than William Pitt, and never did a haughtier spirit look down with angry scorn upon the assaults of his adversaries. He secretly cherished for the Tories of the Court and Leicester House a defiance and hatred as cordial as that party could possibly entertain for him.

In 1760 George the Second died, and the policy of the Princess Dowager began to be put in practice. The Earl of Bute was added to the young King's Council; Pitt's war Parliament was dissolved, and his friend Mr. Legge, Chancellor, dismissed in a high-handed way by the King, to make room for Lord Barrington—the "bloody Barrington," whom Junius has so truculently damned to everlasting fame. George the Third was to be liberated from the Pitts, Grenvilles and other Whig influences which infested the preceding reigns. A peace policy was the base of operations against Pitt; and in Court circles it became the fashion to deplore the expenses and miseries of war. In the King's Council Pitt and Temple were outvoted on the question of going to war with Spain to discomfit and shatter the "Family Compact." Bute called Pitt's desire for the war rash and unjustifiable; whereupon the latter, with great haughtiness, said, he was called to the Ministry by the voice of the people, and would no longer remain where he would be held responsible for measures which he was not allowed to guide. He and Temple left the Council, and then resigned their offices in the Ministry.

Then followed a tournament of pamphlets and a boiling of the partisan blood of the kingdom. Lord Chatham and the Whigs were assailed by Dr. Smollett, in "The Briton;" and Wilkes, in "The North Briton," made war upon the Tories and the Court. In 1765, during the ministry of George Grenville, Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple refused three overtures made to them by the Court. It was a time of intrigues, criminations, inquiries, defenses, and general perturbations in high quarters. The Rockingham administration was got up in the confusion, but fell to pieces in a few months; whereupon the terrible *pis aller*, Mr. Pitt, again received a *carte blanche* to make a ministry from the jarring and almost hopeless elements of government. The task which Pitt accepted was arduous and full of perplexity. The result of his efforts was what Burke termed the mosaic ministry—a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, there a bit of white. This ministry, on its formation, contained Lord Camden, Pitt's best friend, as Lord Chancellor, General Conway, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Charles Townshend, &c.; Chatham himself (lately gazetted a peer) holding the office of Lord Privy Seal. This—Lord Chatham's last administration—was eminently disastrous. In forming it he underwent much to humiliate and chafe the haughty spirit of this political Achilles—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

Mr. Almon, his biographer, says that before the Earl could complete his plans he made several offers to men of high political consequence. But "that superiority of mind which had denied him the usual habits of intercourse with the world gave an air of authority to his manner, and precluded the policy

of a convenient condescension to the minutiæ of politeness, and the fascinating power of address. He made an offer of Secretary of State to Lord Gower, whom he had refused when proposed for that office by his brother, Lord Temple. He made offers to Lord Scarborough, Mr. Dowdeswell, and several others; but in such terms of *hauteur* as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of refusal. To the first an abrupt message was sent that he might have the office, if he would; to the second, that such an office was still vacant; to a third, that he might take such an office or none. The offers were all rejected. He then waited upon Lord Rockington at his house in Grosvenor Square. But Lord R. refused to see him." All these circumstances tried his proud temper severely. The result of one of his offers must have been gall and wormwood to him. He hated the Duke of Bedford cordially. His Grace had thwarted his policy in the matter of Spain and the Family Compact; had done what he could to lessen the glory of Pitt, and in 1763 had signed away "with a single stroke of his pen," what had cost William Pitt so much travail of soul. Yet he was forced in the first year of his ministry to offer the Duke terms which were angrily rejected. Three years after, in the twenty-third letter of Junius, the vials of long-nursed wrath were poured in bitter variety upon the head of the Duke.

Lord Chatham concluded his ministerial career, as he began it, in the midst of hostility. His political life was one long fight with the powers of Toryism, and his austere mind bore all the exasperating scars of the conflict. He was hated by the Courts of George the Second and George the Third, and denounced by the hired advocates of the royal prerogative. At the same time he had not the aid of that strong support which springs from personal attachment. Burke and others deplored his stern and unaccommodating character, which had too much of "the hardihood of antiquity" in it. Pitt had a genius and a will which indisposed him to those means of suavity and persuasion by which meaner men attain and preserve their ends. He could not stoop to conquer—though to stoop were only necessary for the purpose; and he was too prone to permit his inferiors—and t' were almost all the people he had with—to discover his opinions of them. His loftiness and reserve repelled the personal adhesion which would have made his statesmanship, and the cause he supported, triumphant. Like Napoleon in mind, he also resembled him somewhat in fate.

"Ambition steeled him on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on his lip and brow,
And slight the instruments he was to use
Till they were turned to his own overthrow."

Such demeanor, in fact, "cooled his friends and heated his enemies," to a degree that obliged Lord Charlemont to exclaim: "Is it possible such a man can be friendless?" The first Whig himself—as the Tory Dr. Johnson termed Lucifer—could scarcely be more disliked or feared by the courtiers than this other great chief of the party. His plans and views of government were systematically opposed, and every art made use of to pull him down from his pride of place. All these asperities and difficulties were aggravated by a hereditary gout which tormented him from his earliest youth, and which without doubt helped to give his manners that stamp of severity so characteristic of them. This gout was in fact bound up with every thing Lord Chatham was. In age it exasperated the male austerity of his mind into splenetic action, as in youth it had forced him to that study by which he built up and informed his vigorous intellect.

Thus we may see how Lord Chatham was emphatically and necessarily the adversary of that system of policy which, having grown in the secresy of Leicester House, became the rule of government since the accession of George the Third. This policy was the liberation of the crown from Whiggery and Pitt; and against this policy were the energies of the latter always exerted. Junius says, in his Letter to the King: "At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessors." We can easily conceive how Lord Chatham would sympathize with any warfare like that of Junius, waged against the Tory ministries of George the Third.

'ntellectual power and peculiarities
'perative ta[illegible]tham coin-

cides with Junius as closely as in his political biases. Pitt, from his first speech in the House of Commons, was famous for an irreverent acrimony and looseness of tongue; witness his retort on old Walpole. His powers of sarcasm were very great, and his "eternal invective" passed into a proverb. Horace Walpole gives an account of a meeting which took place at the Cockpit in London in 1755, and at which Pitt spoke after his characteristic fashion. "Pitt," he says, "surpassed himself; and then, I need not tell you, he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, labored, cabinet orations make *vis-à-vis* his manly and dashing eloquence! I never suspected Pitt of such a universal armory. I knew he had a Gorgon's head composed of bayonets and pistols; but little thought he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate (on the Hanoverian and Russian Treaties) Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle has retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt, attacked him for his eternal invectives. Oh! since the last Philippic of Billingsgate memory, you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned. Campbell was annihilated. Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think what a charming ridicule that must be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half!" Once in the House of Lords he turned with an awful look upon his "dearest foe," Lord Mansfield, and, after staring him down and saying he had a few words to say to him, but that they should be daggers, he called out: "Judge Felix trembles! He shall hear from me some other day;" and, with that, resumed his seat. Something terrible seems to be here implied; something, we cannot help thinking, like that "storm" which Junius said he could raise, to make the Duke of Bedford "tremble even in his grave!"

Lord Chesterfield, writing of Lord Chatham, says: "He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing. He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. His eloquence was of every kind. His invectives terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction and such dignity of countenance and action, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over them."

From all this it will be seen how William Pitt showed himself possessed of that irritable and commanding power of sarcasm, that vehemence of invective which are so distinctive of Junius, and which are to be met nowhere else in any literary or political character of the day. This palpable resemblance has led a few writers to what we consider the true conclusion and the man, such as we think will yet be recognized—in spite of the reluctance, chiefly of English critics, to think "Sublimity Pitt" could be fierce-hearted *Nominis Umbra*. A Cambridge friend, an excellent critic, and one familiar with the Georgian times, says he cannot believe that the grand old Earl could become such a *Jupiter-Scapin* as to perpetrate the Letters. But one's knowledge of human nature may explain all that. The greater the genius, the truer to humanity and its passions. The philosophic Sir John Falstaff says pathetically, that he who has most flesh has most frailties. Analogously, we think the more genius a man has, the more is he prone to the irregularities or faults of the feelings. Great minds *will* be gloriously offending—they *will not* be content to dwell in decencies for ever. One touch of passion makes the whole world kin—levels the porcelain intellect with the common crockery-ware. Chatham was truly a man, with all the male passions—able ministers—in full blow about him. Such a character, instead of contenting himself within vulgar bounds, will generally be found spurning and overpassing them, with the "brave disorder" the poet speaks of. The fact is, if William Pitt were incapable of being "Junius," he were, in the same degree, incapable of being Chatham. Our learned friend will please to recollect that Jupiter himself, according to the best accounts, had a large amount of the Scapin in his composition.

*Sed, sat prata biberant.* The rest of our observations we shall offer next month.

W. D.

*Chelsea.*

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# SPAIN AND HER POLITICIANS.*

[The following article on a neglected subject seems to require a prefatory note from us. The possibility of the political regeneration of Spain through the spontaneous action of her own men, and by legitimate and orderly means, should be a subject of deep interest, especially in this country and at the present time. A perusal of the following pages will show that the hope of such a result is by no means a vain one. It will be seen that she has men who have the true views, and are able and willing to work for this result.

Spain is regarded by the majority of persons as in a hopelessly retrograde state; and there appears to be a band of desperate men among us who wish her to be considered as an outlaw of nations, against whom no political crime can be committed. We have, however, at Washington an Administration which applies the doctrine of "*strict* construction" not only to our own rights, but to the rights of other nations; and as long as it lasts, at least, these desperadoes will find their schemes thwarted as rapidly as they are formed.

The author of this article has confined himself to general principles, and has not thought proper to discuss the more particular questions which divide the two constitutional parties, the *Moderado* or Conservative, and *Progresista* or Liberal. Towards the former he has exhibited too great a bias, and not considered sufficiently the principles for which the latter have contended. Could these two parties be fused together by mutual concessions, so as to insure the final destruction of what remains of absolutism, (and there is much that remains, notwithstanding the Constitution, in spirit if not in form,) we might confidently expect Spain to take rank among the foremost defenders of constitutional liberty in Europe.—Ed.]

The present condition of Spain is but little understood in this country, and the interest we take in her affairs still less than our knowledge of them. Nor is this ignorance confined to ourselves. To the greater part of the Old World she is still a *terra incognita*, and even her neighbors over the Pyrenees can scarcely be said to appreciate her. In England she is, perhaps, better known than elsewhere, as, in some sort, Great Britain may be regarded as the tutelary divinity of the whole peninsula; the result of a variety of causes, not the least of which is, that the English are the deepest drinkers of the wines of Xeres and Oporto. It is true, indeed, that an indefinite notion that she is still the most romantic nation in Europe, and the interest which attaches to the Peninsular War and the struggles of Don Carlos, have, within the last twenty or thirty years, drawn many travellers to the more accessible parts of her territory, who have made us sufficiently familiar with her external life; while French and German geologists have exhibited to us with minute accuracy nearly the whole surface of the country. Her ventas, posadas, halls and balconies have still an irresistible charm. But as it regards the products of her soil, her industrial resources, her interior life, and the origin of her political movements, our knowledge is extremely limited. Her literature is scarcely ever referred to by the press. Her great men are, with few exceptions, unknown. And in proportion to our ignorance is the scorn with which we regard her as a nation proud and imbecile, governed either by reckless demagogues, or by statesmen who are for ever dealing in abstractions, and totally unable to comprehend the world as it is.

The causes which have plunged the nation into this deep obscurity are too obvious to require remark. The chief of them is doubtless to be found in that profound and apparently hopeless subjection to absolute power into which she had begun to sink previous to the death of Philip II., and in which she continued till after the beginning of the present century; a condition of things presenting, on the surface at least, no prospect whatever of improvement, a calm of stagnant waters which the angel would never venture to disturb; nor, although this extraordinary

* Obras Completas de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa. Paris: Baudry. 1845.

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lethargy was at length broken up, and Spain has been for nearly forty years in a state of agitation as constant as the political sleep into which she had previously fallen, has she yet been able to take a position sufficiently elevated to obtain the regard and respect of the world. "The emblem of our intellectual and political state," says the author of the memoir of De la Rosa, prefixed to the work the title of which we have quoted below, "is not the day but the night; a night clear, however, and sometimes illuminated by ephemeral glimmerings of light, sure presages of the dawn."

To this cause of our want of interest in the affairs of Spain must be added, that our commerce with her is too comparatively insignificant to make her an object of paramount interest, while her insular position at the south-western corner of Europe places her without the ordinary channels of communication through which we derive our knowledge of the greater part of the nations of that continent. This insulated position, indeed, prevents her from feeling immediately or very deeply the general European movement in politics and religion.

Yet there are few nations which have stronger claims on our regard than this unfortunate State, whether we consider its history, the character of its people, or its natural resources. Of all the hordes that broke up the Roman Empire, this was the first that established a written Constitution. In every period of its history it has been fertile in men of genius. It has always had, almost without interruption, a brilliant national literature; and we need not mention that after the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, she held for a long period the most distinguished position in arts, arms and enterprise. To her we owe the discovery of our own continent, and it may not be useless to remember that the oldest town within our limits was founded by her.

Her natural and industrial resources, also, are worthy of attention. The iron of Biscay, the great beds of coal in the Asturias, the wonderful lead veins of Linares and the Sierra de Gadór,* the mercury mines of Almaden, the wheat of Andalusia, perhaps the finest in the world, her fruits, her wines, the vast flocks of sheep which browse on the mountain-sides of Leon and Old Castile, and in winter cover the plains of Estremadura, ought to entitle her to assume a rank second to no community whatever.

In her spasmodic struggles for liberty during the last thirty-eight years, with much that is shocking, nay, horrible, she has frequently presented strong claims to our admiration, although her progress in the path of freedom has been much slower than so many efforts and so many bloody contests would seem to warrant. We have been frequently told of late that her affairs have returned again to a state of hopeless stagnation. Nothing, in our judgment, is farther from the truth. Spain has never been in a better condition since the reign of Charles III. than she is at this very moment. The last few years have shown us, we believe, that she has at length riveted a Constitution, the main feature of which is a legislature with two branches. For nearly half a century she has been oscillating between an absolute monarchy and a legislature of one house. In 1834, indeed, she gained a Cortes with two houses; but then there was no positive assurance that both would stand. Now we believe there is. Besides, the Spanish mind is evidently awake and active. There are now not less than sixteen journals in that kingdom, devoted not merely to theoretic discussions of the foundation of government, but to the physical and industrial condition of the country, and the best methods of developing its resources. Among the contributors to these journals are the first men of the nation. But, however this may be, Spain has already given convincing proofs that she has energy enough left to work her way to the light, and that she will at length assume her true position. Her resistance to Napoleon has surrounded her with a glory which nothing can dim, and is of itself a sufficient pledge to the world, that a nation which could win in a moment this immortal honor, although her subsequent career may not altogether have corresponded with its beginnings, will not fail at last of a complete redemption from political thraldom.

It was asked by a contemporary lately, in a sufficiently harsh and scornful tone, whether Spain be capable of regeneration. In reply to this question we have not time to add any thing to what we have already said. It suits our purpose to say, only, that the great number of enlightened statesmen and men of genius, acquainted with the

* The latter affords annually from 500,000 to 600,000 cwt. of lead.

of the age, and the condition and wants of their own country, whom she has produced since the year 1808, sufficiently manifests that her case is not a hopeless one. One has only to read the advertisements of books published at Madrid, to be convinced that the Spanish mind is still active on all subjects of thought and inquiry, and that the great mass of its literary productions is not designed as mere sources of amusement to the populace, or as satires on public manners, but has an intimate regard to the social and political well-being of the State.

Among the most remarkable authors who have sprung up in Spain since the commencement of the present century, is Señor Don Martinez de la Rosa. He is little known in this country, but has long since achieved for himself a European reputation. It is not our present intention to enter into any special inquiry respecting his claims to be considered a genius, or into any criticisms on his works. It may be said, briefly, that no man of recent times has distinguished himself in so many and such different departments of thought and action. He has written at least ten dramas, all of which have been received with distinguished favor by his own countrymen, and one of which, the historical play of Aben Humeya, or, the Revolt of the Moors under Philip II., was first composed in French, and acted on the Paris boards* with great applause, and a considerable number of minor poems, which have always been popular in Spain. Among his miscellaneous writings are long, learned, and discriminating criticisms on Spanish poetry, as well as scarcely less interesting discourses on poetry in general, in the elaborate notes to his "La Poetica." "The Spirit of the Age," his great prose work, is evidently the production of a man who has thought deeply, and with sincere intentions, on the wants of the time, and the means of insuring a lasting and uninterrupted progress in social improvement. As a deputy to the Cortes, he has uniformly been distinguished for his eloquence; and it is certainly no mean evidence of his ability as a statesman, that, during a period of nearly forty years, he has been three times minister; that after passing through all the storms which have ravaged his country, almost without intermission, from 1808 to the present moment, having been once imprisoned for several years, and subsequently for a considerable period an exile, he should have found himself, in 1843, still in power as Ambassador to France, and in the following year Secretary of State. Something of this may be owing to fortune, but it must, in great part, be ascribed to the force of his talents. As other evidences of his eminence, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he is a member of many learned bodies, Director of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and President of the Historic Institute of France. During his residence in Paris, he not unfrequently employed himself in delivering before its societies, and especially before that of which he was President, lectures on the great poets, commanders, and navigators of his nation.

It is not so much, however, on account of his literary or political eminence, that we introduce his name here, as of our desire to present briefly the fundamental principle of his political theory, which we believe not only to be founded in truth, but which ought to be urged with the utmost frequency in an age like the present, one of whose great tendencies manifestly is to insubordination and disorder. Before entering on this subject, however, it may not be amiss to mention, in as few words as possible, a few particulars which we have gathered from several sources, among which is the biography prefixed to the work before us.

He was born in the city of Granada in 1789, a year rendered remarkable, as his biographers have noted, by the birth of many eminent persons in Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Robert Peel, Guizot, and Toreno and Isturitz of Spain. His family being wealthy, no expense was spared in his education. After having finished his preparatory studies in ancient literature, and acquired several modern languages, he ran through the courses of philosophy, mathematics, and the civil and canon law in the university of his native province, with so much success that at the age of twenty he had completed his law studies, and was already in charge of a class in moral philosophy in that institution.

At this period, 1808, the revolution broke out with a great explosion on the 27th of May. It was preceded by commotions in Aranjues in consequence of suspicions that Charles and his family were about to emigrate to Mexico, and by the massacre at

* At the Porte St. Martin.

Madrid occasioned by the abdication of Ferdinand and the attempt of the Queen of Asturias to leave the city. Spain was aroused at once, as if by an electric shock, from that profound apathy in which she had so long been buried. Under the Bourbons, France had managed to hold her in a state of almost absolute dependence; she had apparently not been influenced by the French Revolution; but the attempts of Napoleon were an attack on the whole nation, which, being once awakened and finding herself without a government, plunged headlong into the struggle for liberty. Juntas of safety and defense were organized in every province, except those immediately under the surveillance of the French.

De la Rosa could not refrain from throwing himself into the movement. He immedtately turned his professor's chair into a popular tribune, and set up a journal to stimulate the nation to resistance. Shortly after these events he was dispatched by the Junta of his province to Gibraltar, to negotiate a peace with England, while the Count de Toreno went from Asturias to London with the same object.

There was no government, the Central Junta having the temporary management of affairs. In establishing a new one on the ruins of the old, the movement determined to adopt the representative system, and De la Rosa went to England to observe its practical workings at its fountain head. Here he did not remain long. The fortune of arms had turned against Spain, and the Central Junta, finding itself too weak to carry on the government, had convoked the Cortes. To this body De la Rosa was too young to be elected. He rendered it important assistance, however, by discussing in his periodical the great questions which were then agitating the country for the first time, by various political pamphlets, and by his labors as Secretary of the Commission on the Liberty of the Press. At the same time he employed himself in purely literary labors. In 1809 appeared his epic poem on the famous defense of Saragossa, and not long after several dramas—singular fruits of a day of storms.

At the conclusion of the Constituent Cortes De la Rosa was elected by Granada to the ordinary Cortes, which took its place. This position he was fated to find something very different from a bed of roses. The new Constitution was extremely defective; it wore on its forehead the pledge of its dissolution. The Cortes constituted but a single chamber. The nobles and clergy, both powerful bodies, were excluded from it. The system of representation was too radical for the nation at that stage of her progress. Every parish nominated an elector.* It unnecessarily made the bitterest enemies of the two bodies which it excluded. As was natural, the nation swung almost immediately to the opposite extreme, and a strong party sprang up in the Cortes itself utterly opposed to popular institutions. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the people, and the apparent success of the revolution, the nation was not democratic, nor any thing like it. How could it be—an isolated community, which up to that moment had participated scarcely at all in the European movement?

De la Rosa, however, still clung to the Constitution with the ardor of youth, and believing it the best possible at the time, continued to be the champion of his party till 1814. He believed that all that was necessary was the return of the King to give effect to its provisions. The King did return, but only to trample on the Constitution and extinguish the Cortes. The monarchical party was now so strong, that this was no difficult matter. He soon found it quite as easy to proscribe the constitutionalists. De la Rosa was banished for opinions previously expressed to the fortress of Peñon de la Gomera in Morocco. His imprisonment here, however, was not very rigorous. He was treated with courtesy by the commander of the garrison, who allowed one of his former servants, whom he accidentally found there, to wait upon him, and he occasionally amused himself in performing comedies with the officers.

The revolution of 1820, which brought the popular party once more into power, freed him from confinement, and his countrymen of Granada exhibited their enthusiasm on his return, by erecting for him a triumphal arch. But during his imprisonment his opinions had undergone considerable change. He had previously thought of liberty too exclusively; he now thought also of order and law. He had not abandoned his liberal principles, nor lost his faith in a representa-

* Fifty thousand inhabitants were entitled to one deputy.

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tive system; he was still far from thinking that under that system government could not be carried on."* But he saw the serious defects of the Constitution of 1812. The executive power was a mere nullity. It was allowed only a temporary veto, and the Cortes consisting of only one house, there was no check on passionate and hasty legislation, no effectual means of preventing discord and anarchy. He would have the executive power strengthened as much as it could be within constitutional limits. In brief, he had now become a friend of law and order, in opposition to weakness and dissolution. This change of opinion produced its natural consequences. He was elected to the first Cortes; but the popular party soon began to denounce him. His moderation was stigmatized as dough-faced.† He was accused of plotting against the Constitution; and the popular anger rose to such a height as to threaten his person. He remained firm. When the Cortes of 1821 assembled, there was no minister, and no one could be found except him of sufficient firmness and ability for the office. This ministry lasted but four months. It could not stand, as the popular party was strong enough to drive every thing before it. It was the more odious, because the foolish projects of the King were attributed to the ministry itself. It ended with the rebellion of the royal guard in the last mentioned year. After that event, in which the crown obtained a temporary triumph, no persuasions could induce him to retain his office, and he retired to private life at Madrid.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the particulars of his future career. After the French had taken possession of Madrid, the regency created at the instance of the Duke of Angoulême and the chiefs of the royalists party demanded of him an explicit recognition of its authority, which he firmly refused, and in consequence received his passports to leave the kingdom. He was absent from Spain eight years, spending his time in France with the most distinguished liberals of the opposition of 1827–30, and in travelling in Italy, Switzerland and Germany. He did not desert politics, but avoiding agitations, confined himself principally to literary pursuits. When at length he was permitted to return, although not allowed to visit the court, he quietly retired to Granada. Under the first regency of Christina he had liberty to present himself at Madrid, where in 1833 he published a collection of light poems which were received with much favor; the nation was then liberal and moderate.

The year 1833 found the people clamorous for a change of the ministry. Zea Bermudez, who was then at the head of affairs, was as moderate and mild as it was possible for an absolutist to be, but his monarchical principles were extreme, and it was impossible to carry them out. He held out no hope of convoking a representation of the people, to modify the prerogative or control any great functions of the State. He had declared his intention to maintain the old forms and instruments of government, and would admit no interference with the Church.* While he busied himself, with commendable zeal, in fostering trade and manufactures, he intended to keep to the old platform of administration in its full integrity. But as he could not stand, and no absolutist could be found of more moderate principles than his, the only alternative was either to throw the power into the hands of the radical party, or into those of moderate constitutionalists. The latter was adopted, and De la Rosa became Prime Minister. The great act of this ministry, on which De la Rosa had set his heart, was the promulgation of the "estatuto real," by which, for the first time, the Cortes was convoked in two bodies. This, we believe, he looked upon as his great achievement. As we have said, his views had been changed during his imprisonment in Africa, and although he had not abandoned his faith in a representative system, he had long wished to see such a one established as, by the medium of proper checks and balances, by uniting all orders of the State in the same congress, would be an equal check to anarchy on the one hand and tyranny on the other. He was strenuously opposed to political extravagances of any sort. His colleagues, too, were all liberal and moderate men. The ministry was of short duration. In fact, it represented but a small part of the nation. It was of course distasteful to the extreme

* Biografia, p. ix.

† *Pasteleria*, literally a pastry-cook's shop and try.

* Annual Register, 1834.

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absolutist party, and still more so to the radicals. While in office, De la Rosa seems to have displayed great firmness, never failing to present himself in public when danger threatened his life; but finding at length that he could not maintain public tranquillity without a resort to violent measures, which would itself have been an evidence of weakness, he resigned.

During the remainder of this year (1834) and the next he held no public office.

Of the Cortes of 1836–7 he was perhaps the most able and efficient member; siding still with the moderate party, which gradually gathered strength and came into power in December of the latter year, although he was not elected to the cabinet. When the revolution which followed quickly on virtually destroyed the Constitution of 1834, seeing the fruit of his toils thus apparently destroyed, in 1840 he retired secretly to Paris. The fall of Espartero, in 1843, brought him back from that city, to which he returned however in the same year, in the capacity of Ambassador. In 1844 he succeeded the fiery Narvaez as Prime Minister.

It has been objected to De la Rosa, that he is weak and fanatical. The part he has played on the political stage for so long a period disproves the former charge; the latter is entirely gratuitous. Who can be less fanatical than a man whose constant aim has been to steer between extremes? His want of success, if such it may be called, is to be attributed to the moderation of his principles. Spain in her present state is unfitted for them. He has always been attempting to fuse together the different orders of the State, a thing even now impossible.

The fundamental principles of his political philosophy, which we find in the first part of "The Spirit of the Age," may be regarded as the key to his actions. He believes, whether truly or not, that the animating spirit of the present times is a spirit of discontent, a proneness to agitation and dissolution. The great problem which is now presented to us is how to reconcile liberty with order. Who is to solve this problem? Unfortunately, there seems to be no hope of its being solved at all at present, because there is no party that applies itself to the settlement of the question with earnestness and good faith. Among politicians we recognize, generally speaking, but two parties, the flatterers of the government on one hand, and the flatterers of the people on the other. Both are influenced by their own selfish aims. The former cajoles the government by talking of nothing but authority; the other the people, by empty declamations on liberty, without alluding to order. Both place the foundations of government on abstract, vague, inapplicable theories; the flatterers of legitimacy on divine right, the flatterers of the people on rights derived from a state of nature. The former seek, by vague phrases and the affectation of a mysterious obscurity, to crush in the human soul the faculties bestowed by the very Being by whose authority they assert the government has been established. So far as they pretend that the inviolability of power is sanctioned by the course of time, they are convicted by their own arguments; for it will be difficult to find a single monarchy which has not presented in authentic documents or popular traditions proofs of the elective origin of the power of its rulers, or in some subsequent epoch of the supreme authority being legitimated by a vote of the nation. On the other hand, those who pretend to be the exclusive friends of the people, deriving their opinions from a state of nature, endeavor to convert general, abstract theories into practical rules of government. The mere announcement of this system involves its rejection. For what can be imagined more absurd than to attempt to apply speculative principles, vague and indefinite in the very expression of them, to the usages of civil society and the conduct of affairs? From neither of these parties, therefore, can we derive what we seek, security with liberty, progress with stability. All questions of government reduce themselves to a single practical question: In what way can the individuals which compose a nation obtain for themselves the greatest amount of practical advantages? The two parties to which we have referred do not approach it. They know nothing about it. It is not a part of their business to have any thing to do with it. It is the great and solemn question of the times, yet both are acting apparently in utter unconsciousness of its existence.

To whom then are we to appeal for the solution of the great problem with which we started? To those, and to those only, who,

having the welfare of a nation at heart, are profoundly conversant with the spirit of the times; and to those who, rejecting all abstract theories, look upon society as it is in all its complicated relations, and who only ask by what means shall the community be advanced to the next stage of happiness and prosperity without endangering, meanwhile, its safety and peace? De la Rosa maintains that the security of government rests solely on the common interest of the rulers and the ruled. In this country, where there is theoretically no distinction between the governor and the governed, we should say on the general interest; and the only question which a good legislator will ask himself on any subject, whether it be of an organic change, a tariff, banking law, or aught else, is, what will promote the general good? And whatever tends to the general good will eventually be established. Demagogues may declaim as they please of liberty, and private rights, and exclusive privileges, and utter their abstract solemnities with profound gravity; but it is in vain to resist necessity, or to fight with abstract and shadowy weapons against the demands of the times and the spirit of the age.

These views, which in the last paragraph we have expressed paraphrastically, we believe to be just; although we think that De la Rosa has not qualified them sufficiently, nor does he make due allowance for the elements of intelligence and virtue as safeguards to society. We cannot begin by denying the existence of individual rights, although they must in the end be subordinated to the general good. In great emergencies,—emergencies, however, which occur but seldom,—the right must be strongly asserted to rouse the spirit of man and give an irresistible impulse to the revolution. But if we examine narrowly the course of most revolutions, we shall find that, while they seem to be the offspring of popular enthusiasm, they have their real origin in particular grievances and interests; and so far as they do not, when the excitement has subsided, there will be an inevitable recoil. If history teaches any lesson, it teaches us this, that any institution which is founded on common interest, or the interest of the great mass of the people, can never be effectually overthrown. It may seem to conflict with private rights; by a certain portion of the community it may be denounced as hostile to liberty; for the moment it may be prostrated; but it will rise again, and those who would blindly be governed by none but abstract notions must be responsible for all the mischief that comes meanwhile. It is easy to excite the public mind by abstract propositions, because they are easily understood, at least in their outward import; but to make the mass of mankind comprehend a measure which depends upon a great variety of the most complicated relations, is another and a very difficult task. But a good statesman will only ask the question, what is for the common good? and endeavor to make men understand it. He, on the contrary, who in the present state of society, when one interest cannot be touched without affecting a thousand others, goes about inflaming the passions of the people and indoctrinating them with notions which neither he nor they can ever apply to the actual condition of society, works incredible mischief.



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# THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN

## I.

Of all the days of the year, the superstition of the past has invested none with greater terrors than the first of November. The dead then rise at midnight from their tombs, and, wrapped in their long grave-clothes, appear to remind the living of the prayers which they have forgotton for the deceased; the witches choose this fearful night for the exercise of their dreaded malice; the angel Gabriel then lifts for twelve hours his foot from the prostrate fiend, and suffers this dire foe of man to roam abroad and torment him. Usually, the dreariness of nature in that night lends double power to the terrors inspired by superstition; the storm rages in the air, the rain or snow falls thick and fast to the earth, the streams swell and overflow their banks, danger and even death threaten the traveller on every side.

During the night of the first of November, of the year 16—, a poor family without a guide, led by chance alone, were wandering upon new and unknown paths. Half-blinded by the snow which the furious storm lashed in their faces, their feet swollen from toil, the unhappy creatures were scarcely able to hold themselves erect. They were soon compelled to halt, and to seek shelter against the violence of the tempest in a sunken road. The head of this family was a man of about thirty-five years of age; he was accompanied by a woman, who carried an infant in her arms; behind her walked a little boy from five to six years old, a feeble creature, half dead with cold and weariness.

"Margaret, we can go no farther," said the man, in the Italian language. "We must stop here. Cover yourself with my cloak, and protect the infant. I will clasp Antonio to my bosom; perhaps I may be able to keep him warm."

The woman obeyed in silence, and wrapped herself in the mantle, which her husband reached to her; the father clasped the boy in his arms, and pressed him closely to his bosom. But of what avail were these feeble efforts, against the driving snow and furious wind! An icy chill had already pervaded their frames, and lulled them into that torpor which is an almost certain precursor of death.

The man suddenly started up and grasped his wife by the hand.

"Up! up, Margaret!" he cried. "If we remain here longer we are sure to perish, we and our children. We must leave this waste, we must toil onward, and try to reach the city. Take courage! your uncle Rembrandt will give us a kind welcome, as I hope."

Margaret tried to rise; but her benumbed limbs refused to serve her, and, notwithstanding her husband's feeble efforts to support her, the unhappy woman sank upon the ground again; the infant, bruised by the fall, uttered piteous cries.

"Margaret," cried the stranger, kneeling beside his wife, and wiping away the blood that flowed from the child's head—"Margaret, in God's name summon up all your powers! the lives of our children are at stake. If we do not leave this fatal spot, we shall all perish here."

But Margaret did not hear him; she lay sunk in a deep swoon.

"Listen, Antonio!" cried his father earnestly. "I will take your little sister in my arms, and hasten to the city, to seek for help. But I cannot let you go with me; you would impede my steps, and your mother's life depends upon my speed."

He now took off his coat and wrapped it around the boy; then caught up the little girl and ran, half clad, along the road to Amsterdam, which, fortunately, was not so distant as he had feared. When he reached the gate, which he found guarded by a number of soldiers, he cried:

"For the love of Heaven, comrades, show

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me the house of Master Rembrandt, the painter! I must speak with him at once!"

When the soldiers beheld the half-clad, agitated man, who expressed himself with great difficulty, in a language that was foreign to him, they thought him intoxicated, and resolved to make themselves merry at his expense.

"Master Rembrandt!" said one of the number; "he lives below yonder, not far from here, at the other end of the city; only you must turn off at once to the right."

"No, no," cried another; "turn here to the left, and take that street yonder."

"God help us!" said a third, laughing; "you must take the street to the right, and if it happens to be the right one, you will be sure to come out right."

They accompanied their words with bursts of laughter, which filled the stranger's bosom with despair. At last, the latter ran towards a lantern, and held up before the soldiers the child which he carried in his arms, and which, owing to the darkness of the night, they had not observed.

The soldiers now ceased their cruel sport, but they were unable to understand what he really wanted of them. Not one of them knew where the painter dwelt. Every moment lost, however, brought increasing danger to the wife and child of the Italian. He was upon the point of returning to die with them, when a little hump-backed tailor passed by the group with a lantern in his hand, for it was now dark nights, and the laws of the city forbade the burghers to go abroad after dusk without a light. The old man, attracted by the stranger's lamentations, stepped nearer, and felt compassion for his condition, for he recognized him by his accent for a fellow-countryman.

"Come, come," he said to him, "I will lead you to Master Rembrandt; but I greatly doubt whether he will open his doors to you at this hour, and above all on All-hallow night. But no matter; come, come!"

"And my wife and child?" cried the traveller; and he now described their pitiable condition to the compassionate old man.

"If you have no hope of safety except that which you build upon Rembrandt's help, your destruction is certain," replied the tailor. "Master Rembrandt would not give a penny to save the life of his nearest neighbor! Beg rather two of these soldiers to go with you to that sunken road, and help us to bring your wife and child to my dwelling. Then, while I try to revive them, you can go to Master Rembrandt, for I am poor, and do not know in truth if my narrow chamber can accommodate a single guest, even for a single night. But be comforted; Heaven has thrown me in your way, and I will assist you to the utmost of my power."

The tailor, whose name was Nicholas Barruello, now explained to the soldiers the service which humanity required of them. While the drummer took the infant in his arms, and bound up the wound upon its head as well as he was able, four men provided with torches followed the traveller, with the permission of the officers of the post. Upon the way they learned that the stranger was from Liege, that he was called Francesco Netcelli, and was by profession a painter.

Following the stranger, who walked onward at a rapid pace, they at last reached the sunken road, and after brushing aside the snow, they found the two silent, motionless forms. Master Barruello now begged the soldiers to raise the unhappy creatures, and bear them to his dwelling. He himself set them a good example; he took the little boy in his arms, and with the lantern in his hand, walked on before the rest, towards his hut, which, fortunately, stood at no great distance from the city gate. On entering the little chamber, he laid the mother and the children upon his bed, dismissed the soldiers with kind thanks, and then employed every means in his power to revive the unhappy creatures, not one of whom showed signs of life.

He begged Netcelli to assist him, but the latter, whether benumbed by the cold, or robbed of all his energy by despair, sat in gloomy silence near the fire, which the tailor had lighted upon the hearth, and seemed neither to hear nor see what was passing around him. Nicholas, therefore, was left to his sole exertions to recall the senseless sufferers to life again. Soon all his scanty wardrobe was exhausted in supplying them with warm, dry clothing, and in chafing their rigid limbs. All his efforts, however, appeared fruitless; he had not yet succeeded in restoring warmth even to the frame of the unhappy mother.

He now stepped upon a stool, and took from the topmost shelf of a cupboard a carefully corked jug, which contained some excellent brandy, with which he was accus-

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tomed to regale himself on great occasions. Without delay, yet not without a heavy sigh, he moistened a piece of linen with the costly liquor, and then gently rubbed Margaret's face and hands therewith. Barruello's efforts seemed for a long while useless, and he already began to fear that his help had come too late, when the young woman suddenly unclosed her eyes, and stretching out her arms, stammered forth a few words in a low voice. She asked after her children.

"They are here, signora, they are here! Come, come, master Netcelli! rouse yourself and take courage; your wife is out of danger. Your children, also, will doubtless be restored to you again, if you will but give me a little assistance. Come, pledge me in a glass of this wondrous cordial! it has cured your wife, and it will cure you. To your health, and the health of our invalids!"

With these words, Master Nicholas, whose ruddy face proclaimed his fondness for the beverage which he extolled so highly, drained his cup at a single draught, and poured the remaining drops into his hands, which he rubbed briskly together. Netcelli drank also; soon a genial warmth ran through his veins, and he shook off his deep depression. His eyes, which had thus far been directed steadfastly towards the flame upon the hearth, now glanced around the chamber; he recognized his children, he recognized his wife, and gushing tears relieved his oppressed bosom.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, "do I really hold thee in my arms? dost thou smile upon me? dost thou speak to me? O God, I thank thee! We are all safe then, and the danger is over."

Suddenly he paused, for his glance rested upon the two children, who still lay rigid and motionless, perhaps in the torpor of death. The young mother divined Francesco's thought, and replied to it with a sad sigh. The tailor rebuked them gently, saying:

"To doubt of Heaven's goodness is to render ourselves unworthy of it." He then added, turning to Netcelli, "The Holy Virgin and the saints have restored to you your wife; they will restore your children also. Instead of lamenting, aid me to recall these dear creatures to life. Look! the oldest is coming to himself already; kiss me, my little angel! Come, I will take you to your mother! Yes, signora, rejoice, and cover him with kisses. What is that I hear? God and the Virgin be praised! it is the voice of the infant!"

The kind tailor hurried from one child to the other, with unwearied care, completing the noble work which he had so well begun. Mingling a portion of brandy with hot water, he chafed the brows of the youngest with a corner of his thick woollen doublet, which he so thoroughly drenched with that cordial, that when his patients were all out of danger, the flask was completely empty.

After a few moments of true and untroubled joy at their fortunate and wonderful recovery, Barruello looked anxiously around him, with his small and twinkling eyes. He gazed at the bed, measured with a glance the apartment, the length of which was not more than eight feet, and contracted his brows. Netcelli soon remarked his perplexity, and said:

"What is it disturbs you, my noble benefactor?"

"To own the truth," said the tailor, with a slight cough, "I was just asking myself, how we could contrive to pass the night here? Five persons in a chamber like this, and but one bed for so many people! Besides, I have laid my last piece of wood upon the fire, and the lively little rogue yonder is already asking for something more to eat. But my whole store of provisions consisted of the piece of bread that he has just devoured."

"True; I must repair to our uncle Rembrandt's," said Netcelli, "to see him, to relate to him our sad fate, and implore his assistance."

The tailor shook his head.

"Yes, that is a means," he said, "that might relieve us from our embarrassment, but I count but little upon it. Well, it matters not! we have no choice. I will light my lantern, and lead you to the Jew's quarter, for there dwells Master Rembrandt, the painter or the usurer, whichever you please to call him, for he plies both trades. May God soften his heart, that he may open his door to you!"

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## II.

When Francesco Netcelli, accompanied by Nicholas Barruello, stepped from the tailor's smoky chamber, deep stillness had

long since succeeded to the fury of the tempest, and the moon shone bright in the heavens. The snow had covered the earth as with a shoud. In this deceitful light, objects around assumed a thousand doubtful shapes. The aspect of the silent city, veiled in white, filled them with a singular fear, which neither the old handicraftsman nor his companion could entirely shake off. Without imparting their superstitious fears to each other, they drew nearer together, and in this way walked through several lonely streets, in which the sound of their steps, stifled by the snow, gave back no answering echo. After walking onward, for somewhat less than half an hour, they came to the quarter of the city occupied by the Jews, and commonly termed the Jews' quarter, which lay near a deserted churchyard.

Master Barruello pointed with his finger to a large house, flanked by two turrets, in front of which lay a vast court, surronnded by a thick and lofty wall. The stranger approached, and beheld before him a small low door, strongly studded with iron, in the middle of which a brass knob was visible. He drew upon this knob, and soon heard the shrill tones of a bell, intermingled with the barking of several dogs.

Netcelli waited for a while, listening for some sound which might promise him admittance; but no one came, no one answered his summons.

He drew the bell again; then a third time; but these repeated signals had no other effect than to redouble the fury of the dogs, which leaped in their kennels and shook their chains with violence.

At Netcelli's fourth ring, the dogs were suddenly silent; he heard a door opened, then heavy steps descend a staircase and cross the court. In a few moments the short, dry cough of an old man was mingled with the rattling of chains.

Several minutes passed, and still no one in the house seemed to trouble themselves about those who desired entrance. After waiting long in vain, Netcelli rang the bell once more, and now with a violence which betokened anger and disappointment, rather than the hope of speedy admission. He now understood the meaning of what had passed in the court; the dogs, barking furiously, rushed toward the gate, which, massive as it was, seemed an insufficient barrier against their violence.

"I told you so," muttered the tailor; "he will not open his doors to you. Come, let us return to my dwelling. It is even better to pass an uncomfortable night in my chamber than here before this gate, exposed to the cold, piercing air, and so near a churchyard. To-night is the night of the dead, and it seems to me, every moment, as if I saw a spectre ascend from the graves yonder. If you only knew all the frightful stories they tell of this place! In truth, Master Rembrandt is to be excused for keeping his house well locked and bolted; although it is a large and handsome dwelling, yet it has remained for more than twenty years without a purchaser, all were so afraid of the neighborhood of the churchyard. The old usurer cared but little for that, and bought it for a mere trifle. To spare a thousand florins, he would take up his lodgings at the gates of hell. Let us leave this place and return to my house. Heaven only grant that we reach it safe and sound!"

As he spoke, the tailor drew Netcelli onward with him, quickening his pace and not venturing to look around, for the noise of the snow, crackling beneath their feet, together with the howling of the wind, which had now risen again, sounded in his ear like the laments of a tortured spirit following their steps. Pale as ashes, his forehead bathed in a cold sweat, harassed by feelings which he was unable to comprehend, the Italian yielded to the terror which, like the whips of furies, drove him and his companion forward. The most fearful forebodings disturbed his bosom; he felt a presentiment that some new misfortune was hovering over him, and with a hand trembling with terror, he at last grasped the latch of the tailor's door.

He listened before entering.

"Mother! mother!" cried little Antonio.

His mother did not answer.

Netcelli rushed into the apartment. Not a spark of fire was to be found upon the hearth, the lamp had gone out, the cold wind found a free passage into the wretched chamber through the broken window. Francesco groped his way towards the bed, placed his hand upon it, and it encountered a cold and rigid body; it was the face of the wounded infant, which Margaret held tightly clasped in her arms.

With considerable difficulty Master Nicholas found steel and tinder and struck a light.

A fearful spectacle now met their eyes. Margaret and the infant lay cold and lifeless upon the bed; the little boy was sunk in a deathlike torpor; and the father, after bending over them for a while, sank upon their remains, uttering a wild and maniac laugh.

"O God!" exclaimed Master Nicholas, in deathlike terror, "what a fearful night! What sin have I committed, that Heaven should visit me with all this misery? What shall I do? How will it end? My chamber is desolate, two lifeless bodies lie upon my bed, and before me sits a madman with his dying child!".

He sank upon an old arm-chair, concealed his face in his hands, and wept bitterly.

The worthy man's faint-heartedness did not last long, however. The necessity of succoring the unhappy beings whom Providence had intrusted to his care, stood clear and plain before his soul. He sprang from his seat, hastened into the street, and soon returned, accompanied by three or four soldiers, with an armful of wood and a small portion of brandy, both of which he had obtained from the sentinels who were stationed at the gate.

While the soldiers lighted a fire, he took the little boy in his arms, and seating himself with him near the chimney, he succeeded at last in restoring warmth to his chilled frame. In the mean time the soldiers mended the broken window with old boards. When they had completed this task, which rendered the chamber somewhat more comfortable, they took the lifeless bodies from the bed, laid them side by side in a small adjacent room, which Master Nicholas used as a workshop, and then turned to lead away the maniac, who made not the slightest resistance. As the boy remarked this, however, he escaped from the tailor's arms and hastened to his father.

"Take me with father too," he cried. "Oh, how cold it is here! I want to be with him!"

The heart of Master Nicholas was near breaking at these words.

"It is true, indeed," he said; "if I watch the dead, I can watch the living also; leave the poor child and his father with me here; the man's madness seems nowise dangerous. Early to-morrow morning I will pay a visit to Master Rembrandt; as hard and miserly as he is, he will not, at least, refuse me a little money, that I may provide a coffin for the dead. He must use his influence also with the magistrate to have the father sent to the hospital, and then, after all, he cannot entirely forsake the child of his own niece. Perhaps he will even undertake to provide for it in future. So, then, farewell, comrades; I thank you."

The soldiers retired, but not without first having emptied their brandy-flasks into Master Nicholas's jug. When they had gone, the tailor took a small ivory crucifix from the wall, together with a consecrated branch of a box-tree, and laid them upon the breasts of the two corpses. He then crossed himself devoutly, locked the door that led to his workshop, wrapped Antonio in the bed-clothes, and returned to the fire, in front of which the painter was seated.

Master Nicholas gazed, not without terror, at the maniac, but he armed himself with the sign of the cross, and muttered prayers from a breviary which he drew from his bosom, until the faint light of dawn penetrated the desolate chamber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# AN EXILE'S DREAMS.

BY JOSEPH BRENAN.

[The writer of the following lines has endeavored to catch the great characteristic of Celtic poetry, its musical *irregularity*.]

I WILL go to holy Ireland, the land of Saint and Sage,
Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping in the shrunken form of Age;
Where the shadow of giant Hopes for evermore is cast,
And the wraiths of mighty Chieftains are looming through the Past.
From the cold land of the Stranger I will take my joyous flight,
To sit by my slumbering country, and watch her through the night;
When the Spring is in the sky, and the flowers are on the land,
I will go to ancient Ireland, of the open heart and hand.

I will go where the Galtees are rising bare and high,
With their haggard foreheads fronting the scowl of the clouded sky;
I will gaze adown on the valleys, and bless the teeming sod,
And commune with the mountains—"the Almoners of God;"
I will list to the murmurous song which is rising from the river,
Which flows, crooning, to the Ocean, for ever and for ever.
When the May-month is come, when the year is fresh and young,
I will go to the home of my fathers—the land of sword and song.

I will go where Killarney is sleeping in peaceful rest,
Unmoved, save when a falling leaf ripples its placid breast;
Where the branches of oak and arbutus are weaving a pleasant screen,
And the sunshine breaks in diamonds through its tracery of green;
Where the mists, like fantastic spectres, for ever rise and fall,
And the rainbow of the Covenant is spanning the mountains tall.
When the wind blows from the West, across the deep Sea,
I will sail to my Innisfail, to the "Isle of Destiny."

I will go to beautiful Wicklow, the hunted outlaw's rest,
Which the tread of rebel and rapparee in many a struggle prest;
I will go to the lonely graveyard, near the pleasant fields of Kildare,
And pray for my chief and my hero, young Tone, who is sleeping there;
I will go to the gloomy Thomas Street, where gallant Robert died,
And to the grim St. Michans, where "the Brothers" lie side by side;
I will go to where the heroes of the Celts are laid,
And chant a *Miserere* for the souls of the mighty Dead.

I will seize my pilgrim staff, and cheerily wander forth
From the smiling face of the South to the black frown of the North;
And in some hour of twilight I will mount the tall Slieve-bloom,
And weave me a picture-vision in the evening's pleasant gloom:
I will call up the buried leaders of the ancient Celtic race,
And gaze with a filial fondness on each sternly-noble face—
The masters of the mind, and the chieftains of the steel,
Young Carolan and Grattan, the McCaura and O'Neil;
I will learn from their voices, with a student's love and pride,
To live as they lived, and to die as they died.
Oh, I will sail from the West, and never more will part
From the ancient home of my people—the land of the loving heart.

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# DONA PAULA;

OR,

# THE CONVENT AND THE WORLD.

A TALE OF PERU.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN THE STORY CLEARS A HEDGE, AND STARTS OFF AT A CANTER.

"Si nunquam Danaën habuisset ahenea turris,
Non esset Danaë de Jove facta parens."—Ovid.

We had resolved in our own mind to learn in some way or other by what means Doña Paula was released from the convent whose gates had closed upon her; and well knowing that our naval friend alone could enlighten us, determined to make one more desperate attempt. We prepared ourselves for the task by reading Phillips on Evidence, and Sam Slick on Impertinent Questions. Matters looked unpromising enough when we reached the vessel. Crocket was on watch, and in a detestable humor. He was scarcely civil to us. We almost despaired. But Fate befriended us in the end.

Crocket was walking the quarter-deck, "growling" at every body and every thing. We watched him as we conversed with some verdant mids on the larboard, or rather, (since Mr. Bancroft's secretaryship,) the *port* side of the deck. All at once an incident turned the current of his temper.

As he walked up and down, rolling his eyes and seeking whom he might devour, he chanced to pounce upon "Jack o' the Dust," a privileged character on board. We forget what sin of omission or commission poor Jack had been guilty of; but Crocket "fell afoul" of him on this occasion in a way that made him tremble in his purser's shoes. Jack pleaded innocence with a fervor worthy of a righteous cause.

"Christopher Columbus!" roared the young lieutenant, "these rascals are always innocent. I'll have you in irons, sir; I'll have you seized up at the gangway; I'll ——"

"I didn't do it, sir; indeed I didn't."

"You did, you son of a sea-cook! you know you did."

"Indeed, sir, I didn't. *By* ——, sir, I didn't!"

Jack could not, by any artifice, have done or said any thing better calculated to please his superior. The young man had begun to fear that he had lighted upon the wrong victim. He felt quite uncertain as to the guilt of poor Jack; but here was a palpable offense, evident to all as well as himself. Here was a case provided for in the Articles of War. Profane language on the quarter-deck, on that sanctum of rank! The angry lieutenant felt his wrathful spirit rejoice. He was sure of his prey. His manner therefore became greatly mollified; and it was in a voice soft as a girl's that he asked the trembling culprit the following "stumper:"

"And pray, sir, how dare you swear *before me!*"

Triumphant looked the young officer; while Jack, in evident dismay, turned and twirled his cap between his fingers. Crocket clearly enjoyed the situation, and again he inquired, in his blandest tone:

"I say, how dare you swear *before me!*"

"Please, sir," answered Jack, "I didn't know you wanted to swear first."

This retort was put in with so much apparent simplicity, that our lion of the quarter-deck scarcely knew what countenance to put on. He bit his lip, muttered, "Go below," turned on his heel, and after taking a look forward and a look aft, and giving a few unnecessary orders, by way of maintaining his dignity, he turned to join us in the best imaginable mood. He readily consented to go ashore with us, and accept a seat in our box at the wretched play-house in Lima.

As soon as we had got out of sight of "our flag," he gave full career to his exhilarated spirits, acceded to every thing, laughed at our jokes, tried his hand himself at a pun, and finally, in the fulness of his heart, proposed to communicate to us the details of the elopement of Doña Paula.

We were seated at a balcony of the Plaza Mayor, sipping "*Italia*," puffing "*pajalitos*," and enjoying to the utmost that delicious atmosphere of Lima, every puff of which counsels and dignifies indolence, when our companion of his own accord branched off at a tangent.

"Well, that Saint Clair was a trump! He was, by Christopher Columbus! Nothing baulked him. He persuaded our skipper to send me with the launch to survey the Guano Islands. Precious little surveying did we do, though. All the report of that expedition I ever sent in was a map of the coast with hap-hazard dots representing islands. I dare say, Saint Clair handed in quite a different one, in the shape of a bill of lading for silver bars. But that's another affair. We started off with a spanking breeze, and came-to off Huanchaco. Were you ever there? In no place but Peru would Huanchaco be called a sea-port. A kind of point, with a line of reefs, protects you from the swell, and that is all you require in a country where the wind always blows one way. I have the place and the landscape now before my eye. An open roadstead under the lea of a point; a group of houses on the beach; a lofty church in the rear. Beyond that stretches a level plain, called the valley of Chimu. Level spots are so rare in this country that they deserve notice. This Chimu is hemmed in on all sides by high, barren, inaccessible rocks, whose abrupt features offer the most fantastic variety of lines. Among these summits, shrouded in part by genuine Peruvian clouds, the sun is constantly producing the strangest and most unexpected effects of light. Far in the distance, and above those clouds, an occasional peep at a stupendous mountain-top, and that general disposition of a heavy, humid atmosphere, called by sailors 'the loom of the land,' intimate the neighborhood of the Cordilleras. The plain itself is amazingly fertile; and among its beautiful green shades you can perceive at a distance of eight miles the stately steeples of Trujillo, the first city which the Spaniards ever founded on this coast.

"I had full opportunity to study the bearings of the place. Indeed, I had nothing else to do. Nor was Saint Clair better occupied. At night he either went ashore, or, if the fog was very thick, he remained on board wrapped in a heavy cloak. A light canoe would sometimes emerge from the mist and come alongside. With these visits I never meddled; but I clearly saw sundry suspicious packages hoisted on board and stowed away into the launch; so that the bundles of staves which embellished her bottom daily grew more and more elevated. During the day he passed a great part of his time in watching through a spy-glass a large building which stood aloof from the rest on the road to Trujillo, and was surmounted with a gigantic cross. This building was the convent where Doña Paula languished, and I am free to confess that when I surveyed its proportions, and considered its great strength, I despaired of our enterprise. This I hinted to my friend.

"'My dear boy,' answered he in a most desponding tone, 'I care nothing for stone-work and iron gratings. I do not fear the vigilance of the authorities. Were I so disposed, I could muster a force sufficient to storm the city. But a woman's will is a brazen wall.'

"It appeared that Saint Clair was in frequent communication with his beloved, and that the latter still clung to her cherished scruple. She would sacrifice any thing but one to follow her lover. She did not feel bound by her reluctant vows. But she dreaded having her father's curse upon her head. Were he dead, she would readily brave the anger of the Church and the perils of the Canonical Law. Saint Clair, after exhausting his powers of eloquence—and they

were not inconsiderable—began to look gloomy and despondent. So infatuated had he become with his nun, that without her life was worthless in his estimation. At last, just as the staves in the bottom of the launch had reached a most preposterous elevation, and the gunwales of the little vessel began to look rather close to the water—just as I had determined to shape my way back to Callao, an expedient occurred to Saint Clair.

"One afternoon he came to me in high spirits.

"'My dear boy,' said he, 'you can weigh to-morrow at daylight. Meanwhile, come ashore with me; we have a hard night's work before us.'

"Without answering a word—I knew my man, you see—I buckled on my sword and pistols, passed a *poncho* over my uniform, and followed him. It was getting dark just as we reached a little grave-yard in the neighborhood of the convent. Here we were joined by two suspicious-looking characters, one of whom took charge of our horses while the other accompanied us into the church-yard. The low *adobe* walls that inclosed the holy ground were easily scaled, and we soon commenced groping our way among the tombs; not in utter darkness however, for our new companion, who acted as a guide, produced a small lantern, which threw a little red light through the fog.

"I had no more idea of the object of our expedition than a thirty-two pounder has of the nature of Paixhan shells. But though ignorant of our aim, shuddering with cold, and somewhat awed at the solemnity of the scene, I followed my mute guide and my no less mute friend with perfect readiness. Indeed, I should have followed Saint Clair any whither, so great was the influence which he had gained over my young mind. There were circumstances in the scene we were traversing calculated to fill one with horror. Burying is a most superficial operation in Peru. Such is the nature of the soil, that decomposition does not take place here in the same way as elsewhere. Bodies placed in the earth do not decay, but dry up. There would be no such thing in this climate as restoring 'dust to dust' and 'ashes to ashes,' were it not for the agency of the wild beasts, the ounces, foxes, and dogs who haunt the grave-yards at night and prey upon the tenants of the tomb. As if to facilitate the operations of these hideous exhumers, interments are carried on in the most careless manner. The poor Cholos of this region may be said to have originated the Burying Societies. For many years it has been usual for them to insure a decent burial by the weekly payment of a premium. The avaricious undertakers who accept those bargains naturally wish to perform their part of the contract at as small an outlay as possible. Consequently they have been known to make one coffin and one shroud serve for many successive interments.

"At every step of our progress we stumbled against a crumbling mound, a skeleton or a skull. Now and then the plaintive howl of a wild beast sent a chill through our very bones. At last we came to a fresh grave. Our guide stopped, dropped his lantern, produced a couple of spades, and said, '*Està aqui!*'

"I was at a loss to know whether we were to turn treasure-hunters or resurrectionists; and I entertained an inward horror of breaking the turf of a consecrated ground. Nevertheless, I grasped a spade and fell to digging with great ardor—glad to have something to do, and to escape my thoughts. After a few minutes' hard work, our spades struck against wood. With the assistance of our guide we dug around the obstacle, and we soon raised from the ground a couple of rough boards, between which was bound the body of a young Chola, with her beautiful black hair plaited in long glistening tresses, and wreaths of faded almencai encircling her head and neck.

"'Now then!' said Saint Clair. Without more ado we shouldered the corpse. My companion exchanged a few words with the guide, took his lantern, and led the way. I followed as best I could, stumbling at every step, and half faint with horror. I was very young, you see, at that time."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEREIN THE ROMAN RITES OF SEPULTURE ARE REVIVED.

"FALTERING under our fearful burden we advanced toward the convent. It was but a short distance, yet it seemed to me that we were a long time in getting there. I'll tell you what, I'm from Tennessee; *but* I wouldn't for a great deal take such another walk, feeling as I did at that time. At last we reached the building. Saint Clair led the way toward a small side gate. Here we came to a pause. My companion, placing his hand before his mouth, gave three distinct cries in imitation of the cry of the ounce; that strange sound, half bark, half mew, was so life-like that involuntarily I looked around me for the animal itself. At the third summons the gate was softly opened from within by some invisible hand, and we entered the sacred inclosure. Here began the truly perilous part of our adventure. We had to traverse a long wing, thronged with timid inmates, through a corridor paved with sounding marble. In spite of our utmost precautions, our muffled shoes sometimes awakened the old echoes of the cloister, and brought us to a stand, almost breathless with emotion. We had darkened our lantern, through motives of prudence, and had nothing to guide us but Saint Clair's limited knowledge of the topography of the place and our sense of touch. Besides, the hideous object we bore was constantly present to my mind, and all the horrors of Pandemonium were conjured up by my too lively imagination.

"Once I thought that I felt the dead Chola move. I soon discovered, however, that Saint Clair had missed the way, and had come within a very little of tumbling down an unseen staircase. The false step which he made, and his effort to recover his balance, communicated a strange kind of oscillation to our ghastly burthen, and this had produced the horrible delusion. It continued but an instant; yet no life would last through many such instants.

"On we went through many intricate passages, now in utter darkness, now enjoying, through some oriel, a gleam of the lesser obscurity without. I had almost begun to get accustomed to the strange and novel part which had been imposed upon me, when we turned a corner, and soon afterwards stopped. I heard a whisper before me, a door close gently behind me, and in compliance with Saint Clair's directions, I allowed the Chola's body to slide softly down to the floor. By the light of our lantern, my eyes, accustomed to greater darkness, surveyed the apartment where we now found ourselves. It was the nun's cell. The beautiful Doña Paula was disrobing herself of her white mantle, and Saint Clair was engaged in placing the corpse upon her bed. This was an appropriate couch for this gloomy occasion. Agreeably to the rules that governed the austere sisterhood, it consisted of a large wooden box, shaped like a coffin, and filled with straw. This strange regulation was intended to keep the novices as well as the nuns perpetually reminded of Death. With this exception, every thing about the cell, walls, table and bench, was of solid stone. The floor itself was of the same material. A disagreeable feeling of dampness pervaded the little apartment. But I had no time to indulge these feelings. By Saint Clair's directions, I assisted him in disposing under and around the corpse a number of sticks of wood and a quantity of shavings, which had been procured for the occasion.

"'Are you ready?' whispered Saint Clair.

"'Quite ready,' answered the sweet voice of Doña Paula, in a firm tone. I turned around to look at the speaker. She was very pale, but appeared resolute. She now wrapped around her slight person the large cloak of Saint Clair, and as her head was covered within its folds, I was forcibly reminded of the first time I had seen her, draped in a *saya y manto*, coquettishly displaying her graceful motions, and concealing the whole of her beautiful features, except that one bright eye which now looked so kindly and gratefully upon me. All at once, and just as I was placing our last stick of wood on the bed of Doña Paula, the plan of operations became manifest to my mind;

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and I must say that my admiration of my friend's genius was greatly increased by the discovery.

"He requested me to accompany the lady to the gate, and await his return outside. I complied cheerfully. The beautiful nun placed her hand in mine, and led the way. Emotions of a far different character now agitated me, as I retraced my steps through the dark passages and down the mouldering staircases. Instead of a cold and ghastly corpse, I now had charge of a lovely girl, full of life and beauty. I could feel her heart beat against my arm. I forgot the fearful trial through which I had passed, and only regretted that I was not eloping on my own account. We experienced several alarms on our return. The sound of a broken and querulous voice grated suddenly upon our ears, and caused our blood to run cold. But for my arm around her waist, the poor girl would have fallen to the floor. Breathless we listened.. It was only an old crone dreaming and praying aloud in her sleep. '*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,*' was repeated several times, and the ancient edifice was still once more. We resumed our course with every imaginable precaution, and had proceeded but a few steps, when again we were brought to a stand by the sound of footsteps approaching in an opposite direction. They came in a slow, solemn measure, and rang through the hollow walls like the smothered sound of a hammer. Directly, a tall, white figure, bearing a lighted taper, was seen approaching. We crouched behind an angle, and allowed it to pass us. 'Tis only the crazy nun,' remarked Doña Paula in a low whisper to me; 'they will think that she has done it.'

"There was much sense in her shrewd remark, as subsequent events proved. Without any other serious grounds of alarm we reached the outer gate, and found ourselves in the open air. With a feeling of delight which I would vainly strive to express, I inhaled the cold, humid atmosphere of this damp climate as if it had been the bracing air of my own dear home. Saint Clair soon joined us, and all three hurried away in the direction of the grave-yard. Here we found our horses, and Saint Clair bestrode his own in true old cavalier fashion, with the lady behind him.

"We had been galloping for a few minutes in the direction of Huanchaco, when Doña Paula called us to stop. Her keen eye had never wandered from her late prison, and she was the first to perceive a signal which told us that Saint Clair's stratagem was perfectly successful in every respect. From one of the windows of the convent volumes of red smoke came forth with a crackling sound. The rest of the building was shrouded in complete darkness, and this one lurid light contrasted strangely with the gloom around it. Signs of life began to manifest themselves through the old convent, and among the dwellings in its neighborhood. Bells commenced to ring, nuns to scream, children to run and shout, dogs to bark and howl. It was a perfect Babel of uproar. A crowd was soon assembled before the gates; each window of each cell revealed a white form clinging to the iron bars, and screeching *Misericordia!* We remained long enough in sight of this scene of confusion to satisfy ourselves that the work was well done, and that from the length of the conflagration the body which we had laid in Doña Paula's bed must have been so burned and charred as to render it impossible that it should ever be identified, and then we went on our way.

"We were not through our toils, however. Now that the presence of danger no longer supplied its stimulus, and all anxiety for the fortunate issue of our stratagem was at an end, the courage of Doña Paula began to give way; and I half loved her for it.

"'My poor father!' she cried; 'my poor, poor father!'

"And so she went on sobbing and crying, until she appeared to my unsophisticated self to have lost her reason. She was only in an hysterical fit.

"Now ladies' hysterics may or may not be quite interesting in a crowded ball-room, where the fit only involves the contagion of example, the consumption of smelling-salts, and the cutting away of some of the fair patient's standing rigging. But on horseback, with a rough road, the situation is perfectly devoid of attractiveness. At least it was so on this occasion for me, who felt but a secondary degree of admiration for the imperfections of this particular beauty. For a while Saint Clair managed her all alone. His vigorous arm transferred her to the pommel, where he supported her for a while, until the horse took umbrage and began to be restive. We had then to alight and wait for the fit to p

over. Saint Clair for the first time now appeared perfectly ridiculous in my eyes. Bending over the gasping girl, he folded her to his breast, and called her by the most endearing names, in a voice which sounded as if full of tears. For my part, I held the horses and watched the road. I was heartily ashamed of my friend. At last Doña Paula became quite calm; but she was so exhausted that we had to carry her. Do you see me leading my horse with one hand, and with the other supporting half a nun, a sobbing, blubbering nun? I'm hanged if I didn't wish the dead Chola had been there instead. I did, by Christopher!"

Such was the narrative of our friend Crocket, at least so much of it as relates to the subject we have in hand. For towards the latter part of the evening he became quite discursive, and mixed up the relation of Saint Clair's exploits with so many recollections personal to himself, that it was with considerable difficulty that we succeeded in framing a connected discourse out of his rambling and desultory conversation. In vain we strove to pin him to the point: he insisted upon telling the story in his own way, or not at all. The vapors of Italia punch appeared to have made a solution of continuity in his understanding. Observing this, and reflecting moreover that so that we knew that our hero and heroine had reached Callao in all safety, it was of no kind of consequence to us or any one else how in the world they got there, we prudently fell asleep, just as our young friend was about to tell us the story of "The Ghost of John Smith," a capital sea-tale;—but we had heard it before.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### OF MATRIMONY CONSIDERED AS A CATASTROPHE, AND OF JOB-COMFORTERS, ADVISERS, AND FAULT-FINDERS.

"Fortunæ miseras auximus arte vias."—PROPERTIUS.
"Chi troppo s' assottoglia si scavezza."—PETRARCH.

Saint Clair and Doña Paula, soon after their arrival at Callao, were married privately on board of a French man-of-war, by a missionary who was on his way to Catholicize the Sandwich Islands—one of those, *apropos*, who subsequently, by the charity of their Protestant competitors, were set adrift in a crazy shallop upon the broad waves of the mighty Pacific.

Now by all rule and precedent our story ought here to end. Marriage is the well-acknowledged climax and catastrophe of a novel. True, a few bold innovators have departed from this usage. But they are heretics. The orthodox maxim is, that the winding up of a novel is at the point where the real tribulations of lovers do begin, viz., at that geographical point in the "Carte du Tendre," called Matrimony. Here again do we experience the difficulty under which we labor in having to relate real events instead of fictitious ones. We could not with any conscience, even if we would, cross here the *pons asinorum* of authors, and rejoice in our accomplished labors. For it will soon appear that the commission of matrimony by our principal personages was the mediate if not the immediate cause of the catastrophe whitherward our successive chapters will now tend, with a rapidity which shall increase in proportion as we increase our distance from the apex of the hill we have just surmounted.

Why is it that so many writers eschew married life as a subject? Is there no romance in that relation? Does all the poetry of life expire at the altar? Is the "course of true love" any smoother for being consecrated? or are the duties and incidents of connubial existence so obvious, so self-evident, that a rising generation requires not to be instructed therein, but only to be taught how to marry dramatically? The answer to all these questions would involve a voluminous treatise—a treatise which might well take the shape of a series of novels. The author in sooth who will treat that subject in a becoming tone of skilful analysis, guided by experience and personal observation, will be remembered as a public benefactor. To paint the first transports of heedless passion, the glowing hopes of two ignorant young hearts gradually fading away and making

room for a reality never dreamt of before; to represent the mutual schooling of discordant tempers, the gradual harmonizing of antagonistic dispositions; to show the many generous concessions, the innumerable and sublime self-denials, purchasing in the obscurity of private life that lasting love and enduring confidence which are the foundation of wedded happiness—to make this truth evident, that youth rushes into marriage in pursuit of a phantom which soon vanishes, but leaves in its stead, with the good and virtuous only, something infinitely preferable—what a task! Can it be performed? Will it ever be attempted?

Our subject does not involve considerations of so grave a nature. Besides, we are in a hurry to proceed with our narrative. We claim for our hero great ingenuity in devising the plot by means of which Doña Paula was released at once from the durance of compulsory sanctity and from the torture of an over-fastidious conscientiousness; a plot which reconciled or appeared to reconcile her filial respect and her love, her scruples and her inclination. The plot was the more successful, that no one had any interest in unravelling it. The temporalities of the Church were benefited to exactly the same extent whether Doña Paula lived as a recluse at Santa Maria de Trujillo, or whether she slept under a superb cenotaph in the churchyard of that convent. In both cases Padre Francisco pocketed the same emoluments, and Don Ramon was equally heir presumptive to the wealth of the nun's father. Therefore, albeit not altogether unaware of the true state of the case, those worthies confined their endeavors to causing her death to be properly authenticated and proven in due form of law. The shapeless mass of human cinders that was found amid the ashes of Doña Paula's cloistral couch was easily identified as the remains of the beautiful victim of avarice and bigotry, and was interred with what pomp and solemnity the magnificent Catholic rites vouchsafe to rank and wealth. The death of Doña Paula, therefore, became an adjudicated fact, although scarcely a month had elapsed before its impossibility had been established by public rumor in a hundred different and inconsistent ways.

But, as it were purposely to demonstrate the vanity of human endeavors and the utter folly of our most skilful attempts to anticipate circumstances, just as our principal personages were congratulating themselves upon the success of their schemes, and preparing to enjoy a felicity attained at so much risk and trouble, the whole edifice of their speculations tumbled down about their ears; the foundation gave way; Don Antonio de Silva died. It was with the most intense bitterness of spirit that our hero now reflected that if he had waited but a few weeks, he might with scarcely any pains have claimed his beautiful bride in the face of the world, and enjoyed her father's fortune. For Doña Paula had never taken any definitive vows that would bar her inheritance.

Nevertheless he had many subjects of consolation. His prospects in life were of the most brilliant character. His domestic happiness was unalloyed. As to the latter point we have had abundant personal proof in perusing some curious letters from his pen, dated at the period we are now speaking of. They all breathe an ardent consciousness of happiness which a superstitious observer might have considered as ominous of reverse. Occasionally these confidential disclosures break into metre. Saint Clair was quite a versifier. Many of his Spanish songs set to music by himself are still sung by the señoritas of Lima, and he understood the cadence of several languages. In one of his letters to Crocket, written from Valparaiso, we find the following ode, which we here reproduce, not for any extraordinary merit which it can boast, but because the systematic and not unclassical progression of its strophe, antistrophe and catastrophe illustrate a very usual and natural transition of the feelings which we hardly remember to have seen so pointedly noticed elsewhere:—

### THE HEART'S SCHOOLING.

I.

Oh, for a strain, soft as the sighing shell's,
  Attuned to silvery monotony,
Like the grave plaint of distant evening bells,
Whose humble chime to rapture never swells,
  Nor stirs the blood with thrilling harmony,
But lulls the ear, and steals into the heart
  Ere the charmed sense awake to listening.
In such a strain, above the reach of art,
  Of Love, sweet dreamy Love, I'd sing:
True Love, soft nestled in some lonely cot,
Where the throng'd city's voice could reach us not,
But songs of birds and carols of young springs;
  While the voluptuous charmings of the spot,

The shade and stillness of the trysting bower,
The worship incense of each amorous flower,
And two hearts made one altar to his power,
Would lure the fickle god and rob him of his wings.

II.

No! light Eros scorns to brood
O'er the same scene evermore,
Though it were the magic shore
Where Armida's captive woo'd.
Sick of tameness,
He sighs for change;
Faint with sameness,
He longs to range.

Come, beloved, enjoy the hour,
Wear young Passion's short-bloom'd flower.
Should it wither ere to-morrow,
As it will for all thy care,
Grieve not, mourn not—vain thy sorrow;
Cull a fresher bud and wear.

Nay, avert not thus thy face,
Struggle not in my embrace;
Strive not to conceal the fire
Eloquent of warm desire,
Which, should stars forget to shine,
Through those eyes would light the air;
Let my soul, immersed in thine,
Quench her thirst of rapture there.

III.

Away, false Passion, hollow mockery,
Thy nothingness once felt, as all must feel,
Not all thine angel semblance can conceal
The fiend that lurks in thee.

Thy cup of pleasure, poisoned with regret,
(How bright its glow! how sweet its earliest sip!)
Go offer it to him whose virgin lip
It never moistened yet.

Yet thou, like any poison, canst be made
A minister to health; 'tis thus that Fire
Now useful toils, now lords it in his ire,
Obeying or obeyed.

There is a spirit can drive thy hectic flush
Back to the heart in pure and kindly glow,
And crown thee with a wreath of white which thou
May'st wear without a blush.

As, in the clime where fierce Pizarro sway'd,
If some scant shower descend upon the land,
Behold the waste of dark eruptive sand
In golden smiles arrayed:

So, if the dew of pure celestial Love
Fall on the heart thy breath had volcanized,
Its very lava ashes, fertilized,
A fruitful soil may prove.

Without attaching more significance to the above rhapsody, and others of like import which Saint Clair penned at this happy period of his life, we will avouch that our hero enjoyed at this time more real felicity than falls to the lot of many. The bitter remorse of having played into the hands of an artful enemy alone disturbed the quiet rest of his soul. This feeling it would have been for his interest to dismiss from his heart. Blessed above the immense majority of mortals in the gifts of nature and fortune, he had no earthly reason for rousing a whole host of slumbering enemies. He had nothing to do but to enjoy the enviable lot which still remained his own, and give up with a philosophic sigh all pretensions to the succession of Don Antonio. We are inclined to think that his own inclination led him to pursue this rational course. He was too sensible a man not to know that there were many points in his personal history that would not bear strict scrutiny. In fact, he had received a specific warning from Padre Francisco himself, who one day, under some pretext of displaying his knowledge of chiromancy, demonstrated to him that his fate was written upon the palm of his hand, where the "line of life" was deep, bold, and lengthy, and had but one dangerous cross in it. In conclusion he advised him to avoid getting into any difficulty with the Church. It is our settled belief that Saint Clair, if left to himself, would have followed the enigmatic counsel of the Padre, especially as it came coupled with hints which showed that the latter knew a good deal more of his preceding adventures than was either safe or comfortable for many reasons. But Fate, or rather his friends, had willed it otherwise.

What an unaccountable propensity it is that prompts us poor mortals to be for ever interfering in the affairs of our neighbors. It is enough to make a hermit of a man to see how officious our friends are apt to make themselves in volunteering that cheap commodity, advice.

"Ah, qu'on aime à faire le bien,
Surtout quand il n'en coute rien."

If counsel were food, there would be no need of any alms-house. The millennium of edibles would have long since come. There be dealers enough in that kind of charity to glut the market. The supply forestalls the demand in an incredible proportion. Therefore the article is forced upon the consumers at any price. Incalculable mischief sometimes follows from these over-benevolent dispensations of what nobody wants and every body wishes to give away. Your

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kind friends often act the part of the bear who bruised the man's face in trying to catch a fly on his nose. The best way to deal with them would be to follow the advice of a friend of ours—wise hater of Job-comforters and fault-finders. "Treat these things in monosyllables," is the panacea of our laconic Mentor; but will he vouchsafe us also the philosophy requisite for using the panacea? If you are an author, your critical friends will carp at your writings till they have expunged all the genius from them, and cooled them down to the standard of their own frigid mediocrity. If you are an artist, your compositions will be smothered in the growth with criticisms, until you cease to take any interest in them. If you are nobody or nothing, then your very washerwoman takes you under her protection. In fact, whatever your business and station, advice dogs you like a hound through life. Are you laboring under any illness? Then bear it like a man, and complain to no one, not even to your wife. Else such a college of advisers of either sex will gather about you, that if you but follow one tithe of their prescriptions, you will speedily metamorphose yourself into a medicine chest.

We lately had occasion to admire a most excellent method of turning the difficulty which was practised under our observation. An old and very dear friend from the Western country chanced recently to visit New-York. He was taken ill with a severe fit of ague. This drew his numerous acquaintance to his bedside; sympathizers in petticoats and breeches all tendered the benefit of their multifarious and inconsistent experience. Our prudent friend demurred to nothing, thankfully accepted each suggestion, procured each boasted specific, each recommended physician. In a few days the doctors quarrelled, and all left him to his fate except one zealous sectarian of a practitioner who clung to his patient with praiseworthy solicitude, and plied him with little powders in infinite number. These our ailing friend received with the most placid countenance, but at the first opportunity requested us to throw out at the window, together with pills, Indian specifics, and drugs of all kinds, for the benefit of the canine race. The sick man eventually recovered, and his case was published at large with becoming comments.

Few will fail to admire the quiet philosophy of our Western friend; fewer still will be able to imitate it. Yet without this all-important requisite, it is somewhat perplexing to manage your advising acquaintances. In the first place, it is not prudent to disregard their croaking altogether. Accident may confirm their previsions, and in that case you will be pelted to death with their triumphant "I told you so"s. Besides, you must consider that their intentions are of the purest kind. They only advise you for your good, even as the Inquisitors of Spain used to burn the Jews.

Unfortunately for our hero, he had not philosophy enough to withstand the storm of advice which assailed him. His friends belabored him so long and so thoroughly with arguments to prove that it was his duty as well as his interest to enforce the rights of Doña Paula to her father's fortune, and so successfully nettled him with positions and propositions, that he finally determined in an evil hour to cross the Rubicon by instituting legal proceedings.

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## CHAPTER XV.

BEING A REVIEW OF THE ENEMY'S TROOPS, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE RT. REV. J—— H——, BISHOP OF —— ——, LATE PAPAL LEGATE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Ceste méchante ferraille de moines sont par tout le monde ainsi aspres sus les vivres—puis nous disent qu'ils n'ont que leur vie en ce monde. Que diable ont les roys et grands princes?"—RABELAIS.

It is a pleasant and time-honored usage with those who deal in narrative, when they arrive at the eve of a hostile encounter, to pause and review the forces of the contending parties. Thereby the ingenious reader is furnished with data whereupon to base his speculations. Thereby, also, he is made acquainted with the principal actors in the contest, so that afterwards the narrator, when he comes to describe the actual conflict, may do so in that rapid and lively style which is consonant with the action he wishes to represent, instead of pausing here and there, *re infecta*, to give explanatory

details on the personal history of his actors. In compliance with this ancient custom, which has been in vigor at least from the time of Homer, it may be well for us, since our hero is about to enter on a momentous contest, to suspend our narrative, and survey the obstacles he is resolved to encounter—what foes he will have to engage, what power these may bring to bear upon him, and also what influence, what resources he will have to rely upon.

In this encounter, not of arms but of parchments, Don Ramon was to be the nominal adversary of our hero. It is easy for us to dispose of that worthy. We need but state that he was Don Ramon Casauran, that he belonged to an old and influential family, and that he had the control of the sinews of war to an almost unlimited extent.

Our hero's most fearful antagonist was Padre Francisco, backed by the Church. It were a truism to state that the Church is at all times and in all countries a powerful engine for good or for evil. On the mere principle of association, the principle whereby the energies of the many are concentrated and made to operate with one accord, it is as easy to imagine the might of a Church as to describe a phalanx or a Phalanstère. But, as the slightest knowledge of dynamics is sufficient to show that in order to produce momentum the *vires* of the motive force must be directed to one point, so the Catholic Church, owing to the relative perfection of its organization, must be considered the most effectual appliance ever devised since theocracies have gone out of vogue.

The Catholic Church in Lima was in former days a truly splendid establishment. That city was the seat of spiritual jurisdiction for the whole western coast of South America. Its Inquisition was as vigorous as that of Madrid. Its *autos da fé* were frequent, and remarkable for the pomp of their tragic ceremonies. Its numerous religious houses, with their princely grounds and superb edifices, must have covered one fifth of the whole area of the City of Kings. The freehold of an immense landed estate was vested in those establishments, and the ground-rents which came regularly to their treasuries would have supported a large army. And even to this day, though shorn of much of its ancient splendor, though plundered of its incomes and of its privileges, though reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, the Church in Lima is still a wealthy and powerful institution, and a most dangerous enemy to attack. The stranger who visits the temples of that city is amazed to find his travelled recollections of Italy and Spain equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by the splendors which break upon his sight. Through all the corruption of its population, he may still discern a fervent respect towards the Mother Church, and a devotional feeling which, though only the offspring of habit, is not the less a prodigious element of strength in behalf of the Establishment.

Now, in Lima, the thought that moves this strong machinery must necessarily be confined to a very few brains. The great mass of priests and monks are distinguished by the most deplorable ignorance, and a profligacy beyond parallel. The fat Benedictines may be seen daily pacing the streets in listless indolence, or killing time by a thousand childish or disreputable devices. The mendicant friars, in squalid robes, assail the stranger with their whining demands, and abuse him in unclerical phrase if he decline to comply with the invitation. In their outward man they furnish a most disgusting example of *otium* without *dignitate*. Their interior life is much more scandalous. Visit one of the *curas*, and you will find his domicil resembling a seraglio in every respect except refinement. Nor does the appellation of "Uncle" in the least disguise the obvious domestic relation between him and the large troop of children who play about his door. In the four corners of his yard, chained by one leg, lusty game-cocks may be seen; and on close observation you will see that their natural weapons have been cut off, to leave room for the deadly steel spur in use at the Peruvian cock-pits. Fine guns, thorough-bred dogs, and in the interior a fair assortment of hooded falcons, testify the pursuits and inclinations of the host. His conversation, however, discloses the most sottish ignorance and the most brutal depravity. In one respect alone he seems to be learned, viz., the scale of fees which he may exact from his parishioners. Some of their extortions have come under our personal observation. In 1847, the mate of a French merchantman died in the harbor of Callao.

The rites of Catholic burial in consecrated ground were denied his body, unless a sum were paid to the Church which all the arrears of wages of the departed sailor were insufficient to pay. The fact was made publicly known, and excited so general a burst of indignation, that the crews of several men-of-war on the station were permitted to turn out, and they performed the ceremony of burial by force of arms.

We candidly believe that the slight sketch just given of the monks of Peru, far from being too highly colored, is rather pale in comparison with the truth. From such a state of things it naturally follows, that the resources of the whole fraternity are in a great measure at the disposal of a few energetic and talented members of the body, whose influence becomes great in proportion as their brethren are ignorant.

Now, Padre Francisco was one of the intelligent few, and withal one of the most unscrupulous among the Peruvian priesthood. He was distinguished for untiring industry, a thorough knowledge of the laws of his country and of the manners of all classes, while his business habits, his crafty disposition, and the shrewdness of his keen intellect, had procured for him a sort of agency or proctorship in Lima for nearly all the most wealthy religious communities of the country.

We may be justified in saying, under the circumstances, that Saint Clair's most dangerous foe was Padre Francisco, backed by the Catholic Church.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

"Notum quid femina possit."
"How can ye do such things and keep your name ?"—DON JUAN

To oppose the host about to be arrayed against him, Saint Clair had, *imprimis*, himself, his genius, his enterprise, and the command of considerable means. His position as the proprietor of the only steam-vessel in those seas was also an element of influence and success. But above all things he had the friendship of Señora G——. This extraordinary lady never abandoned our hero. It is a singular mark of exquisite generosity, rarely displayed by her sex, that although Saint Clair had bestowed his affections upon another, she did not become his enemy, but perseveringly upheld and protected him. However, this beautiful trait in her character need excite but little surprise, for she was equally masculine in many other respects. In battle, in council, in business and in diplomacy, she guided and controlled her weak and indolent lord. She sat at the source of power, and she had the genius, the energy, and the will to use it most signally in behalf of our hero. There is an incident in her previous career which deserves to be commemorated, if only to illustrate her shrewdness and wit. It relates to the manner in which she secured for herself the hand as well as the heart of him who had gained her affections and refused to consecrate the bond. When the incident was first made known to us, we considered it a fair subject for a ballad; and since we now have it written in that shape, our readers will probably forgive us if we lay it before them in its metrical dress. They need but change a name and divest the ballad of its color of antiquity to have the real story fairly before their eyes.

### MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

A TRUE STORY OF WOMAN-CRAFT.

#### I. THE RING.

I.

'T was revel day in Brantome Hall;
A titled throng was there,
To drink the health and share the wealth
Of Brantome's youthful heir.

II.

A merrier meeting never was;
Round, round the Xeres went;
With glee or wine each eye did shine,
Each tongue grew eloquent.

III.

So lightsome were those noble guests,
From well-bred spleen so free,
You would have sworn them lowly-born,
Not lords of high degree.

IV.

A page came to the entrance door,
In blue and silver clad;
He stood and blushed—the revellers hushed
To learn what brought the lad.

V.

"May 't please your lordship," spoke the page,
"A priest attends below,
And begs to say, without delay,
What boots you much to know."

VI.

"A priest!" the wondering host exclaimed;
"A priest!" the guests chimed in.
"A priest!" quoth one; "comes he alone
To shrive us all from sin!'

VII.

"A convent full he would have brought,
If such his purpose were;
But I misdoubt he comes about
Some sin of Brantome's heir.

VIII.

"Confess, my lord, what is it brings
The holy man to thee?
Hast driven thy hounds o'er abbey grounds,
Or scaled a nunnery?

IX.

"Hast wrong'd the curate of his tithe?
His housekeeper hast kissed?
His cellar broke, or lightly spoke,
Perchance, of Eucharist?"

X.

"Out on your jests!" the lord replied,
"The Pater's aim I know;
It is the dinner, not the sinner,
He comes to visit now."

XI.

"May 't please your lordship," said the page,
"This ring he bade me show,
And urge you by a sacred tie
To 'suage a mourner's woe."

XII.

"Hush!" cried the lord; and, as he cried,
His manly cheek grew pale,
That erewhile blushed, with wassail flushed:
The ring had told its tale!

XIII.

Up rose the lord of Brantome Hall
With look of sad dismay;
Some courtly word of leave preferred,
Then hied him fast away.

XIV.

Soon as he spied the friar, he cried,
"What tidings dost thou bring
From her I love all things above?
Why sends she with the ring?"

XV.

"Now steel thy heart, my son, for grief:
She's at the point of death;
Yet weakly clings to earthly things
E'en with her latest breath.

XVI.

"So longs to see"—"What ho! my horse!"
The impatient Brantome cried;
"A palfrey too! for, father, you
Thither with me shall ride."

II. EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

Oh! 't was a sight to melt a heart of stone:
That fair young girl in languished faintness laid,
Her golden curls in rich profusion strown,
Her pallid cheek, where hectic glowings played;
Down from the bed's side hung one listless arm,
With all the drooping lily's melancholy charm.

II.

The other hand was clasped against her breast,
As if to still its throbbing pulse of pain;
Her eyes were closed, and tear-drops ill suppressed
'Twixt the shut eyelids forced their way amain,
And glittered 'mid the scooping lashes caught,
Like broidered gems in silken net-work wrought.

III.

The breath of life, beneath her bosom's snow,
Unwilling captive, struggled to be free—
Perchance to 'scape companionship with woe
That rankled there in pent-up agony—
Till shook the white walls of its prison cell,
Whose beauty should have woo'd the truant there to dwell.

IV.

Young Brantome gazed till tears had dimmed his sight,
And then, with keen remorseful grief unmanned,
Aloud he sobbed, that stalwart, doughty knight;
While the old priest, a crucifix in hand,
Spoke of the wrong his cruel lust had done,
And striving to console, yet urged him to atone:

V.

"Behold thy victim, dying of her shame;
Her aged sire hath laid his curse upon her,
For casting o'er the brightness of his name
The shadow of the guilty love that won her.
On the death-verge her soul in terror hangs,
And doubts of mercy above and dreads eternal pangs.

VI.

"O thou, who canst her comforter now prove,
Forfend the curse, assuage a parent's pride;
Hallow the ties that bound her trusting love;
Give her thy name, and let her die a bride!"
Long might the priest such litanies have muttered,
But on the sufferer's lip the shape of utterance fluttered.

VII.

Young Brantome knelt; him thought her soul had flown,
Yet, love-bound, strove upon those lips to linger,
That they might breathe a cherished name—his own!
The ring so long withheld upon her finger
He quickly slipped, then signed the willing friar
To read the benison that sanctifies love's fire.

VIII.

Now while the priest the solemn words expressed,
Strange power of Love! the sufferer 'gan revive;
Her lovely cheek, so pale before, confessed
A burning wish, a blushing hope—to live;
And when was o'er the grave, religious rite,
Her heavenly eyes she oped, that beamed with life and light.

IX.

Her beauteous form, so languishing erewhile,
Graceful she raised, clasped her beseeching hands,
Upglooking sweetly with a tearful smile;
Like as the fitful sun of tropic lands,
Now hid, now glimm'ring through the show'ry skies,
So beamed that tearful smile within her azure eyes.

III. THE RATIFICATION.

"Fit il pas mieux que de se plaindre?"—La Fontaine.

The holy man cried, "Miracle!"
And "Gratias Domine!"
He vowed that wedlock from that bed
Had frightened death away.

II.

The bridegroom silenced with a scowl
The meek officious priest;
His brows he knit, his lips he bit,
And shook his clenched fist.

III.

A storm was gathering in his breast,
A flash was in his eye;
But, as the cloud, whose gloomy shroud
Wraps half the summer sky,

IV.

Meeting some soft, opposing gale,
Warm from a sunny shore,
Melts all away, and leaves the day
Serenely clear once more—

V.

So fled the wrath-cloud from his brow,
As she, his bosom-wedded,
With tearful smile, confessing guile,
For pardon sweetly pleaded:

VI.

"Oh! by those dear remembered hours
When first you sought my love,
By all you sued for, all I rued,
Alas! the granting of,

VII.

"Forgive, my lord, your trembling bride,
For that she's living still;
She would have died with joy and pride,
If pride or joy could kill."

VIII.

Relaxed the stern lord's haughty brow,
With wrath erewhile compressed;
Between his arms her blushing charms
He folded to his breast.

IX.

"Forgive! Pardie," he gayly cried;
"When late I took the vow,
It was, of course, *for better or worse:*
I'm glad thou'rt better now.

X.

"Thou'rt Lady Brantome, hence for aye,
Of Brantome Hall the pride;
An hundred lords shall draw their swords
When lists my beauteous bride.

XI.

"The husband and the coronet
Are thine, and fairly won:
Thine too my heart, though not through art,
But Heaven's behest alone."

Such was the artifice by which the beautiful Señora G—— had in former days become the wife of her indolent but wealthy and intellectual lord. Her superior mind soon obtained for her a complete ascendency over him. It was she who drove him from the leisure of private life to the busy field of politics; she whose intrigues had raised him step by step to his present exalted position, after many hard-fought encounters in diplomacy and in war. She was at once his right hand and his head. She thought for him and acted for him. Foreign diplomatists attended her levees more punctually than any other state reception. The most experienced statesmen of the land respectfully listened to her suggestions. More public business was transacted in her boudoir than in the council-room. As to her husband, poor man, so that he had the finest horses in Lima, and leisure for his amusements, he was content to don his splendid uniform and act a prompted part on gala-days, and in the meanwhile to affix his official hand to any papers his wife presented to him with his chocolate in the morning.

With so much power in her hands and a mind so masculine, the protectress of Saint Clair was likely to prove a valuable auxiliary in his cause. Unfortunately, however, reasons of public policy compelled her to treat his adversaries with much management. It was only in a secret way, therefore, that she could afford him much assistance. For such is the inherent virtue of republican institutions, that even where little exists of them except their mere outward form, that form has still power to spread a shield over the governed, and protect them in a measure from the arbitrary exercise of power. It was something more than the *name* of liberty that consoled imperial Rome for what she had lost. It was the form of a popular government which masked the face of Tyranny.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

We have said that Saint Clair was happy. We feel under the necessity of explaining that bold statement, for fear that our readers might imagine that we are writing an Arabian tale, or that we have committed the absurdity of supposing that there is some fabulous Jouvence or Eldorado where abstract happiness is to be found. Saint Clair was not happy. He never was so, any more than you or ourself. But at this particular juncture of his life he had attained something very like happiness. Many blessings he had and many comforts, and to the enjoyment of these he yielded himself up with a relish that ought to have alarmed him for the future; and forgetful of the vanity of life, oblivious of the many trespasses for which he had yet to atone, he presumptuously avowed himself contented.

He was linked to a being who by universal report was accounted one of the most perfect of the creatures of earth. She was beloved by every one. Her presence exerted a charm. There was something purifying in her very look. Even the servants in her father's hall, degraded Sambos, wild Indians or callous blacks, who might have been supposed devoid almost of human feelings, even these, the oppressed, the trampled, doted on Doña Paula; they loved her better than their own offspring, yet with a respectful affection which made them loth to do a wrong act when they thought it might come to the knowledge of the señorita. From a child she had taken that stand which she ever afterwards preserved, and, careless of authority, exerted power over all who approached her. She had that serene and mournful beauty peculiar to those who are fated to die young. Her beautiful black eyes were oftenest turned towards heaven. Her smile had a fascination in it; and the commanding dignity of her appearance overawed men whom naught else could overawe. She was the idol as well as the pride of her father, until the influence of a designing priesthood succeeded in clouding his aged mind with bigotry. It seems surprising that this lovely creature felt reluctant at embracing the life of a nun. Her thoughts were remarkably detached from earthly things. Vanity formed no part of her character. She appeared wholly unconscious of her superiority. She was the very impersonification of a Sister of Charity, and one who knew her well has declared to us, that if there ever was an angel on earth, it was Doña Paula de Silva. Her face was a true index to her mind. It was a grave, sweet face, usually pensive in its expression, but illumined at times by a smile whose brightness exceeded that of mirth, a smile expressive of overflowing charity and kindness of heart.

Now, when all this magic of grace and goodness came to be exerted upon our intractable hero, there took place in him a perfect miracle of transformation. From his elevation as a knight-errant of dubious principles, he sank down to a mere commonplace lover and husband. The peculiar circumstances attending his union forced him at first to lead a secluded life. For how could he introduce to his fashionable acquaintance a bride whom he could not name, or a bride whose death had been established before the law? Saint Clair and Doña Paula therefore soon became all in all to each other. They created a little world apart for themselves, and grew so contented with it, that ere long they wished for no other.

It is passing strange how affection will exalt the simplest things in life, and invest them with a charm and a consequence which in sober truth do not belong to them. Because these two beings were attached, it became delightful to them to sit together alone through the long evenings, sometimes conversing, sometimes silent for hours, and occasionally singing or playing some instrument. A ride in a carriage or on horseback, or a sail around the harbor, they soon learned to consider as true enjoyments, to be planned and projected long beforehand, to be commented on in detail long afterwards. Whence this strange relish for things so immaterial in themselves? The landscape around Callao is not of a nature to arouse any enthusiastic emotions of the soul. Every road that leads to it is tedious and dreary in the extreme. The merchant alone can perceive any beauty in the arid island that protects

the harbor from the swell and the trade-wind. What made these two take such pleasure in their promenades by land or water? Doña Paula could boast no great talent for music. Her voice had considerable compass, but, from want of proper culture, sometimes wandered from the tone. Wherefore then did Saint Clair, a good judge in such matters, listen breathless to every note, as if a Thracian spell had been woven in it? Whoever has loved will answer that these two loved each other. But to explain the explanation would require another pen than ours; or rather no pen is equal to the task. Often has the phenomenon been observed, and much rhapsody expended upon it. We, who hate words that convey no meaning, are content to allude to the fact, and appeal to the experience of our readers. For, of our readers, some have known and remember, some (happy they) are now learning, and the others will yet live to learn wherefore, without obvious reason, Saint Clair and Doua Paula felt as if they had been born again in a new world of bliss, and passed the first days of their union in a dream of happiness and content.

A dream—how short a dream! That life of seclusion which conventional considerations imposed at first upon them, and which had proved so much to the taste of both, soon became an imperious necessity. The health of Doña Paula had received a fatal shock. Sorrow, disappointment, and the dull loneliness of her convent hours had undermined her constitution. And now the result became but too visible. She had no stated illness; but the powers of life began to give way. It was now that the effects of her influence upon her wayward husband became apparent. That impatient spoilt child of Pleasure and Fashion, whose energies had never been actuated by other than selfish motives, seemed to take delight in rendering her the thousand tender offices of the most devoted nurse. Except when called away by the most pressing engagements, he was never out of her sight. It was his dearest wish and constant care to enliven her solitude. By dint of being so much by her side, he grew accustomed to her decline, and began to believe—what he himself strove to make her believe—that she was getting better. All the physicians in the Republic were called in by turns. They prated learnedly, argued dogmatically, and concluded that no fears need be entertained. They spoke of speedy recovery, and pointed for the verification of their prophecies to a period now very close at hand, whose near approach made Saint Clair's heart throb with pleasure and pride. He was soon to be a father!

Time passed on, and the longed-for event occurred; days and weeks elapsed, and still the physicians staked their dark knowledge upon her speedy cure. But no improvement took place; and poor Saint Clair soon found himself face to face with the horrible truth—his devoted wife was in a rapid decline,—rapid, yet not always altogether evident; for there were times when Doña Paula appeared as fair and blooming as on her bridal day, soon to relapse however into a state of despondent listlessness, from which nothing could rouse her, not even the presence of her husband, not even the plaintive voice of her babe.

Thus Saint Clair's mind was perpetually racked by the torture of alternate hope and fear. It was well for his reason that misfortunes of a different nature began to claim his attention. He had now fully entered upon his contest with the Church, and the power of the Church was making itself felt, though unseen. From the day of his first consultation with "land-sharks"—as Crocket obstinately called the eminent counsel engaged—a strange fatality seemed to attend all his enterprises. The business of exporting the precious metals, in which Saint Clair had been so long and successfully engaged that he had become rash and careless in his operations, was now made almost impossible. At least, instead of being as heretofore a safe and profitable pursuit, it involved risks and difficulties of the most serious nature.

One foggy night, the misty stillness of the harbor of Callao was startled by the extraordinary report of fire-arms. The cause of this unusual occurrence was soon ascertained: a canoe manned by Indian paddlers, and laden with a rich freight of silver bars, had been surprised by the guard-boat, almost under the bows of a national vessel of the United States. The Indians made no resistance, but submissively laid in their paddles at the first hail. Nevertheless, their pursuers, with characteristic cruelty, and with a view perhaps to enhance their exploit, fired a volley of musketry at the helpless offenders. Two men were killed, and several bullets struck the hull of the American vessel,

whose commander, but that he did not altogether relish the idea of a minute investigation into the circumstances of the capture, would probably have set up against the Peruvian government one of those claims which the offended majesty of powerful nations is so frequently seen to urge against the irritable petulance of weaker States.

This accident had serious consequences for our hero. A legal investigation took place, which implicated him. He would have been taken into custody at once, but for his influence with persons high in rank. The Governor of Callao, through whose hands the process for his arrest had to pass, was the godfather of his child; and the obligation taken at the baptismal font is regarded in so strong a light where the Roman Catholic discipline prevails, that our hero considered himself assured of the support of that functionary. The manner in which the latter exerted his discretionary indulgence on this occasion was characteristic, and deserves especial notice.

One day he stopped at Saint Clair's residence, and asked him to join him in his evening ride, as he had some matters of consequence to communicate. As the two friends rode along in the direction of the village of Miraflores, their conversation rolled on indifferent topics, our dispirited hero striving to his utmost to please the man of power, and wondering when it would please his Governorship to disclose the matters of consequence he had in store for him. It was only on their return, and within a short distance of Callao, that the Peruvian officer came to the point.

"Caballero," said he, "you have strong friends, but you also have some very powerful enemies."

All Saint Clair's diplomacy could not induce him to affect that his friend's remark had enlightened his mind. So he awaited the sequel without answering.

"The little affair of the captured silver," continued the Governor, "will not, I trust, lead to any very serious consequences, beyond a little present annoyance. Indeed, I never before knew of a prosecution being commenced against *gente de razon* for an offense of this kind. But I have good cause to fear that this is only the commencement of a series of attacks against you."

"I am prepared," remarked our hero laconically.

"It is well that you are so," resumed his friend. "I beg you to consider me as one on whose support you may rely."

They were now within a few steps of Saint Clair's house. The Peruvian officer proceeded:

"As a proof of my friendship, I will show you these orders which I have just received from Lima for your arrest. You know that I incur serious responsibility by allowing you to remain at liberty. Nevertheless, I will run the risk. Am I not the *padrino* of your child?—What a beautiful horse you have there!" remarked the Governor, just as they were about to dismount.

"*A la disposicion de Vmá,*" answered Saint Clair, according to the Castilian custom.

"Many thanks," replied his generous patron. "I will keep him for your sake."

It was almost with tears in his eyes that our hero delivered over his faithful steed to the Governor's servant. He felt as if he was paying too high a price even for liberty. But this was only the first instalment of his ransom. St. Clair possessed a beautiful English carriage. His *compadre* the Governor borrowed it one day to give his wife an airing, and never returned it. At short intervals the high-minded functionary would call upon our hero, and benevolently inform him of new judicial proceedings being commenced, the execution of which, from pure friendship, he would suspend; and at each visit he would drop some hint which transferred to his possession some valuable chattel of his helpless victim. About once a week he would send a confidential servant with a request for a loan of twelve ounces or so. Nor was this all: the entire household of the Governor soon came in for a share of the plunder. His very menials scented the prey, and fell upon it like a flock of *gallinanos;* it was seldom that they had an opportunity of eking their scanty wages with such bountiful perquisites.

At last the evil grew to such an extent that it appeared likely to work its own cure by ruining Saint Clair completely. We are generally disposed greatly to commiserate the unfortunate who gets entangled in the meshes of the law. But especial pity is due to the victim of Hispano-American jurisprudence. The revelations of Gil Blas anent the administration of justice in Old Spain, fabulous though they may seem to the American reader, would appear tame if com-

pared with the details of some very recent transactions in the Spanish Republics of America. The alguazils of Spain merely stripped their victim of his actual possessions. The judicial officers of her colonies pursue a plan more refined and systematic. They do not always drain the sponge at once, but squeeze it considerately and at intervals, so as to afford it an opportunity of becoming again replenished.

This beautiful method had now been pursued towards Saint Clair, until any extremity seemed to him preferable to further endurance. Serious mischances of several kinds had lately impaired his means considerably. Failures considered impossible had taken place. His best-devised plans had been frustrated. His most trustworthy agents had turned against him. It seemed as if some infernal influence were at work to conquer him, by depriving him one by one of the means of defending himself. He felt like a soldier who finds his armor dropping off piece by piece before the enemy is in sight. He had determined to stake his all upon the struggle which he had so bravely undertaken; but now he saw his all melting away before having brought his adversary to the field of battle.

Wearied and rendered desperate by the continued recurrence of petty annoyances, which threatened to reduce him in the same way as the gnat once conquered the lion, Saint Clair resolved either to bring matters to an instant crisis, or to place himself beyond the reach of persecution. And on this point it was his first care to consult his active and benevolent protectress, Senora G——.

He had not been a courtier of late; the peculiarity of his position prevented him from visiting his acquaintance in high life. He felt almost dubious as to the reception he would receive at the palace. Yet for many reasons a private audience was out of the question under present circumstances. Time was becoming too valuable in his case to be squandered in punctilios, and he therefore boldly resolved to present himself at the palace on a public reception day.

There is virtue in a determination, however desperate. As soon as Saint Clair had marked out a course for himself, he felt his mind at ease. He rested well that night, and the next morning set out for Lima.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE AUDIENCE.

We hear and read much of the boasted splendors which distinguished the rule of the ancient Viceroys of Peru. Whatever the truth may have been in this respect, it would seem that the pride of architecture formed no considerable part of their character. The palace where so many of them sat in state still remains, and is not caculated to impress the traveller very forcibly. On the north side of the Plaza Mayor, a flat unornamented wall, surmounted by lean, ambitious-looking flag-staffs, and disfigured—if it be possible to disfigure such a piece of masonry—by a long row of wooden shops or stalls that extends in front—presents the most favorable view of the vice-regal edifice. Nor does the interior redeem the unpromising appearance of the outside. The great reception-hall, or *Sala de los Vireyes*, has no more remarkable feature (now that its famous collection of portraits has been transferred to another building) than a floor which seems to have been laid without regard to level, by some squinting mechanic who abhorred straight lines. It fairly tests the capability of human muscles for surmounting inequalities of surface without alteration of the body's decorous perpendicular. It is in this room that state balls are given. No wonder that the Peruvian gentry are good waltzers. He or she who can whirl without accident over a waving surface like this, must be capable of doing the same under any circumstances; in the same way as mountaineers, when they visit a city, are conspicuous for their easy and graceful walk.

In a smaller room adjoining this great hall, the commanding and still handsome Señora G—— held a levee on the morning when Saint Clair sought her counsel in his embarrassment. It was difficult on this occasion to obtain her private ear, although

not an individual entered that crowded room without being noticed by her quick searching glance.

We deeply deplore our lamentable unfashionableness, when called upon to describe occasions of ceremony like the present one. We have witnessed them just enough to observe their strangeness, yet too little to comprehend their pith and significance. There may be a deep reason in those receptions of etiquette, levees, and other gatherings of a like nature, but to our obtuse reason they present the quintessence of solemn absurdity. There sat, on the present occasion, the fair Señora G—— on a rich sofa, alone. Some ladies were seated in different parts of the room, but the great majority of the visitors were standing, in what would appear to us indiscriminate confusion, around the walls. A general buzz of conversation pervaded the hall, and now and then little knots of men and women would become detached from the throng, approach the hostess, make low bows or curtsies, exchange smiles, and then, after many scrapes of their feet, and extraordinary distortions of their bodies, sail out of the room in a dignified style. Nor were these little incidents governed altogether by chance or by the will of the visitors, as would at first glance appear. It was plain, after a little consideration, that a kind of precedence was observed, and that above all the eye of the Señora, like a general-in-chief reviewing his troops, issued out some mute orders, in obedience to which the practised courtiers approached by turns to receive her greetings and take their leave.

In obedience to one of those magnetic signals, Saint Clair approached his powerful patroness. The reception which he had so far met with was not calculated to raise his despondent spirits. Had he not known himself the desperate state of his affairs, the demeanor towards him of those whom he met on first entering the palace might have alarmed him outright. Some shunned him altogether, as if he had been afflicted with leprosy; some, as he passed by them, elevated their significant eyebrows, and with eyes nearly closed, looked over him, or even right through him, as if he had been made of transparent air. Others there were who stared at his bow, and others again who returned it with an offensively compassionat manner.

"The rats are swimming away from the sinking ship," said Saint Clair to himself; and wrapping up his mortification in pride and contempt, he turned haughtily aloof from his former dear friends, and awaited in silence and apart the signal for a short audience.

His powerful patroness did not fail to note these circumstances, and generously resolved to make ample amends to our hero. When his turn came—and it came promptly—she arose from her seat with a gracious smile, and actually advanced toward him two steps: General Puntillo counted them. She then made him seat himself by her side, and commenced a conversation with him, in a tone so low as to reach his ear alone. Not a syllable could the anxious courtiers hear, save here and there a word or two about indifferent topics, which, coupled with the speaker's kindly smile, and light graceful manner, and the listener's unconcerned attitude, made the bystanders believe that nothing passed between them except the stereotyped compliments of courts, and those gallant nothings which, with Fashion's stamp upon them, serve as current coin in a certain world. Saint Clair's stock instantly rose almost to par.

Yet the interview was of a most important character for our hero. Under the mask of trifling indifference which both contrived to assume, information was conveyed and warnings given which would have driven most men to heedless and uncontrollable acts of desperation. He left the presence with rage and indignation in his heart, yet with a well-bred diplomatic coolness of manner, which was highly creditable to him as a pupil of that worldly school whose utmost aim is to reduce our actions, emotions, gestures, dress, and general conduct to a common—a very common standard.

Society, or what is so called in a certain sense, is your true solution of the problem of equality among men. With an undiscriminating plane, it thoroughly smooths the surface of life; no matter if the cast-off shavings be worth more intrinsically than what remains of the material, so that what remains be like a frozen lake—hard and cold, but unruffled. A certain level has been adopted, so low that the great majority can attain it; all that is higher must be lopped off. Feeling, genius, sentiment, peculiarity of any kind, avaunt from "Society;" eyou must be crushed if you cannot be kept

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out of sight; your inequalities would betray the insignificance of the polished mass—how polished, but how flat!

Our hero's feelings on leaving the palace were of the most dismal character. He had come to Lima to seek his generous friend's advice under what he considered the most insurmountable of difficulties. And now a new item was added to the sum of his anxiety, compared with which all the rest sank into insignificance. A secret information, he had just learned, had been lodged, charging him with being accessory to the murder of El Chato Encarnacion. In that well-aimed blow he recognized clerical intervention, and he was too well acquainted with Peruvian jurisprudence to entertain any hope as to the result of a trial. Fly he must with all speed. His protectress had promised to stay the arm of the law for two days. She dared not interpose any longer delay. He felt no personal apprehension, for he had the means of flight at hand. But his proud spirit rebelled at the idea of defeat. To be conquered by an ignorant monk, and to acknowledge the fact by retreat, was in his eyes the last extremity of humiliation.

Distracted by such reflections, and half crazed with impotent rage, he spurred his horse on the road towards Callao, at the speed of one who runs for dear life, or at the still greater speed of one who seeks to escape from thought. Alighting from his panting horse, he proceeded at once to his wife's apartment, without even pausing to relieve himself of his poncho, or of his heavy silver spurs. As most natural with the afflicted, his first thought was to make her kind and loving heart the depositary of his distress. He resolved to tell her all, even at the risk of losing her esteem; her love he felt he could never lose.

When he entered her apartment, Doña Paula was reclining in a Guayaquil hammock, with her infant daughter in her arms. Her pale face wore a listless, apathetic expression. Her eyes were heavy, her wasted features bore the stamp of habitual physical suffering. She noticed her husband's entrance with her usual kindly glance and half smile, but spoke not a word, and continued, as before, humming her child asleep with a Catholic hymn.

This little scene deeply affected Saint Clair. He, who knew her so well, saw at once that this was no time to impart his secrets to her. There seemed scarcely intelligence enough left in her to understand, or, if she understood, there seemed scarcely life enough left in her to withstand the disclosures he had to make. His whole misery of spirit therefore rolled back upon his heart with double weight. His soul was so oppressed that he could hardly utter a syllable. Yet, speak he must, if only to hear her speak in return. This mute scene of maternal love surviving all the other earthly affections was heart-rending. As he looked on that beautiful shadow of her he loved so well, mechanically rocking in the suspended couch, with eyes downcast, and seemingly unconscious of his presence, or of the existence of aught on earth except her slumbering infant, he felt like one who is alone with a spirit, and grew almost frightened.

"Paulita!" said he, in his most caressing voice.

"My dear!" she answered, without once raising her eyes towards him, and then continued humming to the sleeping child as before.

Poor Saint Clair, smothering his sorrow, now told her as much as he dared tell of his position. He explained to her that unexpected circumstances, growing out of the prosecution of her claim, made it advisable that they should leave the country without delay. His steamer, he added, would sail the next day, and with her they must go; that it was inexpedient their intention should become known, and that in order to conceal their departure, it would be necessary to make a feint of visiting the steamer. Meanwhile, their establishment at Callao must be kept up for some time, to make it appear that they would soon return. At the same time it was impracticable to carry any thing with them, save such indispensable articles as he would cause to be conveyed on board secretly that very night. These he begged her to make ready with her own hands; no servant, he said, was to be trusted in such an extremity.

She listened, or appeared to listen to what he said with the most perfect composure, but made no answer, and scarcely raised her eyes towards him. And when, in a voice broken with emotion, he begged her to speak and say whether she would go, she calmly replied: "Wherever you go, dearest, thither will I go;" and continued as before, singing in a low tone.

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These words, and the indescribably soft

tones in which they were spoken, almost crushed what little energy was left in the distracted adventurer's breast. He had observed before, during some of those alarming crises of her illness which appeared likely to terminate in speedy dissolution, that her voice at such times became gifted with soft silvery vibrations, more touching and heart-reaching a hundred-fold than their natural tone; and now that ominous, unearthly sweetness again fell upon his ears, and had power almost to throw open the secret well where those bitter, unconsoling tears—the tears of manhood—yet remain to the last, even in the most rugged and hardened natures.

Saint Clair remained for some time in a state of dreadful agitation, gazing in silence at her who sat before him unconcerned, indifferent, and beautiful as a marble statue. In bitter agony he computed the few days he might yet possess even thus much of her; then he remembered how this state of apathy had grown upon her, how it kept pace with her disease. He looked forward to the day when she would no longer even remember his identity; and when he reflected that it might be his fate to watch her slow agony, and hear her call him by a strange name, under the influence of some of those half-delirious recollections of childhood which assail the death-bed, the most dreadful counsels of despair presented themselves to his mind. He thought it would be better if the earthquake would now rock the polluted soil of Peru, and swallow them up both together in one grave. He saw a ghastly comfort in such an end. Then the evil counsellor whispered to him that it was in his power to *produce* a catastrophe like that he had been contemplating; thoughts of revenge too came coupled with the fiendish suggestion, and knit his brow and set his teeth firmly together. Such thoughts were revolving in his distracted mind, when again that supernaturally sweet voice broke upon his startled ear:

"What dress, dearest, shall I wear for the party?"

There was so much unfitness in the question, it was so obviously uncalled for and ill-suited to the present state of things, that Saint Clair started up as if a dagger had entered his side.

"Party!" cried he; "O my God! she dreams of parties."

For a while he paced the floor in a dreadfully agitated state of mind. All at once a luminous thought seemed to break upon the chaos of his mind. He paused in his excited walk, stooped over his wife, kissed her calm forehead, and whispering to her, "Thou art my inspiring genius," hurried out of the house.

He knew that he could place implicit confidence in the honor and secresy of his young American friend. He now sought him out at once. They remained closeted together for a considerable time. Saint Clair unfolded his real position, his fears, his difficulties, and the means yet in his power. They both agreed that Saint Clair and his wife had no time to lose in placing themselves beyond the reach of such inveterate and powerful enemies; that to disguise their flight was a paramount object; and the plan which Saint Clair suggested was after some deliberation mutually assented to.

Our hero was to tender an invitation to all the Peruvian fashion then in and about Callao for an entertainment, to take place on the following afternoon on board of his steamer. This would undoubtedly be well attended, and would sufficiently account for his presence with his family on board the steamer. The party would break up late at night. Then Saint Clair would, with all dispatch, stow the necessary fuel on board, light his fires, and slip quietly out of the harbor. If pursued, as there was too much probability that he would be, he need but turn his vessel's bows into the teeth of the trade-wind, and bid defiance to the entire navy of the Peruvian Republic.

Their plan being matured, and all its incidental parts preconcerted, the two friends parted, each in his department to carry their measures into effect.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH ENJOYS THE ENVIABLE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE LAST.

BEAR with us a little longer, gentle reader; we are in sight of "the end;" our task has nearly reached its termination, and, so far as we are concerned, what remains of it is rather more mechanical than intellectual. We need but copy from our scrap-book the record of a conversation which we had with our steadfast and well-informed friend Crocket.

"Well," said that worthy to us, one evening, "I suppose that you will give me no peace until I have told you all about it. And it is unfortunately too true," he added, in a somewhat melancholy tone, "that I am the only person now living who can at all describe the scene from personal recollection, or rather from experience.

"It was a beautiful day, considering the climate. The bay was almost without fog. The steamer was gayly dressed with many-colored flags. A snow-white awning covered the deck. The music was good, and the refreshments the best which the place could afford. A great number of persons had acceded to the invitation of Saint Clair; for his reception at the palace on the preceding day had raised him in the estimation of the fashion, and many attended for the mere sake of keeping on good terms with one who might again be powerful.

"I was his right-hand and faithful aid-de-camp, and, I believe, the only confidant of his project. Our captain declined to attend, but gave me leave to do so, and permitted me, furthermore, to take and keep till the next day his gig under my command. Its crew, as Saint Clair and I had calculated, was to be of great service in assisting us, after the party was over, to throw aboard the necessary supply of coals. For, partly to keep his steamer in a proper condition for the entertainment, and partly with a view to conceal his design to the last, he had not yet a bushel of coal on board. The operation of 'filling up' was not as difficult a one as might at first appear to you. We intended to take only what quantity was absolutely indispensable. We had plenty of hands, and the coal-ship was close aboard. For you must understand that then, as now, there was no such thing as a coal-yard in Callao. An old French frigate, large enough to take in a mountain, served instead; and as she was good for nothing else, she answered the purpose admirably. Whenever a vessel came from abroad with a cargo of coal, she went alongside of the frigate, and the cargo was transferred to her capacious flanks. Whenever, likewise, the steamer required fuel, she anchored near enough to the old frigate to warp alongside of her, if necessary. This was the case on the day in question; and you must try to remember that Saint Clair's steamer was quite near to the old hulk.

"The day wore along pleasantly enough for the invited guests, I dare say, but quite anxiously for me. As for Saint Clair, he did the honors of his ship in most beautiful style. His wife, too, bore the excitement remarkably well. Two or three times during the afternoon and evening she came into the cabin, and sat there a considerable time, entertaining her husband's guests. She seemed to have regained her former ease of manner, and her former strength; much of her former beauty she had unquestionably recovered. I could not help mentioning it to the surgeon of a British vessel, as I rowed him back to his ship that evening. He was a skilful man, and, for his profession, a kind-hearted one. He had bestowed much attention on Doña Paula during her illness. When I told him how glad I was to see her so well—

"'Nonsense!' said he; 'she has not a month to live.'

"I looked aghast, but said nothing; these doctors are so dogmatical, you know.

"Well, the afternoon passed on, and the evening was at hand. The elder guests had all departed, and the younger ones continued dancing on deck. I grew somewhat nervous as the time for action approached. But Saint Clair was as calm as you are now. He seemed to have no thought but for his guests. Yet, like a careful general, who quietly prepares for

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battle while negotiating with the enemy's plenipotentiaries, he, at all fitting times, gave his entire attention to the real business of the day. Never did Captain H——'s coxswain handle the spare oar in our gig so often before. One would have thought, to see the gay little boat crossing the harbor in every direction, as she did that day, that there was a treaty of amity and peace being negotiated between the old store-ship and the other vessels at anchor there.

"I was thus returning from one of Saint Clair's many errands, when, just in the direction where I was looking, through the lowering darkness, for the sharp bows of the steamer, I saw a vivid light shoot out of a stern-port, and then a mass of reddish smoke rise high up in the air. 'Give way, men,' I cried, for I felt like a farmer on the borders of Indian warfare, who, returning at night from the fields, hears the war-whoop, and sees his cabin on fire. A few strokes more of the oar brought me well in sight of the burning ship. I now saw that it was the old French frigate, and not the steamer.

"At first I was overjoyed at discovering my error. But a moment's reflection satisfied me that there was no great occasion to rejoice; for whether Saint Clair was burnt out like a fox, or burnt in like Marshal Bugeaud's Arabs, made but little difference. In either case he seemed wholly, irretrievably in his enemy's power. The magnificent steamer, with all her glittering machinery, but without fuel, was like a paralytic, whose limbs and muscles are to all appearance perfect, yet who, lacking the mysterious power that sets them in motion, lies helpless upon his bed.

"I rowed towards the old hulk, that was now wrapped in a mass of flames. At one glance I saw that every thing had been done which could be. Launches and boats of all kinds and dimensions surrounded the floating fire. A desperate attempt had been made to discharge some part of the precious cargo, but in vain. The old vessel crackled on all sides like pitch-pine, and the intense heat which she evolved was intolerable, even at the distance where I now stood. I heard Saint Clair give the order for all hands to abandon the useless enterprise.

"I followed Saint Clair to the steamer; again we stood together upon his own deck, he gazing steadfastly upon the burning ship, and I scarcely knowing what to say. My friend's courage, hitherto indomitable, seemed to have given way. To such questions as I ventured to address him, he either made no answer or replied in the most despondent tone.

"'Tis madness to linger here,' said I; 'follow me on board of our ship; you will be safe under the United States flag.'

"'Impossible,' he answered.

"'Wherefore so?' I inquired. 'You cannot stay here; to-morrow's sun will see you a prisoner; what prevents your following me? Is Doña Paula ill?'

"'You will see for yourself,' said he, leading the way into the cabin.

"The scene which I there witnessed made a profound impression upon me. The large tables were still covered with the remains of the feast. The rich wine still glittered in the half-empty decanters; the varied fruit still graced the heavy baskets of silver. At the further end of the cabin a hasty couch had been disposed, and there lay Doña Paula in a condition which I could hardly mistake. I had been too long on board of a man-of-war not to know the symptoms of approaching death. Her beautiful eyes were strangely bright, but the pupils were half hid by the open lid; she appeared to have lost the power of directing her glance, and to be compelled to look upwards. She did not seem to know either of us, gasped dreadfully, and occasionally muttered some incoherent words in a tone of supernatural sweetness that made me shudder. For a long time I gazed in silence; at last I ventured to ask:

"'Shall I go for the surgeon?'

"'It is no use,' answered Saint Clair with a fearful calm. 'Come on deck.'

"I followed him without saying a word. He went up to the poop-deck, and leaning against the mizen rigging, remained silently gazing at the burning ship. The conflagration was now upon the decline. The rigging and upper works had long since been consumed. The fire still burned fiercely in one part of the ship, but she was filling with water very fast, and settling by the head. The scene was strangely picturesque. Around the burning vessel hundreds of boats might be seen plying, although there could now be no motive but curiosity for a visit to that dangerous neighborhood. A buzz of confused voices showed how keen an interest the spectators took in the unusual spectacle.

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Occasionally a brighter flash would issue from the declining conflagration, and it was hailed by a hundred excited screams, as it threw its lurid reflection upon the waters, and lighted for an instant all the shipping in the harbor. Fortunately there was no danger of the fire spreading among the other vessels, as these were well to windward.

"At last a servant touched his hat to Saint Clair, and informed him that two gentlemen had called to see him.

"'Show them into the poop-cabin,' said Saint Clair; and by his request I accompanied him below.

"I was somewhat surprised when I saw that the visitors were the Governor of Callao and Padre Francisco. But my companion was something more than surprised. His face became deadly pale, and as he bowed them politely in, a heavy mahogany chair, on the back of which he leaned with one hand, creaked as if it would break.

"The visitors being seated, Saint Clair whispered to me:

"'I will accept your kind offer; perhaps you had better go after the surgeon. And, by the way, I had rather you would not return here to-night. The captain will miss his gig. Go aboard; good night.'

"As he said those few words to me, I watched his countenance. It wore an expression of determination bordering on ferocity. I felt certain that he had taken some stern resolution, and could hardly resist the inclination to insist upon being permitted to stand by him to the last. His request, however, was of such a nature that I could not well decline complying with it. As I left him, however, I made up my mind, in spite of his injunction, to return without delay. I pressed my weary oarsmen to the utmost of their speed, and fairly took by assault H. B. M.'s ship. I felt the more anxious, that on leaving the steamer's side I had noticed that the boat which had brought the priest and the Governor was filled with soldiers. They informed me on board the British vessel that the surgeon could not leave the ship, his assistants being absent, and the rules of the service compelling him in such a case to remain on board.

"Without pausing to parley, I repaired to the steamer, and dismissing my gig, soon stood knocking for admittance at the poop-cabin

aint Clair was not there, and Padre Francisco directed me to seek him below. Below I went, and there I saw him, strangely enough, as I thought, just coming out of the powder magazine. When he saw me, he fairly screamed, 'You here!' and dragged me, by main force, up the hatchway on deck. As soon as I had recovered myself I sought to resist, and demanded an explanation.

"'Come on!' cried he, as he forced me forward; 'I have need of you; you must come. Where is the gig?'

"'Gone off.'

"'Rash boy!' he exclaimed. Then, in a tone which he strove to make calm, he resumed, as we reached the forecastle together:

"'Do me the favor to lay out on the flying jib-boom end. Don't object—go, for God's sake, go!'

"'What for?' I inquired.

"'What for! Why, to look—to look if the yards are square,' he answered, as he fairly pushed me up on the boom.

"The idea of sending me at that hour of night to look at the yards of a vessel which had only fore-and-aft sails, was, under all the circumstances, positively ridiculous. But, subjugated by my friend's urgent manner, and accustomed as I was of old to act under his direction, I obeyed almost mechanically. When I had reached my post, I turned around to see if he followed me, but I saw him no more. I had but an instant, however, to look; for hardly had I got hold of one of the stays to steady myself, when that dizzy sensation I have experienced before and since during an earthquake came over me, for a space of time too short to be named. Immediately after, I felt as if the sky had fallen down and crushed me. These are the only sensations I could ever remember in connection with the catastrophe which followed. I lost consciousness, and for a long space of time, earth was a blank to me. Of course you know what happened. Owing to some cause which has never been explained, the powder magazine of the steamer (which, according to contract with the Peruvian government, was always kept well filled, and in a condition for warlike purposes) had exploded, and of those who stood on board of her, I am the only survivor. My position on the flying jib-boom saved my life. That comparatively delicate spar fell into the water with me at the first concussion, and I was picked up soon after-

wards, to all appearance dead, but still clinging to the floating spar."

"Now, really," said we, somewhat disappointed, "is that all you can tell of the terrific explosion? Did you not hear the crash?—see no flames?—feel no warning convulsion of the stout ship, as the mighty captive within her flanks struggled to be free?"

"Heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing but what I have told you," he answered dryly. "If you wish to study the pathology of an explosion," he continued, "you had better go home and take a trip on the Mississippi, where you will meet with abundant facilities for such research."

"Do you think," we inquired after a pause, "that Saint Clair blew up his ship on purpose?"

"You can draw your own inferences," he answered; and that was all the explanation that we could get from him on the subject. Nor was the public of Lima or Callao better informed. Every body knew that the "Tiburo" had been blown up on a particular night; but as to the drama to which this incident served as a catastrophe, they seemed profoundly ignorant. Padre Francisco and the Governor had carried to the grave with them what secrets they had in their power to reveal, and soon afterwards a revolution had driven Señora G—— and her weak husband in exile to a foreign land, where they both died.

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## POST FACE.

Prefaces being out of vogue, we substitute a Post-face—and with cause. Is it not an amazing piece of presumption to address one's public in the tone either of expostulation or self-laudation, before being made acquainted, before the relation of author and reader has been fairly established? The writer who takes so unwarrantable a liberty must necessarily express himself in a cold, formal manner, as he would speak to a new and questionable acquaintance upon first shaking hands, instead of the kindly and cordial tone in which he would utter a farewell after a long companionship. What wonder then that prefaces generally prove tedious, and that the public will have none of them?

Our plan, we imagine, is not open to the same objections. We now feel as it were quite intimate with our reader. We have been conversing with him, telling him a story, and, we hope, amusing him. We feel that we may now with tolerably good grace inform him wherefore we have intruded our labor upon his eye. It so chanced that we possessed knowledge of some rather remarkable incidents which had never yet come to light; at the same time we felt conscious of personal experience as to the *locus in quo*, and we deemed it expedient to turn that knowledge and that experience to account. What we pride ourself especially upon is the modest reserve we have displayed in executing our task. Thank Heaven! we are better than our neighbors. We have nowhere distorted facts in order to heighten effects. We have not diluted one drachm of emotion into an ocean of insipid Sentimentalism, nor evaporated a drop of meaning into clouds of Transcendentalism. We have read you no lectures—whined you no sermons—bombasted you no rhetorical hyperbolas—revamped you no commonplaces—invented you no under-plot—adopted none of the artifices of bookcraft to swell a story into a book—displayed no learning or word-finery (we had none to display)—blowed our own trumpet not at all (until now.) In short, we have "told our story as 'twas told to us," or rather we have let the story tell itself.

We also expect especial commendation on the score of Brevity. That excellent point—whether it be considered as the soul of Wit or the redeeming feature of its opposite—has been the constant aim of our endeavors. We will leave it to any committee of critics to decide (after dinner) whether there be not incidents enough crammed into the foregoing laudably condensed pages to have made a large imp. 8vo novel. And if we had indulged in description—as we safely might since our scene was laid abroad—we could have swelled it into an Eugene-Sue-like

romance, as lage and perhaps as heavy as the Wandering Jew.

We have also forborne spreading love-scenes before our readers. For this we also had a cause. We have noticed and carefully studied passages purporting to describe the interchange of affectionate words in some of the most popular works of fiction of the day. Neither in our own experience nor in that of any of the many friends we consulted could we ever discover any thing like unto those passages. They are unlike the life—unlike any thing upon the earth, and for aught we know any thing in the heavens above, or the place beneath. This fondness for the unnatural we have been at great pains to explain for ourself, without ever reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Sometimes we have thought that novels were written by old maids who had never made love, or by old bachelors who had forgotten how. Sometimes we fancied that those experienced writers had discovered that love passages drawn after the life would never "take" with the public, and that they therefore felt compelled to draw upon their fancy for their models.

Whatever the cause might be, however, one thing was quite clear and self-evident to our mind, viz., that it was hopelessly beyond our power to sketch love-scenes in the approved novel style, wherefore we abstained.

For all these things which we might have done, and yet have abstained from doing, we demand our meed of praise, negative praise. As for what we *have* done, we leave it to the tender mercies of the critics.

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## A TRUTH.

What lesson graves those hoary rocks
  Set deeply on the shores of Time,
  With fangs that reaching to the prime
Sway not by elemental shocks,—

Strong songs of deep and lustrous mind,
  Clear annals of the world's long life,
  Sharp truths of argumental strife,
True pictures of our human-kind?

Not that in sudden gust of force
  Lies the high secret of the spell
  By which we too may build as well
Eternal records of our course.

But that the might which rears a tower
  To be by distant ages spied,
  Grows in the arm by labor tried,
And owns no circumstance or hour.

Reinhold.

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# DEATH-VERSES:

## A STROLL THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH WITH TENNYSON, IN COMPANY WITH SHELLEY, MILTON, BLAIR, SWIFT, COLERIDGE, MOORE, AND OTHERS.

"ALAS! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal."—SHELLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.—As the title denotes, this book is of the elegiac order, being composed of two hundred and sixteen pages of thought and lamentation, in one hundred and thirty-one different "In Memoriams" or thoughtful poems, not continuous, as a consequence, save in being the record of a bewailing soul, noting down its recurring bursts of feeling and thought on the subject of its lamentation through a number of years. The very title of the book is an epic—full of thought and retrospection—and brings welling round our mind pleasant and dreary recollections alternately. There is no one, however wicked or inhuman, but who cherishes some feeling akin to an "In Memoriam." Good people love it as a virtue. The basest of creation bestow affection on something, and feel its loss when it is severed from them; they feel the loss, at least externally, in a greater degree perhaps than those of a more benign character. They are nearer akin to brute, and cannot reconcile their selfishness so easily. To think, with such people, is the acme of cold-heartedness. Impatience to them is natural devotion, and obstinacy an apotheosis. To the kind and steady-loving heart, such reflection is capable of the highest moulding of thought, and the purest philosophic repose. To those who can calmly sit and look down the vista of an endearing friendship, when that friendship has been severed by a God; when between one and his counterpart the earth has yawned, and a wild and everlasting river careering in the chasm sets a union at defiance; when one feels half his strength and love roaming at the far side, and dare not seek it willingly; to such we say, who can sit calm and reconciled and gaze through the acts and thoughts, the love-links of years, what a wide realm ought fresh and angelic opens to his mind. He awakes as he thinks, and learns for the first time that all his life has been a dream. He feels his heart beating at the off side of the Stygian river; its pulsations throb and wave to and fro across the flood as the pendulum from soul's time-piece—tick, tick—and back he counts the hours of a life. No boisterous movement unhallows the serenity of his thoughts; no vulgar wailing pollutes the purity of his regrets; he is in a new life; he is an essence; he is all tears, but they are crystal; time and manly love have subdued him into a spirit; he is purged of the flesh, and for the time is a mirror of the angel-world. *His* "In Memoriam" could never be written save in heaven. It might be imagined, but language would desecrate the hallucination, as even the daguerreotpye jaundices the likeness which is unerring. Few men are capable of the subjection of body which we have idealized. Few have so much faith in Providence as to give Heaven credit for the wisdom of its actions; and most burst into a lamentation equally insulting and offensive to the Supreme Will, as it is unavailing to that which it bemoans. It is a harsh philosophy that would close up the flood-gates of sorrow, and crush the feeling of love after life in man. It would be cruel philosophy to preach this: such *we* do not preach, for we feel it could never be practised. But that which we idealize would not crush or close the pure and pious voice of sorrow, but would spiritualize it; cloister it within the secret porches of our being, amid the aisles of thought, where the conscious retrospection of good, like the pealing of a full-toned organ, would choir our lament, laden with love and loneliness, to heaven; where we might unburden our woes and sorrows, sheltered from the Argus-eyed crowd, to accommodate the kind will of which hypocrisy and cant are ever the sweet singers.

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But alone, man is no hypocrite, nor could be.

We have been led into these thoughts, as one wandering through a forest might come upon a simple tomb, erected there by some pioneer, to the memory of, and to mark the spot where an ill-fated comrade perished. As one would feel and ponder on such a meeting, have we felt and pondered on meeting the title-page of Mr. Tennyson's book amid the forest of leaves we are now-a-days in the habit of encountering. With the simple words "In Memoriam" at the top of the otherwise unencumbered page, it looks like a tomb whereon the sculptor had forgotten to grave the name of him to whose memory it was raised, or that *he* had been also called away to that eternity of which the blank space is so suggestive. We feel all the effects of such a book before we read one sentence of it. Already is the Old Mortality of our thoughts rechiselling the grave-stones of our memory, and we are weeping, or pondering, or blessing, as he brings each loved old name to light from amid the growth of brain-weed and moss which years of daily meetings with persons and occurrences engender. The person to whose memory this eloquent and Doric pile is perpetuated was the beloved friend from youth of the poet, as well as the betrothed of his sister; and by this monument to his friendship, is ever after linked with, and links, the two proudest tribunes in the literary assembly—Poetry and History—in being the son of Hallam and the inspiration of Tennyson. The poet's friend died at Vienna in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, since which time, leisurely and carefully, in hours purified by thought and sorrow for the dead, this monument was constructed. Block after block, the condensed essence of innumerable plaints, cemented with the healthy tears of benign sorrow for the intellect lost to the world, as well as the friend dead to himself, was added with Egyptian strength and Grecian finish, till the classic pyramid stands revealed. And as we can tell the age and manners of the sculptors by the peculiar positions of, and carvings on, the stones of old piles and abbeys, as they are in fact their own bards and chroniclers; so each stone of Mr. Tennyson's monument is at once the historian of the thoughts and feelings by which its working was encompassed, and the silent orator of the cemetery, claiming attention from every passer-by by the strange traces of workmanship on it. Every slightest chisel track seems like the toiling of a tear down a care-worn face, or solemn and mystic *ogham** inscription, relating to the dust which it shelters. Each mark seems to hold a meaning deeper than that it is an every-day piece of labor. It seems to have grown beneath the mason's will into a participation of that mystic and melancholy appearance which the wailing spirit within is allowed to enjoy entire. The more you look at it, the more you doubt your vision; your ears play you tricks too, and your brain is filled with lamentable sounds; your body lightens, and your brain seems to grow over-burdened; yet the sounds are so soul-worthy you utter no complaint against the wailings that pour themselves upon your thought, and might even wish you could sink down into eternity burdened with such a freight of purity. Every stone in the monument has got a voice; the tongues of Babel are around, but all seeking the one end, through slightly variable thoughts.

Mr. Tennyson's poem is of that class which at once defies, discards, and forbids criticism. It being an elegy suitable for any portion of the human family—its pure and high execution—its generally faultless expressiveness, and above all, its claims upon the heart as a tribute of friendship, raise it above the sphere of every-day notice and critical inquiry. At the same time, without cavilling, we mean to take a glance at it, keeping in view Mr. Tennyson's former productions. As a meditative poem, it is languid and melancholy; not languid as a weak man giving way to grief or despair, but as a Hercules overcome with thought, bowed down with ideas of a future world, or as a giant using his strength too much. Its melancholy is the melancholy of a strong mind; not superstitious, sickly, but the melancholy of a forcible will; clear, religious, thoughtful, firm as his love, the earthly snapping of which gives rise to it. Judging it simply as *a poem*, it is inferior in our mind to the "Princess." 'Tis true there is no more room for analogy betwixt the two, than between "Lalla Rookh" and "Paradise Lost," save that we can

* Ogham, the alphabet on stone used in ancient Ireland. It is formed by certain lines graved perpendicular to a main line, a set number of lines being equivalent to a certain letter; each linear symbol being detached from each other by a space or stop to avoid confusion.

pierce deeper than the mere words of either, and look down into the soul, the machine-shop of the poet, and view the secret workings, plans and powers there reposing, and at work. Thus it is, looking through his expressiveness, as a clear mirror, into the microcosm of which it is the atmosphere, from which the poet speaks, we should say, that as a poem, more enduring fame will follow the track of the "Princess" than will slumber within the hallowed shadow of "In Memoriam." It is not that the latter shall be loved less, but that the former shall be loved more. There are many reasons for our opinion. Taking both generally, the former may have more striking faults than the latter; they will be more noticeable in the former, from the nature of the poem, but its many remarkably beautiful and brilliant passages will always captivate, while the monotony consequent (at least seemingly) on a poem of the nature of the "In Memorian," will have any but a like seductive effect on readers; with, perhaps, the exception of students, and those who read poetry for its own sake, and not merely as a preventive of *ennui*. Whoever reads the beautiful descriptions and lyrics in the "Princess" cannot easily forget them; while few minds are capable, as we hinted at the beginning of this article, of receiving the elevated meditation and high poetic fervor and feeling which produced an "In Memoriam." If you have once visited the Princess's College, and seen her when

"There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess, liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth,"

you cannot forget her; or when upon the judgment seat,

——"above her droop'd a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm."

And again, the description of the pupils in the "University for Maidens," sitting ranged on the forms,

——"like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,"

is exquisite—who can forget it? Who can displace from memory the song of the northern Prince to the swallow?

"O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I there, that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died."

The love passages in the "Princess" are some of the finest descriptions ever penned, rich, exquisite, warm, yet pure. That part where the Prince is ill, and the stern Princess, caretaking "her chiefest enemy," is conquered herself; when, under the belief he is dying,

"She stooped, and with a great shock of the heart,"

their mouths met; and when she rose,

"Glowing all over noble shame, and all
Her falser self slipped from her like a robe,
And left her woman,"

is grandly conceived and true to the nature of woman. But it is useless, as well as unkind, to torture our readers (and ourselves) with little snatches, when we cannot strike out and swim in the ocean of melody which the "Princess" affords.

The "In Memoriam" is remarkable for its perspicuity. It is as plain, smooth, and symmetrical as a Doric column. The diction is pure and without affectation, but a decided improvement on the too familiar simplicity which spoiled some of his earlier writings. It opens finely:—

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?"

When we speak of this poem being inferior to the Princess, we must add, it is mainly in general effect *as a poem*, and as to its probable fate with the reading world. All the poet has aimed at in the present instance, we should say, he has admirably accomplished. It would be entirely out of character, not to say sacrilegious, to bedeck a mourning suit with rubies and emeralds, or perform a morris-dance on a pall. In like manner, that brilliancy and versatility which is the great feature in the Princess, would ill become the solemn efforts of a lamentation. Also, we must remark that the present poem was far advanced in being

at the time of the publication of the Princess, and we regard that poem as a later production than the one now given to the world.

Friendship, in the hands of a poet like Tennyson, is a grand theme; every tree, walk, or book, which was common to himself and friend, giving fine room for his descriptive powers, and the consequent thought upon such a link of love.

His identification with every thing relating to his friend, his intellectual promise, hopes, and pastimes, form the chief string which knots the several poems together; and the fervor which graces all portrays a true profundity of affection, and a heartfelt love of meditation on that which constituted his friendly happiness, leading him into thoughts and speculations on death and universal happiness. Here is a passage full of that simplicity which is a ruling characteristic with this author:—

"Old yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head;
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones.

"The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

"Oh, not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale!
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

"And gazing on the sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood,
And grow incorporate into thee."

Communing with himself on his loneliness, he speaks to his heart:—

"O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
What is it makes me beat so low?

"Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!"

Like all who have felt real sorrow, the poet appreciates the "dull narcotic" of poetry to unburden the grief-laden soul.

Shelley says, and truly:—

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Hear Tennyson in illustration:—

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

"But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies:
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these infold
Is given in outline and no more."

That is a sort of apology for writing his thoughts, and bathing his frayed mind in the flood of poetry of which it is at the same time the conjuror and the comforted. The following invocation to the ship with his friend's remains abounds with feeling and affection:—

"Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

"So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

"All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

"Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love.

"My Arthur! whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me."

We must continue this: it heightens in description and passion eloquently. The nearing of the ship is beautiful; every line marks it striding towards the shore. At first he but hears the "noise about the keel;" then he hears the night-bell; it comes on gallantly, yet mournfully, as though the sea were a wide sheet of canvas, and the ship fastened and steadied thereon, and a vast roller at the beach rolled up the canvas, moving the vessel almost imperceptibly to the shore. He sees the "cabin window;" then he descries the helmsman; then comes the sailor to his wife, and travellers return

home, and letters from abroad, and a "dark freight with vanished life."

"So bring him: we have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: oh, to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

"To rest beneath the clover sod
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

"Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine;
And hands so often clasped in mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells."

The last two stanzas are really beautiful—so simple and so highly expressive.

—"Where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God,"

is perfectly Grecian. And the

—"gulf him fathom deep in brine,"

how artistic in the last stanza! He is a perfect artist, and his great art is in being so artistically simple that you never think it has been studiously simplified. The following is quite an ethereal picture of a messenger of woe:—

"Lo! as a dove when up she springs
To bear through heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

"Like her I go: I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away."

Here is a picture of his loss, which many a hearth-side will recognize and appropriate with a tear:—

"Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;

"Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have pressed and closed,
Silence, till I be silence too."

The poet is fond of dwelling on the sea in his imaginative flights. It is true, the sea was the great barrier, like the river of life, which his friend crossed never to return alive, and which separated them from each other. The sea, too, is the element which is to convey the shape of the loved to the arms of the loving. Besides, the eternally rolling waves are typical of that great eternity to which one friend has passed, and of the enduring love of the survivor. The sea is a great poet, mirroring the heavens and all that is luminous, and pure, and resplendent therein; therefore is a fit realm for the man-poet to refresh his imagination, mirroring as he does all that is bright and holy in the heaven of love. There is a feeling existing evidently between the poet and the ocean, and the best passages in the poem are those which refer to it: his watchings and expectations by the shore, and where he lets his imagination picture a probable return. Here is one of them:—

"If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touched the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port;

"And standing muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;

"And if along with these should come
The man I held as half divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;

"And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had drooped of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possessed my brain;

"And I perceive no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange."

The student will hail this volume of true and genuine poetry with a welcome which no book has drawn from him for years. It must be read and pondered on, to be appreciated as it ought. The monotony which superficially meets the reader vanishes as he gets into the wailing mood. As you open the book think of some friend, (who is there that had not a friend?) think of some sweet spirit, some kind soul, some dear relative, or perhaps, ye young and unrequited—ye loving and losing—think of something nearer and dearer, that has perished, that is dead, and left you friendless, lonely, childless, parentless, brotherless, or loveless; and

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with the feelings rising to such a mood, sit calmly down and read, and you will be comforted. It is always a blessing to find one who knows the human heart so well, that he, as it were, only gives utterance to what you yourself were about to say: you feel at home with him; he is a friend; he seems to know your secrets, and touches all the chords of calmness, benignity, despondency, or hope, until your whole soul is one vibrative lyre of your thoughts and his will. Tennyson is such a man, and this poem will be balsam to many a lone mortal—many a "poor exile far away," whose land and love are dead to him; and to a thought comfort seeker, it will be "as sun to the earth." Here is sweet consolation:—

"As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more
A likeness hardly seen before
Comes out, to some one of his race;

"So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know,
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

"But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful in thee."

One quotation more, and we are done with excerpts. The more we think over this poem, the more we should wish to quote largely from it; if for naught else, to prove that what we said of it in juxtaposition to the "Princess" was not meant to depreciate the present poem.

"I leave thy praises unexpressed
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief,
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

"What practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"

The next verse is quaintly and very neatly done:—

"I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

"Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been."

The ruling feeling of the "In Memoriam" naturally brings to mind recollections of other poems having the same object, directly or indirectly; and ere we conclude we shall take a glance at the most note-worthy monodies, elegies, or death-verses in the language, and try and give the "In Memoriam" its place. Elegies are as common as grave-stones, and the merits are about in the same latitude, the scale of kind feeling being generally weighed, up or down, according to the size of the purse which it has to balance. Every thing connected, no matter how humbly, with that sublime existence called Death, of course carries with it due respect and feelings which are entire strangers to any other sensation or idea. These feelings can vary just as much as man's life may, pendulating between the merest clod and the most poetical giant—between the Witten and the Thought-Titan. So can their effigies or their monuments vary, not perhaps so much in their dimensions as in their classical expansiveness; for, like a Greek epigram, the smallest may reconcile an impossibility to the senses, and hold a giant in the mantle of a dwarf. The chief dread of attempting a monument in letters, of great dimensions, would appear to be the fear of failing in uniqueness, and preserving that solemn aspect without which it would appear to be an anti-Christian burlesque. Few feel capable of attempting such a work. It is the work of years as Mr. Tennyson's is, and to an enviable extent he has succeeded in creating a monument which may not fear attack as to either its unity, solemnity, or dimension, and is, in fact, a pyramid when compared with the elegiac monuments which we meet with now-a-days.

In the English language the most noteworthy of those productions we have alluded to, are Mark Anthony's *Oration over the dead body of Cæsar;* Milton's *Lycidas;* Pope's *Epitaphs;* Collins' *Ode on the Death of Thomson;* a few *Epitaphs* and *Elegies* by Swift; Gray's *Elegy;* Blair's *Grave;* Coleridge's *Monody on the Death of Chatterton;* Shelley's *Adonais;* Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore;* and Moore and Byron *On the Death of Brinsley Sheridan.* These are all well known and widely read. Mark Anthony's defense of his dead friend is in every school-boy's mouth, and a better could not be. The ingenuity and sarcasm at once displayed in it are excellent, and the rapid-

ity with which it gained over the Romans to the speaker's cause, and to decry the man (Brutus) by whose influence he first got a hearing, shows what a master *that* Shakspere was; how well he knew human nature, and how truly he could pull the strings of man's action. The Burial of Sir John Moore will ever retain its popularity; it is so well known comment would be superfluous. Pope's Epitaphs are fast going into that congenial oblivion to which their subjects would have gone as they fell, save for the magnetic electricity by which Pope's versification held on the latter part of the last century, and the first quarter of this. Moore and Byron on Sheridan are each excellent, the former being a satire lacerating the Prince Regent for his neglect of Sheridan, after he had sported on his genius for years. There are some powerful and scathing stanzas in this monody. The "way of the world" is disagreeably true in the verses:—

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

Sheridan's powers as

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all,"

are tersely and eloquently characterized. There are some fine lines in Byron's monody, though not equal to Moore's.

Coleridge's Monody on Chatterton, though a juvenile production, contains some excellent passages. The most interesting now, perhaps, is that in which the fate of the genius he bewails leads him to think of his own misfortunes, and which he dares not dwell on,

"*Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;*
For, oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shiver'd at my heart."

Yet he promises himself the solace of following the "sweet dream,"

"Where Susquehanna pours its untamed stream,"

of raising a cenotaph to the "Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy,"

"And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I have left behind."

Alas for the dreams of youth! Like the *Fata Morgana* of the coast of Antrim, or the Straits of Messina, the glowing panorama of chivalry, ambition, glory of war, or more glorious delights of seclusion, which crowd the brain of youth, sink into a mere optical illusion, beautiful in itself as such, but it is only a richly-colored shadow, bodiless, pulseless, that, to use Goldsmith's admirable comparison,

"That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies."

Collins' Ode on Thomson is a tame performance. Not so Swift's *Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer*, *Satirical Elegy on a late famous General*, and his *Elegy and Epitaph on the supposed Death of Partridge*, the cobbler and almanac-maker. The first-named is at once satirical, sarcastic, and just, and withal contains some admirable remarks on the transition from this world to the unimaginable "to come." Without ornament those lines "state the case" as eloquently and as severely as if a heaven of rhetoric were discharged in word-lightning on it. They address the commonest mind by their truth, as much as the enlightened by their quaint strength:—

"Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
*Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound*
*Redeem him from his prison under ground.*"

It would seem that this great fact, so epigrammatically expressed by Swift, was not known to men, they toil, speculate, peculate, and connive so much in life to build up that which is of no after-life use, but the making of which most probably shortens their existence. The miser, denying himself the necessary food of man to hoard up treasure, never thinks he is starving himself, and lessening the joy, by years, he lives and longs to live for most—that of wooing, and gazing on, his gold. If there is so much inexpressible delight (as we are told) in gazing on the treasure for a day, why, it should be heaven in a twelvemonth! And yet, these miserable devils are blind to their own deification. Drat the knaves! if they had but sense

enough, they could make a heaven of this earth, and their gold pieces would shine like so many stars, rendering their sphere blissful and congenial. They deserve their fate. In their anxiety to turn every thing into gold, like Midas, they mind not to exclude bread from the auriferous ban; for it is the nature of those creatures, even if hungry, to sell their musty crust, if money—gold, delightful gold!—be offered for it. They would sell life for gold, poor wretches, and know not what they do; thus,

"He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light."
SWIFT.

The annexed four lines were written by Stella (Esther Johnston) in the same elegy:

But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And, as he saw his darling money fail,
Been his last breath, to sink the lighter scale."

Swift thus distinguishes the sexton:

"A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality."

With the concluding thought in the "Epitaph on the Miser," we shall leave this admirable poem, which is so characteristic of Swift, and of his treatment of the subject:

"And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive."

Every thing in that poem elucidates the character of its subject by similes drawn from the miser's life. It is not a mere piece of sarcasm, carrying its shafts no farther than the present object, but to all of the same *genus;* while the ideas of mortality expressed in it are so ruggedly simple and severely correct as to have a peculiar charm. The *Grub Street Elegy* on Partridge is a capital piece of satire and humor, with a sly vein of deviltry running through it. That on the *Famous General* is of equal merit, but contains some lines of great power and malignity, which to our mind heighten it vastly. We are tempted to print it entire, for on it might rest Swift's claims to the laurel of Satire:—

[ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL, 1722.]

"His Grace! Impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
'And trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told!
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that! his friends may say,
He had those honors in his day;
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke,
From all his ill-got honors flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung."

The most pretentious, however, of these Death-verses, the heads of which we have enumerated, are those by Shelley, Milton, Gray, and Blair.

Shelley's *Adonais* "To the Memory of John Keats" is the grandest, most imaginative, and most beautiful production of the kind in the language. It is the grand poem of a grand poet, wailing the death of a younger brother and rival, who was worthy of such a lamenter. Its brilliancy of illustration, depth of thought, height of imagination, harrowing strength, and Grecian completeness, are unparalleled. We dare not quote from such an offering. Urania, that divinest Muse, would wither us for the sacrilege. We must not sip of this cup of sorrow, but quaff the sweet bitterness entire. Here are no milky tears, but the cold shivering sweat and proud gall of intellectual unquiet. Here you do not sigh, but shiver; do not weep, but feel an indescribable clamminess; you choke for words, which the many beacons of sorrow at once presented hinder from finding the path of voice. An oily loathsomeness hangs like a weight on your brow, with heavy, unvoiced lamentation for the youth, and hatred of his enemies,

while you read; and finished—sink into a confused reverie of his greatness, of their malignity, and the inexpressible power which has conveyed both so vividly to you. Truly, it is a *great* sorrow. The reading of this poem produces a deeper sensation on us than melancholy music, which we have often been inclined to think of as the most depressing influence. We are not sure but it has that power in a greater degree than any sympathetic authority which influences, or trifles with, human sensations. But this poem, while it depresses, makes one strong in sorrow, which is the opposite to that effected by melancholy music. *It* depresses at first, and ends by consigning us to a deep and sorrow-subdued trance; while Shelley makes us the subject of depressed, but living and inwardly radiating thought. You are deep in lament, while, like a blinded eagle, Imagination dashes wildly through the elements, in vain searching for words to hold it down.

Milton's *Lycidas* is an exquisite pastoral. It is from beginning to end one beautiful passage, fresh as May, and scenting as fragrant as sweet brier and wild thyme.

> "The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,"

out-perfume the rosemary and willow-sprig with which they are interwreathed. It is essentially and in design a pastoral lament; the sorrow of an

> ——"uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
> While the still morn went out with sandals gray;"

drawing all his illustrations from the Arcadian simplicity of his haunts and home, without the deep thought which cultured intellect is supposed to wield; and is therefore free from the pretense of deep, chaotic, labyrinthine sorrow, wide imagination, or profound meditation. It is as calm and richly placid as the sweet face of its author; full of bounding recollections of youth and the Pandean shade.

Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* has the reputation of being one of the most exquisite pieces of word-melody in the language, and it deserves it. It is as smooth and enchanting as Life viewed through the eyes of childhood. There is one stanza but has contributed to our stock of "household words," scarce a line that we do not remember to have known long before we knew who wrote it. Yet it is like a beautiful statue or wax-work. It is utterly devoid of passion. It is very like nature, but not nature. It instructs by the morality of the picture it presents, but could never move by its own intrinsic capacity. Its tameness proves its bane, and it has no antidote save perfection of rhythm, and that is not sufficient to preserve it from the death monotony ever entails. Or, if it does not die, it will be saved from oblivion by its own very recommendations to die, like certain personages of weak, doubtful, and plausible characters, whom history cannot dispense with, but whose living proves they never should have lived. It is the picture of an eminent colorist whose original sketch may have been spirited, but whose pains-taking brush has zealously, though unconsciously, embalmed it from the sight. It is true that the spirit of the poem is much in accordance with a general view of a church-yard. But to a thinker, who for a time dwells among the tombs, what noble and expansive vistas of passion and conjecture does not each grave open to him? Gray has not caught this spirit. He has written of the church-yard without conjuring up and communing with the shades which the tomb-stones cast beneath them. His is the melodious whine of philosophy without the strength of the philosopher. The blood does not run cold as you read. You feel no sensation to make you akin to corpse-life; you don't feel clammy, or as if there were worms filling up the wrinkles on your forehead. No! it is not of the grave. You read it as you would a sentimental love-poem. You feel that "the path of glory leads but to the grave," as "cooing" and "wooing" lead to marriage; that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," as well as that "dark eyes shine like diamonds," and all that sort of thing. But in the *Elegy* you grow not cold, nor in the sentimental love-poem warm, because they are equally devoid of the necessary aids of thought and imagination. Every man knows he will *love* and *die*, and you can produce no effect on him by telling him things which he was born to fulfil. The subject must be wreathed round with a certain imaginative influence to make it effective. Every thing in life is so. The man who is jostled through the streets and edged off pathways,

like any other man, is a person of deep respect when we see him sitting on the bench of justice administering the law of his land. Yet he is only a man, but he is in a new light. So it is with every thing. Gray was an elegant, we may say eloquent versifier, but only a poet so far as balladists and descriptive verse makers can claim that honored title. He was a poet, in the same sense as Teniers and Watteau are allowed to be painters. But to a mind who delights in the imagination of Shakspeare or Shelley, nothing less than an Angelo, Raphael, or Barry can afford any sterling or lasting gratification. Others may be the object of transient laudation from their likeness to reality, but one cannot swear by them as did Vasari by Michael Angelo and his works. Nor can one *love* them, for they lack immortality. They want a soul; and LOVE, being in itself immortal, needs must choose a mate for eternity.

Blair's *Grave* we have ever cherished as a dear companion. Our friendship has been long, and shall only be augmented when that "home that lasts till doomsday," around which he has woven a "dome of thought," shall present a chance for our thanking him for the mental repast he laid before our youth. There are some fine passages in this poem, and if they are not remarkable for intense or harrowing strength, they are replete with vigorous natural passion, identified by thought with the object of his meditation.

"The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where naught but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound."

These few lines give more impetus to thought than all the *Elegy* of Gray; the illustration of the darkness of the tomb takes us back "ere the infant sun" "had tried its beams" on the profound chaos from which God willed the earth. This thinking power which an author holds over his reader is the power exactly which proves him worth recurring to as a friend for comfort and consolation. We do not wish to make a syphon of our brain, that what we hear should enter at one ear and go out at the other. A continual current of such air would soon leave us senseless. But we desire that each poet who visits our brain should leave a deposit—as toilers leave the cream of their labor in a bank, which may fructify with the deposits of others, and produce an interest necessary to the support of the dome which shelters and protects the principle. Who that has ever in boyhood visited a graveyard at nighttime will fail to recognize himself?

"By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and (strange to tell)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock."

Thus the poet weaves a charm round the "unvarnished tale," and makes it of self-interest to all. This poem is full of feeling, vigorous thought, a pleasing and suitable imagination, sound meditation, and all poetically expressed. Campbell's well-known and oft-quoted line,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between,"

is taken wholesale from a passage in this poem. It is thus in Blair:—

"Like an ill-used ghost
Not to return; or, if it did, *its visits,*
*Like those of angels, short and far between.*"

We cannot say it is much, if anywise improved by Campbell; and even if it were, that would be a bad excuse for the plagiarism.

Now, bringing Tennyson's poem into company we value so highly is complimenting him, some may think, too much, but not more than we think his productions deserve. Less imaginative and less grand than Shelley's beautiful poem, the *In Memoriam* has a calmer dignity. It is the dignity produced by his not being so highly poetical. Shelley, from being so grandly and wildly imaginative, often found language to convey but an obscure translation of his thoughts. Like a jagged lightning-conductor, language often scattered into irremediable flashes the fire of his imagination. Tennyson, from not being

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so great a poet, is a greater economist of his powers, and preserves the dignity of a certain position. His Pegasus is a sure-footed steed, speeding at a pleasant and steady pace, seldom venturing far into the aerial element. Its wings seem to be neatly arranged, having great faith in appearances; and, like the flying fish, returning to the wave when its wings get dry, so Mr. Tennyson's steed seeks the earth every time there is presage of a storm, lest its wings be ruffled or a feather displaced. Shelley's Pegasus is of a different order; it is a war-steed—breathing inspiration for a fight; its wings are strong and everlasting, as those which Æolus masters. He rarely touches the earth, but revels in the aerial realm as though he were not made of mortal clay. The earth lies beneath him in fact, as in imagination, and with an "Upward and on," he ever faces his steed to the sun. His Adonais is full of grand imaginings; and a thorough heart-wrung poesy runs through it which we can only compare to light in darkness, lighting up the dead Keats, as the illuminations breathe a life and an explanation through an old black-letter volume; or like a second life travelling into the dead corse of a second Lazarus. Mr. Tennyson's poem is of more pretention than the Lycidas of Milton, more ambitious in design, but cannot exceed the purity of style of the old bard. It is less simple, though the diction is as pure as Lycidas, which is saying a great word for it. And if it does not, as a lament for the dead, rank before the Lycidas, inasmuch as philosophical and meditative poetry will precede the pastoral, it is because we have raised Milton on that steady pedestal of immortality to ambition, which, in a modern, is almost an unpardonable sacrilege. Only think, reader, of a live man, with a Mr. before his name, comparing with the John Milton of our childhood, and our fathers' and grandfathers' and great-grandfathers' childhood! It is revolutionary—it is rebellous! Put it down.

It is a waste of ink to write that the In Memorian is stronger and healthier than the Elegy of Gray. It is less ornate, at least to all appearance, and more forcible, with a vast deal more of thought and heart-labor. Haydn the composer was in the habit of dressing as if for a ball, when about to make music; and we always have the idea that Gray must have been under a like influence, writing his *Elegy*, every thing is so neat and regular. We never should expect to meet Gray by the sea-shore in a profound distraction, impatient with the lazy waves that slowly bring him the loved corse of his dead friend. Beside the *In Memorian*, the *Elegy* seems an elegant piece of *dilettantism*.

Blair's *Grave* has passages which are not surpassed by Tennyson. It is dignified, meditative, abounding with feeling, fine perception, and elegant descriptions. It perhaps, taken as a whole, is less artistic. It is however a beautiful poem, and, varying in subject very materially from a lament, is therefore rather exempt from a comparison with Tennyson, but which it can bear without danger. The In Memorian is of a higher meditative order, though scarcely, for its subject, better expressed, and might be proud of the companionship if it did not aspire beyond it. J. S.

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# THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.*

It is now some five years since there appeared one morning in the London Book Trade, a new work, of costly antique binding, clasped and edged with silver, with ribbed paper and ancient type, which at once drew attention to it as a literary curiosity. It was without history of any kind attached to it; without preface, introduction, advertisement, or dedication; without mention of its compiler, annotator or editor; without biography, save what was to be found within the pages of the diary, of its author; and, we believe, without the name of its printer upon the title-page. Bearing the pleasant inscription of "*So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First;*" printed with the capitals, italics, and ancient spelling of the seventeenth century; relating in all its details to a most interesting portion of English history, about which, at that particular juncture, public attention was sensitively alive; and purporting to be a veracious journal of the domestic events of a family, concerning whom enough was known to awaken the intensest curiosity, the edition, necessarily small as an experiment, was seized upon with avidity, and in a few days could have been found nowhere out of the cabinets of antiquarians, each of whom was rejoicing over it as a literary curiosity.

The second edition, which appeared soon after, was in a less costly style of paper and binding, although still bearing the characteristics of its antique spelling and capitals. Simply announcing to the reader the following notice, viz.: "*The style of printing and general appearance of this volume have been adopted by the publishers merely to be in accordance with the design of the author, who in this work personates a lady of the seventeenth century,*" the work was again thrown into the market with a like wonderful success. A third edition was soon called for, and then a fourth, when it began to attract attention on this side of the water, and was soon issued from the press of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, among the numbers of their Library of Choice Reading. The volume now before us is a second edition of the *First Part*, accompanied, between the same covers, with a Second Part, under the title of "*Some further Portions of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate, and the Restoration.*" The character of the work, so far as relates to every thing except its authenticity as a Diary of the real Lady Willoughby, is the same as it was in the first edition, the readers of which were left to their own literary acumen as to its genuineness as a fragment of antiquity. It is still without explanation, except the brief notice just spoken of, without history, advertisement, or preface, acknowledged indeed to be fictitious, but so far kept in the shade, that the illusion thrown over the eager reader is scarcely the less complete. How many may have taken it for a truth in the outset we have no means of knowing; but where the *vrai* is ever before you more than the *vraisemblable;* where the truth to nature is ever so strict, that neither the wife's fidelity, nor the mother's love, nor the daughter's affection, finds a chord struck which has not its response in the heart; and where personages, places, events, characters, and even dates correspond to historical fact, unless too closely investigated,—a thing not likely to happen, when the heart is touched by the pathetic story and holds the judgment in abeyance,—we should not wonder if the deception had extended even to the cabinet of the virtuoso, or the study of the historian.

We consider this Diary of Lady Willoughby, as now completed, to be the *rara*

* *So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First.* New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

*Some further Portions of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate, and the Restoration.* New-York: John Wiley. 1848.

New Edition. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851.

*avis* of the season—the most charming work of the day. Evidently devised and composed by a woman's wit, whose heart has been in her story from the beginning to the end,—for the pen of no *man*, since the eldest born of our great progenitor, could depict such domestic life;—choice in its language of good old English undefiled; frequent in its allusions, and no less happy than frequent, to the stirring events of those days of England's birth-throes for civil and religious liberty; cautious in regard to those things which a woman in her home could know little of except from thousand-tongued rumor, but full and natural in her revelations of what might be supposed to come under her own observation; clear and true in the lineaments it gives of persons and characters who made the nation world-famous during the seventeenth century; warm in its expressions of attachment to the great principles for which the true hearts of the age were battling, and yet gently partial to those old inheritances which a daughter of royal blood could not but regard as almost sacred from antiquity; true, natural, earnest, loving and eloquent; as a work of art it stands deservedly foremost among all the fictitious writing which has proceeded from the British press in many years. True, it is nothing more than a simple story of a high-bred and home-loving woman's life, in the midst of a civil war; but it is this very simplicity which constitutes its excellence and beauty. A less acute observer of common things, possessing equal tact and cleverness, would have filled her pages with tales of suffering and bloodshed common to the time. It was better known to our authoress, on the other hand, that in the dire contest of civil commotion, the stream of domestic bliss will often wind along in its accustomed channel; and she has beautifully taught us that, come the fell gales of human passion whence they may, the daily life of home still finds beauty in its environs, and often entwines its tendrils more closely than wont about the objects of its love.

In the disconnected character of the very brief extracts which we shall give from the volume, it will be impossible for us to follow the thread of the story, in the simple and clear manner in which it runs through the Diary. Endeavoring, so far as is possible, to render the tenor of the tale intelligible to readers, and to give them, at the same time, some idea of the simple style and natural pathos of the writer, we will introduce them to a quiet and beautiful family scene of days long gone by.

1635.

"*May* 12. *Tuesday.*—Arose at my usual houre, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little *Sonne;* opened the casement and look'd forth upon the Park; a herd of Deer pass'd bye, leaving the traces of their footsteps in the dewy Grasse. The Birds sang, and the Air was sweet with the Scent of the Wood-bine and the fresh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible;* found the mark at the 103rd *Psalm;* read the same; and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me safely through my late Peril and Extremity, and in his great Bountie had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right Performance of my new and sacred Duties: truly I am a young Mother and need Help. Sent a Message to my *Lord*, that if it so pleased him I would take Breakfast with him, in the *Blue Parlor.* At noon walk'd out on the *South Terrace;* the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me: divers household Affaires in the course of the Day; enough wearied when Night came.

"*May* 19, *Tuesday.*—Had a disturbed Night, and rose late, not down till after seven; Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The *Chaplain* detained us after Service to know our Pleasure concerning the Christening; my *Lord* doth wish nothing omitted that should seem proper to signify his Respect for that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and visible Church of *Christ*, and give honour to his firste born *Sonne.* During Breakfast we gave the Subject much Consideration. My *Husband* doth not desire him to be named after himself, but rather after his *Father;* his brother *William* therefore bearing his name will stand God-father. All being at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the same in my smaller capacity; he for whom was all this care lying unconsciously in his Nurse's arms."

"*May* 26, *Tuesday.*—Slept last night in very Wearinesse of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopelessnesse; and ill at ease myselfe, methought every Thing around seemed melan holy; Truth and Affection doubted, Shortcomings hardly judged of; this is an unlook'd for triall. The Sun shone brightly through the open Window, but it seem'd not to shine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my usuall Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep; thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love arose, and the Trust on either side that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Composure must be attain'd unto before I could go down to breakfast, washed my eyes, and let the fresh aire blow upon my face: felt I was a poor dissembler, having had but heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal; mett my *Husband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh lost my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly pressure of my Hand as he led me down staire. This Evening

how different does all appeare; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceive that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seeme in my ignorance of human Nature; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident."

"*June* 4, *Thursday.*—My deare *Mother* arrived at Noon; she was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, first coming with me to the Nursery to see her *Grandson;* he was awake and smiling; she took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a sweet child, my *Daughter:* may the *Lord* have you both in his safe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Blessing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commends my nursing him: and would not for my own sake I should lose so greate satisfaction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting: deare kind old Mabel, I was well pleased to see her, and kiss'd her as I was wont when a Girl: and so did spoile a most respectfull curtesie to my Ladyship. Deare *Mother* look'd round the room, pleased therewith: and with such small Comforts as I have been enabled to provide, which she hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happinesse: Returned heart-felt Thanks to *God* for his loving-kindnesse and tender Mercy; read the 23rd *Psalm:* my Cup doth indeed run over.

"The House full of Company since the Christening; and I have felt too weary at Night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day many have left; and my *Husband* doth purpose to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more ease of Mind."

"*August* 3, *Monday.*—The last day of my *Mother's* sojourn; to-morrow she setts forth into *Rutlandshire;* and there will remain some Weeks before she returns to *Winbledon.* My Lord *Noel* had engaged to meet her at *Harlingdon.* May I be sensible of the greate Comfort and Happinesse in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* so long with me; many sweet seasons of quiet Meditation and affectionate Intercourse have been vouchsafed: Words expressive of her owne humble and steadfast Faith, of Thanksgiving and Praise, fell from her Lippes, and precious Counsell and kind Incouragement to me; to-night as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, she laid her Hand upon my Head, and stroking it fondly said; Deare Child, may that little one be a crown of rejoicing to thee as thou art to me; lead him early to *God,* my Daughter; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare Mother!

"*September* 17, *Saturday.*—After having pass'd a week in *Lincolnshire* wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* took me to the *Cathedral,* and show'd me the Tomb of his late Father, who died in that Citie in the yeare 1617. After him our little *Sonne* is named *William: Nurse* says *Baby* has not been well for some days past, she thinks he is about his teeth.

"Baby ill, restlesse and feverish, sent off a Messenger to *Ipswich* for the Phisitian there.

"My poore Child worse; he takes scarce any nourishment, and suffers greate paine; he looks up so piteously as if for help from those around him. The *Chaplaine* mentioned him by name at Prayers: this startled me: seeing others believe him so ill, my fears encrease.

"*Sep.* 21, *Wednesday.*—No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit needed to the utmost; for he likes no one so well to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when I come againe after a short absence. Oh *God,* spare him to me; give mee not this bitter cup.

"Weeks have passed and I am childlesse; yett doe I seeme as one not awaken'd from a frightfull dream. My Child, my Child!

"*Oct.* 23, *Sunday.*—The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and there is nothing left me to looke forward to. O *Mother,* my Heart is well nigh broken; how is it that I live? shall I ever be able to say, It is the *Lord,* lett him doe what seemeth unto him good. I thought to write downe some of the particulars of the Patience and Sweetnesse, the Smile of Recognition when the parch'd Lipps could not speake, but I cannot: he is out of payne, and I thank *God* for that.

"*Oct.* 25, *Tuesday.*—Sat this morning for a long time with the *Bible* before me, thoughts too distracted to read; at last turned to the History of the *Shunamite woman;* Alas! no Prophet was here to give me back my *Sonne,* and, alas! neither could I say unto the *Lord, It is well,* when he tooke from me his precious Gift. Bear with me, O merciful *Father;* thou knowest the anguish of my Heart, and thou alone canst enable me to say, *Thy will not mine be done.*

"My deare *Mother* writes to comfort me, but a sorrow is now mine, in which even she cannot give Comfort: She urgeth me to take care of my health for the sake of others: but what is Life to me now? Yet will I try to beare in minde her Injunctions, though with a heavy Heart, and with more than indifference to the Prospect before me. I turn away from the thought of looking upon another Infant's face; all love for a Child is in the Grave; yet not in the Grave; it liveth in Heaven, my precious *Child,* with thy blessed Spirit; let me not speak in bitternesse of a triall sent me by the Almighty Hand.

"*Oct.* 26, *Wednesday.*—At prayers my *Lord* was sensibly affected by hearing the words *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdome of Heaven:* the beholding him thus overcome by strong emotion, led me to consider my owne Conduct, and I do feare me I have been very selfish in the indulgence of my own Sorrow, too regardlesse of him who equally with me hath lost the deare Sonne of his Love, and who doth ever strive to strengthen and support me, and would faine lead me to take an Interest in our family Concerns, and in the Wellfare of our Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy on his Heart. I felt another Reproof in his Looke of tenderness and commiseration, as at our mid-day meal I sent away the plate the food untasted: I roused myselfe to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye rested on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to and fro in sweet and solemn Silence; my Heart, which had been strangely shut up, melted within me, when he utter'd a few gen-

tle Words; and I felt there was yet something left to live for; Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections."

The following description of rural scenes would do no dishonor to the finest pastoral writers of any age of the world:—

"1637, *May Day.*—We walked down to the *Village* at an early houre, just in time to see the Procession of the May-pole, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Lasses were at their merey Games, the Queene in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of flowers, looking happier than the Wearer of the real Crowne, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens; but a number shortly appeared as *Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c.* Methought some of the Elder Folks looked grave, and at one side of the Green a stern looking man, dressed in a loose Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harsh tone. My *Husband* left me, and went towards them; after listening a few minutes to the Discourse, he made as though he would speak; but mett with discourteous reception and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitternesse to set forth the diabolical Wickednesse of the Dance and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I sate me down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poor *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seeming to flag, my *Lord* offered to head a party at *Prisonbass*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of *Sir Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was sett on with greate spiritt. Ale and Victuals came down from the Hall and other Quarters, and I left the Greene. There was no want of Merriment the rest of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usuall Proceedings.

"*June* 27, *Tuesday.*—Hope that I have latterly made some Progresse in subduing Selfe, so far as attaining unto a greater desire to give up my owne will to that of others, and conform to their pleasure; more especially his who hath rightfull Claim to my dutifull Obedience and Companionship in those matters that interest him; herein only can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life: may I every day more and more seeke to find Satisfaction and Pleasure in those things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing: the poor Sheep struggle at the first against their fate, but how quietly do they submit in the end: the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating; it is a marvell how they find out their own Mothers, who come back to them so changed. One large Ram butted with such force against one of the younger Lads that he push'd him into the Water: much laughter thereat, and many a passing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curly-headed Children presented us with Posies of Gilliflowers and Cowslip tufts, of which they had their aprons full: bade them go up to the *Hall* with them: we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with some perplexity, but curtsied and thank'd us with trustfull Countenances: the youngest one, strong made and active, look'd not much older than our sweet Child might now have been, had he lived."

"Methought the *Chaplain's* discourse savoured somewhat of phrisaical gloom and austerity, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armstrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfast, to say the Domestics petitioned for a Dance and *Christmasse* Games to-night according to old Usage. We gave our consent. The *Chaplain* expressed his Dissatisfaction, neverthelesse the Evening passed merrily: a goodly assembly were gathered together of our Neighbours, and to show our Good-will we look'd on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firste Dance with the Bailiff's Daughter: the young Men of our Party followed his Example, and chose out the prettiest looking Damsels, my favourite Cicely being one of them: and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleased therewith. Old blind *John* and his Sonne play'd the Viol and Pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and Alice had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reach'd us long after we left them."

Meanwhile the family history goes on. Lord Willoughby, earnest for the people's rights, yet still attached to the old order of things under proper reform, is long absent from home, and much missed among his yeomanry and tenants. The young wife bears it all bravely, though oftentimes with a sad and troubled heart. Difficulties increase around her, but she heroically resists them. Rumors of fearful doings in the Parliament-house come in terrific shapes, which she prays over, but will not fully credit. The first-born, as we have seen, is dead, and the old mother too sickens and dies, in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality; yet still, through all, the wife and daughter and mother puts her trust in God, and is safe.

"*March* 8, *Monday.*—Turning back the leaves of this *Diary*, I see many Interruptions, in some Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any sort. The Period of my deare *Mother's* last sickness is unrecorded: but so deeply engraven on my Memory are the events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of Error therein commit to Paper some few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter, that these should not be trusted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

"I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last time it was ever my happinesse to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautifull and the Sunne low in the West caused the Shadows to

fall at length acrosse the Grasse, the Honey-suckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luscious flowers which hung down until some of the trailing Branches lost themselves in the old Sweet-Briar Bush, and the White Rose, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Blossoms. As we stood looking at these, she did presently arrive. Methought she stepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her such aid as I could, she say'd with a mournfull yet sweet smile, I need a stronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter:* one equally kind, I do fully believe, she added as she leaned on my *Husband's*. Saddest thoughts took hold of me, yet did I use my best endeavour to conceal the Feare that struck suddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She look'd better when seated in her accustomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour which gave me a Hope that her Weaknesse was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty of Walking might be from her having sate so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffnesse. Before retiring to her Chamber, she had conversed with much of her usuall Chearfulnesse: we accompanied her up the staires one on each side of her: when taking leave for the night, she said to my *Husband*, I feare me I shall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long: but I meant not your kind heart should so consider me. I thank you; thank you both: may God blesse you.

"For the space of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did so alternate day by day, the one day seeming to regaine the Strength lost the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, save that her Breathing was somewhat hurried by an exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening, Portions of the *Scriptures*, her favourite Passages often repeated: of such I might make particular mention of the *Psalmes* and the *Gospells*. She did frequently remark thereon with much earnestnesse and sweetnesse. She was able most days to walk out a little; and sometimes, she, being unwilling to disappoint my Desires, would consent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much kindnesse of manner, and expressing her concerne at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevail with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the fine Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an hour or two very pleasantly: she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthensome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet Contemplation of the Works of *God* affords a simple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a single Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroses and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sunshine, how pleasant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the same Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in so large a measure to her Enjoyment.

"The sweete Season of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Yeare: yet in all did she recognise the bountifull Hand of the *Creator;* and most aptly drew from all his Workes those Divine Teachings made manifest to the pious and lowly Minde, unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night sheweth Knowledge.* In the Quietness of Contemplation, the still small Voice of *God* findeth a Place in the Heart: she had listened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age she reapeth her Reward: the Yeares draw not nigh unto her when she will say, *I have no pleasure in them.* Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her commend the delicate Beauty of a Flower she held in her Hand, remarking that she look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our sacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being sanctified by our *Lord*, teaching from them Lessons of Faithfulness in the Wisdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father.* She asked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalmes*, which I did for the most part; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is there Strength, Labour and Sorrow.* Three score and ten Yeares I have not seene: and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage, thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath lay'd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and easy to be borne: Sight and Hearing remaine, and the use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close, and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightness. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and sayd, This Bud will never open; but some there are which will unfold in Heaven. She look'd earnestly in my Face: I perceived her meaning. My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refraine from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daugh'er:* I shall soon meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is: let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. O that I may one day meet there all my deare Children: many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We arose, and she was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the House, untill the Servants met us. Henceforth my *Mother* left the House but seldom, and soone shewed herself incapable of much exertion; her strength diminished daily, and she became scarce able to quit her chamber.

"She desired one day to speak with my *Husband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a short Time to live, and requested him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbledon*, talking of setting forth the next Day; but it was too late, she was too weake to bear moving: she tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, save when wanted in the *Nurserie.*

"One night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happinesse in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed

my *Husband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindnesse and Gentlenesse he had always shewn to her beloved *Daughter;* she pressed our two Hands together, rays'd herself up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly utter'd, as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

"Almighty Father, *behold these my Children: blesse them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their Spirit faint not, neither be afraid; but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in* Christ Jesus *our* Lord *and* Saviour. Amen.

"She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourse with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes mostly closed as in Sleep: the silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: she lay throughout the remainder of the Day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice she ask'd for Water to drink, and smiled affectionately upon all around.

"Late in the evening she say'd, Is *Mabel* here? Her faithful Servant approached near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of such of our Domestics as she knew personally, and now gave Messages of Remembrance to those at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Woemen, to whom she had beene a good Friend in their old Age of Poverty. Againe she became much exhausted, and we thought the faint Breathing must soon cease; but she so remained some houres. About five of the clock in the morning she opened her Eyes: the early Sunne shone in at the Casement, which was at the farthest side from the Bed: she appeared conscious of the Daylight, and we could partly distinguish the words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the Light thereof.* She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought she say'd, *Deare Children.* I stoop'd to kisse her: with a last Effort, she returned my Embrace; and as I gently lay'd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion."

Years of wedded life pass away. In the midst of the earnest contention of hostile factions, the Scotch party and the English, the Presbyterian and the Independent, each claiming the might of truth upon its side, and manfully battling for it, long winters and beautiful summers come and go crowded with events which will never be forgotten. The bloom of the bridal year in the old mansion has long given place to the ripe fruit of middle life. Through the long corridors and spacious halls, the voices of children make May-day merry in its early wild flowers and garlands of green, and the Christmas holidays ring with joyous wishes and loud laughter over the early call and the twilight game. The mother, care or subdued sorrow stealing over her still beautiful face, but never invading her brave, placid heart, looks on in grateful joy, that, though much has been taken away, so much still has been left behind. The husband and father, often absent and long, is still the load-star of every heart in the home-circle,—his departure noted with sorrow, his letters read aloud until the sweet words they contain become jewels of love garnered up with other sacred memories, and his return chronicled with shouts of joy, and welcomed by moist eyes that long have

——"mark'd his coming,
And look'd brighter when he came."

"*July* 19, *Monday.*—Yester-noone, thankes be unto the *Most High*, to my unspeakable joy and comfort, my deare Life returned to his Familie, through Mercie well in Health, but changed by the long Sea-voyages and the climate of the *Indies;* this, though onely in the outward, beeing the same loving *Husband* and *Father.* He stayed not in *London*, but so soone as he could leave the Ship, did earnestly set forth hitherward. He expresseth some surprise to find the Nation so quiet. The joy of our Meeting was saddened by the manie relations to be given of the murther of the late *King* and of some of his former Friends, and divers other particulars of the state of Affaires and Parties, and the hopelesse condition of his present *Majestie:* of Familie news there was much to learn: Mr. *Edmund Spenser* sayth,

"'One loving houre
For manie yeares of Sorrow can dispense,
A dram of Sweet is worth a pound of Soure:
She hath forgot how manie a wofull Stoure
For him she hath endured; she speaks no more
Of past; true is, that true Love hath no power
To looken back; his eyes bee fixed before.'

"Feare that I can scarce say this, not having so great Hopefulnesse.

"My deare Life is well satisfied with his Daughters, and knoweth not which he doth the most admire; yet methought his eye turned to the youngest most lovingly: he is pleased to commend my care of them. I had feares that he might thinke them forward or deficient in observance of some ceremonies, and did essay some little Apologie if they were more free in his presence than did seeme altogether becoming, seeing they had beene, in consequence of my retired life, more with mee than is customarie. In my lonely state, I was faine to solace myself with their sweet Societie, and did encourage them to feele unrestrained before mee; manie a lonesome and wearie Houre have they lightened by their simple Talke, and eased me not seldome of troubled Thoughts by their dutifull Affection.

"He smiled as he replied he knew not what might be deemed too forward, they spake not to him without Blushing, yet were they free from awkward Bashfulnesse, he wished them none otherwise, or in aught different, and had onely to desire that they might grow up such as their Mother. Teares did spring to my Eyes as he uttered these

kind Words; but although as a Wife the prayse was sweet and incouraging, and I believe might be so received without conceit, yet in my Hearte did arise the secret prayer, that they might be much better Women than their Mother. He added, no Father could desire better or prettyer Children, and in his absence *Diana* had so grown, she was, tho' not so handsome as *Fanny*, an exceeding lovely young creature. *So we are rich in our Daughters, if in nought else.*

"St. Valentine's Day, *Feb.* 14, *Thursday.*—At an early houre this morning a small packet was left by a serving Man wearing a Liverie not knowne to *Lydgate* who tooke it from him. It was addressed to Mistress *Frances Willoughby, Fanny* received it with an abashed Countenance as her eye caught the writing of the Superscription which character did not seeme altogether strange to her. Within the outmost paper was a Letter tied with silke. She quickly handed it to mee to open, but I would not so dishonour *St. Valentine*, and left her to penetrate the Mysterie. The custome is in my minde a harmlesse one, innocent in being generall, and in its poeticall and fancifull guise partaking somewhat of the Ancient Chivalrous Character: No doubt the *Knight* in this little piece of Gallantrie, is a certaine Gentleman whose attentions will not be displeasing to the faire young Maiden; who can say that she will not sometime looke backe upon this very Day with a mournfull pleasure? But I will checke my penne, nor disturb even in imagination, what is perhaps the first whisper of Love to her young heart; it may not bee so, but I know not a more blessed reliefe to my concerne for this deare *Child* than that no mariage contract should be made for *her*, unsanctified by a sweet and holie Affection. Custome hath led us wrong in this matter, in the disposal of one dearely loved *Daughter*, not so shall it againe: I have heard say that one overture of mariage was made by my Lord *Leicester*, who did aske my hand for his sonne, Lord *Lisle*, which was respectfullie declined by my honoured *Father:* I was of tender Yeares, and my *Mother* approved not engagements entered into for parties in their Childhood."

The story, from the beginning to the end of the Diary, is traced with so delicate a hand, and is so blended and intermingled with the lights and shadows of the family history, that it is well nigh impossible to repeat it in ordinary narrative. Lord Willoughby, earnest in the outset, both by principle and temperament, for the reform then universally demanded by all classes without the immediate precincts of the court, becomes at length lukewarm towards the extreme measures of the army and Parliament, and finally finds himself upon the death of the King numbered among the opponents of the leading party in the Commons. Retiring upon the occurrence of this deeply deprecated event to private life upon his estates, he yet views with great solicitude the wild current along which the public affairs of the country are rushing, more with the wish than the expectation of being able to interpose any effort which should stay their fury. He is the fair representative of what might have been called the Puritan nobility of the seventeenth century, a true exponent of a large portion of the upper class of English society of that day, which, earnest and active for thorough reform in the government, were yet strongly conservative towards the old kingly fabric which seemed tumbling into ruins. The object of much hope to the great mass of this class, among whom he stood pre-eminent; the chief personage in all their plans for the recovery of what they did not deem to be irrevocably lost; and the centre of a wide and constant correspondence; Lord Willoughby becomes a mark upon which the government *de facto* had set its eye, to the knowledge and great sorrow of the loved ones of the home-circle, for upon his liberty and life all their hopes of worldly enjoyment depended. Unaccustomed to be diverted through fear of danger from his pursuit of the great ends of duty, Lord Willoughby soon becomes entangled in the meshes of political schemes, which, to the existing government, seem strongly tainted with treasonable designs. Disdaining to fly, he is arrested, brought a prisoner to London, and without a public trial or opportunity of defense, is confined within the Tower. He is soon followed by his wife, who exhibits, during his long imprisonment, the enduring fortitude and self-sacrificing spirit of a true and loving woman.

"*April* 17, *Thursday.*—The Imprisonment of my deare *Husband* becometh greatly Wearisome to him. He doth now often wish that hee had not returned to *England*, but had stayed to manage his affaire in *Antigua*, saying to-day when the time drew neare for mee to take my Leave, that hee would more willingly bee separated from us by the wide Sea, than the thicke walls of the *Tower*, prevented the free use of his Limbs, and denied the fresh aire and exposed to the Insolence of the *Governour*. Beholding him thus chafed, proposed to goe myselfe to the *Protector*, and petition for his Release, but this angered him Mightily. Doe suppose it is more Difficult to Man's nature to be patient than it is to us: Accustomed to resist and overcome Difficultie and Danger, it is a surprise to them when it doth happen Otherwise; and whatsoever they may suffer, if likewise occasion offer againe seldome are they deterred from the same conduct. At this time, beleeve my *Lord* would, if hee were given his libertie, plunge into the first scheme that was contrived as hopeful of Successe, as though they had never failed in Attempts which have hitherto ended onely in Death or Captivitie: Hee

did urge upon me to leave this wearie Citie: *The sweet aire of Parham would better thy Health deare Wife;* this he sayd as he did tenderly remarke on my pale and worne Lookes, and my Haire turning Graie. *And yet it will goe hard to part with such a loving caretaker, the only dear Comfort I have.* Would not consent to leave *London*, on the contrarie, would desire to stay with him altogether in the *Tower*, but this he will never heare mee speake of. Reached my Lodging well nigh spent.

"*Oct.* 27, *Monday.*—Have remained in the *Tower* since this day senight to attend on my dearest *Life*, who hath beene grievously ill, he is now better and hath walked out twice or thrice.

"*Dec.* 20, *Monday.*—Later than usuall when I arrived at the *Tower;* the striving to keepe a cheerefull countenance, and to lighten the Hardships of this long imprisonment, is beginning to affect my health: to-day my heart was full, and I gave way, on first meeting my deare *Husband's* embrace, and hidde my face on his shoulder, unable to controll my teares. *My poore Wife, thou art worne out*, he sayd tenderlie, *but cheere up, love, wee will have a merrie Christmasse yet.* It was very sweet to bee comforted by him, even in a Prison. When my time was up and I had to leave, he consented to take into consideration what I had urged more than once, that I should Petition the *Protector* in Person.

"*January* 8, *Thursday.*—Set forth in a good Degree of outward Composure, and not without an inward Strengthening which did greatly support mee; neverthelesse, when wee stopped at *Whitehall*, I had much need of my Lord *Lisle's* arme. When wee entered the roome, the *Protector* sate at a Table whereon were Papers and Letters. One or two Gentlemen were in attendance, whom hee did dismisse, and then rose. My Lord *Lisle* spake a few wordes and ledde me towards him: He bowed as I advanced, with the petition held in my hand, and presented it to him; he tooke it, and motioned to mee to be seated. I was faine to obey him through weaknesse, else would it have better pleased me not to accept even this small Courtesie at his hands. He glanced at the paper and then spake: *The Lord Willoughby doth entreat his Enlargement in a more humble tone it seems, as does better suit his Condition, and doth no longer talke high of Injustice and the like: it is well; He is one who, having set his hand to the Plough, hath turned backe, and concerning such is it not sayd they are accursed? what sayeth the Spirit to the* Laodiceans? *For that thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my Mouth.* He went on in this manner for some time, and then sayd, *I doe perceave my* Lorde Willoughby *giveth us his word that, so hee may bee allowed to go forth for a space, to attend to the needful settlement of his Affaires, he will return to his Imprisonment. But how expecteth hee to be believed: Who shall put their trust in such as he?* Hereat I spake with some warmth, *May I remind your* Highnesse *that you speak to the Lord* Willoughby's *Wife, and ill would it become her to heare such wordes unmoved. I crave your* Highnesse's *pardon, but methinks no act of my* Lord *doth warrant any man, much lesse your* Highnesse, *to doubt his honour. You shall judge yourselfe,* Madam, he replied; thereupon hee turned to a Cabinet that was neare to him, and tooke out some Papers; from these he did select two Letters, one of these hee unfolded and asked mee, did I know the writing? I could not denie that I did; there was no signature, and the latter part was in Cyphers. *That is not the only one*, he continued, and opened another, and gave it mee, dated but two months backe: His *Highnesse* did then commence a Discourse, if so it could be called, seeming rather a confused utterance of his Thoughts; quoting sundrie texts of *Scripture*, which he did intersperse with talke of Government, High-treason, and so forth; of some men being forced against their will, to rule the state, though sorely oppressed by the burthen; this seemingly addressed to other ears than mine; after a while hee paused, and I againe spoke something in this manner, that I did conceave a Prisoner and one illegally made so, had a full right to use any Means in his power to escape, and to engage his Friends in his behalf. As he replyed not, I further sayd, *If your* Highnesse *cast your eye back a few yeares, it would be sene that the Lord* Willoughby *did show as true Concernment for the Libertie of the Nation, as others who were then striving onely to obtaine this Justice for the People; That hee beleeving that howsoever righteous a Cause might bee, that it would not sanctifie un-righteous Meanes, and foreseeing great Evill and Confusion, did stop short in the Worke, was no dishonour to him as a Christian or a Gentleman. As to High Treason, it passeth my poore abilitie to comprehend what doth make High Treason, seeing it changeth sides with the strongest, and is the Crime of the Oppressed resisting the Oppressor.* I marvell that I spake so boldly. So I arose and sayd, *Since Your* Highnesse *setteth at nought my* Lord's *word, your* Highnesse's *answer will bee best transmitted through your Secretarie, a* Wife's *lippes repeate not words of such indignitie to her* Husband, *I begge your* Highnesse's *leave to withdraw.* To my surprise hee did detain mee, and questioned mee on some indifferent and trifling matters, as it appeared to mee, then of a sudden changed his tone, saying, *Who can find a vertuous Woman? her price is far above Rubies; the heart of her* Husband *doth safely trust in her. Madam, we doe accept my Lord* Willoughby's *termes, holding his Wife's truth as his hostage, his petition shall be laid before the Councill.* So ended the interview, and I hasted to the *Tower*. It is rumoured that the *Protector* is greatly desirous that the old *Peeres* should come to his new *House* of *Lords:* hence his wish to conciliate in some Quarters. His lookes are not those of one at ease in his Position, his face was worne and cast downe, and I observed an anxious manner of listening to any Sound, and once at a sudden movement of my Lord *Lisle*, he started and looked behind him, seeming as though hee would have put his Hand on the Pistolls which were beside him, but checked himselfe; do compassionate him, as one who hath felt himselfe called to a mightie Worke, the Issues whereof have beene too mightie for his Guidance, and too full of Temptation and Conflict for his Peace. Many do say of him, that never was there a man

of so great Courage and Abilitie to lead others. With Power have come Pride and Selfe-exaltation, and these have brought Crueltie, and Injustice: but who am I that I should judge Him, or speake of events above my Knowledge and Place: Let mee be thankfull for the prospect of the speedie Release of my beloved *Husband* from his long Imprisonment."

With a single letter from Lord Willoughby to his wife, written after the Restoration, we will close our already too protracted notice. Most earnestly, without one word of cautionary advice, do we commend the whole contents of the Diary of Lady Willoughby to the perusal of the youth of our country. Next to the biography and history of the great men and great events of that day, do we deem it to be a book of sterling value. As an epitome of history, or a record of the great events which occurred in Great Britain during a large portion of the seventeenth century, we regard it as holding no mean place; but as a work of cultivated taste, high character, pure womanly feeling, and unabated interest, from its commencement to its close, we consider it unsurpassed. In the words of another, no less true than eloquent, "Where natural, simple feeling, pure piety, the unaffected womanly thoughts of a daughter, wife, and mother are valued, and the more for being elevated above the sphere of common life, by being associated with one of the most spirit-stirring scenes of the past, the great English Revolution, this Diary of Lady Willoughby cannot fail to be appreciated."

LETTER FROM THE LORD WILLOUGHBY TO HIS WIFE

*Deare Heart:*—Having occasion to send Lydgate into the Country on some Businesse of a nature not to be entrusted to Paper, I at the same time make him Bearer of these Lines to my deare *Wife*, whose tender Heart will suffer in that I have to write. This afternoone was sent out of the World the honestest and noblest Man in it; Sir *Harry Vane* was beheaded on *Tower Hill*, notwithstanding that his *Majestie* had pledged his word to remitt the Sentence, should it be given against him, which it was knowne the *Solicitor-Generall* had resolved: there is a Curse methinks on Kingship; and the Royall Word is ever to be a Mockerie. There was assembled a vast multitude, numbers at Windowes and on the tops of the Houses; as Sir *Harry* pass'd within the *Tower* railing, the acclamations of the People were loud, manie crying out, *The Lord goe with you, The Lord helpe you.* He did make acknowledgement by taking off his Hat at different times; as the Sled was drawne slowly through the crowd, I heard one who stood neere the Sled say to him, it was the most glorious Seat he had ever sate in; he answered him, *It is indeed:* one Man who had knowne him in *New England*, pressed forward to bid *God* blesse him, the teares on his furrowed Face. As he stood on the Scaffold the multitude were strucke with admiration at his noble presence as hee began to speake to them; but he was presently interrupted by Sir *John Robinson*, who was there for this intent, and who ordered the Trumpeters to come neare, and sound the Trumpets before his Face, to prevent his being heard, and this was done severall times, and his notes were rudely snatched from his hands as I am credibly informed, but did not see it; the People were much moved by what he say'd, and it was feared they might be wrought upon in a degree like to be dangerous, if he was permitted to go on with his Discourse. As he knelt downe, one that was neare heard one or two short sentences, such as, *I blesse the Lord who hath counted me worthie to suffer for his name.* I blesse the Lord I have not deserted the righteous Cause for which I suffer. Such, deare *Wife*, was the end of this good and upright Man. As the People went their way after the fatal stroke was given, there was much murmuring; they spake one to another of his manifold Vertues, his integritie in Office; while some scrupled not scoffingly to jest on the worth of a King's Promise, and others, whose garb betokened them of somewhat better Rank than the crowd, did with great warmth enlarge on that Speech of his in the *House* some while ago, when he did support the Petition of the Royalists, Prisoners sold for Slaves in the Publicke Market at *Barbadoes* by order of the *Protector*. His *Majestie* is blamed by many. I mett Mr. *Pepys*, who had witnessed the execution, and hee say'd to mee, the *King* would lose more by this Man's Death than he would get againe for a good while. Tho' of late differing from Sir *Harry Vane*, there has been no personall enmitie between us, and greatly desiring, in remembrance of our former Friendship, to see him once more, in companie with others of his Friends, I visited him on the morning of his Death. *Why*, say'd hee, *should wee be affrighted with Death? I blesse the Lord I am so farre from being affrighted with Death, that I find it rather shrinke from mee than I from it.* Kissing his Children he gave them his Blessing, saying, the *Lord* would be to them a better Father than he was: told them not to be troubled for him, he was going home to his Father. I have writt these particulars for your private reading. Farewell, sweete *Wife*, whom I dearly love, yet would I rather be the dead Sir *Harry Vane* than one who must be namelesse. WILLOUGHBY.

*Strand*, this 14th day of June, 1662.

N. S. D.

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# THE YANKEE MAHOMET.

*To the Editor of the American Review:*

I HAVE thought that at a time when public attention is so generally turned towards the different elements which are mingling to form the population of the western limits of our country, and the influence which that population must, at no very distant period, exert upon our national destiny, the following sketch of Mormon history might not be uninteresting to a portion of the readers of your Review.

In treating of Mormonism, I propose to state the origin of the system; to explain its structure; to represent the causes of its past and present rapid dissemination, and to give a sketch of its history from the establishment of the "stake" at Kirtland to the present time.

And, first, it will be necessary to relate a few events connected with the origin of the "Book of Mormon," a work which bears to the remainder of the sacred writings of the Mormon Church, a relation similar to that of the four Gospels and Acts to the more elaborate and didactical Epistles of the New Testament.

Those who were acquainted with the early life of the founder of Mormonism, with his ignorance and character for stupidity, wondered much at the publication of so invention-displaying and elaborate a work, of which he claimed to be sole author and proprietor; and as the prophet daily lived down his own boasts of superior virtue and wisdom, the wonder grew into a suspicion of the genuineness of his claims of exclusive authorship. A short time served to give this suspicion basis and confirmation, and a number of affidavits filed almost simultaneously in different parts of New-York and Pennsylvania, and by witnesses between whom there was no opportunity of collusion, showed clearly the sources of the pretended inspiration.

Of these affidavits I shall only give the substance of one of the most important, which embodies nearly all the information possessed by the world on the subject. I quote from the information given by John Spaulding, the brother of the subject of the testimony:—

"Solomon Spaulding was born in Ashford, Conn., A. D. 1761. He graduated at Dartmouth College, and was afterwards regularly ordained a minister. After preaching three or four years, he gave up his profession, and commenced mercantile business, in partnership with his brother Josiah, in Cherry Valley, N. Y., where he soon failed. In 1809 he removed to Conneaut, Ohio, where he engaged himself in building an iron forge; but in this business also he soon failed.

"Casting about him for some method of retrieving his losses, he conceived the design of writing a historical romance upon a subject then much mooted in the scientific world, the origin of the Indian tribes. This design he carried into execution between 1809 and 1812, and the produce of his labors was a novel entitled the 'Manuscript Found.' In this work he mentioned that the American continent was colonized by Lehi, the son of Japheth, who sailed from Chaldea soon after the great dispersion, and landed near the isthmus of Darien. Lehi's descendants, who were styled Jaredites, spread gradually to the north, bearing with them the remains of antediluvian science, and building those cities the ruins of which we see in Central America, and the fortifications which are scattered along the Cordilleras.

"Long after this, Nephi, of the tribe of Joseph, emigrated to America with a large portion of the ten tribes whom Shalmanezer led away from Palestine, and scattered among the Midian cities. This remnant of Joseph was soon after its arrival divided into two nations, the Nephites and the Lamanites. These nations made war constantly against each other, and in the year A. D. 420, a great battle was fought in western New-York, which terminated in the destruction of the armies of both the belligerent parties, and the annihilation of their power. One man only was left; Mononi, the son of Mormon, who hid the records of the Nephites near Conneaut, Ohio, previously at his death."

In 1812 Mr. Spaulding went to Pittsburg to negotiate for the publication of this work. He presented it at the office of Patterson & Lambden, but his proposals were made without success. It seems, however, that the firm did not give him a decided refusal, since the manuscript was left at their office. In 1814 Mr. Spaulding moved from Pittsburg, where he had settled, to Washington county, Penn., where in 1816 he died.

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From the above facts, which might be substantiated by a vast amount of confirmative testimony, did our limits permit, we are forced to the conclusion that, previously to his publication of the Book of Mormon, which consists of the historical matter above condensed, and of various prophecies concerning himself, together with a large amount of religious matter, Smith had obtained access to the "Manuscript Found."

How he gained this access it is impossible, with any degree of certainty, to say. We know the Manuscript Found to have been left with Patterson & Lambden in 1812, but all subsequent inquiries as to its fate have been ineffectual. One member of the firm rarely engaged in business, and has forgotten the affair altogether; the other is dead.

We know, however, that Sidney Rigdon, who was next to Smith the most important man in the Church, was an intimate acquaintance of Lambden, and that during the three or four years previous to the publication of the Book of Mormon, he prepared the minds of over a thousand people for sudden conversion to the Mormon faith, by preaching the main doctrines of the system.

Many maintain that it was Rigdon who obtained the manuscript of Spaulding, modified it, chose Smith as his tool and catspaw wherewith to feel of public opinion, and afterwards joined the sect which he himself had in fact created.

The following testimony, however, although not actually proving any thing to the purpose, would seem to indicate Smith as the originator as well as prosecutor of the scheme, although I am inclined to think that there did exist an understanding between him and Rigdon long before 1830, the time of the publication of the sacred writings.

I make an extract from the testimony of Mrs. Spaulding, widow of the author:—

"In 1817, the year subsequent to my husband's death, I removed to Onondaga county, in New-York, and from thence to Hartwick, Otsego county, in the same State, having with me a trunk containing his writings. At the latter place I married again; and soon after went to Massachusetts. From 1817 to 1820 the trunk remained at Onondaga Hollow. After my marriage in 1820, it was removed to Hartwick, where it remained until 1832. A man of the name of Smith was, between 1823 and 1827, frequently seen prowling round the house without any ostensible object, and so suspicious were his manœuvres, that he was once or twice arrested as a common vagabond, and only escaped the penalties of the law by running away."

Mrs. Spaulding, at the time of giving this testimony, was old, and family misfortunes had impaired her memory, so as to destroy her recollection of the smaller circumstances attendant upon the removal of the trunk. She remembers, however, that the above-mentioned trunk contained quite a number of writings, at the time when she left it at Onondaga Hollow; and although no one was known to have visited it between 1817 and 1832, it was found, by examination in the latter year, to contain but one manuscript, and that unimportant.

The fact that Smith was near this vicinity and engaged in questionable business at the time, during which his revelations were in course of preparation, seems therefore, in connection with the others above mentioned, to show that he himself purloined the manuscript, one copy of which had been left with Patterson & Lambden. Spaulding was then the innocent author of the Book of Mormon, and Smith the plagiarist and impostor who gave it to the world as inspiration.

But to understand thoroughly any system, we must seek in the early life of its founder for those ultimate causes which have given it its peculiar nature and distinguishing characteristics. I think that we may find the elements of Mormonism in the early life of Smith.

Joseph Smith was born on the 23d of December, 1805, in the town of Sharon, Vt., of poor and vicious parents, whose influence was, in his early years, constantly exerted to suppress the development of any of the higher qualities of the human soul to the exercise of which his disposition might incline him.

When he was about ten years old, his family removed to Palmyra, N. Y., in the vicinity of which they resided about eleven years. His childhood was spent in following the occupation of a money-digger, one in which the ignorance and credulity of his parents constantly prompted them to engage themselves and family, to the great detriment of all industrial pursuits. The mounds and sepulchres of the extinct races of our land, holding out as they did promises of treasure to the ignorant, gave the country over, strong motives to the idle and avari-

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cious to search into their depths and endeavor to reap advantage from the examination of their contents. Accordingly, we find Smith, in early youth, following his father, pickaxe on shoulder, digging eagerly into whatever might seem an Indian tomb; encouraged by stories of boundless wealth hidden in the earth beneath him, which only waited the touch of his skilful hand, or the presence of the divining-rod, to reveal itself to the world; and subsisting by the plunder of hen-roosts, or upon whatever else fortune might throw in his way.

The effects of such a course of life upon him who follows it may readily be imagined. Constantly revelling amid the wildest fictions which the avarice-stimulated imagination of his parents could fabricate, his fancy and love of the marvellous were cultivated to a surprising degree. Constantly striving for gold, and obtaining little by his efforts, he prized it above all other things, and became one of the most avaricious of men. Hope of future acquisition sustained him in his labors; and as he was seldom reduced to want, but generally, either directly, by obtaining articles of value as a reward of his researches, or indirectly, by cheating those who joined him in speculations of the kind, made his expeditions support him, a strong and buoyant feeling of self-confidence was created and fostered. Permanent feelings of this kind are only companions of those who have learned to depend upon themselves, and they are generally found in conjunction with decision, with pride, and often with vanity; all of which qualities Smith possessed in a very high degree, as is indicated by his conduct in after life. He could, when he had risen to power, frame legends to reanimate the desponding spirits of his devotees, and could hope on, even when his Church was most persecuted and scattered, for final exaltation and boundless dominion.

Such was his cupidity, that he announced revelation after revelation to his saints, commanding them to bring him moneys and necessaries when his treasury was full; and such his vanity, that it required all the faith of his followers to obviate the ridiculous effects of his boasts. He was firm even to obstinacy, as his unyielding determination to occupy western Missouri testifies; and oud, regarding all men as fit subjects of a usion in which he did not himself believe. Yet he possessed a trait of character seldom joined with pride, a low cunning which could stoop to the adoption of any means for the attainment of a desired object, and which often defeated the best preconcerted projects of his enemies.

In foresight, and power of estimating the probabilities of the future from the aspect of the present, he was far from deficient, as the organization of his Church, adapted to all countries and all times, testifies; but we often find him overlooking affairs of minor importance, with a neglect which, in one occupying his position, seems surprising. He would, for instance, jest over his own infallibility and inspiration; would provoke wantonly the most powerful and trustworthy of his dependants; and would openly proclaim projects the concealment of which policy plainly dictated.

His intellect was of no ordinary kind. Great powers of reasoning were his natural gift; and as his reasonings were rather of an analogical than an analytical cast, there existed (as is always the case with minds thus constituted) a deep vein of humor that ran through all he said and did. An imperfect education had left him deficient in knowledge of the structure of language; and hence his oratory and writings are characterized by most ridiculous grammatical blunders. He possessed, however, a rough kind of eloquence which won upon the hearts of those too ignorant to see the glaring absurdities of his doctrines.

Add to these qualities a retentive memory; a correct knowledge of human nature, so far as he had opportunities of observing it; ambition that knew no scruple, and licentiousnes that scorned all bounds; a Herculean frame and a commanding appearance; and we have the Mahomet of America, and the most dangerous religious impostor that has appeared for centuries.

The knowledge of his early life which has been given to the world is limited; for all that seems to have been desired by those who made researches or gave testimony concerning him, was either to establish the bad character of the Smith family, or to show the real origin of the Book of Mormon.

We find him at the age of 17 going out among the neighbors to do work by the job. The following anecdote is related of him, showing the effect which his previous training in the gold-seeking department had at

this time produced in exciting a love for the marvellous and mysterious. It is in itself trifling, and only derives importance from its connection with his after life.

As he was engaged one day (1822) in digging a well in company with a neighbor, a very curious stone was discovered, which he desired leave to examine. This being granted, he put it into his hat and asked Chase, the friend whom he was helping, to lend it to him. Chase did so, telling him at the same time not to lose it, as it was something of a curiosity. Soon after this, Joe began to aver that with this stone he could discover treasure, and see all things both above and beneath the earth. Chase then called upon him, and required it of him; but Smith could never be prevailed upon to give it up. It was afterwards used in the translation of the Book of Mormon, and styled the mysterious Urim and Thummim.

His employment between this time and 1826 is not known, saving some few expeditions in search of gold and silver. One of his neighbors gives us an account of the ceremonies employed by the Smith family upon the occasion of such an expedition. These consisted in the use of the divining-rod; the sacrifice of a black sheep, previous to the commencement of the incantations; the formation of a circle of stones, and others of a like nature; from an observation of which said witness sagely concludes, that the business brought them more mutton than gold.

Occasionally he was heard advancing contradictory statements concerning a discovery made by himself of certain gold plates, and declaring the existence of a connection between himself and the spirit-world. These various stories gradually assumed form, and in after times, the story told to those who asked concerning his inspiration and published in the same writings, was as follows:—

When he was about seventeen years of age, a revival of religion occurred in the village where he lived, by which many young people of his acquaintance were converted. His own mind was much troubled by a sense of the sinfulness of his conduct, and by doubts which of the various religious sects was most worthy of his support. One day, as he retired to a grove for purposes of prayer and meditation, an angel from heaven appeared, comforting him, and prophesying that he should be the founder of a sect destined to be greater than all others, and to embrace all mankind as its members. He was directed to search on the summit of the hill Camora, in Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y., for a volume which should contain the institutions of this sect, and which had been buried there for upwards of fourteen hundred years. He searched, found, and was about to obtain possession of it, when a voice from heaven forbade him, and enjoined upon him a certain course of conduct for the ensuing four years. He was to be married to a woman described to him, and whom he should know as soon as they might meet; and was to prepare himself for the labor of translation by diligent study of the Coptic. In 1827 he might return and claim the book.

He obeyed the Divine command; was married in 1826; obtained a complete mastery over the difficulties of the Coptic,* and returned, to obtain the fulfilment of the Lord's promise.

The spot being indicated to him by the recollection of his former adventure, he removed the earth, and saw, after opening a stone box, a large number of gold plates, each about eight inches long and seven wide, and of the thickness of sheet tin. Upon taking up the precious record, he looked down into the cavity occasioned by its removal, and saw a toad, which immediately leaped out and assumed the form of the Prince of the infernal world. His majesty, glancing at Smith for an instant, rushed upon him, dealt him a tremendous blow, and wrenched from him the sacred plates.

Nothing daunted, and animated by supernatural aid, the daring intruder grappled with his opponent, and after a hard contest succeeded in regaining his treasure, with which he commenced an immediate retreat. The baffled fiend followed close, and planted upon the rear of the retreating prophet a kick which raised him four feet into the air; then, disappointed, vanished.

But, unluckily for his credit, Smith had made a partial exposure of himself to a

* With regard to this profound knowledge of the Coptic, there is some reason for doubt, as he has assured those asking him the meaning of Greek passages, that they were in the ancient Egyptian, and could be translated by no person save himself.

neighbor, Peter Ingersol; and this throws some little light upon the pretended discovery. The conversation had turned upon the golden Bible, and Joseph had admitted it to be a mere speculating affair; when, Ingersol desiring to know something about his first proceedings, he answered: "Early in the fall of 1827, as I was passing along in the woods, I saw some beautiful white sand. I gathered several quarts of it, tied it up in my frock, and carried it home. On entering the house, I found the family at dinner. They were all anxious to know the nature of the contents of my frock; so I gravely told them that I had the golden Bible, which I had previously mentioned; and, to my surprise, they all believed me. I added that no man could see it and live, but still offered to take it out and show it to them, upon which they left the room in alarm. Now, says I, I have got the damned fools fixed, and will carry out my fun." Such passages as this, occurring often in our hero's life, serve to show that, whatever else he was, he was no fanatic.

I have mentioned the marriage of Smith. In 1826, he paid his addresses to a young lady named Hale, whose father soon forbade him his house, and removed to Pennsylvania. Joe, nothing daunted, went to a credulous neighbor named Lawrence, and told him that he had discovered a silver mine near a river which ran by the place where Miss Hale resided, and that some of the silver might easily be put into boats, and floated down to a good market. Lawrence carried Smith, who was moneyless, whither he desired, gave him upon his request a recommendation to Mr. Hale, and was then left to go home, empty-handed as he came. The money-seeker then eloped with his chosen, and, by promises concerning a gold mine, persuaded a good old Dutchman, named Stowell, to move all his furniture to a place of residence which he had prepared.

The necessity of increased expense probably made him cast about him for means. Accordingly we see him, in 1827, in Palmyra, New-York, entering into negotiations with Martin Harris, for the publication of the Book of Mormon. To use his own words to Ingersol, "I went to that d—d fool, Martin Harris, and told him that a vision from heaven had informed me should give me fifty dollars towards the publication of the Golden Bible." This Harris, at once knave and fool, partly believing in Smith's inspiration, and partly engaging in the plan for the sake of profit, was the best tool that Smith could have found. He followed Joe to the town of Harmony, Pa., where together, Harris acting as secretary, they prepared the Book of Mormon for the press.

Smith, seated on one side of a suspended blanket, diligently used the above-mentioned Urim and Thummim in the pretended inspection of the golden plates, (which his disciple was not permitted to see, lest their brightness should slay him,) while Harris transcribed his words. When the anxiety of the scribe to see the sacred volume became intense, as it frequently did, a revelation would be announced, telling him to wait patiently; and thus, restraining him from undue meddling, and encouraging him by flattery, his master prevailed upon him to advance all the funds necessary for the publication of the work, which took place in 1830.

From the above facts it must appear that money-making was primarily Smith's object, and that it was success which enabled him to make his high pretensions to sanctity and miraculous power.

Besides Martin Harris, Smith had gained over to his interests Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, whom he occasionally employed as secretaries; and when the Book of Mormon was issued from the press, a Church was formed, consisting of Smith, his father, his brother Hyram, and these three worthy coadjutors. The doctrines of this Church were contained in the newly issued volume; but as there were in the Book of Mormon only meagre explanations upon disputed theological points, the summary of faith was soon after enlarged by the Book of Covenants, published in small portions and at intervals. This last was, no doubt, partly written by Sidney Rigdon, during the sojourn of the Church in Ohio.

The Mormon theological belief, thus ushered into the world, is in many respects worthy of attention; and although we may see in it much that is ridiculous, it nevertheless appears to be the result of the endeavors of a sound mind, though of one sadly misinformed, to clear up the mysteries with which modern speculation has darkened the Scriptures; the principle of absolute

human supremacy in Church affairs being constantly kept in view.

The minds of the members of a sect which is to be governed in religious belief by one individual, must be deeply imbued with faith, lest an inquiring spirit should overthrow their confidence in the claims of him who governs them. Faith, therefore, is most treated of in the Mormon system; and so far do Mormons carry their admiration of this quality of the soul, as to maintain that it is the power by which God created the world. In this view they sustain themselves by an ambiguity in Hebrews xi. 3, which has been suffered to remain in our translation.

Good works are less made a theme of injunction; and although obedience to the will of the Prophet is sternly insisted upon, many indulgences are granted to the saints in other respects, and many restorations made of the doctrines of the various sects that have allowed their members liberty of action, and regarded belief as the only requisite to salvation. The Prophet, for instance, very generously allowed his chief supporters polygamy, provided the additional wives received the term spiritual, and the marriage ceremony was performed by himself. This privilege was of course unmentioned in any of the sacred writings, and extended at Smith's good pleasure.

Three offenses Mormons are enjoined to forgive, but the fourth, they are emphatically told, God shall revenge for them; and the interpretation of this has ever been, that they may revenge themselves.

On the subject of the Trinity, Smith agrees with what is termed the Orthodox belief, as nearly as he understands it; but was often heard during his life to declare himself far superior to our Saviour.

The Bible is said to be, after the Book of Mormon, the great canon of faith; and claims are made by the Prophet of having rectified many mistranslations, and restored many parts suppressed by the Catholics, who are denounced in no measured terms. Mormons regard it in the same light in which Christians regard the Old Testament, and its prophecies are to be literally fulfilled.

There are now many differences in the Church, upon theological points; and were, even during the life of Smith. Elder Pawley Pratt wrote a book, entitled the "Voice of Warning," in explanation of the subjects of disputation, which is almost regarded as canonical.

In this work, the Mormon belief concerning the fulfilment of the predictions of the Apocalypse is thus explained:—

"The New Jerusalem mentioned is to be built up in America, at Independence, Mo., and at the same time the old shall be rebuilt in Palestine. The two cities shall flourish until the great and last change, when both shall be caught up to heaven, to be near the Lord and his eternal habitations."

The Book of Mormon declares that the "saints of the Church shall in after ages be equal to our Saviour, and, like him, engage in the creation and salvation of worlds;" and adds, "that there are four future states or conditions of the soul, the Celestial, the Telestial, the Terrestrial, and the Infernal;" so that the distinction between the Mormon and other sects can be as well preserved hereafter as here.

The creed of the Mormon Church would little differ, excepting on the points above enumerated, from that of any Christian denomination; but from what has been mentioned, it will be seen that in its main features it bears considerable resemblance to that propagated by Mahomet. Both recognize the principle of arbitrary power, and both that of forcible dissemination. There are, too, in both, indulgences for the faithful and sensual paradises reserved for the elect.

It might not be unprofitable, did limits permit, to continue the parallel, and show how the minds of the great impostors of different ages are the same, and how the systems resulting from them distinguish, invariably, false teachers from The True.

Smith's system was, however, produced in an age different from that of Mahomet, and could not, from the nature of things, be immediately promulgated by the sword. Care, circumspection, and an organization which should spread itself over the whole country, were necessary before forcible measures could quicken his onward march to power; and this organization he supplied with a skill which, considering his educational advantages and his opportunities of investigating governmental machinery, is truly wonderful.

He was head of the Church, and, according to his own account, in constant communication with the Deity, whose cor-

imparted to others. The Church is therefore commanded to listen reverently to what he says, and to obey him in all affairs, spiritual and temporal.

He only exercised this power, however, as head of a body which could live and grow without him. He was but the leading member of the First Presidency, which consisted of three individuals, and exercised supreme authority in all Church affairs. The other two members were, during his life, his brother Hyram and Sidney Rigdon.

Each Mormon church is called a stake, and is ruled by a subordinate presidency, consisting of three high priests, who in religious affairs are subject to the central authority. There is in each stake an ultimate court of appeal in civil, and in some cases in religious affairs, which is composed of twelve high priests, and called the "High Council."

An inferior court also exists in each stake, subordinate to the High Council, which acts only in civil affairs.

Connected with the First Presidency is a "Travelling High Council," which acts immediately under its authority, and consists of twelve high priests, called the "Twelve Apostles," who preach the gospel in different parts of the world, and govern unorganized stakes. These Twelve Apostles have under their authority first, second, and third Seventies, which assist them in the administration of the affairs of new churches, and also preach.

All the above officers are elected by the people, and hold their offices during life, competency, and good behavior.

There is thus a central authority in spiritual affairs, which binds the churches together, and an independence of the separate churches, which enables them to live under whatever civil laws they please. Every feeble and unorganized stake is amply provided for, and the bond of union is strengthened by the communication of the minor authorities with the superior power, and by the constant exertions of travelling apostles.

There are two classes of priesthood, the Melchizedec and the Aaronic. To the former belongs the First Presidency, with its High Council, together with each of the subordinate presidencies, with its High Council; to the latter the lesser courts, the "Seventies," and generally all elders and deacons of the Church who preach, whether they are travelling or stationary. The ministerial is no preventive to other occupations. Funds are occasionally provided for the ministers by the Church; but they are generally left to obtain their subsistence without extraneous aid, provided those around them can contribute nothing, and the funds of the Church are low.

The Mormon elder is not, like too many of our Christian ministers, secluded from the haunts of life, and dependent upon a few parochial visits and upon weekly sermons as his means of reviving and sustaining religion. He wields the axe with the pioneer, climbs the mast with the sailor, drives the plough with the farmer; and thus, mingling in all the various avocations of mankind, appealing to familiar things, and using an influence which nothing but acquaintance with men and their actuating motives can give, is almost universally successful in obtaining some fruits of labor.

Moreover, as Mormons live under a democratical form of Church government, and each man stands a chance of being a high priest or elder, all feel themselves bound to gain a thorough knowledge of their Scriptures; and thus a power of argument is gained, which gives the most ignorant the advantage in dialectical contests with the learned.

This organization, and these facts, account, I think, for the vast influence which Mormonism exerts among the poorer classes; and when we consider such a constitution, we cannot wonder at the rapid increase of the new Church, and the astonishing power which it obtained in so short a space of time.

Having then these foundations on which to build, it will not be difficult to construct, uninterruptedly and understandingly, the edifice of Mormon History.

The first Mormon church was organized April 6th, 1830, at Manchester, N. Y., and was composed of six members, three of whom were, as has been remarked, members of the Smith family. Between April and October about forty were admitted as members in the surrounding villages. In October, four missionaries, among whom was Oliver Cowdery, started for the West, to preach to the Indians, whom Mormons have always looked upon with great favor, since they are taught by Smith to believe them the descendants of the ten lost tribes.

In the course of their journey, they preached at various places, and at Kirtland, Ohio, baptized one hundred and thirty disciples in less than four weeks. Before the next spring, the church at Kirtland had increased to about one thousand members. The reason of this enormous increase in so short a time is explained by Professor Turner in something the following manner.

In the year 1827, Alexander Campbell, Sidney Rigdon, and William Scott left the regular Baptist Church, and founded a new sect, styled the "Reformed Baptists." S. Rigdon was distinguished from his colleagues by doctrines which soon entirely severed him from them, and made him the leader of a separate congregation. He maintained that the prophecies of the Scriptures would be literally fulfilled, and the Israelites actually restored, together with several other doctrines coinciding with those of Smith. His eloquence and persuasive powers were irresistible, his imagination luxurious, and his emotion while addressing an audience so overpowering as to induce many to believe him acting under the influence of inspiration.

Some maintain the existence of a previous agreement between him and Smith, and the supposition is not improbable, although it cannot be verified. At any rate, as soon as the Book of Mormon was published, he started for Smith's place of residence, immediately returned after a short interview with the Prophet, and announced to his congregation his conversion to the Mormon faith. So great was his influence, that almost all of his flock followed his example, and occasioned, by entering the pale of the Church, this sudden augmentation.

Soon after the conversion of Rigdon, Smith announced a regulation, which designated Kirtland, Ohio, as the place where, until another should be provided, the Church should take up its head-quarters. He gave it the Hebrew name of Shinahar, and adopted the practice of giving Hebrew names to the places where Mormon churches were established.

When winter arrived, between one and two thousand Mormons had settled at Kirtland, and the Church seemed fairly begun. As the season progressed, many of the elders and members, excited by the revelations of Smith and the eloquence of Rigdon, ancied themselves possessed of miraculous power, and laid claim to the gift of tongues. Some ran franticly through the woods day and night, uttering unintelligible sounds; some went into convulsions, and lost their reason through overpowering religious emotion; while the country around seemed as the plains of Bœotia must have seemed during the high festivals of Bacchus.

Smith, seeing that if each member of his church could with impunity lay claim to intercourse with heaven, his own power must fall, pronounced these farcical inspirations the work of the devil, and declared that all the commands which God would impose upon the Mormons would be first given to himself. The confusion soon after ceased.

The year 1831 opened with bright auspices to the cause. Smith announced a revelation commanding Church members to bring a large proportion of their possessions to the common treasury; and the command was obeyed. The elders made many converts throughout the country, and Smith's correspondents in the West gave him such glowing accounts of the country lying along the Missouri frontier, that he determined to make it in future time the head-quarters of the Church. He had at first selected a portion of Geauga county, Ohio, as the promised land; but his character being well known in those parts, and fifty gentlemen of high standing in community having made affirmation as to his rascality, he relinquished his project. In the month of June he called together the priesthood, to give what he termed the "endowment," which consisted in the imposition of hands and the impartment of the Holy Spirit; and after the performance of this ceremony, dispatched them to the West to preach the faith, commanding them to meet at Independence, Mo. Thither he and Rigdon soon went and pointed out a place for the erection of a temple, giving to Independence the name Mount Zion. After uttering various prophecies concerning the future greatness of the place, they returned to Kirtland.

The Church at Mount Zion soon numbered twelve hundred members; but as its history is separate from that of the Mother Church at Kirtland, I shall treat only of the latter until 1838, and then review Missouri affairs.

In the year 1832, a firm was established at Kirtland, with Smith for its head, the business of which was to take care of all consecrated property. During the commence-

ment of the next year, the gift of tongues again made its appearance. At first Smith declared it another Satanic manifestation; but soon afterwards, so great was the impression which it made upon the minds of his followers, he sanctioned it as the result of Divine influence. Judge Higbee, who soon after joined him at Kirtland, thus explains it: "Every sound that can be uttered is a word in some language. The inspired person has only to open his mouth and utter sounds, leaving it to God to make them expressive of some train of thought. The translator must yield himself to the influence of the Spirit, and he will utter the substance of what is said."

In June, the firm formed in the preceding year received a revelation from Smith, which commanded that the town should be laid out into lots, the proceeds resulting from the sale of which should be applied to the building of a temple. In carrying out this command, large debts were contracted, as the edifice to be erected was very expensive.

In 1834, the firm was divided into two separate and independent firms, the one located in Missouri, the other at Kirtland

In 1835, Smith and Rigdon purchased goods in Buffalo and Cleveland, and established a mercantile firm, the profits obtained by which were to be applied to the building of the temple. This establishment was soon involved in debt, and the leaders attempted to gain money by issuing their notes, payable at periods after date; but this expedient soon failed. During this year three or four hundred elders assembled at Kirtland, to pursue their studies in the department of Hebrew literature, under the direction of Mr. Seixas, a celebrated Hebrew scholar, whose services Smith had secured.

In 1836 another endowment meeting was held at Kirtland, which is described as having been the most confused of earthly assemblages. Smith gave ardent spirits in great quantities, assuring the elders that the liquor was consecrated, and would not intoxicate. The meeting, soon feeling the effect, and thinking that a second day of Pentecost had arrived, indulged in the most outrageous extravagances, and spent the day in invoking curses upon the heads of the "Missouri Mob." Such meetings were afterwards discontinued.

In 1837 the Kirtland Bank was established. It had no charter, and subscribers might pay for their stock in town lots, rated at almost any value. The notes were at first current in the vicinity, and all old debts were paid off with them; but no one in the East would take them. Elders were sent off to barter away Kirtland money, but the institution, having no basis, soon fell through, and Smith, with Rigdon and several other compeers, started for Missouri in the spring of 1838, hard followed by a sheriff, whose pursuit was, however, vain.

During the six years of which I have been speaking, the sect had increased with great rapidity. Its bishops and elders had travelled over the greater part of the Union, and made converts in almost all the States. It is impossible to compute the exact number of Mormons in 1838, but probably fifty thousand does not come far from a correct estimate.

The chief theatre of Mormon increase had not, however, been the country around Kirtland, where the Prophet's influence was most directly exercised, but Western Missouri.

In the summer of 1831, a portion of the sect settled, according to the direction of Smith, at Mount Zion. Here, under the able direction of Bishop Partridge, a little church of twelve hundred members was built up within two years. But that zealous spirit which, in a Church admitting the principle of forcible conversion, will not let members rest unless a rapid proselytizing is going forward, was at work. Mormons were now next-door neighbors of their friends the Indians, whose affection was rapidly conciliated by that respectful treatment which Mormonism inculcates with regard to the descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. No very great number of conversions were made west of the frontier; but so close were the bonds of intimacy with the tribes drawn, that the elders began to fancy that their power was sufficient to enable them to dictate to the citizens of surrounding counties. Along the northern border of Missouri was the as yet unhumbled tribe of Sauks and Foxes, whose dominions extended from the Missouri river to the Illinois; while within a few hours' ride to the westward lay the hunting-grounds of the Pottowotamies, the Kickapoos, the Kanzas, the Delawares, and the Shawnees.

Confiding partly in these allies, in the event of emergency, partly in their own-

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numbers, and more in the predictions of universal empire made by their sacred writings, the Mormons became exceedingly insolent, made dark and frequent predictions of the extermination of the Gentiles, and pronounced, in a way that left no doubt what would be the nature of their future conduct, that the "earth and all therein are the Lord's and the inheritance of his saints."

Such conduct excited, of course, exasperation; and when we reflect that the saints were thievish in their habits, (as the records of Missouri courts will testify,) and justified, by appeals to their books, "milking the Gentiles," as they termed it, we cannot wonder at, although we may be unable fully to justify, what followed.

On the 20th of July, 1833, a meeting of the citizens of Jackson county was held, for the purpose of considering the best method of effecting the expulsion of the Mormons from the neighborhood.

It was represented at this meeting that the sect, being composed of persons of bad character, who constantly prophesied the expulsion of their neighbors, and—being already numerous, would be a fruitful source of dissension in the community. Resolutions were therefore passed, among which were the following:—

"No Mormon shall, in future, be allowed to settle in the neighborhood."

"Those already settled shall be required to move away."

"The office of the *Mormon Star* shall be closed."

"The Mormon elders shall be requested to co-operate with the elders in carrying out these measures."

"Finally, those who refuse to comply with these resolutions shall be referred to such of their friends as possess the power of prophecy for information with respect to the fate which awaits them."

While this assembly was yet deliberating, an appointed committee of twelve waited upon Partridge, to notify him of these demands.

He required time for consideration and consultation with his friends in Ohio. The committee reported this reply to the meeting, which instantly adjourned, proceeded to demolish the printing-office of the *Star*, to tar and feather Partridge himself, and to extort a pledge from the Mormons that they would leave the country before the spring of 1834.

That these violent measures are reprehensible, cannot be doubted; but that this expulsion has been beneficial to Missouri, is also indisputable. Whether the citizens were justifiable in taking *some* means of ridding themselves of neighbors who, it was vident, aimed at their own forcible expulsion at no very distant time, I will not pretend to determine. I leave it with such affairs as the removal of Mr. Clay's press from Lexington, to be settled in different ways, according as different canons of moral conduct are adopted.

The Mormons, considering the agreement which they had made invalid, petitioned Governor Dunklin for redress. He referred them to the civil law; but from this they received little or no assistance. The citizens meanly availed themselves of such means of molestation as pulling down houses, whipping and tarring and feathering individuals, until on the 4th of November a conflict took place, in which three or four were killed, and which occasioned so great an excitement that the Mormons thought it prudent to leave the county, and in a few weeks all had removed. The inhabitants of Clay county received them kindly, and gave them protection and subsistence throughout the winter.

The loss of property occasioned by these disturbances and this hasty removal was estimated by the Mormons at $120,000.

In the spring of 1834, Governor Dunklin endeavored to bring the parties to justice; but so great was the excitement on both sides, that he relinquished the attempt, hoping that quiet would be restored, and seeing that impartial decisions could not be obtained before the proper tribunals.

When Smith, at Kirtland, heard of these proceedings, he issued a proclamation, reproving the Church in Missouri for its dissensions, and declaring that it had suffered punishment by the Lord's will. He also commanded his expelled disciples to return to Independence, and take possession of their property, since it was there that the Lord's temple should be established. Not contented with words, however, he mustered a number of emigrants who desired to join the Church at Independence, and started for that place with two hundred and fifty armed men.

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The expedition arrived about the beginning of June at the Mormon settlement in Clay county, prepared, as its members thought, for conquest. Previously to their departure, the society had voted itself the name of the "Church of Latter-day Saints," being persuaded that the time had come when wickedness should, by miraculous means, be finally removed from the earth, preparatory to the coming of the Lord's kingdom.

On the 18th June, committees from both parties met at Liberty, Clay county, to endeavor to arrange affairs. The Mormons insisted on their right of returning to Mount Zion, and the Missourians persisted in their determination to repel all attempts at resettlement. No business of any importance was transacted, and the exasperated parties soon separated. A large portion of the Missouri committee entered a boat, apparently sound, for the purpose of crossing the Missouri river; but when they reached the middle of the stream their vessel suddenly filled and sank, thereby drowning several of them. There can be little doubt that this tragedy was planned by Smith, who had opportunities of tampering with the boat while it was tied to the bank. So fiercely, therefore, did public resentment burn against him, that the Prophet saw that with his present force he could do nothing; and although the relinquishment of his project of making Mount Zion the seat of his empire was no part of his nature, he deferred carrying it out until an increase of Mormon population should give him sufficient force.

I have perhaps exceeded the proper limits of a communication, and must defer until some other time an account of the Missouri disturbances.

*Providence, April 17th.*

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## NOTE TO THE PORTRAIT.

With the expectation of being able to present in our next number a complete and authentic article upon the present condition and future prospects of that most interesting region the Territory of Minnesota, we have concluded to place among our list of portraits the present able and efficient Governor of that region—a gentleman, who, by his energy and wisdom, is contributing to lay the foundations of a State that will hereafter rank among the greatest of the Confederacy.

The article referred to will render superfluous the biography with which we usually accompany our portraits, as it will necessarily speak of the measures of Governor Ramsey; and a man is best portrayed by his works.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Life of Algernon Sidney; with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Writings.* By G. Van Santvoord. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This book is a very creditable contribution to the historical literature relating to that, to us, most interesting period of the annals of England, when the principles upon which this government was founded received their most definite elucidation.

There were men among those who established the brief interregnum of the English Commonwealth whose ideas were in advance of their age, or at least of the circumstances which surrounded them. Their number was insufficient for the task they undertook. Some became martyrs to their cause, whilst others were enabled to plant their principles in a virgin soil, not overgrown with other habits and ideas. Among the former, Sidney was one of the most distinguished and disinterested. Mr. Van Santvoord has drawn his character and related the incidents of his life with a warm appreciation; and he has thrown in some admirable short sketches of some of his compatriots. In such a work, of course, the stern features of the great Cromwell must appear. Siding with neither of the extremes, the author, we think, gives the true view of this extraordinary man, and we commend his book warmly.

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*The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town.* By an Opera-Goer. Fourth edition; set off with Mr. Darley's Designs. New-York: Stringer & Townsend. In two volumes

Every body says that this is a rare book, and every body is right for once. Some *one* has said that it exceeds any thing of the kind since Addison, and to this, too, we have the greatest mind to subscribe. Indeed, we do not know but we could be driven into an argument, (were the proper occasion to arise,) to show that it is as keen, as witty, as elegant, as the corresponding parts of the great moralist himself. Certainly, *The Town—this* "Great Metropolis"—has had no such "chiel" within it "takin' notes" of its foibles and follies, its pretensions and its hypocrisies. The present elegant edition makes its appearance with a new and characteristic preface from the hand of the renowned *Ik. Marvel*, in which the long-defeated curiosity of the public as to who the author *is* or was, is entirely relieved by a "full and particular" account of the "nominis umbra."

*Travels in America. The Poetry of Pope.* Two Lectures by the Right Honorable the Earl of Carlisle, (Lord Morpeth.) New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The first of the lectures composing this very neat little volume has been extensively published in the newspapers. A great many are therefore already familiar with it; but there are, no doubt, many more who, failing to catch it thus "on the wing," will be glad to have in this permanent form these candid and generally just observations of the distinguished author. The lecture on Pope will well repay perusal.

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*The Natural History of Selborne, with Observations on Various Parts of Nature, and Naturalist's Calendar.* By the late Rev. Gilbert White, A.M. Bohn's Illustrated Library. New-York: Bangs, Brothers & Co.

This is one of those choice books that so long maintain their place in the affections of the quiet lovers of nature. All literary readers have of course obtained a sufficient knowledge of it from chance readings, to embrace the present opportunity of getting at it in so pleasant and acceptable an edition of it as the one before us.

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*The Iliad of Homer, literally translated, with Explanatory Notes.* By Theodore Alois Buckley. London: H. G. Bohn. New-York: Bangs, Brothers & Co.

A most careful and accurate translation of the world's great Epic. It is a fine addition to Mr. Bohn's classic series attached to his famous Library of *good books*.

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*Episodes of Insect Life.* New-York: J. S. Redfield.

An elegantly printed and illustrated volume, containing "authentic records" of the insect world, wreathed about with the flowers of imagination and fancy, admirably adapted to popularize the subject.

We conceive that there is a peculiar appropriateness in thus ornamenting the science of Entomology. The rich fancy of the author of this beautiful book may be fitly likened to the luxuriant verdure of leaves and flowers, among which live and sport so many of the tribes described

These inhabitants of the world of verdure and of the by-places and crannies of creation, with their tiny toils and pleasures—could they have a more appropriate historian?

The getting up of the book is a really splendid specimen of taste. Mr. Redfield should be exempted from the bite of a —— bug or the sting of a mosquito for the term of his natural life.

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*The Glenns, a Family History.* By J. L. M'Connell, author of Talbot and Vernon, Grahame, &c. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

A story of very decided ability. The author exhibits uncommon powers in the analysis of character and motives; and his studies have been taken from the life. His scenes are laid among our Western settlers, whose peculiarities have probably never been so carefully considered from *their serious side* as by this very promising author.

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*Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Edited by Henry Reed. Vol. 1. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

Having received this welcome volume only on the eve of our going to press, we can only announce its appearance at present. This however will be all that is necessary to those who are happily of that choice multitude who make up the "audience" of the *great* Poets. This American edition, in accordance with the wishes of the author, has most appropriately been intrusted to the hands of Professor Reed, the editor of the fine edition of the poet's works published in Philadelphia.

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*Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America.* Illustrated from Nature by the Author. By Henry W. Herbert. Third edition, revised and corrected, with an ample Supplement, by the Author. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

Having in a previous number of this journal presented, as we were in duty bound, an entire article on this book, we need only call attention to the *new* edition, and say that it is even more beautifully issued in paper and typography than ever; that it has been carefully revised and added to by the author, both in matter and illustrations; and should command a place, not only in the library of every angler, but also in that of every lover of nature.

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*The Works of Washington Irving, Complete in fifteen Volumes; and the Choice Works of J. Fenimore Cooper, in twelve Volumes,* 12mo. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The American public owe Mr. Putnam a debt of gratitude for his enterprise, and we might say *patriotism*, in issuing such elegant editions of these standard authors, and at so cheap a rate, that all may gratify their national pride by placing so goodly a row of volumes of *choice reading* upon their shelves. We have often wondered that books as *parlor ornaments* were not more appreciated. What a radiant nook would a little case containing these volumes make in a room; and, by the way, how admirably would a richly-bound set of the American Review fit in opposite. *Verbum sap.*

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*The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation.* By G. Copway, or Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, Chief of the Ojibway Nation. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co. 1851.

Here is a book by a *veritable* "*native.*" This circumstance, if nothing else, will give it interest, and, may we not add, importance, as it serves to show the education and refinement of which our Indian tribes are capable.

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*A Grandmother's Recollections.* New-York: Chas. Scribner.

An admirably written and beautifully got up volume, which we highly commend as a present to the juveniles.

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*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.* By John Tibbs. Reprinted from the London edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

This little manual of all the new facts of the year has been issued for several years past in England, and has acquired a wide celebrity. It will be found to be a most convenient book of reference for what has been done during the year in the way of improvements and inventions.

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THE

# AMERICAN

# WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII. — WHOLE VOL. XIV.

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXIX.

FOR JULY, 1851.

## STRAY LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Some months since an American gentleman, distinguished for the assiduity and success of his American historical researches, obtained from Europe a consignment of manuscripts referring particularly to the past of Mexico, the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Among them are nine volumes of the papers of Admirals Sir Charles Wager and Edward Vernon, who, in the times in which they were written, commanded his Britannic Majesty's squadrons operating off the coast of the North American colonies, the West Indies, and, generally, in and near the Mexican Gulf. Kindly permitting a friend of somewhat similar tastes to read them and copy such as he judged of peculiar public interest, the latter has placed at our disposal the result of his fortnight's examination, which we here give to the world, as embracing an exceedingly curious development of the spirit of the times and the policy originally governing Britain and Spain respectively, with reference to this continent. They also show conclusively that political morals—of nations—a century ago, were far behind those which now prevail in point of integrity of national purpose, and respect for what were then considered national rights. By way of accounting for the remarkable part our parent government seems to have played in the affairs of which these papers treat, it is but justice to write that her statesmen utterly denied the authority of the Pope to cede to Spain the vast and valuable domain in the New World, which she claimed in virtue of that functionary's grant; that is, to so much as she had failed to colonize. The commercial laws enacted by Spain for her American possessions, nominal and real, were undoubtedly most oppressive to the commerce of other nations; and after finding remonstrance to be in vain, Britain adopted the system of encouraging buccaneering or privateering upon Spanish bottoms and settlements, by way of harassing that government until its citizens should, for the sake of peace, force it to grant the privileges to her citizens for which she contended.

These papers, for the first time here printed, are fifteen in number, and embrace a clearer exposition of the affairs of that quarter in 1738, '9 and '40, than we can present in any other manner; being generally tersely written and replete with facts, very many of which bear most forcibly on international questions which at this epoch most interest the people of the United States. As we are persuaded that they need few comments for their elucidation, or to give them interest to the reader, we shall merely add explanations illustrative of the history of the times in the summary of the manuscripts which we here present.

No. 1 is a copy of the terms of capitulation at the surrender of Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre, to Admiral Vernon, March 24, 1739; Britain and Spain being then nominally at peace.

Admiral Vernon was the relative of the Washington family, after whom Mount Vernon on the Potomac was called, who, it will be remembered, procured the appointment of a midshipman in the British Navy for George Washington when a youth, which he declined. He (Vernon) was indeed the Nelson of his times.

No 2 is a list of certain cargoes arriving in the bay of Cadiz on the 13th of March, 1739, found among these manuscripts, preserved as though the desire to possess themselves of such treasures formed perhaps the greatest inducement for the proceedings of the English in those waters.

No. 3 is a letter from Mr. William Hamilton, bearing date May 14th, 1739, to the government, covering his proposal for taking Cuba, Britain and Spain being then at peace.

This project was carried out (in its essential features) in 1762, when on the 12th of August of that year Havana capitulated to a combined English and colonial force. About $14,000,000 of the money of the King of Spain fell into the hands of the victors. In the first division of this spoil, the English commander-in-chief (of the expedition) was awarded for his share £86,000.

The Lt. General got £17,207 13s. 6d.

The Major Generals each received £4,839 4s. 8d.

The Brigadier Generals, each, £1,382 0s. 9d.

The Field Officers, each, £379 10s. 11d.

The Captains, each, £130 15s. 9d.

The Subalterns and Surgeons, each, £80 15s. 9d.

The Sergeants, each, £6 6s. 10d.

The Corporals, each, £3 6s. 10d.

The Privates, each, £2 17s. 11d.

The heirs of those killed in the action (dying before the 12th) received no prize money.

It is worthy of note, that by an unexpected decision of the law officers of England, the colonists serving on this expedition were deprived of all share in this prize money.

An elder brother of General Washington made one of those participating from the colony of Virgi

No. 4 is the project of William Hamilton above refered to.

No. 5 is a copy of the instructions from the Duke of Newcastle to Admiral Brown, commander of the Jamaica squadron, dated June 15th, 1739, ordering that officer to war on the persons and property of Spanish subjects. In this paper the Minister justifies this order—the countries being at peace—on account particularly of the failure of the King of Spain to pay £95,000 on the 29th of the previous month, according to the terms of an existing convention. On the 20th of August, 1739, the King of Spain published a manifesto in explanation of his reasons for failing to make the payment; alleging that Britain had neglected to comply with the stipulations on her part, in consideration of which Spain had agreed to pay that sum. In pursuance of these instructions the Chester, Capt. Haddock, on the 23d of September, 1739, captured the St. Joseph, a Spanish galleon, off Cadiz, from Carraccas, acquiring an immense booty. On the 12th of the following month, (October,) the King of England formally declared the existence of the war by proclamation. The expedition against the possessions of the King of France on the Ohio, ending in the memorable defeat of General Braddock, by-the-by, was undertaken by the British Government before declaring the existence of the war which followed.

No. 6 is an interesting memorial to Lord Harrington, (without signature,) bearing date, 18th June, 1739, relative to the proposed renewal of the attempt to colonize at Darien.

No. 7 is Admiral Sir Charles Wager's project for taking Carthagena and Panama, and harassing the Spaniards every where on the coast and waters of the Pacific. This paper bears date, Nov. 6, 1739.

No. 8 is a copy of a letter from Admiral Vernon to His Excellency Governor Dottin, of Barbadoes, complaining of the manner in which his operations were being crippled for the want of proper co-operation on the part of others.

No. 9 is a dispatch, (the particular address wanting,) bearing date, Jan. 28, 1740, relating an account of a sea-fight between six English vessels and four French, (the nations being then at peace,) the former aiming to enforce the right of search, and the latter successfully resisting it.

No. 10, a project for the reduction of the

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province of Guatemala and securing the trade of Peru, &c., submitted to the English Ministry on the 3d of March, 1740, by Mr. William Lea.

No. 11, a report or dispatch bearing date, April 12, 1740, from Mr. Robert Hodgson, the agent sent by His Excellency, Governor Trelawney, of Jamaica, to take possession of the Mosquito Coast, formally raising the British standard there, for the first time.

No. 12, a letter bearing date, May 7th, 1740, from a Spanish gentleman in Panama to his friend in Carthagena, describing the business condition of those regions, owing to the depredations committed by the British fleets and privateers.

No. 13, an account (dated, May 11th, 1740) of the high-handed, illegal, and cruel proceedings of a New-York privateer, commanded by John Lush, in the vicinity of Porto Bello, being a report or narrative from Lieut. Charles Wimbleton, R. N.

No. 14, Mr. Robert Hodgson's second report to Governor Trelawney, (dated, June 21st, 1740,) describing his proceedings among the Mosquito Indians, the failure of his scheme for surprising and plundering Panama, &c., &c.

No. 15, an addition to the dispatch last above mentioned, written on the 12th of July, 1740.

The style of composition and orthography of the originals were adhered to in making these transcripts as nearly as possible, words being supplied (to perfect the sense) which had accidentally been omitted by the writers.

The publication of these papers has necessarily suggested to our mind the importance of the preservation of the valuable American historical library of Col. Peter Force, of Washington City, which is said to consist of some 30,000 printed volumes and nearly 150,000 manuscript volumes, and important single manuscripts, all of which bear on the history of this continent, north and south, and the islands on its coasts. It is beyond question the most important and valuable collection upon American history in the world, and should be in the custody of the United States, rather than as at present the property of a private individual, kept in buildings which are not fire-proof.

Mr. Force, who is the compiler of the "American Archives," has devoted the greater part of a long and useful life, and the profits from his labors on that great work, in building up this library, which, if not obtained by the Government before his death, will probably be disposed of by the auctioneer "in lots to suit purchasers;" thus entirely destroying its value. It will be almost impossible in such an event to prevent many of the most important works and papers which it embraces from going abroad, as foreign governments and literary societies hesitate not to pay prices for such things, which in this country would be considered enormous. We close this introduction with an acknowledgment of the great value of the historical researches of Colonel Force, the more cheerfully, because, in a late number of this Review, injustice was done to that gentleman, entirely without the knowledge or consent of the proprietor, in an article bearing wholly on a different subject.

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I.

*Articles of capitulation granted by Edward Vernon, Esq., Vice Admiral of the Blue, and Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in the West Indies, to Don Juan Carlos Gutierez de Zavalla, Captain of Foot and Castillano of the Castle St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre.*

1st. That upon His Britannic Majesty's troops being put into immediate possession of the Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre, the said Castillano and all his garrison be at full liberty to march without any molestation, and may retire into the village of Chagre, or where else they please.

2d. That the inhabitants of Chagre may remain in all safety in their own houses, under a promise of security to their persons and houses.

3d. That the Guarda Costa sloops be delivered up to the use of his Britannic Majesty, in the condition they are, and the King of Spain's Custom House.

4th. That the Clergy and Churches in the Town of Chagre shall be protected and preserved in all their immunities.

Given under my hand, on board His Britannic Majesty's ship, the Strafford, at anchor before the river Chagre, this, 24th of March, 1739. E. VERNON.

---

II.

Immediately preceding a paper dated March 29, 1739:—

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*List of the cargoes of three men-of-war and register ships which arrived from Buenos Ayres, in the bay of Cadiz, the 13th of March*, 1739.

Silver coin, 1,317,520 ps. of eight.
Wrought do., 7,960 marks.
Gold coin, 3,340 pistoles.
Ingots and wrought do., 1,203 ounces.
Hides in the hair, 29,903.
Wool Vicunio, 1,309, } arrobes.
do. Alpaita, 64, }
Elephants' teeth, 61 quintals.
Tallow, 184 barrels.

III.

*From Mr. Hamilton, in Strafford street, Picadilly, the 14th May*, 1736.

SIR:—If ever the heart of man conceived any thing for y^e^ service of his country and those he honours, I have, in what you receive herewith to serve mine and its gover^t^.

I am convinced, from my own knowledge of the people and things of America, that what I propose is to be accomplished.

I will not take upon me to represent to you y^e^ inconceivable advantages which would accrue to this nation from its being poessed of the place mentioned, but I will venture to say, were it to be gained at this time, it would be a definite blow to all S^r^ Robert Walpole's opposers, and render his memory more glorious and imortall than all the ministers that ever served the crown of England.

However, sir, tho' neither you nor he should approve of the designe, yet I can make one part of y^e^ proposall a means of establishing a general fund in America, w^ch^ will be of great service in several respects. If I could but know that my intention met w^th^ your approbation it would give me a sensible pleasure, but I submit that to your goodness; and whatever you may think of me, I am, with great respect, sir, your most obed^t^ and most humble serv^t^,

J. HAMILTON.

[Endorsed on back, "With a proposall for taking Cuba."]

IV.

*A proposall to take the Island of Cuba with very little expence to England, by a force raised in the American Colonies.*

If the crown of England could become pos- [illegible] island of Cuba, that key of all nan of knowledge can denye but that Great Britain, in that case, must become possessed of the whole trade of the Spanish empire there, and if the simple privilege of trading with those people upon very high terms is now become one of the greatest prizes contended for by all the powers in Europe, sure England will not neglect any opportunity w^ch^ is offered of acquiring such a possession as must infallibly secure that whole invaluable trade to its subjects alone, especially since Great Britain is now in a fair way of loosing all the trade she has hitherto had with those parts. 'T' is proposed therefore to take Cuba without putting England to any material expence or trouble, in y^e^ following manner, viz^t^:

For a person of conduct and experience to be commissioned from hence, for the chief command in this expedition to take Cuba, &c.

That as soon as such person is so commissioned and properly instructed, he is to repair with all expedition to America, and at the same time another proper person should be commissioned and sent to America, with instructions to begin at the most northern colony and proceed from one province to another and apply to the governments for each of them according to their respective capacitys, to furnish their quota of proper transports with 6 months provisions in each for as many men as they severally carry; and that each province, according to the number of transports they severally furnish, shall raise a sufficient number of men to fill them, completely armed with ammunition, &c. That the number of men thus raised and armed, shall consist of 10,000; and at the same time if such persons are commissioned and sent away, it will be necessary to send instructions of the same import to the several governors in America to issue orders and give their best assistance to fitt out with all expedition such transports, &c., and men so equipped.

That when each province has so furnished their quota of transports and men, according to their abilitys, these shall immediately repair to one place appointed, which may be at South Carolina, and from thence proceed, under the command and direction of the person to be commissioned from hence.

They may, (if it shall appear advisable,) on their passage, make a feint to take St. Augustine, and having managed that stratagem properly, they are to proceed to the island of Cuba and land in the bay of Ma-

tanza, that being a good harbor and not guarded, yet lying the nearest of any other proper one to y^e^ Havana. Here they shall land 7 or 8000 men, more or less, as necessity shall require, and with that force, to march down and pich at a proper distance to surround the Havana and cutt off all manner of provisions going thereto by land; at the same time that some ships shall lye before the town to prevent any provisions or relief coming to it by sea, in which situation that important place must surrender in a very short time. In order to render this conquest both sure and expeditious, it will be necessary to send 6 or 8 sixty gun ships and two bomb keches, with about 2000 troops on board them, which if necessary, may be joined by some of y^e^ station ships now in America.

These ships of war are intended, some to lye before the Havana to play against y^e^ town and cutt off all relief and provisions by sea, while the American forces besiege it by land: and the rest of the ships are to take care of the Gard da Costas.

These 10,000 men being furnished and maintained by y^e^ several colonys in America, will render y^e^ conq^t^ of this important place not only secretly secure, but very cheap to England; for that number of forces being raised there, will with greater certainty conquer that place than 400,000 men would, to be sent from Britain, because they are inur'd to the American climate and will live soberer than Britains can be prevailed to do.

By these forces and by these only, every man of judgment who knows y^e^ situation of that place and will speake with truth and candor, will lay it down as a fact, that it is to be gained with great certainty in y^e^ way proposed; and if it be thus gained upon such easy terms to England, it would be offering an affront to y^e^ understanding of every man of sense, to pretend to recount the unlimited advantages which must accrue to Great Britain from its being possessed of the island of Cuba alone.

If the conquest of Cuba is effected, a small part of the force which does that, may with very little trouble take Porto Rico and St. Augustine, if it shall appear advisable so to do. The British colonies in America lying so near y^e^ object in view, before y^e^ knowledge of the proposed attack can reach to Europe, y^e^ whole designe will be executed.

It may be asked how it is possible to go upon y^e^ proposed expedition without its being known by inquisitive, diligent foreign spies, since ships of war are to be sent from England?

In answer to that, 'tis to be hoped England can be as politic as her neighbors: look one way and steer y^e^ contrary. It may, for this purpose, be given out by some that England is going to re-enforce some of its colonys; by others that she is going to resume the settlement of Darien, &c. In short, there's no human appearance of this attempts miscarrying, if the knowledge of it is confined to a cabinet council, and a fitt person appointed for y^e^ chief command.

The proposer is so well assured his own knowledge, that the American people can be brought, by proper management, to fitt y^e^ transports and raise the men proposed, that he will undertake to accomplish it by his own personal application, without either view or inclination of cuting out or accepting of any place or command of profit in y^e^ whole transaction.

If there be an inclination to attempt this greatest of acquisitions, it is presumed no material objection can be made to the nature of the proposall. It may be urg'd indeed, y^t^ it will be dishonourable to make such an attempt while there's a treaty on foot with Spain; but such an objection must stand or fall by the wisdom and at y^e^ discretion of his Majesty's ministers. Though it is humbly presumed if the word politick be not an empty sound, [*neither*] *that* objection nor none like it can hold.

It is to be observed that if y^e^ preparation of y^e^ transports, and men proposed, is not to be set on foot till it is seen that nothing can be done with y^e^ court of Spain, by treaty, for y^e^ advantage of y^e^ British nation, it will then be too late to begin to prepare and collect them. It is presumed they should be prepared as soon as possible, in order to be collected and ready to go upon the attack when necessity may make it proper: and if it shall appear that there will be no occasion to make such an attack, after they are got in readiness the design may be laid aside, without inconveniency to England in either case.

It may be asked, were Cuba taken, how it would be garrisoned without forces from England?—for 'tis to be understood that y^e^ American people who are proposed to be raised, must not be compelled to stay in y^e^ garrison against their own inclination.

In answer to y^t^ 'tis sufficient now to say

that y^e^ proposer has also conceived a pretty certain method to garrison not only that, but all y^e^ places mentioned, if they are taken without much expense to England, but w^ch^ he begs leave to reserve to himself, it being too long to insert here, till he sees how this proposall will be approved of. J. H.

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v.

*Instructions to our trusty and well-beloved Charles Brown, Esq., Commander-in-Chief of our ships at Jamaica, given at our Court at Kensington, the 15th day of June, 1739, in the thirteenth of our Reign.*

Whereas, several unjust seizures have been made, and depredations carried on in the West Indies by Spanish Guarda Costas, and ships acting under the commission of the King of Spain or his Governors, contrary to the treaties subsisting between us and the crown of Spain and to the Law of Nations, to the great prejudice of the lawfull trade and Commerce of our subjects: and many cruelties and barbarities have been exercised on the persons of such of our subjects whose vessels have been so seized by the said Spanish Guarda Costas: And whereas frequent complaint has been made to the Court of Spain, of these unjust practices, and no satisfaction or redress been procured: and whereas a convention for making reparation to our subjects, for the losses sustained by them, on account of the unjust seizures and captures above mentioned was concluded, and signed at the Pardo by our Minister Plenipotentiary, and the Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Spain, on the 14th day of January last, N. S., by which convention it was stipulated that the sum of £95,000 should be paid at London within the term of four months, to be reckoned from the day of the exchange of the Ratifications of the said convention, as a balance due on the part of Spain to the crown and subjects of Great Britain: And whereas the said term of four months from the exchange of the Ratifications of the said convention did expire on the 25th day of the month of May last, and the payment of the said sum of £95,000 agreed by the said convention, has not been made according to the stipulation for that purpose, by which means the convention above mentioned has been manifestly violated and broken by the King of Spain, and our subjects remain without any satisfaction or reparation for the many great and grievous losses sustained by them, We have therefore seen fit for the vindicating the honour of Our Crown, and for procuring Reparation and satisfaction for our injured subjects, to give you the following orders and instructions.

You are, with the squadron of Our Ships under your command, either together or separate, to commit all sorts of hostilities against the Spaniards, and to annoy them in every place, and in the best manner that you shall be able, and to endeavour to seize and take, by all forcible means possible, all Spanish ships and vessels, as well ships of war as merchant ships, or other vessels that you may meet with, or be able to come up with: And you are to give orders to all the Captains of our several ships under your command accordingly.

You shall procure the best intelligence you can, what Spanish ships, especially of Force, there may be at any time in the Spanish Ports of the Continent, or Islands, or cruizing on their coasts: and particularly concerning the Galleons which are now at Carthagena or Porto Bello: and what strength they have for a convoy. And if you find yourself strong enough, after having left two or three small Frigates for the protection of our Island of Jamaica and the trade of our subjects in those parts, you are with the remainder of your squadron, to proceed and lye of the Cumanos, or on the coast of Cuba, or at whatever station you may judge to be most likely to intercept the said Galleons: and if you shall be able to take them or any of them, you are to bring them together with their effects, to Jamaica, to be there kept without plunder or embezzlement, till our pleasure shall be known concerning them: And you shall do the same with regard to any other Spanish ships or vessels, and their effects, that you or any of your cruizers shall happen to meet with and take. But in case of perishable goods, you may sell them, and reserve the money arising therefrom for our future disposition.

Whereas, it is our intention forthwith to reinforce the squadron under your command, with a sufficient number of ships to make the same superior to any force which the Spaniards can have in those seas, you are to leave, sealed up, with the Governor of Jamaica, an account of the station you shall be in, and of the several dispositions you

shall make of the ships under your command, with a state of the provisions, to be delivered to the commanding officer of such men of war as we shall think proper to send to those parts.

You are to transmit constant and particular accounts of your proceedings, and of what intelligence you shall be able to procure of the motions and designs of the Spaniards, to one of our principal Secretaries of State, and to our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain; and you shall observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall receive from us under our sign manual, or from one of our principal Secretaries of State, or from our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain for the time being. G. R.

VI.

*To Lord Harrington.*

JUNE 18th, 1739.

*My Lord*:—The situation of the Isthmus of Darien and the consequence of making a lodgement there, I think, have been sufficiently shown by my letters to your Lordship of the 12th inst. What now remains is, that in obedience to your commands, I should offer my humble opinion, in what manner and with what force such a lodgement should be attempted.

I should go out of my province if I should take upon me to name the particular number of men of war, transports, victuallers or store ships necessary upon this occasion, or assign the proper places for their rendezvous in case of separation at sea, and therefore shall content myself with drawing some general outlines only of that designe, leaving the detail to the wisdom and care of those to whom the execution will more properly belong. I apprehend, however, it will not be advisable to attempt the settlement without a naval power equal to that the Spaniards have in those seas, nor with less than two thousand land forces. For great allowances must be made in expeditions to these countries for losses by change of diet and climate; and the success of this affair will entirely depend on the first attempt.

I presume the last rendevous appointed for the fleet in this expedition will be at the Island of Jamaica, where wood, water, refreshments of all kinds, pilots and even a recruit of fresh men may be had from the independent companies if necessary, and where the ships of war from Great Britain may be joined by those on the station of that Island. By this means allso, the enemy may be kept in suspense; for Jamaica is as proper a rendevous for any other [*such*] attempt as that now intended. And the commanding officer of the fleets may have orders not to open his instructions till he shall have left Jamaica, and shall find himself in a particular latitude prescribed for that purpose. But a proper regard should be had to the hurricane months, and I presume it will not be thought advisable to fall in upon the coast till the rains shall be over, which are common to that part of the continent between the tropics, and continue till towards the end of November. There is no reason to apprehend that the King's troops can meet with any considerable oposition upon their first landing at a place so far distant from any Spanish settlement, inhabited only by Indians who do not acknowledge themselves subjects to that nation. But, however, it will be highly necessary for the forces to secure themselves as soon as they can, after their landing, which for the first essay may best be done by a stockaded fort, materials for that purpose being allways at hand in these countries, wherein the fleet also may be exceedingly assisting to the land forces; and indeed, all the conquests we made the last war upon the coasts of Spain were in great measure if not entirely owing to the conduct of the fleet.

And therefore it will be absolutely necessary that a good correspondence should be maintained between the land and sea officers, but more particularly that the commanders in chief should live in perfect harmony. For which reason men of temper and prudence as well as of valor and experience should be chosen for the expedition. Many great designs have miscarried for the want of this precaution.

The choice of the ground to build a fort upon must be left to the officers who shall command upon this descent. Wherein, however, particular regard shall be had in the first place to the receiving relief from sea, and in y^e^ second, to the health of those that shall remain in the country, both which points may be obtained by making two different lodgements, one near the sea, and the other on the higher grounds; for the hills on the north side of the isthmus are not so far

distant from the shore but that a communication may easily be preserved with them. The Scots had a look-out upon a height about a mile above their settlement, from whence they could discover near twenty or thirty miles round any point of the compass. The upper lodgement may answer that end, and the garrisons may relieve each other for change of air, which will be exceedingly different in the two lodgements, tho' the distance be so small.

It will be necessary upon this occasion that some engineers and a large supply of ordnance stores of all kinds should be embarked, that nothing may be wanting for the establishment or defence of the settlement.

Though the Indian inhabitants of these parts are certainly the proprietors of the soyle, and it will be infinitely for our interest and security to keep well with 'em, yet to avoid loss of time it will be advisable to build our forts in the first place and purchase the soyle of them afterwards, which may certainly be had at a very moderate rate in exchange for beads, brass rings, knives, hatchets, guns, gunpowder, printed linen, and such other trifles as an Indian cargo generally consists of. This will be the more necessary, because if there are any gold mines in the country, as the Scots were informed, and these were even within two miles of their settlement, the natives only can discover them.

And therefore, though a military force is absolutely necessary, not only for acquiring but also for maintaining of this settlement, yet there should be some mixture of civil magistracy in it, even from its first infancy. Otherways it will never answer the present ends proposed by it, which are the benefits resulting from trade with the Spaniards as well as y^e^ natives, notwithstanding we are in a state of war with the former.

For this purpose some person perfectly versed in the Spanish trade and language should be employed in the nature of an Intendant or Inspector, who may be a proper check upon the licentiousness of the soldiers; may inspect their musters, and be enabled to give protection as well to the natives as to such civil inhabitants as shall be disposed to settle in the country, either for trade or planting. The want of such a provision in Nova Scotia has been one principal cause why we have no civil inhabitants in that province, (besides the French,) though we have been in possession of it ever since the treaty of Utrecht, and have constantly been at the expense of maintaining a regiment there.

This intendant may also be charged with the inspection of all stores of war and provisions, and with the distribution of the Indian cargo, which at the first outset should be a large one, to engage the natives in our interest; and [*he*] should likewise have a place and vote in all councils held either for civil or military purposes. The two garrisons left in the country should each of them consist of five hundred men. They should be well supplied with military stores, and always have three months' provision in their magazines. At first, it might not be amiss to leave them sufficient subsistence for twice that time, and constant care should be taken to victual and recruit 'em.

The soldiers should be allowed to carry their wives with 'em, and those that have none should be encouraged to marry with the natives, or else this colony, like that of the first Romans, (till they got wives from the Sabines,) *Populus utrius generationis.*

The policy of intermarrying with the natives has been of great advantage to the French in their settlements on the North Continent of America; and we owe our title to some of the islands to the amours of one of our Governors with an Indian woman; particularly that of Santa Lucia, to a bastard of S^r^ Thomas Warner.

According to the description the Scots have given of the harbor where they settled, it is one of the best, the largest, and most capable of being fortified of any yet discovered in those parts. This is a likely circumstance; for it will be necessary [*that*] the fleet should remain there till the troops are safely lodged and fortified, and [*that*] a competent number of ships should attend this station during the course of the war.

If it should be our fortune to succeed in the settlement, it is not to be doubted but great numbers of people would soon flock to it from all parts of his Majesty's dominions, and then further regulations will be necessary for the cultivating, enlarging and improving this new acquisition.

But at this time I shall offer your Lordship no considerations of that sort, having for the present determined to confine myself to such particulars only as relate more immediately to the acquiring and defending of a settlement upon the Isthmus of Darien: and

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therefore shall conclude this letter with assuring your Lordship that, &c.

[Backed, "Letter to Lord Harrington, 18th June, 1739, about the settlement at Darien.

"For the Right Honorable Sir Charles Wager."]

VII.

*Extract from a paper endorsed on the back, "Sir Charles Wager's paper."*

It is also proposed to send the same number of ships to the South See to distress the Spaniards in that part of the world, by taking their ships and all their * * * [*word illegible*] many of which are very rich, especially those which carry the treasure from Lima to Panama. Many places on that coast are weak and defenceless, not having known war except by a few privateers or pyrates, who have formerly done them great damage.

There is also a probability of persuading the Vice Roy and people of Peru to revolt from the Spanish government and make themselves independent of it, especially if a number of troops can be conveyed thither by way of Panama. 1,000 is thought to be sufficient; and 1,000 or more to be left at Panama, to which place they may march over land from Portobel on the river Chagre, from whence it is not above two days' march to Panama, which [*can*] be easily taken, as it is believed, with 2,000 men.

An expedition against Cartagen will require about six ships of the line of battle to be joined to those with Vernon. It will require 4,000 soldiers properly commanded, which number must have at least 6,000 tons of transportation with a sufficient quantity of all sorts of ordnance stores proper for a siege, and such an enterprise.

The strength of Cartagen shall be particularly shown in a day or two.

If the expedition against Cartagen should by any accident miscarry, or that the place should be taken and kept, two thousand men [*will*] probably be thought sufficient for a garrison there; and the rest may be sent to Portobel and Panama as above mentioned.

If the Spaniards should send a strong squadron to Cartagen, to join those of Spain for the protection and security of the galleons in their passage home, so that it may not be thought advisable to make an attempt on Cartagen while they are there, nor to attack the French, though the treasure may be on board them, (for which they must go to Portobel and return to Cartagen.) Cartagen may be attempted the more easily when they are gone, or the expedition to Panama may be pursued: or if the Flota now at Cadiz should get away, they may be destroyed at Vera Cruz.

[Bears date on the back, Nov. 6, 1739.]

VIII.

BURFORD, in Port Royall harbor, Jamaica, 1740.

*Sir:*—I am favored with your excellency's letter of the 22d Oct., with the enclosed informations taken before you in council the same day, of the large French squadron arrived at Martinique, and the great armament they were preparing for some secret expedition.

The arrivall of the squadron I had received advice of, and concluded they were designed as auxiliaries to the Spaniards, for to secure the safe carrying home of the Golden Fleece.

But your obliging intelligence of their drawing every fifth man for a secret expedition, I cannot tell what to judge of; but from our weakness in our Leeward Islands, I cannot but be in pain for them, and do not imagine they will think of attacking you that lie so far to windward of them, and besides difficulty of access have so numerous a militia.

Were Spaniards and French to join in any favorite expedition, I doubt not but this Island would be first in their view. But I think we have here force enough for the defensive; tho' I cannot but be greatly surprised in this criticall juncture not to have heard from England since the 4th July. But I have been prepared for such disappointment, having been before without hearing from them from September was twelve month, to May last.

Coll° Gooch with the forces raised in Virginia and Philadelphia is arrived here, and we may reasonably expect every day those coming from New York, with Coll° Blaheney; and if Lord Cathcart be coming, you must soonest hear of him to windward.

I lament their not letting his lordship sail in the spring of the year, when alone easterly winds were to be depended on for getting out of our channell. Had they come then we might have been masters of Cart'

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and the Galleons. But that fatall commission has occasioned a meloncholly change of the scene, and we must rely on God's good providence for a happy issue. With many thanks to you, sir, and the gentlemen of the Councill for the seasonable intelligence, I am

Your Excellencies' most
Ob^t^ humble servant,
E. VERNON.

P. S.—Our advices here [*say*] that the Spanish squadron is gone for Porto Bello, and one of the French squadrons for Carthegena; so I hope you are in no danger from them.

On his Majesty's service.

To his Excellency JAMES DOTTIN, Esq., at Barbadoes.

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IX.

[Endorsed on the back, "28th Jan., 1740. Relation of an encounter with four French ships off of Hispaniola."]

*My Lord Duke:*—I took the liberty to write to you from Barbadoes, which I hope your Grace has received; nothing of moment has happened since, excepting a conflict between six of our men of war and four French. Jan. the 7th, the Admiral made a signal for the Prince Frederick, Lord Aubery; the Oxford, Lord Augustus Fitzroy; two 70 gun ships; the York, Capt. Coates; the Rippon, Capt. Tolly; the Dunkirk, Capt. Cooper, and the Weymouth, Capt. Knowles, to chase; the four last ships are of sixty guns, and the French ships were two of sixty guns and two of fifty.

We were about six leagues south of Hispaniola when we began to chase. About one the Weymouth fired a gun for them to bring too, but they kept on their course; about three we fired another gun for the same purpose, but they did not mind us, but seeing we were determined to speak with them they hoisted their colours. We came up with them between ten and eleven at night. Lord Aubery being commanding officer, Mr. Knowles asked if his Lordship had any particular commands for him. He bid him speak with the first ship he could, and himself would speak with the headmost, he told him. When we came within half pistol shot, we hailed one of the French ships, and asked what they were. To which question they made no answer, but asked who we were. English men of war, said our Linguist (by whom Mr. Knowles and I stood on the gangway, telling him what to say, Mr. Knowles mean dictating to him.) And we are French men of war, and what would you have? We must speak with you, said we: They then asked if war was declared? No not when we left Europe, we told them. Then what would you have? You know we are at war with Spain, and it is our duty to know what every ship is we meet, so pray send your boat on board. We have no boat, said they. Then we will send ours, which words were no sooner spoken but two shot came between our mainmast and foremast from one of the French ships that Lord Auberry had come up with, as we were talking to our French ship.

The French ship my Lord *haled* would give no answer, on which my Lord ordered a shot to be fired ahead of him; that not having the effect that he desired, he fired a shot into him, and then began the battle. We all ran to our quarters and gave three broadsides into the ship we had been talking with. They returned the compliment and then sheer'd off. The Dunkirk likewise gave this same ship a broadside. They were very well manned with small arms which they handled very briskly, and if it had not been dark I believe we should have been very much galled by them, for we were within thirty yards of each other when we began to fire.

After an hour's engagement or thereabouts, Mr. Knowles went on board the Frederick, and advised my Lord to desist till the morning; for he said that he feared we were in a bad cause. My Lord agreed to it, but Mr. Knowles had no sooner got on board his own ship, and ordered her to be tow'd round, but my Lord was obliged to continue the fight in his own defence, being attacked; and the Oxford coming up, ran between three of the French ships which fell on him. But his Lordship cleared himself very well, and continued firing with the Frederick, till past four in the morning. We never lifted up a port after Mr. Knowles came from Lord Aubery, but received several shot. We had two men killed and five wounded, but not dangerous. In the morning we saw the French ships near a mile from us in good order for to renew the fight with their signal out for that purpose. The six Captains met on the Frederick and agreed to send a boat

to know if they were really French or not. The boat was sent with a flag of truce, and the orders that were sent are to this purpose; that we were sorry for the mistake that happened the night before, but that they were the cause of it themselves, their behavior being so very inconsistent with the politeness of the French nation; alluding to their not hoisting their colours when they first saw us chase, and in not laying by for us. The Lieutenant (ours) said he hoped we had not killed them many men; But too many the commodore answered.

The Rippon never fired a gun. The York gave two or three broadsides, and the Dunkirk gave the Oxford a broadside by mistake. The six English ships had about 20 men killed, and most of them on board the Oxford, whose sails are useless by the number of shot going through. About 30 men are wounded and but few of them mortally. Mr. England, a Capt. of Marines, was killed in the Frederick. No other officer was hurt.

I have my Lord given you as faithful an account as my memory and inquiry will admit of, for I am very well acquainted with the six Captains who gave me an account of what had been done on board their ships, and I was a witness of what passed on board the Weymouth.

I shall say no more of the French than what every body must own: which is, that they behaved with great prudence and gallantry.

Brigadier Guise and Wolf were in the engagement, but not at the council of the Captains.

What is said on the affair here is that we had done too much or too little.

* * * * * *

Signed, &c.,

SAML. SPEED.

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X.

[The address of the following paper is wanting. Its tenor however shows that it was an official paper, written to a Minister for Foreign Affairs.]

*Right Hon^ble^ Sir:*—Some time in the year 1738, I laid before your Honor and S^r^ Robt. Walpole, an account of the Province of Guatimala in New Spain, its situation, products and trade, together with a draught (corrected from the best observations I could possibly make during four years residence there, as chief factor to the south sea company) of the whole country, with the coasts, harbors and rivers, both on the north and south seas, and a plan of the easiest and most practicable method of reducing the same under the power of Great Britain, in case of a war with Spain. Since my return from Guinea, having reviewed the said papers, and considering the present situation and number of his Majesty's forces in the West Indies, I take the liberty to lay before you the following proposal, viz^t^:

That a number of forces now at Jamaica, not less than two thousand men (for which I apprehend the forces raised in America will be the most proper) to be double officered and stationed under the command of a Governor at Sandy Bay on the Muskuito Shore, which is well known to be the healthiest climate in that part of America, being also excellently well supplied with turtle, manatee, and a great variety of fish, food, &c., for the more convenient undertakings on that coast, which will tend greatly to the advantage of Great Britain, at an easie expence. That the first attempt be made up the Lake of St. Juan which lies a little to the southward of the Muskuito Shore, (where the troops are to be quartered,) at the head of which Lake lies a small island, fortified, which commands the channel of the lake.

That a number of our own troops with a great number of Muskuito Indians be sent up in Piraguas and flat bottomed boats (to be built with deal boards to be sent there, with nails, carpenters, &c., there being great plenty of timber there for building the said boats) to take this fort which (as I have been informed by the people of Leon, &c., with whom I traded whilst at Gautimala) is a place of no great strength, and [*which*] when reduced will open a communication with the cities of Leon, Granada and several other great towns well inhabited, and [*with*] the whole province of Costa Rica, to which there is a great trade from Peru—It will therefore be necessary to secure this fortress well, and to keep it, both for a garrison, and [*for*] a magazine of English goods, which will always be in very great demand there, as well for the supply of Peru, as the said Province.

After well securing this fortress, the next attempt ought to be on the city of Comiagua and other towns which lie inland some distance from the sea coast, on the south side of the gulph of Honduras, which are very

near the gold and silver mines where is produced the greatest part of the plate which is sent to be coined at the mint at Guatimala.

Here it is proposed to take such money as belongs to the King, but not to molest the inhabitants in their possessions; which will be a means to reconcile them to the English government. The River Looe, where I have several times been trading with the people of Comiagua, is navigable very near up to the city of Comiagua.

The next expedition should be to take the castle of St. Phillip which lies five leagues up the River Dulce, in the bottom of the bay of Honduras, being a castle of about thirty old carriage and Paterero guns, in very bad order, and [*having*] hardly ever more than thirty or thirty-five mulatto soldiers, with four or five whites and a castellan in it. And as to provisions, they are often so distressed that they have only what they take from the sea to subsist on: their dependence being chiefly on Guatamala. When the ronds are bad they are frequently some months without any bread kind at all, as I have several times been an eye witness, when I have been down there at the dispatch of my vessels during my residence at Guatamala. This castle is situated on a point of land that stretches pretty far into the river, and wholly commands the channel, and thereby the trade of the great city of Guatamala. And when this castle is once taken and secured, it will open entirely the trade to the city of Guatamala and all the country back to the south seas, which produces in great abundance, gold, silver, cochineal, the best indigo, cocoa, Balsam of Peru, and great variety of useful drugs, with all sorts of dying woods, all which will be willingly exchanged by the inhabitants for our English woollen manufactures, which will necessarily occasion an immense demand for these goods.

N. B.—Vera Paz, where the Indians, the latter end of the year 1734 revolted to the number of 30,000 or 40,000 fighting men, is at about twenty leagues distance from this castle, higher up the same river, and if a greater force be necessary to reduce the city of Guatamala, [*they*] will readily join against the Spaniards, upon their being supplied with arms.

It will likewise be very proper to take the small castle of Barcallao, which lies on the north side of the gulph of Honduras: it being the Barcadero on that side to Merida and Yucatan, which may be done with a small force: which would not only open a great trade to the city of Merida and the province of Yucatan, but would remove the only annoyance to the trade of logwood cutting which is of no considerable benefit to the English nation, and that in the year 1724 I was commodore (in a ship of 400 tons and 32 guns) to forty sail of English vessels then lying there and at the river Belise where we all loaded with logwood, and this would entirely put an end to the power of the Spaniards in the gulph or bay of Honduras, and secure the whole trade of logwood from thence to the English.

N. B.—Logwood is now so scarce in the river Belise that they are obliged to go above a hundred miles up the river to cut it, and then to take what they can get, whereas, at Baccallao it grows quite down to the river's mouth, and is much better in its kind.

As his majesty has now so considerable a naval force at Jamaica, it might be no difficult matter to take the town of Campeachy, which lies on the western side of the Yucatan. It is a wall'd town, and the walls [*are*] of a good thickness, (and in the years 1725 and 1726 when I opened a trade there by virtue of powers from the south sea company) it had about two hundred men in garrison. And next to take the fort on the island of Trise in the bay of Campeachy, which would secure to us the valuable trade of Logwood from thence, which we enjoyed for so long a time, and which was so large in 1711 that I was one of a hundred sail which loaded there at one time. I am persuaded that more than double that number were loaded there within that year—and to this bay of Campeachy [*England*] has a very good claim, as appears from a report from the board of trade, dated in the year 1717, which I well remember to have seen.

To encourage the Spaniards to come in willingly it may be advisable to publish a proclamation in the name of his Majesty, promising them security in their religion and property, and that as to trade they shall be put on the same footing as the English colonies in America. And to the Indians, that they shall be exempt from tribute or any other service than what is voluntary, and shall remain secure in their possessions and free in their persons and property for ever.

But in case the Spaniards should be obstinate in their opposition, it would then be

advisable to encourage the Indians in their aversion to the Spanish Government, and to make [all possible use of their assistance; and it is not doubted but that if they were supplied with a sufficient quantity of small arms, ammunition, &c., such numbers would gladly join the English, particularly those Indians about Vera Paz who are probably still in actual revolt, (for that in the year 1735, when I passed through their country, they declared publicly that they were resolutely determined never more to submit to the Spanish yoke, hoping that the English of whom they had often heard so much and for whom they had so high a value and esteem, would at length come to their relief:) as might not only subdue the province of Guatamala, but likewise the whole kingdom of Mexico, and enlarge the British Empire in America quite round the bay of Mexico till it joined with Carolina. And as success in such an attempt would be the best method to indemnify the nation for the depredations they have suffered, as well for the expence of the war, &c., the present conjuncture seems the most favorable that was ever offered, or can be wished, or desired. All which is most humbly submitted by

Rt. Hon'ble Sir,
Your Honour's most obedient
and most humble servant,
WM. LEA.

*London, March 3d*, 1740.

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In the August number of the Review we will complete this most curious series of papers. The remaining documents will be found to be still more interesting than those now published.

We know not what other treasures we may be able to bring to light from the rich historical "placer" we have discovered, but hope we may hereafter be able to present to our readers others of no less interest than those now given.

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# SIR AMELOT DE VERE:

## A FRAGMENT.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF "THE PROMETHEUS AND AGAMEMNON," &c., &c., &c.

"IF thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
For the slightest glance of her azurn eye,
Thou must be willing to live or die;
For the lightest smile of her radiant lip,
Or a kiss of her finger's rosy tip,
Thou must be willing to cast away
All that thou holdest dear to-day,
Kindred, and country, and friendship true,
All that is old, for one that is new.
Thou must make her famous o'er land and sea,
By dint of thy dauntless chivalry.
Thou must make her adored by one and all,
Whom thy sword shall save from Paynim thrall.
Thou must make her name a sovereign spell
For all who own Amelot's Isabel,
That they who ne'er saw her shall strike for her fame,
And then render mercy in Isabel's name.

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"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Thou must be first in the battle's brunt,
When the bravest shrink from its iron front;
The foremost to conquer and first to spare,
Where fame is to win, thou must still be there.
Thou must be first in the courtly hall,
The star of the peaceful festival,
The foremost ever in ladies' grace,
Yet cold as snow to the fairest face.
Men must fear thee, and women love,
But thou must be true as the widowed dove.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Thou must be hers and hers alone,
In every thought thy soul doth own:
Not an eye for the brightest, an ear for the sweetest,
Courteous but cold unto all thou meetest;
Not a hope in thy heart but still to be near her,
All to worship, yet something to fear her.
And then, when thy fame is on every tongue,
Broad as thy banner in battle flung;
Then, when thy lance shall have given her glory,
And made her the theme of each minstrel's story;
When Europe, and Afric, and Araby
Shall own her the brightest and best to be;
Then, when thy trust is in her alone,
Then, when thy life, thy soul is her own,
Then must thou hold thee guerdoned well
By one cold smile from Isabel.
Like sunbeams on flowers her smiles shall fall,
Lovely and loving on one and all;
And thou shalt win no higher prize
Than leave to look in her lustrous eyes;
Or if she shall give thee her love to-day,
To-morrow's frost shall freeze it away.
And if thou lay thee down to-night,
Blessed with her promise of near delight,
To-morrow shalt find her as cold and as fair
As the wintry sheen of the farthest star.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
If thou wilt do all this I have spoken,
Thus, as I rede thee, thy fate shall be wroken.
Thou shalt make her proud herself to see
In the mirror of thy chivalry;
Thou shalt make her to love thy fame as her own;
To live in the light of thy great renown;
In thine absence to blush when thou art but named
To be eloquent, if she hear thee blamed.
Yet then she shall love thy deeds, not thee;
For false is her bosom, and false shall be.
She shall wear thy brain and wring thy hear
Yet from her thrall thou shalt not depart.

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She shall work thee woe, she shall work thee shame,
Yet shalt thou worship her still the same.
Thy friends she shall sever, thy peace undo,
Yet still shall thy love be loyal and true;
All but thine honor shalt lose for her sake.
Pause, then, nor rashly the strife undertake.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Grant her the sweetest child of earth,
The loveliest creature of mortal birth;
Grant, if thou wilt, that she may be won,
As all things may beneath the sun,
By talent and toil, by sorrow and sinning—
Mark me well—Is she worth the winning?"

He started from his magic sleep,
Beneath a cedarn thicket deep,
In a glade of Lebanon.
And was it fancy, was it sooth,
A form of air, or a thing of truth?
Athwart the setting sun,
Clad in a robe of hazy light,
There seemed to float a vision bright
Between him and the hoary height
Of the old sacred hill.
He gazed—it faded from his eyn,
Till he could see the sunbeams shine
Beyond, in many a misty line,
And tip the green with golden hue,
And stream that waning vision through;
And yet could see *it* still.
He bounded forward—it was gone;
And in that haunted glade alone,
With bristling hair, but dauntless breast,
The chosen champion of the West
Stood, like a carvéd stone.
Still in his ears those tones were ringing,
Softer than sweetest human singing;
Still he could hear the burthen float,
Clear as a seraph's liquid note:
"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel."

"And I *will* win her, by the grave
We fight from Infidels to save!
Nor might of man nor demon's power
Shall turn me! Is she not the flower,
The pride, the gem of English earth,
Where more of sweetness hath its birth
Than in the world beside?
And whoso saith she hath a peer
Beneath bright heaven, I tell him here,
*I* tell him, Amelot de Vere—
Let him be man of human mould,
Or fiendish knight, such as of old
With mortal champions vied,

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Let him do on his arms of proof,
Or hold his coward head aloof—
I tell him, he hath lied!"

He paused, as though he thought to see
The gleam of fiendish panoply
With blazoned shield and waving plume
Emerging from the cedarn gloom;
But all was silence deep and still
On Solomon's immortal hill.

The sunshine slept upon the sod,
The very cedars ceased to nod,
So tranquil was the glen.
He turned—he started, and his hand
Fell to the guard of his good brand:
Was it a trumpet's tone,
That startled all the forest round,
And wakened, with defying sound,
The mountain echoes lone?
'Twas silence all; or if that peal
Was sooth, which made his senses reel,
So soon it passed away,
That Amelot uncertain stood,
Whether the demons of the wood
Or the mere coursings of his blood
Distempered, and his dreaming brain,
Had mocked him once and yet again,
With cheats most like reality;
And to his dying day
He knew not: for such things fell out,
In after time, as made him doubt
Almost his own identity.
But now he turned him to the host
Encamped on Syria's sultry coast,
And as he passed the mountain down
Amid the shadows falling brown,
And heavy dews, he only said,
With resolute gesture of his head,
And hand upon his war-sword's hilt,
The cross: "By all the blood we've spilt!
Let them bring all the powers of hell
To aid—I *will* win Isabel!"

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# THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

When, by the increasing light, the tailor cast a sad glance around him, and beheld the disorder which prevailed in the little chamber, he was unable to repress a heavy sigh, which, as a truthful chronicler, we must confess, was rather an expression of vexation than of grief. To understand and excuse the worthy burgher, however, the reader should have lived for a while in the Netherlands, and have witnessed the love of order which prevails there in all domestic matters; where even the least careful housewife rises at four in the morning, and often passes two hours in washing, brushing and polishing, in order, perhaps, to efface a spot from the bricks with which the floor of her house is laid. Turning his eyes from the confusion, Master Barruello glanced at Netcelli.

The latter was still seated close to the fire, gazing steadfastly before him; neither joy nor sorrow was depicted in his rigid face; he seemed indifferent to every thing that was passing around him. Antonio lay buried in a deep and tranquil slumber. Master Barruello hesitated for some moments to wake him; but it was now broad day; the clock of the neighboring church struck eight, and it was time to think of repairing the disorder occasioned by the sad events of the past night. The tailor therefore passed his hand gently over the boy's face.

"You must get up and go with me, *mio caro*," said Master Nicholas to Antonio, who gezed at him with sleepy eyes; "here is your little hat; come, give me your hand and let us go."

"And father, and mother?" said the boy.

"They are asleep—come, only come."

"But I won't go before I have kissed them."

"Will you be disobedient? Your mother told me to take you with me before she woke," replied Master Barruello; and he drew the unwilling child from the house, and led him towards the Jews' quarter. When he reached the gate, which last evening had remained closed, notwithstanding Netcelli's repeated demands for admission, Barruello pulled the bell with violence. An old woman soon appeared. Although her apparel was that of the wife of an ordinary artisan, yet Barruello knew by her tone and bearing that he stood before the mistress of the house, and he removed his cap respectfully.

"What is your wish?"

"To speak with Master Rembrandt."

"You? and for what? He cannot be seen so early," replied the dame in a harsh tone; "my husband is busy; come again at noon."

"I cannot well wait until noon, and perhaps Master Rembrandt will not be sorry to see me. I bring him—I wish to give him something—something that belongs to him."

"Money?" asked the old woman, as she cast a searching glance upon the tailor.

"It is a treasure!" replied Master Nicholas, enduring her gaze with heroic indifference.

She still delayed for a few seconds.

"Enter," she said at last. "But I can tell you your interview will not continue long if you have deceived me, and you will not have disturbed Master Rembrandt at his work for nothing."

The old woman now slowly opened the gate, which she had thus far held half closed, and gave Barruello admittance; she then locked it carefully again, and crossed the court, directing the tailor by a sign to follow her. As he walked onward he cast a glance at the four large dogs which leaped barking from the kennels to which they were chained, and he could not repress a slight shudder as he remarked their strength and size, and thought of the danger to which he had been exposed on the preceding evening.

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After Barruello had ascended a lofty staircase, and had then crossed two large, vacant unfurnished chambers, he entered an apartment which was lighted by a single window constructed in the ceiling. So deep was the gloom that here reigned, that for several minutes the tailor could scarcely distinguish surrounding objects. At last he observed in a corner a man in the decline of life; his head was wrapped in a white cloth, his beard was long, his face deeply furrowed, and his eye shone with that greenish light which reminds the spectator of certain animals, to whose organs of vision it is peculiar. He was painting before an easel. Opposite to him, in the portion of the chamber upon which the light from the window principally fell, sat a man, enveloped in a linen cloth, in the posture of one who had just risen from the grave.

The old man continued to paint for a long while, without appearing to remark the presence of the new comers. The woman, however, who had introduced Barruello, at once took a seat near the lofty chimney, in which a sooty iron pot hung by a hook and chain. Upon a stool near by lay vegetables, which the worthy housewife immediately took in her apron and began to peel.

In the meanwhile the tailor, still waiting for the master of the house to address him, had approached the easel, and, with all his anxiety and embarrassment, he could not refrain from gazing with admiration at the picture which Rembrandt was completing. It was the *Resurrection of Lazarus.* In the foreground stood the Saviour, his eyes moist with tears, saying to the dead man, "Lazarus, come forth!" and Lazarus came forth. A halo enveloped the Saviour's form; the remaining figures stood in that effective half gloom, that dusky light, the secret of which was known to Rembrandt alone.

"Ah! how beautiful that is," cried little Antonio.

At the clear tones of his voice, Rembrandt turned towards the boy.

"Why do you speak of things that you do not understand?" he cried.

"My father is a painter, and then I have an uncle too who paints beautiful pictures! My father has often told me that my uncle was the greatest painter in all Flanders."

"So! you are a nephew of Rubens, then? for, after myself, I know no one who could deserve this name. Tell your father that Rubens is a great painter, but not the greatest in Flanders."

"My uncle is greater than you and Rubens put together."

"And who is he, then?" asked the old man angrily.

"Rembrandt."

"And are you a nephew of Rembrandt? You are a son then of that Netcelli, who married my niece against my will. Begone! I will have nothing to do with you nor your father."

The boy began to cry.

"Must the poor child perish, then, with cold and hunger, like his mother and his little sister, who both died last night?"

"He has his father left."

"His father? Merciful Heaven! sorrow and suffering have turned his brain."

"Ah, my father, my mother, my little sister!" cried Antonio, with loud sobs.

A tear rolled down Rembrandt's wrinkled cheeks.

"Is what you tell me true? How! my sister's daughter!"

"She has received what she deserved," interrupted the shrill voice of Dame Rembrandt, who stepped towards them with her arms akimbo. "If the silly creature had not been disobedient, and acted contrary to your wishes, she would not have died in poverty."

"Master Rembrandt," said Barruello, "your nephew is a maniac, your niece and her daughter are dead! A coffin for these, bread for the father and the son!"

Rembrandt cast a hesitating glance towards his wife. The latter, however, grasped the sobbing Antonio violently by the arm, planted herself before the startled tailor, and cried:

"That would be very fine, indeed! And so my husband must burden himself with an idiot and an ill-bred child, must work day and night, and all to assist wretches who do not merit the least compassion! No, that shall never be while I live! Begone! out with you!"

"Is that your determination also, Master Rembrandt?" asked the indignant tailor, with a firm voice.

Without replying, Rembrandt turned to his painting again. Barruello tore the child from the hands of the rude woman, and exclaimed:

"Come, Antonio! come! If your uncle

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deserts you, a stranger will not forsake you. God has sent you to me, and I will not cast you forth. Come with me from this house of wealth, where they refuse your mother a coffin. Shame upon this heartless pair, who have no feelings of compassion!"

When the tailor had uttered these words, that were forced from him by his anger, he retired leading Antonio by the hand, and with a heavy heart retraced his steps towards his dwelling.

While walking onward, Barruello's anger gradually subsided, and he mused seriously upon his situation; but let him ponder as he would, he could find no means which seemed likely to aid him in his embarrassment. Suddenly a band of horsemen came spurring towards them with such speed that Barruello was scarcely able to reach the side of the street, while Antonio, whom he dragged onward violently, fell to the ground, uttering a loud cry. The leader of the train at once checked his horse, dismounted, and asked in a compassionate tone whether the child were hurt.

When he had convinced himself that his fears were groundless, he slipped a piece of money into the boy's hand, mounted his horse again, and asked the tailor to direct him to the dwelling of the painter Rembrandt.

"His house stands at the end of the second street to the right, in the Jews' quarter, near the churchyard. You are wealthy, Sir Knight, and you will meet with a good reception."

"Do the poor find no compassion from him?" asked the stranger.

"Compassion! Merciful Heaven! In yonder accursed house they have no compassion for the grandson of its master's sister."

Nicholas now related to the stranger all that had passed, and the latter listened with the liveliest attention. When he had ended his narrative, the unknown drew out a purse full of gold, took four pieces from it, and gave them to the tailor.

"Here," he said, "is enough to bury the dead, and to procure the necessaries of life for the maniac and his child. Write down your name and the place of your dwelling upon this tablet. I will pay you a visit this evening, and consult with you as to what is to be done. You seem a worthy man, and your conduct pleases me. God be with you! This evening!"

The stranger struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and soon joined his companions, leaving Master Nicholas Barruello overwhelmed with joy and astonishment.

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## IV.

After Dame Rembrandt had succeeded in getting rid of our friend Barruello, and in removing the impression which his reproaches had left upon her husband's mind, the old man approached his easel again, and took up his palette and brush. But it was in vain that he endeavored to proceed with his work; his trembling hand refused its office, and, busied with reflections of a different nature, he was unable to devote his attention to the unfinished painting. Twice or thrice he endeavored to complete the head of the Saviour, but as often he drew back in dissatisfaction. At last, angry with himself, he cast his brush aside, and folding his arms, gazed steadfastly at the canvas, and by degrees sank into deep thought. Soon his fancy brought before him the days of his childhood. A forsaken orphan, what would have been his fate without the maternal care of his sister Louise? Had she not been a second mother to him; had she not watched over him like the angel who guided the young Tobias through the dangers of a long journey? And now, closing his ears to the voice of duty and compassion, he had turned from his door the grandson of a sister! It is true, Margaret had done wrong in having married an Italian painter, a man without money and without talent, but was it not too cruel to punish her children for her disobedience? "True," he thought, "the misery of this family is but the consequence of their own fault, but still it is inhuman to refuse them assistance."

He rose quickly, thrust his hand into the wide pocket of his doublet, and drew out a large leathern purse. He counted out five or six florins, examining each piece accurately, and then called to his wife. The latter, not without murmuring, left the chimney corner, where she was attending to her culinary duties; but when she saw the money in the painter's hand, she could no longer control her anger, for from Rembrandt's embarrassment, she at once divined the use to which he intended to apply it.

"Ah, ha! you mean to pay insults and injuries with hard money! Very fine, indeed!

you will not want customers when it is once known. If you are at a loss to know what to do with the money, instead of giving it to wicked and ungrateful creatures, buy your own son a doublet with it, for he is running around with holes in his elbows."

Rembrandt contracted his brows gloomily, and his glance quickly silenced his wife.

"When I took a peasant girl, a maid servant for my wife," he replied, "I did so that my commands might always be obeyed. You will, therefore, without delay, carry this money to Master Barruello. Quick! I wish that my niece should be decently interred, and that her son and her husband should not suffer want."

Dame Rembrandt saw that it was necessary for her to obey without replying. Muttering angrily, she put on her cap, and changed her shoes, in order to go out. Rembrandt took up his palette once more, and gathered his brushes together, with which a large ape had been playing. With a heart somewhat relieved of its burden, and with an easier conscience, he sat down to his work again. At this momentt he house bell was pulled with a violence that threatened to break the cord. Rembrandt was so startled at this unusual noise, that his trembling hand involuntarily drew a large streak across the head of the principal figure in his picture. The oath with which the painter accompanied this accident was answered by Dame Rembrandt with a cry of indignation.

The bell was pulled anew, and if possible more violently than before.

The old woman, with a bitter invective upon her tongue, darted out to open the gate. But her rage was suddenly changed into astonishment, for he who had pulled the bell with such violence was a young page of pert and presumptuous mien, while before the house a numerous band of horsemen, with a young dame in their midst, were waiting for admission.

The horseman who seemed to be the chief of the train now said:

"Inform your master that a stranger from Antwerp, who wishes to purchase some pictures of him, requests to be admitted to his presence."

Softened by the courteous and dignified manner of the stranger, Dame Rembrandt opened the great gate of the court in order that the horsemen might enter. When she had closed the gate they dismounted, and with the exception of the page, who remained behind to take care of the horses, the train followed Dame Rembrandt through a labyrinth of corridors to the studio of the renowned artist.

When Rembrandt saw the numerous retinue enter his studio, his features assumed an expression of ill-humor, and he replied to the greetings of the noble stranger in a rude and surly tone, directing his glances at times, with evident discontent, at his interrupted task. The latter unceremoniously took a chair and seated himself near the painter, while the rest of the train remained standing respectfully in the background of the chamber, that they might not disturb the conversation of the two men.

It was a most interesting spectacle to watch those two individuals, who differed so singularly from each other. The one, tall, elegantly formed, and of most prepossessing manners, seemed to have lost nothing of the advantages of youth, although he was perhaps fifty years of age. He wore a rich doublet of embroidered velvet, and his lofty brow was surmounted by a large hat adorned with a jet-black plume. His glance was penetrating, his smile in the highest degree seductive, and his soft white hand might have excited the envy of a woman. The other, on the contrary, exhibited all the tokens of premature old age, accelerated by toil, sorrow, and indulgence in the passions. Short in stature, with a considerable stoop, dressed in a coarse, threadbare doublet, he seemed destitute of the most ordinary regard for cleanliness. His hair, held together in disorder by a comb that had once been white, was already turning gray, and his face was furrowed by a thousand wrinkles. The spectator soon remarked, however, that deep sagacity lay concealed beneath this rude exterior; the piercing glance of his greenish eye was almost insupportable.

While Rembrandt played with his ape, a hateful beast which, with the help of a little superstition, might have been taken for the familiar demon of the magician who inhabited this apartment, the new comer gazed with great attention at the unfinished painting, uttering words of astonishment and admiration.

"What magical colors! what freshness, what life in that flesh! The Venetian school has produced nothing that can vie

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with this. Master Rembrandt, that picture must be mine."

"It is impossible! I have painted it at the command of the Princess Clara Eugenia, and she is to pay me a thousand florins for it."

"I will give you four thousand. By St. Paul! my gallery were put to shame, if such a master-piece, instead of gracing my dwelling, adorned the palace of the Queen Regent of the Netherlands. Van Dyck, count out four thousand florins to Master Rembrandt."

"Van Dyck!" replied Rembrandt, in astonishment; "who are you, then, that Van Dyck serves you as a treasurer?"

"I am Peter Paul Rubens, and I have come from Antwerp to visit you."

"Rubens!" exclaimed Rembrandt, gazing at his rival from head to foot. "Well, then, since you are a brother artist, you know that time is precious; I will continue my work. A man must earn his bread," he added, with a hypocritical sigh. "Ah, me, I have no money to buy paintings at the rate of four thousand florins apiece!"

These dissembling words were uttered by a man who, as was discovered on the day after his death, had three millions of gold in his cellar.

Rembrandt took up his brush again, and in less than an hour the picture was completed, while all present stood around, in deep silence, and Rubens leaned, scarcely breathing, over the artist's chair. He devoured the palette with his eyes, and endeavored to penetrate the secret by which the old man produced those admirable effects of light and shade which distinguished his pictures.

When the painting was finished, Rembrandt rose and said:

"It is not yet noon; I can complete a new work before evening, therefore accept this as a mark of the esteem which I feel for you. If I have at times passed a sleepless night, it has been owing to the success of my rival."

"I am not your rival, Master, but your pupil. To convince you of this, permit me to to take yonder new canvas, and the brush which you have used. I will attempt to imitate your style. Helen, come hither, and sit in that part of the studio where the light falls most directly; place that straw hat upon your head, and be a good and docile model. Master Rembrandt, I introduce to you my dear wife."

Rembrandt glanced at the lovely creature with a sarcastic smile; he then called the old woman who was crouching near the chimney, took her by the hand, and returning the courtesy of his guest, he said:

"This woman here is my wife, Master Rubens; permit me to present her to you."

In the meanwhile Rubens had begun his work, which he continued without entirely interrupting the conversation.

"I was very anxious on your account a few weeks since," he said; "the rumor was prevalent in Antwerp that you were dead, and a dealer in paintings even showed a letter from your son which confirmed it."

Rembrandt smiled with an air of satisfaction, and said:

"I needed six thousand florins to complete the sum necessary for the payment of my house; the trick was successful; I sold my paintings for twice their value. But pardon me, the hour for my dinner has struck. I will not venture to invite you to partake of it. Your train also is too numerous for so scanty a meal. Ay, ay, all painters cannot be ambassadors and princes. I have never received the slightest favor from the Kings of Spain and England, I belong to no order of knighthood, and my whole train consists of my ape, my wife, and my son Titus, when he is in Amsterdam. Catherine, bring me my dinner."

Dame Rembrandt, who readily divined her husband's thoughts, at once joined in the cynical humility which he seemed resolved to display before the pompous train of his guest. She spread a table that stood in the middle of the studio with a coarse white and blue checkered table-cloth, placed two earthen plates upon it, and from a dish of the same material she took, with a large wooden spoon, a thick soup prepared of vegetables and bread; she completed the dinner with a piece of lean beef, pickled herrings, cheese and small beer.

Rembrandt dispatched his meal with a hearty appetite. When he rose from the table, Rubens had finished the head upon which he was employed; it was the celebrated *Straw Hat*, painted under the inspiration of Rembrandt, a picture in which Rubens had displayed the vivid colorings, and the mysterious blending of light and shade, which characterized the works of that old master.

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Rembrandt gazed at the noble painting

with constrained joy, in which both admiration and jealousy were visible.

"We are now quits, then," he said; "or rather I am a gainer by the exchange."

"We are not yet quits, Master. But for you, but for the lesson which you gave me in permitting me to look on while you were painting, I could not have executed this portrait, which is perhaps my best. Permit me, therefore, to present you with this casket, containing a set of silver ware, which I have had made for you, and marked with your name. As often as you use it, remember your admirer, your pupil—your friend, if you will allow me this title."

Rembrandt glanced with indifference at the costly gift, while Dame Catherine, with eager curiosity, examined the various pieces of richly embossed silver work which the casket contained.

"You are a great lord, Master Rubens, and it is the duty of a poor artist like myself to receive the gifts with which his patron, his Mæcenas honors him," replied Rembrandt, not without a shade of bitterness. "That is a different thing from our tin spoons, ha, Catherine! But now dispatch, and lay all quickly aside, for the time approaches when I cease to be a painter. After the clock strikes two I am a mere man of business. The Jews and merchants with whom I have dealings then visit me, and I already see Levi Zacharias, the silk mercer, below in the court. At what inn do you lodge, Master Rubens, that to-morrow morning, or this evening, I may pay my respects to you?"

"I lodge with the Count Penaflor. Farewell, Master, until this evening."

"Until this evening," replied Rembrandt, bowing humbly to the ground.

At a sign from Rubens, Helen and his train retired. All mounted their horses, and the splendid cavalcade set off at a full gallop.

Rembrandt followed it, for a while, with his eyes.

"That is a prince!" he muttered; "a king! He enjoys his life in splendor! Perhaps he is right, perhaps I am a fool to live in poverty and seclusion. Poverty!—yes, I am poor, in spite of all my wealth. But what of that? In yonder vault, locked with a key that never leaves me, I hold sums that would content the caprices of a king! Lavish in folly the fruits of thy labor, Rubens! I have here my happiness and my joy."

As he said this, he took a key from the bundle that hung at his girdle, and having looked carefully around to satisfy himself that no one, not even his wife, was watching him, he opened a door which was constructed in the wall, and which led to a narrow stairway. He then lighted a lantern, locked the door behind him, cautiously descended fourteen damp steps, and at last reached a second door, which he opened like the first. He now found himself in a vault, in which stood numerous casks filled to the brim with gold coin. He stopped before one of these casks, suffered the rays of the light to play upon the pieces of gold, and after he had gazed upon them for a while, and thrust his fingers to and fro among them, so that the bright metal rang clear and sharp upon his ear, he exclaimed:

"Rubens, thou art a vain and foolish mortal! Out upon thy pride and extravagance! The highest of earthly pleasures, after all, is the possession of a treasure."

Suddenly a slight noise was heard. Rembrandt's delicate and mistrustful ear at once recognized the creaking of the gate of the court-yard. With a bound light as that of a youth he hastened up the stairs, rushed into his studio, drew the tapestry quickly before the place where the secret door opened, and hastened to meet his visitors.

"I greet you, Master Solomon Lirch, and you, Master Samuel Netscham! You are welcome!" he cried, almost out of breath. "Is it aught good that procures me the honor of this late visit?"

"I, for my part," replied the former, "have come to propose a loan to you. The merchant Lannan needs a thousand florins."

"I will lend them to him at twenty per cent.; but he must place in my hands as a pledge double the amount in wares."

"I will inform him of your conditions," rejoined Master Solomon Lirch.

"And I," said the other, after the latter had taken his leave, "wish to purchase a picture from you for Marshal Isenghien."

"I can content you. Here is the portrait of a rabbi, who was unable to pay for it after it was completed."

"What price do you set upon it?"

"A thousand florins."

"A thousand florins!"

"You have heard me promise them to Samuel Netscham. If you will not pay the sum, I must procure them from another, for I have not a stiver in the house."

"I will pay you within three months."

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"Not so, Master; I must have the money on the spot. How can a poor artist like myself wait for his daily earnings? He must live from day to day, and you demand that he should tarry for the payment of a painting for a space of three months! Pay down the sum at once, then, Master Solomon, or I shall take the picture to the auction of my engravings, which is to commence at seven o'clock."

"A singular idea, to sell objects of art at auction at such an hour."

Rembrandt smiled.

"If you were a man of judgment, my dear picture-dealer, you would know that the faults of any single copy cannot be remarked by lamp-light, and they sell equally well with the good ones. I tell you of this only because you deal in pictures. But I have wasted time enough; I must now see how matters are going at the auction. Will you take that portrait for a thousand florins, ready money?"

Master Lirch made a few further remonstrances, to which Rembrandt refused to listen, and at last paid down the required sum. He took the picture with him, and left Rembrandt alone.

When the latter had satisfied himself that the door of the vault that held his treasure was well secured, he led one of his large dogs from the court-yard into his studio, to protect it during his absence; he then wrapped himself in his mantle, covered his head with a wide slouched hat, and left the chamber, after having extinguished the lamp which he had lighted during his interview with the Jews. He now directed his steps towards the centre of the city, and proceeded to a building where public auctions were held. With his hat pressed more deeply upon his head, and his face concealed beneath his mantle, he glided unobserved through the crowd. A man who was mounted upon a table was offering pictures for sale. After having sold some paintings of Mierics and Gerhard Douw, he came to an engraving of Rembrandt's.

"The Crowned Juno."

"But Master Rembrandt has already sold this engraving," cried a voice.

"Yes, but it was then unfinished; now it is all complete. Look, there was no crown upon Juno's head in the other; this defect is here remedied."

"But the addition seems on the whole quite unessential."

"Well, if you do not wish to buy, do not criticise," replied the seller, in a decided tone. "Thirty shillings!"

"Forty!"

"Fifty!"

"Eighty!"

"A hundred!"

A deep silence followed this offer.

"A hundred shillings," repeated the seller, "a hundred shillings! Does no one offer more?"

The young man who had offered this sum had already extended his hand to take the engraving, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed:

"A hundred and ten!"

The young man, irritated by this tardy and unexpected offer, now bid a hundred and twenty.

"A hundred and thirty!" cried the voice.

"A hundred and forty!"

"A hundned and fifty!"

"He may take it," said the young man, turning away; "to pay more would be to give thrice its value."

The seller laughed.

"Master Rembrandt," he said, "the engraving is yours; you have bid a hundred and fifty shillings."

All eyes were at once turned towards the man to whom these words were addressed. But, without manifesting the slightest embarrassment, Rembrandt said:

"I esteem myself fortunate in having come in time to secure this engraving. I sent it to auction by mistake, and I was sadly grieved on account of the error. It is too admirable and excellent for me to think of parting with it. The only way by which I could obtain it, was to purchase it again, and I have done so."

"It is a question," said the young man, "whether a painter should be admitted to an auction of his own works. However, Master, I offer you two hundred shillings for this engraving."

"It is a sacrifice indeed, but still it is a just punishment for my stupidity. In God's name, then, take the engraving for two hundred shillings."

He then withdrew, not without having breathed a heavy sigh, as if he infinitely regretted having parted with an engraving which was far from possessing any extraordinary merit.

"Since they know that I am here," he said to himself, "I can remain no

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bid upon my works. I will visit then the great artist who calls himself Peter Paul Rubens. Good Heaven! what a crowd throngs the streets! there go the cannon, and the houses are all illuminated! What can be the matter? Ha, worthy Burgomaster! wherefore are you arrayed thus in your holiday suit? Whence this tumult in the city?"

Master Anton Van Opsem, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, took Rembrandt's arm and drew him onward with him.

"I have no time to stand here talking," he said. "Important tidings have reached the States-General. Master Rubens's efforts to arrange the treaty have been attended with complete success, and all the corporations, with the Burgomaster and the Aldermen at their head, are assembling to do him honor. Do you not hear the shouts of the crowd, 'Long live Rubens, the pride of the Netherlands!'"

Rembrandt drew his arm slowly from that of the Burgomaster.

"How! you will not go with me to greet Master Rubens?"

"No, it is too late; my wife is waiting for me, and she might be alarmed at my remaining out so long. Farewell!"

With these words he turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"Long live Rubens, the pride of the Netherlands!" he repeated in a low voice, as he proceeded onward. "The man plies all sorts of trades, then, and reaps honor upon honor. Yes, yes, he is a better negotiator perhaps than I am. But I am curious to know whether posterity will admire his paintings as much as they will mine. Old Rembrandt has, after all, his worth. But away from here, for the crowd increases, the shouts grow louder; this enthusiasm is a torment to me!"

He quickened his pace, but at the moment when he turned to leave the street, the din grew so tumultuous that he retraced his steps to inquire the cause. Rubens had appeared upon the balcony, and was there saluting the crowd. Rembrandt rushed in furious haste toward his dwelling.

"For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?" cried his wife as he entered. "You are so pale! Are you sick? What ails you? Why, you have torn your mantle, and your clutched hand still holds the shreds."

"It is nothing," he answered rudely, "nothing that concerns you."

"What I am!" he exclaimed when he was alone, as he cast himself upon an old leathern chair, "fool that I am to be jealous of this man!"

He then added with a sigh, glancing at his torn mantle, "I am afraid it cannot be mended; at last I shall have to purchase a new one!"

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## V.

When Master Nicholas Barruello had received that unhoped-for aid from the hands of the unknown horseman, he bitterly reproached himself for having doubted, for an instant, in Providence. He entered his little dwelling with a light heart, and nothing short of the sad spectacle which it displayed could have banished the expression of joy which had, for a moment, enlivened his face.

On the way thither he had purchased bread, some cooked meat, and a can of beer. He placed the stock of provisions upon the chimney-piece, and began to repair the disorder in his chamber. He restored the little window to its position, set new panes in the place of the broken ones, swept the snow into the street, rekindled the fire, and then, not without hesitation, prepared to commence the sad duty which remained to him, and which, yielding to a natural feeling of aversion, he had until now deferred, namely, to bury the dead. Fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he entered the chamber in which lay the lifeless remains of Netcelli's wife and infant. With trembling hands he arranged the bodies for interment, and then returned to the outer chamber. An unexpected noise now startled him. He looked around, his brow moistened with cold sweat; it was Netcelli, who had seized the bread which lay upon the mantel, and was endeavoring to secrete himself in a corner, in order to devour his booty in security. This brutish act was even more revolting to Master Nicholas than the sight of the corpses.

"Yesterday," he said to himself, "this man was inspired with the noblest courage; his sole thought was to rescue his family from destruction. To-day, without consciousness and without thought, in the presence of these dead bodies, he thinks of nothing more than to satisfy the cravings of animal hunger. Yesterday he was scarcely lower than an angel; to-day he is less than a beast."

His heart would have murmured against Providence, but he quickly endeavored to

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repress these thoughts, so unworthy of a Christian, by repeating a suitable prayer; and when he had satisfied himself that Antonio lay sunk in profound slumber, he hastened to the priest of the nearest parish, to inform him that two corpses were lying in his house, and to beg him to give them a Christian burial. The priest was well acquainted with Master Nicholas; he told him to be seated, praised him for his charity, and arranged the expenses of the burial at so reasonable a rate, that three of the gold pieces remained untouched in the pocket of the worthy man. The benevolence of the priest somewhat restored Barruello's courage, and he left the good man to repair to a neighboring joiner's. This man also was unwilling to appear ungenerous; he at once set to work, and refused to receive payment for any thing more than the value of the wood which he had used in constructing a last tenement for the dead. In addition to this, he promised to attend to the burial of the deceased. Antonio awaked at the sound of the hammering, and cried after his mother; the maniac also started up in alarm, but it was only to cower again more closely into his corner.

In the meanwhile Master Nicholas had put on his best suit, and stepped from time to time to the window, to see if the generous stranger were not approaching; but the time passed, and he did not make his appearance. When the priest had arrived, accompanied by a boy bearing a cross, Master Nicholas and Antonio alone followed the coffin. The joiner and three other neighbors had undertaken to commit the dead to the earth. On retiring from the churchyard, the tailor inquired of a neighbor's wife who had taken care of his dwelling in his absence, whether any one had called upon him. She had seen no one, however. Master Nicholas breathed a deep sigh of disappointment.

"That is the way with the rich," he said, bitterly. "One turns away his nearest kinsfolk when they have fallen into poverty, and even refuses them a coffin after they are dead; another forgets the promise that he has made, although no one claimed it of him. Ah, Master Eustachius," he added, turning to the joiner who stood near him, "let us thank God that he has kept us poor."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the joiner, who did not quite seem to share in the philosophical views of his neighbor. "Yet, if you were richer, the question what to do with this little lad would be less embarrassing."

"As to that, my mind is long since made up," answered Barruello; "I will never forsake those who are forsaken by the world. So long as I have a morsel of bread, I will share it with him; and God be thanked, Master Eustachius, we have fingers and a needle, that, with Heaven's blessing, can earn something more than mere bread."

"By the Holy Virgin! you are a worthy man, Master Nicholas, and I will not suffer you to perform the good work alone. I will take Antonio as an apprentice, and with God's help I will make a good joiner of him."

Master Barruello was too deeply moved to reply; he reached the worthy man his hand in token of assent, and the two passed the evening together by the chimney over a can of beer.

Before we conclude this chapter, we must explain to the reader why Master Nicholas did not receive the money which Rembrandt had destined for him, as well as the reason why Rubens had not kept his promise.

In the first place, Dame Catherine had taken advantage of Rubens's visit, to leave her husband's commands unfulfilled, and to appropriate to herself the money intended for Master Nicholas. Secondly, the same courier who had brought the important tidings by which the whole city was set in commotion, was the bearer also of an order to the negotiator to repair at once to Brussels, in order to receive the reward of his diplomatic talents, and to be intrusted with a mission of still greater importance. In the confusion of this unexpected departure, Rubens had forgotten the tailor, and his promise to visit him.

## VI.

Ten years after his first visit to Amsterdam, Rubens again journeyed to that city. Commissioned by Philip II. to purchase a collection of the most distinguished paintings of the Flemish school, for the Escurial, he resolved to attend to the selection of the pictures himself; and for this purpose he visited all the cities of the Netherlands, and the studios of the most renowned artists. First of all, he naturally applied to Rembrandt. As Rubens en-

tered the old building, he was astonished at the changes which he beheld every where around him. It is true, nothing betrayed greater wealth on the part of the proprietor, but every thing testified to the unwearied and intelligent care which had labored to repair and embellish the half-fallen building. The brass locks shone like gold; one could ascend the steps without, as heretofore, stumbling over rubbish, and the winding stairs that led from the court were adorned with blossoming orange trees in large porcelain vases.

The changes in the inner part of the dwelling were still more striking. The utmost cleanliness was visible, where formerly lay heaps of dirt and broken crockery; the windows were hung with curtains, and sweet flowers diffused on all sides their balmy perfume. At the first sound of the bell, a young and active maid-servant opened the gate. On entering, Rubens scarcely recognized Rembrandt's former dwelling. A small saloon formed the ante-chamber to the artist's studio. Here he met an aged dame, whose manners were evidently the result rather of natural tact than of the habit of intercourse with the world. Rubens's eye reposed with pleasure upon her soft and regular features. She was short in stature, and had attained that degree of rotundity which is so well suited to persons of mature years; she was clad in a cotton gown, and wore about her neck a massive golden chain, while a bundle of keys hung at her girdle. A snow-white, neatly-plaited collar encircled her neck; and her luxuriant auburn hair, which was slightly interspersed with silver, was fastened together on the top of her head, leaving her brow uncovered. Rubens bowed respectfully and gave her his name.

"Master Rubens!" she exclaimed; "my brother will be proud and happy to receive such a guest, for you are our guest, I hope. Am I not right? Rubens has certainly not thought of taking up his abode elsewhere than with his admirer and rival, Rembrandt."

As Rubens excused himself, she said, with a sweet smile:

"If you have indeed thought otherwise, you must at once repair your fault; yes, your fault," she repeated. "If you will not sleep beneath our roof, you must at least take a place at our table. I am too faithful a guardian of the honor of our family, to permit you to leave this house without partaking of our hospitality."

As she uttered these friendly words, that were spoken in a tone which showed that Rubens would not be treated as a stranger in Rembrandt's house, she opened the door of the studio, and said:

"Dear brother, here is Master Rubens."

The studio had undergone fewer changes than the other parts of the house; the dust, however, which had formerly defaced it, had disappeared, and in place of the ill-shaped chimney, which ten years before had served Dame Catherine for the purposes of cookery, stood a large and handsome stove. At the sound of Rubens's name Rembrandt rose from his seat, and advanced to meet him.

"Welcome, King of Antwerp!" he said. "But where has your highness left your accustomed train?"

At this somewhat ironical salutation, the color mounted to Rubens's face.

"That is an attention which my brother knows how to prize, and for which he is very grateful to you," said Rembrandt's sister, quickly interposing. The old painter glanced at his sister, and his face suddenly grew brighter; he reached Rubens his hand in a kind and friendly manner.

"It is a long time since we have seen each other," he said. "Much has happened in the interval. I am a widower; old Catherine, whom you may remember, is dead. God be praised!"

"Brother, dear brother!" cried his sister, interrupting him.

"My sister Louise now lives with me; she has left all for her brother's sake, and devotes herself solely to his welfare. She is an angel, Rubens; in truth, an angel!"

As he said this, he wiped a tear from his eye; and Rubens gazed with an air almost of reverence upon Louise, who blushed like a young maiden.

"You will meet with a better reception here than you did ten years ago," continued Rembrandt. "I blush when I think of it. Louise understands how to receive a guest, except that she expends somewhat too much; and when one is but a poor artist, and is obliged to toil so hard to support life—but who comes here? Heaven preserve us! it is Master Nikeler, the Notary. Welcome, my worthy friend!"

Louise hastened to meet the man of business.

"My brother is busy at present; he has no time to speak with you."

"I bring too good news, my dear dame, to depart without informing you of it. Your uncle Gerretz is dead, and has left you four hundred thousand florins."

"Four hundred thousand florins!" exclaimed Rembrandt, with unspeakable delight; "four hundred thousand florins!"

"Eustachius Gerretz left not less than six hundred thousand florins, which are to be divided in three parts: one part for you, lady, one for you, Master Rembrandt, and one for the children and heirs of your sister Margaret."

"She is dead," said Rembrandt.

"But her children!"

"Her children likewise."

"Their death is not yet legally established; and until this is the case, many years will elapse before you can enter upon possession, not merely of their third, but even of your own."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Rembrandt.

"Alas!" sighed Louise, "I would with joy resign all this gold, and more, to be able see my unhappy niece and her children once again!"

"We cannot come into possession of our portions, then, until the heirs of the third are discovered?"

"Or until you can, in due form, establish evidence of their decease," added the notary.

"That shall be done within an hour. The grandson of my sister Margaret must be still living; or, if he is not, we can easily procure evidence of his death."

"My sister's grandson! How, my brother! you knew that he was living, and have never spoken to me of the matter! Where is he? Answer me, in the name of Heaven, in the name of our mother!"

"If the tailor, Nicholas Barruello, has not sent him to the hospital," continued Rembrandt, who, solely occupied with the idea of their rich inheritance, uttered his thoughts aloud.

"The tailor, Nicholas Barruello! my nephew is with him! And why have you kept this secret from me?"

"What would you have, Louise? To feed and educate a child, when a man has children of his own, and, besides, is only a poor artist?"

"You discovered the existence of this child within a few days only, then?"

"Ten years ago," said Rembrandt, who well remembered the occurrence. "It was on Allhallow night."

"Oh, Master Nikeler!" cried Louise, "you must know where this man, this Nicholas Barruello dwells. Lead me to him at once!"

"He lives at the other end of the city, in Rotterdam street."

"Let us hasten thither."

"Permit me to accompany you," said Rubens to the aged dame; "I also have an act of injustice and forgetfulness to repair."

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## VII.

At the time when the tailor, Nicholas Barruello, found his family suddenly augmented by two unhappy beings, whom Providence had sent to him, he asked himself anxiously how he should procure a maintenance for three persons, he who had thus far found it hard to provide for himself alone. But matters turned out better than he had expected. By his industry and activity, and owing to several fortunate accidents, in which the signs of the protection of Heaven were plainly visible, he never wanted daily bread; nay, he had at times his days of festivity. Not a Sunday went by but the families of the tailor and the joiner assembled at one common table. The future fortunes of the little Antonio Netcelli were often the subject of their discousre. The youth had become the joiner's pride, for he handled the plane and the chisel with remarkable dexterity and admirable judgment. When the tailor and the joiner looked at the drawings which he prepared as models for various pieces of work, they were unable to control their astonishment; these sketches obtained also the unanimous applause of the joiner's customers, who were attracted in great numbers to his shop by the skill of his apprentice. Thus, the good people's days passed calmly and happily. The only affliction which they experienced during the whole ten years was caused by the death of the maniac Netcelli; they had grown accustomed to the presence of this unhappy being, and at his death they wept tears of genuine sorrow. Antonio was for a long time inconsolable; yet his father's death did not render the boy an orphan, for the joiner and the tailor, especially the latter, treated him with a love as tender and devoted as he had

ever experienced from his father when he was in the full possession of his senses.

Antonio passed the whole day in the joiner's workshop; at evening he visited his second father, who could scarcely await the hour of his dear foster-son's arrival. Supper was then served by Master Nicholas, and Antonio did honor to it with the appetite of a healthy youth of sixteen. The remainder of the evening was spent in reading, drawing, or even painting, for Antonio displayed an uncommon talent for this art. On Sundays and holidays he locked himself in his chamber, took the palette and pencil in his hand, and seated himself before an easel of his own making. Here he sketched little paintings, executed without art, but in true and lively colors; his models were almost always Master Netcelli, or his neighbor the joiner.

Antonio sat thus busied one evening, while Barruello had gone out to carry to a customer an old coat which he had repaired, when he heard a knock at the door. He hastened to open it, and beheld a small and crooked old man, dressed in black, a cavalier of a lofty, stately figure, and an aged dame who seemed greatly agitated. He saluted them with a friendly air, and asked them whether they wished to speak with Master Nicholas Barruello.

"He will soon return," he added. "Have the goodness to sit."

Louise took the chair which Antonio offered her. Rubens seated himself before Antonio's easel, and was unable to repress an exclamation of admiration, which caused the boy to blush deeply.

"Who is your master?" he said, turning to Antonio.

"I have none, sir; I devote only my leisure hours to painting; by trade I am a joiner."

"You must leave the joiner's bench, and become a painter."

"Ah, that is easily said, but hard to be done. I and my father must live."

"Your father!" cried Louise; "is your father still living?"

"No; I mean my foster-father, the good tailor, Master Nicholas, for my poor father is with my mother and little sister in heaven. Ah, the story of my life is a very sad one!"

"You are Antonio Netcelli, then?"

"Yes."

"My dear child, your life will now change; you need no longer work to gain a livelihood; you are rich, and will find relatives again. Embrace me, my child; I am your mother's aunt."

Weeping, she reached out her arms toward the orphan, and Antonio sank sobbing upon her bosom.

"My mother's aunt! my aunt Louise, of whom my mother so often spoke to me! Oh, let me embrace you once again!"

At this moment heavy steps were heard upon the stairs, and Master Nicholas Barruello entered the chamber, which, to his extreme astonishment, he found filled with strangers. Antonio tore herself from the arms of Louise to cast himself upon Barruello's neck.

"That is my dear aunt," he cried, "my mother's aunt! We are now rich; we are now happy. I shall give up my trade and become a painter."

Master Nicholas pressed the boy again and again to his heart, and cast himself before an image of the Holy Virgin, to thank her for the happiness which she had bestowed upon his dear Antonio. But suddenly his face, which was flushed with joy, grew pale, and his features assumed an air of sadness and dejection. He fastened a sorrowful glance upon Antonio, whom his aunt held closely embraced; then he turned away his head and began to pray again, but tears choked his utterance; he rose quickly, tore Antonio from the arms of his aunt, clasped him with convulsive violence to his bosom, and cried:

"You will love her, then, more than me!"

"More than you, my father!" replied Antonio, embracing the old man; "no! but as much, for she is my mother's aunt. You must not be jealous of this affection; it does not in any wise diminish mine towards you, and never, never will we separate! A son should never forsake his father."

"He is right, Master Nicholas; our family will henceforth be yours. Come, my friends, my brother is waiting for his nephew."

"My uncle!" said Antonio, gloomily, and with an air of hesitation.

"You must pardon him, as those who are in heaven pardon him!" murmured Louise, softly.

"Come, then, my father!" cried Antonio, clasping his arm about Barruello's waist.

"Young man," said Rubens, laying his hand upon Antonio's right shoulder, "are

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you willing to be my pupil? I will take you and this old man with me to Antwerp; my house shall be yours. I am Peter Paul Rubens."

"Rubens!" exclaimed Antonio in astonishment; "you Rubens!—I a pupil of Rubens!"

He gazed for some moments at the renowned painter; then, after some hesitation, he placed his left hand in his aunt's, while with the right he held that of the tailor.

"I cannot part from her," he said; "she looks so like my dear mother."

Antonio became Rembrandt's pupil, and soon obtained in Flanders the fame due to his distinguished talents. To please his uncle, he gave a Flemish termination to his name, and signed his paintings *Kaspar Anton Netscher.*

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## TO STELLA.

I LOVE thee not for rank or gold,
For land or social fashion;
I have lived too long with the gallant and bold,
I have learned too much from the great of old,
To coin a true man's passion.

I love thee not for the wavy hair
Which falls in shadowy showers;
Not for the figure, so debonair,
Not for the footstep, light as air,
Or the step of Spring over flowers.

I love thee not for the loving eye,
So full of earnest beaming,
Which has caught its hue from the deep blue sky,
When the feathery clouds in slumber lie,
And Nature's soul is dreaming.

I love thee not for the noble brow,
Where the shadow of Thought reposes;
Not for the bosom, like sifted snow,
Nor the cheek where rival flow'rets glow,
The lilies beside the roses.

I love thee not for the gentle lays
Which thrill my bosom thorough;
The faint, sweet echoes of olden days,
Ere life had proved a troubled maze
Of endless hope and sorrow.

I love thee for the trace of care
Which on your forehead hovers,
Like a shadow from your clustering hair,
For the mystic sorrow sleeping there
No eye but mine discovers;

And for the ghost of by-gone fears,
Which is floating still above thee;
For the secret sorrows and silent tears,
For the mystery of your early years,
I love thee, dear, I love thee.

*New-York, June 4th*, 1851.

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# THOMAS GRAY.

Of Thomas Gray, one who was no mean critic has said, "that he joined to the sublimity of Milton the elegance and harmony of Pope, and wanted nothing to have made him, perhaps, the first of English poets, but to have written a little more." The impartial judgment of time is evincing the justice of this praise. His works, of which he himself humorously expressed a fear "lest they should be mistaken for the works of a flea or a pismire," are in size inconsiderable indeed. A few short poems and a volume of familiar letters to his friends comprise the whole literary productions of his life, the entire results of fifty-five years of thought and study. But few as they are, they are a treasure for all time, and the precious life-blood of a master-spirit. No poet in the English language, who has written so little, is so much read and so well known. The fame of almost all, even of the authors of imperishable creations, rests upon a small portion of their works, while the great bulk of them has proved perishable and soon passed away. For every stanza of Pope or Dryden which is now remembered and admired, there are whole pages long since unread and forgotten. But not a line of Gray's will the world willingly let die; every ray from his genius still shines like the steady light of some far-off star.

The quiet scholar, whose taste has been cultivated by long communion with the models of antiquity, finds relief in turning from the jejune literature of the day, to one whose every line breathes the spirit of the classics; while the verses of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard are familiar as household words to all the children in our land. There are few better proofs of an author's genius, than to have his words pass into proverbs. It shows that they embody truths to which the heart of universal humanity responds, and truths so well uttered that all mankind adopt the form of their expression. By this test we may judge of the merits of Gray; and after Shakspeare and Milton, we shall find hardly an English poet so many of whose lines have become common phrases, an approved part of the intellectual currency of the world. It is said that General Wolfe, the night before his death, as he lay in the stern of the boat, gliding with muffled oars down to the place from which he climbed the Heights of Abraham, repeated to a brother officer the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and at the close of the last verse said, "I would rather be the author of that poem than master of Quebec to-morrow." This praise does equal honor to the poet and him who uttered it. We do not undervalue the greatness of that exploit; the preciptious ascent, the hard-fought battle, the glorious death may well command our praise. But the judgment of the young soldier, himself a scholar and a poet, was right. The fame of Gray will still remain after martial glory has ceased to dazzle, and the walls of that towering fortress are crumbled to dust.

We have thought that a brief sketch of this poet's life might be a not unacceptable offering to our readers. It is indeed almost barren of incidents, the quiet life of a scholar, the history of an intellect rather than of a man.

He was born at Cornhill, December 26, 1716, the son of a money scrivener, whose means, originally slender, had been reduced by extravagance. He was sent from a boy's grammar-school to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge. On leaving the University he designed to pursue the study of the law, but after a few months gladly forsook the shrine of Themis to accompany young Horace Walpole on his travels. More than two years were spent in visiting the usual objects of interest in middle and southern Europe; and then an unfortunate rupture with his companion and patron sent him home by the nearest and cheapest route. Shortly after his return to England, his father's death left him in yet more straitened circumstances, and he felt himself too poor to pursue the profession originally marked out for him. To avoid the importunities of his mother and aunt, who would willingly have stinted themselves to eke out his income, he went again to Cambridge, and in

due time took his bachelor's degree in civil law. Nearly all his life was spent there because of the cheapness of the place, and the facilities afforded by its libraries. Two years before his death he was chosen Professor of Modern Languages, but never entered upon the duties of his post. He was also appointed Poet Laureate, but declined an office which had been so often disgraced. He never married, and after his return from the Continent, a few weeks' tour in Scotland was the most important incident which interrupted the monotony of his life. He died at the age of fifty-five, of hereditary gout.

Thus briefly may be summed up all those outward facts and circumstances which met the world's eye, and seemed to make up his life. The outline is meagre and unpromising enough, but let us return and see if it does not contain something of interest and value.

The well-known observation that men of genius are commonly the sons of remarkable mothers, is verified in the case of Gray. Unusual were his obligations to her, and with unusual filial love and reverence were they repaid. He only of her twelve children survived the age of infancy. The rest all died from suffocation induced by fulness of blood, and his life was only saved by his mother's courage in opening one of his veins with her own hands, when the paroxysm attacked him. At Eton and at Cambridge he depended upon her for his support. We learn by a written statement, submitted by Mrs. Gray to an eminent lawyer, in 1735, when she vainly sought relief from her cruel situation, "that she almost provided every thing for her son whilst at Eton College, and now he is at Peter House in Cambridge, and that her husband hath used her in the most inhuman manner by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language," &c. "This she was resolved, if possible, to bear, and not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him, since his father won't." Such devoted maternal affection could hardly fail to call forth marked filial piety in return. During her life his attentions to her were most assiduous, and after her death he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her remains speaks of her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid; her patient devotion, her meek endurance. Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her.

We know nothing of our poet's boyhood until his residence at Eton, where he was under the care of his maternal uncle, Mr. Antrobus, to whom he seems to have been much indebted for the direction of his early education. Here commenced his friendship with Horace Walpole and Richard West, each of whom was destined to influence his future character. Here, also, was laid the broad foundation of that classical scholarship which afterwards became the chief solace of his life, and shed such rich and mellow light upon his poetry.

On leaving Eton, West entered Christ Church College at Oxford, and Gray, Peter House at Cambridge. From the date of this separation, begin those interesting letters between them, which exhibit the character of each to great advantage, and are the records of one of the most beautiful friendships in all literary history. They were both young men of ardent sensibilities, imaginative and poetic temperaments, and fine classical genius, but averse to the severer studies of logic and the mathematics, and shrinking instinctively from the anticipation of the practical pursuits and rude collisions of active life.

Their correspondence was continued until the early death of West in 1742, and is a free and unreserved expression of their opinions, tastes, and feelings. The University of Cambridge has always been, and even now is, more partial to the natural and moral sciences than to classical literature, and Gray seems to have found there a state of things very little to his mind. His darling studies were comparatively neglected, and he was himself forced to turn from them, more than he liked, to other branches. Many of his letters express the disappointment, and even disgust, with which this affected him. In one of the earliest to West, he writes, after mentioning "the contempt into which his old friends and classical companions are fallen" there, as follows: "I think I love them the better for it, and, indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphy-

sics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle," &c. "If these are the profits of life, give me the amusements of it." West, on his part, complains of Oxford even "as a land flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown." These are, doubtless, exaggerated pictures, but they sufficiently indicate the mental state of both the friends. Their letters treat chiefly of their poetry and studies in polite literature; some of them inclose copies of verse, mostly in Latin, and several of the letters themselves are in that language. The extent and variety of classical learning, and the cultivated taste which they display, cannot fail to astonish and call forth the admiration of every reader. Those of Gray manifest a tendency to the depression of spirits which weighed upon him nearly all his life, and was probably a malady inherited with the gout. West was all the time despondent and in wretched health; the disease which ultimately destroyed him had already begun to waste his vitals, and the tender solicitude of his friend betrays itself throughout the whole correspondence.

During his entire course at the University, Gray seems to have kept himself much aloof from society; to have sought no college honors, and taken little interest in the affairs of the community of which he was a member. The effeminacy of his manners, we are told, caused him to be nicknamed "Miss Gray;" and we can readily understand that his spirit, delicate and sensitive to a fault, must have revolted at the "Jacobinism and its concomitant hard drinking," which Mr. Mason acknowledges then infected the University. The two friends walked hand in hand, in the words of West,

> "Through many a flowery grove and shelly grot,
> Where learning lured us in its *private* maze."

The limits of a sketch like this, of course, preclude us from making extracts from their letters, to which we would commend all who would trace the growth of the poet's mind, and learn the aliment which nurtured his cultivated taste and beautiful imagination.

The next period of his life was that spent upon his travels with Horace Walpole, the history of which is to be found in his letters to West and his other friends. France, Switzerland, Italy and Sicily were successively visited, and few objects of interest were left unnoticed. We can say little of this tour; for it was over the common ground of travellers, and embraced nothing novel or unusual. A charm has been thrown over it by the graphic descriptions of Gray, and the classical spirit with which he viewed every object. But this charm is inseparable from his own writings, and can no more be transferred than the rich colors of the painting can be to the rude crayon sketch made from it. In his careful notice of manners and customs, and the felicity with which he made modern and ancient times mutually illustrate each other, he has been said most nearly to resemble Addison. It is during this time that those humorous talents which his friends deemed so great, chiefly display themselves. Except for his letters, then, we should hardly understand the possibility of what one of his friends said, that "Gray never wrote any thing *easily* but things of humor." The cloud of dejection and sorrow under which most of his after life was spent, obscured this power, and it is only in occasional flashes that we discern it.

His travels were abruptly ended by a quarrel with his patron, which has been variously represented. Walpole afterwards took upon himself the entire blame of the rupture, and, we are inclined to think, deservedly. The most authentic version would seem to be that Gray was disposed to fault-finding, and Walpole, suspecting himself to have been spoken ill of in letters to England, clandestinely opened and resealed a private package, an indignity which Gray very properly resented. Several years after, a reconciliation took place between them, and they were again on familiar terms; but on the side of Gray, entire cordiality seems never to have been restored.* The immedi-

* The following from the new letters of Walpole to the Rev. William Mason, published since this article was written, throws more light upon this question and exhibits both the parties favorably. It will be read with interest.—Ed.

"I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversion, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated

ate consequence of the difficulty was Gray's return to England. He reached there in September, 1741, two months before his father's death.

In the following spring he lost his friend West, an affliction which preyed deeply upon his spirits. West, on leaving Oxford, had taken chambers in the Temple, and pursued for some time the study of the law. But his health failed rapidly, domestic trials crowded thickly upon him, and at length he went home to die. His letters to Gray during his last winter are indescribably touching. Indeed a melancholy grace invests every thing connected with this young man; we dwell with fondness on the few remains of his genius, and lament that it was quenched so soon. Whether the promise of his youth would have been realized in mature years we cannot certainly tell, but its indications were so bright that we may well regret their disappointment. Mr. Mason informs us that at Eton his genius was deemed superior to Gray's. Among Gray's most beautiful productions the fragment of a Latin poem, "De Principiis Cogitandi," an affectionate sonnet in English, the Ode on the Prospect of Eton College, the Hymn to Adversity, and the commencement of the Elegy, were written within a year after West's death, and bear strong marks of his affection and sorrow. With many others he was on intimate and familiar terms, but no after friendship filled the place thus made vacant. Dr. Wharton and Mr. Mason, the poet, seem to have been next in his regards. To the latter we are indebted for his biography and a collection of his letters.

During the next three years we know nothing of Gray's life except that it was devoted entirly to classical studies, and that he made for himself a very elaborate table of Greek Chronology. In 1747 the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, after lying in manuscript several years, was published by Dodsley, and was the first of his poems that appeared in print. It was followed in 1750 by the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which immediately received the full measure of admiration it has ever since retained. Gray himself by no means put upon this poem the same relative estimation as did the public, and he once told Dr. Gregory, "with a good deal of acrimony," "that it owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and would have been received as well if it had been written in prose." In 1753 he lost his mother, of whose character we have already spoken. In 1756 he left Peter House, where he had resided for twenty years, on account of some incivilities offered to him by drunken neighbors, and removed to Pembroke Hall, another college in the same University. This he speaks of "as an era in a life so barren of events" as his.

In 1757 were published his two odes, The Bard and the Progress of Poetry. They were for a long time ill-received and ludicrously misunderstood, though, in the words of Mason, "the one must be plain enough to every one who has read Pindar, and the other, to all not grossly ignorant of English History." When these odes were printed in a second edition, the author added to them a few notes, "just to tell the gentle reader," he says, "that Edward the First was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the witch of Endor." At the same time he prefixed to them a motto from Pindar, sufficiently expressive of his feelings: "I wrote for the intelligent; but the multitude need interpreters."

This same year he declined the place of Poet Laurate; his reasons for doing which are thus given in a letter to Mr. Mason: "The office has always humbled the possessor hitherto: if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there

by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior; I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating. At the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part had I had the sense to take advantage of it; he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider till we became incompatible."

are poets little enough to envy even a Poet Laureate." In 1758 he seems to have been much engaged in the study of architecture. In 1762 he was an unsuccessful applicant for the Professorship of Modern Languages, which had been previously promised to another candidate. In 1765 he made a short journey into Scotland, to recruit his health, which had now become very feeble. At this time he declined the degree of Doctor of Laws which was offered to him by the University of Aberdeen, "lest it should seem a slight upon Cambridge." The next year was published the last edition of his poems that appeared during his life. In 1768 the Professorshp of Modern Languages again became vacant, and he received it unsolicited from the Duke of Grafton, who was shortly after chosen Chancellor of the University. The beautiful ode performed at his installation was written by Gray, who "thought it better that gratitude should sing than expectation." It is to be found in all the posthumous collections of his works.

His new office, the income of which he greatly needed, was very acceptable, but he never entered upon its duties. He was prevented partly, perhaps, by indolence and diffidence, but chiefly by ill-health. Much of his time after his appointment was spent in short journeys. "Travel I must," he says, "or cease to exist." On one of these trips to Westmoreland and the Lakes, he was to have been accompanied by Dr. Wharton; but the latter was forced to return home by a sudden illness, and, for his amusement, Gray wrote an epistolary description of the tour. The elegance and picturesque merit of this journal called forth the admiration even of Dr. Johnson.

During all this time his health was steadily failing, and his attacks of gout were becoming more frequent and alarming. But his death at the last was sudden, and took place after an illness of only five days, July 30, 1771. Of his last hours we have hardly any account, for none of his friends were with him. By his will, Mr. Mason and Dr. Browne were appointed his executors, and to the former were intrusted all his MSS., to be preserved or destroyed at his discretion. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother in the churchyard at Stoke.

The intellectual character of Gray is apparent both from what he did and what he did not. The small number of his works, and the many conceptions left unexecuted, but shadowing forth forms of beauty which might have been, sufficiently indicate the irresolution and fastidiousness which were its prominent defects; while every sentence or verse which he did write is polished by the cultivated taste of the scholar, or sparkles with the splendid imagination of the poet. We shall attempt no eulogy of his genius, or refutation of its detractors. For however the opinions of individuals may differ upon minor points, the day of harsh and illiberal criticism against him has passed, and the judgment of all assigns him a lofty place among English poets.

Of his peculiar religious views, we have little knowledge. A passage in the Walpoliana speaks of them as skeptical; but its authority would, under any circumstances, have little weight, and it is entirely counterbalanced by the whole tenor of his life and writings. The doctrines of Hume, Voltaire, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke are indignantly rebuked in his correspondence. And the excellence of his private character, together with the moral and religious consolations which he invoked in his own despondency and affliction, and to which he beautifully directed his friends, give us reason to hope that, whatever may have been his intellectual belief, the sentiments of genuine piety were alive in his heart.

His memoirs were published by Mason, who also edited a complete edition of his poems. Many years after Mr. Mitford wrote his biography, which, together with all his literary remains, was published in a large quarto volume. Mr. Mason's book appeared too soon after Gray's death, to be in all respects complete. That of Mitford contains all the materials from which an excellent biography might be compiled, but thrown together in an ill-considered and undigested work. Some of the notes with which he has illustrated the poems are curious and valuable.

There is no good edition of Gray's life and *all* his works accessible to the public, a deficiency which some of our publishers should supply. The object of the preceding imperfect sketch will be accomplished if it induce some more able writer to undertake the task.

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# JUNIUS.

"Podagricus fit pugil."—HORACE.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE resemblance between Junius and the Earl of Chatham has led a few writers to attribute the celebrated Letters to his Lordship. Among these writers the most respectable has been Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Mass., who published a book on Junius in 1831. This, though rather garrulous and rambling, has its compensation in the justness of its views, and what we believe to be the truth of its conclusions. The Doctor's meaning is better than his mode. He is too much like the advocates of other Juniuses, who argue less for truth than for the honor of their own hypotheses, and try to conceal or quietly overlook every thing which does not make for their object or which they cannot explain. Doubtless the untenable nature of the claims they put forward obliges them to a great deal of this; but the fact is palpable. Dr. Waterhouse has laid himself open to the charge of special pleading in his essay. He covers but half the ground; for he omits all consideration of the Miscellaneous Letters, which we know to be those of Junius, not less by their intrinsic evidence than his own admission to Woodfall. The Doctor's book, from this omission, is more calculated to injure the hypothesis than to serve it. But his truth is too strong for his weakness to impair; and in spite of his imperfect way of going over the course, we feel that the old gentleman has been maundering away upon the right track after all. The first of these Miscellaneous Letters of Junius (under various signatures) is undoubtedly a rock on which all the pretensions urged for Lord Chatham seem to split at the very outset. And the second and third and others, as the reader proceeds, appear to put the Pittites completely *hors du combat*. The letters, however, cannot be ignored. They must be met, scrutinized, and interpreted, according to the guidance furnished by the character and design of the letter-writer and other circumstances of the time.

Before we come to them, we have to speak of Chatham's mosaic ministry. Scarcely was it put together, when his unrelenting ailment, the gout, obliged him to go to Bath and drink the waters, leaving matters at sixes and sevens. His brain at that time seemed to be as much tormented as his legs. At the close of 1766, Lord Chesterfield, writing from Bath, says: "Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is very often suspected." About a year afterwards, December 1st, 1767, he writes again from the same place: "Lord Chatham's physician had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout and scattered it over his body, and it fell particularly on his nerves, so that he is sometimes exceedingly vaporish. He would neither see nor speak to any body while he was here. This time twelve months he was here in good health and spirits, but for these last eight months he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends. He would receive no friends, nor so much as open any packet about business." His own business at that period had begun to flow into a new channel. In the beginning of this year, 1767, Lord Charlemont writes from London: "Lord Chatham is still Minister; but how long he may continue so is a problem that would pose the deepest politician. The opposition grows more and more violent, and seems to gain ground: his ill-health as yet prevents his doing any business. The ministry is divided into as many parties as there are men in it; all complain of his want of participation."

In another letter of the same month, Charlemont says: "No member of the opposition speaks without directly [illegible]

Lord Chatham, and no friend ever rises to take his part. Is it possible such a man can be friendless?" Thus, his cabinet in the confusion of Agramont's camp, his enemies loud, his friends silent, and his body tormented with disease, it is not to be wondered at if Lord Chatham would neither see nor speak to any body at Bath at the close of 1767. His situation was disastrous and desperate in the extreme. In the mean time General Conway had left the ministry, and Lord Weymouth was made Secretary in his place. Lord Hillsborough was made Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in consequence of several resignations, Chatham was obliged, as we have said, to make overtures to the Bedfords. His cup of disgust and disappointment was nearly full. Being compelled by his gout to stay at Hampstead on his way to London, he received while there a letter from His Majesty, who, either apprehensive of farther resignations, or anxious to impair the Earl's administration as much as possible, declared his intention of making more changes, and asked the advice and assistance of his Lordship. To this the stern old man sent a verbal message to say, that such was the state of his health, the King must not expect from him any farther aid or counsel in the matter.

All these things show what must have been the state of Chatham's mind on this occasion. He saw that in the cabinet and in a corrupt Parliament, he was obstructed and out-generalled by the Tories and partisans of the Court. There was little or no hope on that side; all his enemies, the gout included, had left him a baffled man, with an angry, impatient, but still unvanquished spirit. The cause of Whiggery and the Constitution was not to be given up. The Earl of Chatham had more weapons in his armory than even Horace Walpole had discovered. Wilkes in his "North Briton" had established a precedent, which would not be lost upon our able and exasperated politician.

Chatham was now resolved, as we are disposed to conclude, from the new ground of the public press, to continue the war of constitutional liberty and of his own ambition, (for the latter must form a prominent feature in any portraiture of this great man,) against the strength of the Crown and that ... which, to quote the words of Junius in a letter signed "Mnemon," "revived the doctrine of dispensing power, State necessity, arcana of government, and all that machinery of exploded prerogative that had cost our ancestors so much toil and treasure and blood to break to pieces." But the warfare was to be, like that of Palafox in a later day, "to the knife," waged with all the unleavened hatred of his disappointed heart; and he saw that to strike effectually, he must do so anonymously. He accordingly took his resolution, which, being so much at variance with the open controversy which is ever considered the most honorable, shows how deep must have been the bitterness of soul that set him on such a course. He began it in the beginning of 1767; and during the eight months in which Chesterfield says he was invisible to the world, he was directing with a heated brain the first assaults of his cunningly devised hostility. In January, 1768, Lord Chesterfield says: "Lord Chatham is at his repurchased house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; but many think that his worst complaint is *in his head*, which I am afraid is too true." Chatham's was not the mind to grow inert in solitude, or

> ——"like a sword laid by,
> To eat into itself and rust ingloriously."

It was stung into fierce energy by every circumstance of political and bodily suffering in the midst of which he stood; and the thought must have been a gratifying one, that he could wreak his vengeance on his adversaries, even from his sick couch or arm-chair, just as he formerly did on the enemies of England. We must not omit to mention here a curious circumstance quoted by Dr. Waterhouse, which gives strength to what we consider a true hypothesis. In a work styled "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," published in London by the Rev. Dr. Brown in 1757, the following remarkable passages occur. The writer states it to be his opinion that nothing but the power of some *great minister* could avail to save the country; and then goes on to say: "There is another character in a lower walk of life, which might be no less strange than that which has been delineated; I mean

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the character of *a political writer*. He would choose an untrodden path of politics, where no party man ever dared to enter. The undisguised freedom and boldnes of his manner would please the brave, astonish the weak, and confound the guilty." It is highly probable that Pitt's character, in all its traits and propensities, was very well known to this reverend pamphleteer, who could thus, ten years before the political writer came, foretell his appearance.

Passing on, we come to the consideration Dr. Waterhouse shrunk from. Here, in the Miscellaneous Letters, we have the fierce-hearted old statesman of '59 opening his masked battery, in revenge of all his defeats and disappointments, against the King of England, his policy, and his friends; and in the first place, as the matter touched him nearest and deepest in his disgusts, he turns his rage against the Cabinet of which he himself was a part! Very extraordinary this; but not more extraordinary than William Pitt himself. But what a perilous undertaking it was for the Lord Privy Seal to fall upon the King's Council with his crutch! The style of Chatham would be palpable to every eye, and then the exposure would follow, such as he himself said would procure his attaintment by bill, or kill him in three days. His first aspiration in these circumstances would be, (the reverse of Cowley's:)

"What shall I do to be for ever *unknown*!"

But he took his precautions with consummate subtlety and forethought. He kept himself secluded at Bath and Hayes, and let the report go abroad that he was in the lowest state of sickness and incapacity, tottering on crutches or touched in the head, thus warding off the suspicion that the vivacious and forcible letters of "Poplicola," "Veteran," and the rest, could come from him. But he did far more than this. "Poplicola" began the series of letters by a measured and high-sounding denunciation (conditionally conveyed, however) of Lord Chatham himself! Nothing was now to be said. After such feints as these, the acutest political critic could not mention the Minister's name in connection with this authorship. Lord Chatham, in spite of sentiment and style, was safe from public imputation and its consequences; and his power to continue his mighty strokes from behind a mask remained unimpeded and unquestioned.

To assail the Cabinet of England and all the measures of the Ministry, was a daring piece of strategy, and a dangerous for a Lord Privy Seal to perpetrate. Discovery would ruin the splenetic old assaulter—would certainly tarnish the laurels he had already gathered in a celebrated career. The risk was great indeed; not in the handwriting and the conveyancing, but in the style of the letters. He could no more change this to any purpose, than he could his mind or his face. Hence the last necessity for something which should neutralize his well-known manner; and hence his indirect but intelligible attack on Chatham. This attack is calculated to give the curious investigator pause. It must seem strange that the scribe in the mask—a Whig and a man of popular principles—should begin his undertaking by abuse of the greatest Whig and most popular person in England, as if there was not a Tory of any sort to flesh his maiden sword upon! This falling foul of the grand and gouty old Earl has a very inconsistent and incredible appearance—is unaccountable, in fact, except under our hypothesis.

"Wo be to you," says Voltaire, "if you say on a subject all that can be said upon it!" We are less disposed to incur the wo thus denounced than merely to suggest the chief points in our view of this authorship. In considering the Miscellaneous Letters which assail Chatham, we see the first is conditional throughout, depending on an *if*. The vagueness of it, so unlike the bareness and particularity of the author's general style, seems to show some secret design. "Poplicola," in the first letter, 28th April, 1767, says: "But *if*, instead of a man of common mixed character, whose vices may be redeemed by some appearance of virtue and generosity, it should have unfortunately happened, that a nation had placed all their confidence in a man *purely and perfectly bad*, what security would the nation," &c. "As the absolute *destruction of the Constitution* would be his great object," &c. "He must also try how far the nation would bear to see the established laws suspended by proclamation, and upon such occasions he must not be without an apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country. But the master-piece of his treachery would be, if possble, to foment such discord between the mother country and her colonies, as may leave them both *a prey to*

*his own dark machinations!*" All this would pass for very good hostility; but is amusingly disproportioned to the truth of the matter, if not palpably groundless. It would only suit the rabid Tories and the secret purpose. During his whole career, the war-cry of Pit was, the Constitution; he fought for it on all occasions. The "suspension of the laws" was a proclamation issued by him and Camden, preventing the exportation of corn at a time of scarcity; and neither of them, in issuing it, attempted to defend its strict legality. Even Junius-Poplicola, in the second letter, admits it was a necessary act; but the treason which deserved the gibbet, as the Tarpeian Rock was not at hand, was, not admitting the unconstitutional nature of the business! This was "an outrage upon the common sense of mankind." He goes on to say, (and the praise of the Grenvilles, the brothers of his amanuensis, is remarkable in all Junius has written,) that George Grenville deserved high honor for confessing the illegality of the act which aimed at providing food for the people, while "the conduct of the Earl of Chatham and his miserable understrappers deserved nothing but detestation and contempt." The apostate lawyer of the foregoing was Lord Camden, the most constitutional jurist in England, a man of popular principles almost approaching republicanism, and the dear friend of Lord Chatham—one who would be consistently struck at by any foe or pretended foe of the latter. In the third letter the writer, signing himself "Anti-Sejanus," wonders why Chatham's spirit or understanding could ever permit him to take office under a pernicious court-minion, (but had he a control over the existing ministry?) whom he himself had affected to despise or detest. "We will not condemn him for the avarice of a pension, or the melancholy ambition of a title. They were objects which he perhaps looked up to, though the rest of the world thought them beneath his acceptance, (law-breaker, traitor, and Cataline as he was!) But to become a stalking-horse to a stallion—to shake hands with a Scotchman at the hazard of catching all his infamy; [the fierce earnestness of Junius breaks out now! no feigning here!] to receive the word from him—*Prerogative and a Thistle*—by the once respected name of Pitt! it is even below contempt!" Among the tokens of close design apparent in these Letters, we may mention one, the slightness of which only seems to show that the writer thought nothing too trifling to help his plan. The first letter called forth a defense of Chatham, signed W. D.—William Draper—who afterwards crossed swords with Junius in the affair of the Marquis of Granby. But Poplicola paid so little attention to the defense of the Earl, it interested or concerned him so little, that in alluding to the writer in the next letter, he called him C. D.—Mr. C. D.; he did not know who the man was in fact. We think this cunning negligence worthy of observation. Junius seems to have taken care of the smallest accessories, as well as the most prominent appearances.

Having thus secured his line of march by these passing charges against Chatham, and by others, growing feebler as he got along, the unknown writer directed all his fierceness against his real objects—the King and his Ministers. The business of government had fallen by degrees into the hands of the King's friends. Chatham was still in the cabinet, but a mere cipher. At last, towards the close of 1768, the Privy Seal, in consequence of his absence, having been put in the hands of three inferior persons as commissioners, his Lordship flung it away in disgust. He sent it back by Lord Camden, instead of surrendering it with the etiquette practised on such occasions. This was three days before the 48th miscellaneous letter, in which he satirizes the cabinet, all round, passing over Chatham with: "Of the Earl of Chatham I had much to say; but it were inhuman to persecute, when Providence has marked out the example to mankind." How admirably this suggestion of the Earl's disease and imbecility saves abuse and serves the purpose of the concealed writer! His soul being thus liberated, as it were, he prepared, at the ripe age of sixty-one, for "the forlorn hope," and the more terible assault on his enemies which they should not soon forget, and the country would always remember.

We think it perfectly conclusive that Junius was a man of high station; the lion is recognized by his foot-prints. He seems to have played a predominating part on the stage of politics and statesmanship—to have a personal interest in all that the Letters refer to, such as could belong to no mere literary Swiss, writing in the pay of a patron or a party. He talks to and of the greatest men of England as to and of those whom

he had met upon the level and confronted in the debates of the day. There is an air of sustained superiority about him which seems innate and instinctive; and his famous letter to the King shows him to have been one who was no stranger to the person and conversation of George the Third—one in whose presence royalty would feel or had felt itself impaired; in fine, *aut diabolus aut Gulielmus Pitt.*

In Almon's anecdotes of Lord Chatham will be found a vast number of passages occurring in his Lordship's speeches similar to others which we find in Junius. His Lordship, in his great speech of January 9th, 1770, in the House of Lords, said: "I revere the prerogative of the Crown, and would contend for it as warmly as for the rights of the people. They are linked together and naturally support each other. I would not touch a feather of the prerogative. The expression, perhaps, is too light; but since I have made use of it, let me add that the entire command and power of directing the local disposition of the army is the royal prerogative—the master-feather in the eagle's wing; and if I were permitted to carry the allusion a little farther, I should say they have disarmed the imperial bird—the *ministrum fulminis alitem.* The army is the thunder of the Crown; the Ministry have tied up the hand which should direct the bolt."

Junius says: "Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

CHATHAM (of the American disturbances).—They ought to be treated with tenderness, "for they were ebullitions of liberty which broke out upon the skin, and were a sign, if not of a perfect, at least a vigorous constitution, and must not be driven in too suddenly, lest they should strike to the heart."

JUNIUS.—No man regards an eruption on the surface when the noble parts are invaded, and he feels a mortification approaching the heart.

CHATHAM.—The Americans had purchased their liberty at a dear rate, since they had quitted their country and gone in search of freedom to a desert.

Junius says, "They left their native land in search of freedom, and found her in a desert."

CHATHAM.—It was therefore the higher intent and duty of the peers to watch over and guard the people; for when the people had lost their rights, the peerage would soon become insignificant. Dr. Robertson, in his Life of Charles V., informs us that the peers of Castile were so far cajoled and seduced by him as to join him in overturning that part of the Cortes which represented the people.

JUNIUS (on the same subject).—Without insisting on the extravagant concessions made to Henry VIII., there are instances in the history of other countries of a formal and deliberate surrender of public liberty into the hands of the sovereign.

CHATHAM.—Let us be cautious how we invade the liberties of our fellow-subjects. The man who has lost his own freedom becomes, from that moment, an instrument in the hands of an ambitious prince to destroy the freedom of others.

JUNIUS.—We can never be in real danger until the forms of Parliament are made use of to destroy the substance of our civil and religious liberties—until Parliament itself betrays its trust by contributing to establish new principles of government, and employing the very weapons committed to it by the collective body to stab the Constitution.

CHATHAM.—It were better for the people to perish in a glorious contention for their rights, than to purchase a slavish tranquillity at the expense of a single iota of these rights.

JUNIUS (to the King).—I confess, sir, I should be content to renounce the form of the Constitution once more, if there were no other way to obtain substantial justice.

CHATHAM (of Mansfield).—No man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning than I am, nor has a greater respect for them than I have.

JUNIUS (to the same).—When I acknowledge your talents, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature when I see a man so gifted as you are descend to such vile practices.

CHATHAM (of the Commons, in Wilkes's case).—I affirm they have betrayed their constituents and violated the Constitution.

JUNIUS.—Let the people determine by their conduct at a future election whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the Constitution betrayed.

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A crowd of other parallel passages, concerning Wilkes and the Parliament, may be found by the curious.

CHATHAM.—If the English freeholders desert their own cause, they deserve to be slaves. My Lords, this is not the cold opinion of my understanding, but the glowing expression of what I feel. It is my heart that speaks; I know I speak warmly.

JUNIUS.—The formality of a well-repeated lesson is widely different from the animated expression of the heart. Forgive this passionate language. I am unable to conceal it; it is the language of my heart.

CHATHAM (of Wilkes).—In his person, though he were the worst of men, I contend for the safety and security of the best.

JUNIUS.—But let Mr. Wilkes's character be what it may, this is at least certain, that circumstanced as he is, with regard to the public, even his vices plead for him.

CHATHAM.—His Majesty will determine whether he will yield to the united petitions of the people of England, or maintain the House of Commons in the exercise of a legislative power which heretofore abolished the House of Lords and overturned the monarchy.

JUNIUS.—Though perhaps not with the same motive, they, the Parliament, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English King of his crown.

CHATHAM (in the speech of 22d January, on Lord Rockingham's motion).—Rather than the nation should surrender their birthright to a despotic Minister, he hoped, old as he was, to see the question brought to issue and fairly tried between the people and the Government.

JUNIUS.—Every measure of Government opens ample field for parliamentary disquisition. If this resource should fail, our next appeal must be made to Heaven.

CHATHAM.—Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights, form that code which I call the Bible of the English Constitution.

JUNIUS.—The civil constitution too, that legal liberty, that general creed which every Englishman professes, may still be supported, though Wilkes, Horne, Townsend, Sawbridge should obstinately refuse to communicate; and even if the fathers of the Church, if Saville, Richmond, Camden, Rockingham and (set down the *last!*) Chatham should disagree in the ceremonies of their political worship, and even in the interpretation of twenty texts in Magna Charta.

CHATHAM.—The boroughs of the country have been properly enough called the rotten parts of the Constitution. Like the infirmities of the body, we must submit to carry them about with us. The limb is mortified; bnt the amputation might be death.

JUNIUS.—As to cutting away the rotten boroughs, I am as much offended as any man at seeing so many of them under the direct influence of the Crown. Yet I honestly confess to you, that I am startled at the idea of so extensive an amputation.

These and a number of other parallel passages have been relied upon by Mr. Taylor to prove that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the Letters; because the latter reported the speeches of Chatham in the House of Lords. But, as Lord Coningsby said in 1715, when Sir Robert Walpole had accused Lord Bolingbroke of high treason—"the honorable gentleman accuses the scholar, I the master; he impeaches the hand, I the head,"—so we turn from the young stenographer to attack the mighty master of British statesmanship—from the cunning hand to the noble head. Nothing like Pitt's oratory can be found in England but the Letters of Junius. Both are very much attached to the plain, powerful idioms of the nation. Chatham had an unerring sense of the fine effect of a vernacular manner. Idiomatic phraseology is usually connected with those efforts of eloquence which are liked and remembered best; and the impassioned earnestness of William Pitt stood in need of the racy vulgate of England. Whenever his blood gets up, he speaks in the barest and plainest figures of common speech. It is the same with Junius, who loves the homeliness of phrase which carries a man's meaning soonest to a popular aim. That tendency to metaphors and resemblances, so common to both, shows a likeness which, we think, cannot be mistaken.

When Junius's Letters were first published, Lord Chatham was certainly suspected. Camden, Temple, and George Grenville knew the secret—perhaps Woodfall

did, also. It is impossible to think Burke did not suspect of whom he was speaking, when he thought an anonymous writer for the *Public Advertiser* worthy of an emblazonment in the House of Commons, such as is conveyed in the following very Irish mob of metaphors: "How came this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to rage uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the Court have been long and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No, they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest that has broken through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays another down dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end to his triumphs. But while I expected in his daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. In short, after carrying our royal eagle in his pounces and dashing him against a rock, he laid you prostrate. King, Lords and Commons are but the sport of his fury." Horne Tooke also shows that he suspects who Junius is. He says: "The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded has not concealed him. Because Lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the King and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is the pillow on which Junius will rest his resentments, and the public are to oppose the measures of Government from mere motives of hostility to the sovereign!" This is almost laying his hand upon Chatham. It was in reply to it that Junius wrote the curious panegyric on Lord Chatham in his fifty-fourth letter. This eulogy has every appearance of a feint, and an uneasy desire to mislead those who came too near identifying him with the gouty old Earl. Like the first invective of Poplicola, this praise is *conditional*. He who was a black villain and deserved the gibbet, *conditionally*, is a man around whose monument recorded honors shall gather, *conditionally!* It will be safely concluded that the man who could write as Junius did in 1771 of Lord Chatham, could not be very sincere in his denunciations of him in 1767; and that Junius was, at first, desirous of making a false impression for purposes of secresy and safety. Junius is singularly and suspiciously inconsistent as regards Chatham and Camden. This "apostate lawyer" (Pitt's lifelong friend, and the executor of his will) receives a cordial recognition of his greatness and goodness in Junius's last letter. The irreverent Wilkes seems to look with reverence upon the veiled *eidolon*. He says, in reply to a private letter from Junius in 1771: "I do not mean, sir, to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times—the author of Junius. I will not attempt with profane hands to tear the veil from the sanctuary. I am disposed with the inhabitants of Attica to erect an altar to the unknown God o our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." In another letter he says: "After the first letter of Junius to me, I did not go to Woodfall to pry into a secret I had no right to know. The letter itself bore the stamp of Jove." As regards Woodfall, we see that he also approaches his correspondent with the profoundest respect. The sagacity of these men could not be completely baffled in a case like this; and we hold that, like the man betraying the stag to the hunters in Æsop, though they do not speak, they point truly in the direction of Junius.

Having considered the salient features of the likeness we perceive, we would mention a few apparent objections against it. It is thought Junius must have been somebody in the War Office, because his knowledge of military men and matters is so remarkably minute. But Chatham, who during his own ministry disposed of armaments like figures on a chess-board, and organized victory from his arm-chair, (while Carnot was yet in his first petticoats,) knew the business of the War Office almost as well as the best clerk in it, and could easily learn the current history of it from Francis and others who were bound to him for favors conferred. Junius's assaults on Lord Hillsborough were provoked by the dismissal of Chatham's friend, General Amherst, from his government of Virginia, to give it to Lord Botetourt. Those on Lord Barrington, Secretary of War, are accounted for principally by the fact that Legge, Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was turned out to make room for him, on

the accession of George the Third. The general military policy of government, which had counteracted his own and displaced many of his friends, would naturally urge Pitt to denounce the mistakes and abuses of the War Department.

Again, the idea of Lord Chatham seems, at first glance, at variance with Junius's interest in the politics and civic doings of the metropolis. But that is a mistake. Whiggery and William Pitt could always boast a strong fortress and defense in London; the citizens of which held the latter in high honor, and gave him several tokens of it—one of these being a bridge dedicated to his name and glory, in a document that lies in copperplate at the bottom of the Thames, under what was intended to be Pitt's Bridge, and is now Blackfriar's. And it must be remembered, that to the remonstrance of the city of London, backed by Wilkes, Tooke, Sawbridge and the rest, Chatham looked with solicitude for aid in overthrowing the Tory Ministry in 1770, and reinstating Whiggism in triumph. The disappointment of Junius at the failure of this and other schemes is irritably expressed in his last note to Woodfall.

It has been said that Chatham and Junius differed with respect to the treatment of the American colonists. But it is plain they only seemed to differ as much as was necessary to keep up the deception and to carry out the desire of Junius, so palpable in all his letters, to be taken for Grenville—to lead the curiosity of the world in the direction of the Grenvilles. Junius, in the first letter, Poplicola's, denounced Chatham for encouraging the recusant Americans; yet afterwards he admits (in the first of the Junius series) that the question of taxation had been revived, which should have been "buried in oblivion." And again in 1771, he says he considers the right of taxing the colonies by an act of the British Legislature, a speculative right merely, "never to be exerted, and never to be renounced." These opinions of Junius seem vacillating or insincere, seeing he had denounced Chatham for something similar. Chatham, too, seemed to hold undecided opinions on the matter. He was at first disposed, with George Grenville, to tax the Americans, if they would quietly permit it. As they would not, he opposed taxation. He next "rejoiced that America had resisted;" and ultimately breathed his last in an effort to hinder the independence of the colonies. An average of Chatham's and Junius's American opinions, respectively, reads alike; showing that the early invectives of the latter on this subject, directed against the Earl, are palpably hollow.

We have already spoken of Chatham's hatred of Bedford. He hated Grafton for his desertion and ingratitude. The Duke had been a worshipper of the Earl, under whom he said he would serve in any capacity;

> "Been his sworn soldier, bidding him depend
> Upon his stars, his fortune, and his strength;"

but, in 1767, had fallen over to Bute and the court foes of the name of Pitt. "If the Duke of Grafton," says Mr. Heron, "had remained faithful to the Earl of Chatham, and scorned all political alliance with the Bedfords as with the King's friends, the union of Pitt and Grenville, the Newcastle and Rockingham Whigs, would have been triumphant, and the King would have surrendered the government to them on their own conditions." Grafton's defection was a grievous disaster; and grievously did Junius avenge it. Chatham's dislike of the King is very intelligible. George entertained a hereditary aversion from William Pitt. The latter, in effect, said in the House of Lords in 1770, that the King *had duped him;* whereupon Grafton started up with, "I rise to defend the King!" Wilkes, who suspected to whom he wrote, tells Junius in one of his letters, "The Earl of Chatham told me ten years ago, that [the King] was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." The haughty Earl had sufficient motive to hold in scorn the ignorance, bigotry, and hypocrisy of George the Third; and Junius has interpreted the feeling in a personal manner, which is not to be mistaken. Chatham detested Mansfield as the most subtle, constant, and powerful of his Tory opponents. The estate which Sir W. Pynsent left to William Pitt was litigated, and Lord Mansfield favored the claims of the Pynsent family, against the great Commoner. And such a circumstance as this would naturally embitter the hostility felt by the Earl towards Mansfield, on account of their great political differences.

As regards the conveyancing part of this mystery, Lord Chatham's wealth gave him ample means to insure the safe transit of

the correspondence with Woodfall. Money conquers the mightiest difficulties. Furthermore, and accounting almost conclusively for the successful concealment of this extraordinary business, he had amanuenses, at least an amanuensis, in his own household. His wife was sister of Richard, Earl Temple, and George Grenville, a woman of talent and accomplishments. The Rev. Mr. Thackeray, biographer of Lord Chatham, says: "She possessed a very powerful understanding, combined with great feminine delicacy. The ease and spirit with which her ladyship wrote, rendered her letters very delightful to her friends, and enabled her to assist Lord Chatham during his attendance in Parliament or his attacks of the gout, in answering many of his correspondents." Chatham's sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, a spinster, was just such a woman as her brother was a man. Bolingbroke used to call her Divinity Pitt, naming her brother Sublimity Pitt; and Horace Walpole said she and William were as much alike "as two drops of fire." With such an amanuensis as his wife, and perhaps, occasionally, his sister, the writing, copying, and transmitting his letters would not be the difficult matter which a man differently situated would have found it. And we perceive how the chances of discovery would be excluded by such means. Lady Chatham's feigned hand may well baffle the critical sagacity of all who tried to trace it home. All they could make out was that the writing was like the hand used by ladies at the beginning of the century, with one exception. The letter to the King seemed to have been traced heavily with a pen over poncilled letters. Wilkes said Junius's usual hand resembled that of Lady Chatham's mother, which he had seen. While the character and abilities of his wife enabled Junius to say, with something near enough perhaps to the truth, under the circumstances, "I am the sole depository of my secret," the accuracy and minuteness of his information of the doings at the palace would cease to be surprising, seeing that Mrs. Anne Pitt was Privy Purse to the King's mother, and as much the centre of English court gossip as Madame Dudevant was of the French. The assurance to Woodfall in 1771 that the Princess Dowager was in the habit of "suckling toads from morning till night" for the cure of a cancer in the breast; that "our gracious sovereign is as callous as a stockfish to every thing but the reproach of cowardice; this alone is able to set the humors afloat, and after a paper of that kind he won't eat meat for a week;" that the King used to live on potatoes only for several days; the statement that the Duke of Bedford had rated him in the closet and "left him in convulsions;" the quick notice taken of Garrick's communication to Mr. Ramus, at Richmond palace, (Peter Pindar's "Billy Ramus,") that Junius would write no more; all these things are naturally accounted for by the residence of Mrs. Anne Pitt in the heart of the royal household. Apropos of David Garrick, the bitter letter which Junius wrote to him shows how much the concealed writer feared his prying inquiries. Chatham would greatly dread the curiosity of this eminent player, seeing that the latter was once on very intimate terms with himself and his family, and would be very likely to make a shrewd guess at the handwriting. He might have recognized Lady Chatham's: he certainly knew his Lordship's; for, several years previously, when Garrick was on a visit to Mount Edgecombe, overlooking Plymouth harbor and the sea, William Pitt wrote to him an invitation to his own place, in some verses which may read curiously in the present connection:—

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts and navies, brightening all the bay;
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat;
Yet there no wonder thy quick eye can meet,
Save should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured and an unpassioned mind.
A statesman without power and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bowed to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone of freedom and the laws.

* * * * *

Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age," &c.

Very different all this from "Now, mark me, vagabond!" But this quotation exhibits the versatility of Pitt's pen. If he had not been a great statesman, he would have been a great literary man.

To return to Junius's court information. What an idea does it not give of the amazing audacity which we assume to have been Chatham's, in laying about him so desperately on the highest people in the realm, with whom he and his family were in the habit of mingling in the daily intercourse of society! He might very well

say: "I should not survive a discovery three days." Junius in the Cabinet! and Junius, by proxy, in the Palace! The idea certainly carries a fascination along with it; and we do not wonder the veiled assaulter of King, Lords and Commons should employ every effort of power and ingenuity to carry his secret to the gave with him. None but a man in the predicament of Chatham would have taken such a world of pains to remain hidden. To a secretary or any other hireling, what would discovery signify? What would it signify to Sir Philip Francis? Celebrity; an imperishable name. To Chatham it signified odium which would weigh down the honor or prosperity of his house; deprive his family of their pension; hinder the fortunes of the future Prime Minister—the future Commander-in-Chief; tarnish the dignity of his fame with the unworthy stains of truculent passion. As for the renown—he could do without it; his column was high enough already. What would build up an enduring name for any other man, Chatham flung by. No small man would ever have done this. The pride of assuming such an authorship must have been balanced by powerful considerations, such as we assert could belong to none but a man of lofty mark and likelihood.

As for Sir Philip Francis, the idea that considerations of the kind could belong to him is absurd. He did his best to look like Junius, we are convinced. We perceive this pretension in a hundred passages and traces. In his paper on the Regency published in 1811, he employs the words spoken by Chatham (in a speech of 1770) as an epigraph: "There is one ambition at least which I will not renounce, but with my life. It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have derived from my ancestors." Sir Philip then says: "After the noble speaker of these words, no man has so good a right to make use of them as I have." He wishes to make the world think that when he reported Chatham's speech, he made him a present of some of the sentiments—which is also found in *Junius*. The mere reporting the speech could scarcely give him any *right* to it. In another place he says Chatham made a certain assertion, or, "*it is recorded for him.*" A wish to confound himself with Junius is palpable in Sir Philip. His imitations of [illegible] phrases or his plagiarisms are very striking in a multitude of passages from his pamphlets and speeches. It is not worth while to dwell on these; no amount of them could ever make Francis the real *Nominis Umbra*. There is another view of Sir Philip's feeble likenesses which strikes us. Even putting any design on his part out of the question, it may not be improbable that the peculiar shape of his sentences, the tone of his sentiments, and the character of his figures are owing to a *bona fide* sympathy with Junius, whose identity we believe he suspected, if he did not know it. Francis seems to have formed his style on that of him whose Latin secretary he was, who, he says, fascinated his young enthusiasm by his imposing qualities, and to whom he professed himself under an endless weight of gratitude. And, indeed, perhaps Sir Philip, seeing the wish of Lord Chatham to remain for ever unknown, may have thought he could show that gratitude in no better way than by helping a deception which should bring suspicion to his own door, and away from the right one! We sometimes think there may have been some understanding, by which the young man, for some powerful considerations of emolument, as well as friendship, was bound to discourage the truth by every means in his power. However this may be, we find that Sir Philip's resemblances to Junius cannot be admitted as any valid proof. A few facts as unshakable as pyramids settle that question.

Mr. Wade, in the edition of Junius referred to in the beginning of this article, takes up Taylor's hypothesis and attempts to corroborate it. He argues for Sir Philip through a series of what must be considered very lame and impotent conclusions. But one thing is very remarkable both in Taylor's and Wade's views of the case: they bring Chatham into the foreground; they cannot get on without him—a fact full of suggestion. The grave and gouty figure is always "to the fore." Mr. Taylor believes Junius reported Chatham's speeches, and Mr. Wade believes Junius received most of his Parliament, Court, and Club news from Lord Chatham, also from Lord Holland. He also thinks that Lord Chatham only became intimate with this terrible young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight after his letters had made him popularly known; but that thereafter his Lordship contributed to them and encouraged them; so that Chatham

must be considered as only a piece of Junius! With reference to his Lordship's speeches, known to be reported by Francis in 1770, Mr. Wade says: "It is not improbable that Francis composed these speeches for Lord Chatham: he certainly composed many of his Lordship's speeches!" Our readers are beginning now to understand the value of Mr. Wade's disquisition to the new edition of Junius. He states, in support of his assertion, that, in a copy of Belsham's History of Great Britain which belonged to Sir Philip Francis, he (Sir Philip) had made the following manuscript note: "I wrote this speech for Lord Mansfield, as well as all those of Lord Chatham on the Middlesex Election." Surely the word *wrote* means *reported*. To show that Francis could employ himself in making speeches for Lord Mansfield is not the happiest mode of proving Sir Philip to have been Junius. Mr. Wade supposes that Junius, as Lord Chatham's auxiliary, tried along with him to pull down the Grafton Ministry; and he adopts a very clumsy explanation to account for the coincidences between Chatham and Junius. He says Mr. Calcraft, the army agent, usually sent information of all sorts from London to Lord Chatham at Hayes; and he tries to show by very desperate inference, that young Francis the auxiliary communicated with Calcraft, and, through him, with Chatham. It would have been much easier for the young man to go to Hayes in a post-chaise and do his business directly! Mr. Wade quotes Justice Hardinge to show that Junius mentioned a matter known only to Chatham, Temple and Camden, and concludes it was Temple, as it *could not* be any body else, who betrayed the matter to the pages of Junius. A letter of the widowed Lady Francis to Lord Campbell is also quoted, in which she makes some very rambling and contradictory statements, saying in the first place, that Sir Philip never said he was Junius, and yet going on to state, (as if the thing was an admitted matter of course,) that in *his* (Francis's) controversy with Sir William Draper, "a new and powerful ally came to his assistance," meaning by the latter, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham! Whatever may be thought of Mr. Wade and his witnesses, it is plain Lord Chatham stands very much in the midst of them; his great shadow is always crossing the net-work of their hypotheses and explanations. Lady Francis is sure her husband was Junius, because he gave her, on her marriage, a copy of Junius's Letters, and was always interested in every thing that concerned them.

Mr. Wade admits, not being able to help it, that the object of Junius was the replacing of Chatham at the head of the government; and that the mighty juvenile ceased his letters because the cause was "given up," and Lord North came into power. He also argues that Francis was known to be Junius by the King, Lord North, and the government! who gave him a place in India worth ten thousand a year, to be rid of him. But he says Francis had no understanding with the Court that he should be silent in return for the place. No; he took it like a virtuous Roman, as his due, for other considerations. Now it must strike every body as very curious that Francis never thought of telling his wife what he communicated to the King, Lord North, and the government. Poor Lady Francis would give any thing to be able to state the fact, yet she cannot say, and she says all she can, that her husband ever confided the secret in any way to her. Mr. Wade's elucidation of Junius is wonderfully unique. With reference to the pretensions urged for Chatham, he says decisively, that this nobleman, "though most effective in oratory, was careless in literary composition, inexact, loose and repetitionary." It is well known that all great orators have been, and are, in the habit of writing their speeches, or the salient and telling points of them, before speaking them. It is also known that at college Pitt was in the habit of translating the orations of Thucydides and Cicero, with the most sedulous attention. Besides this, the general truth lies the other way. A man's written compositions are usually closer and more correct than his spoken eloquence. Pitt always thought earnestly and forcibly, and his speeches are well-knit and full of close argument. Such a man could not write inexactly and loosely.

Mr. Wade speaks much of the Chatham correspondence recently published by the grandsons of the great Earl. It is by means of this correspondence that the attempt is made to connect young Francis, or Junius, with Chatham, by means of Calcraft. The family of Chatham would dread nothing so much as the identification of the truculent

Junius with their founder, their *decus et tutamen*. They would do every thing to hinder it. This correspondence contains two letters purporting to be *from* Junius to Chatham! But they are eminently suspicious, if not forgeries; just such things as Chatham himself, or his descendants, planning an eternal concealment, would provide. They weigh less than a feather, such as they are, against the massive proofs that lie in the other scale. To explain the fact that Francis, who, he asserts, loved and respected Chatham, abuses the Earl under the signatures "Poplicola," "Anti-Sejanus," &c., in the first series of the Letters, Mr. Wade courageously abolishes as many as tell against him; he calls them spurious, with the decision of Alexander cutting the Gordian difficulty. All Mr. Wade's arguments have only the effect of bringing Chatham more suggestively forward. Unable to ignore the palpable likeness between Junius and Chatham, he still argues for Sir Philip, saying that the Earl had given him (Sir Philip) the first impression of greatness by his noble eloquence and the lofty independence of his character. He stoutly contends that this undeniable similarity was filtered through young Francis into Junius; he does not believe in a direct transmission. He admits that Francis shows himself inferior to Junius in every thing but the Letters. He says, "With the fire of a Chatham in his bosom to electrify the senate, and with the acumen, knowledge of human nature, and mastery of language of a Hume, a Robertson, and a Gibbon, to adorn and invigorate history, Sir Philip Francis was destined to leave, as his avowed productions, only a pile of well-nigh forgotten speeches, protests, pamphlets, manuscript notes on book-margins, and fugitive verses." But he gets over this obstacle; he swallows the chokepear thus: "I reply that Francis was unquestionably a person of precocious gifts." He flowered too soon; he faded prematurely, harassed and worn out by the stern duties of his lucrative place in India! *Jam satis est.* We shall not follow Mr. Wade any longer.

We hold up our hands and bless critical Wade; but we cannot put the slightest faith in his conclusions. He has left Francis as he was, a young man of twenty-seven, when Poplicola's powerful letter, breathing of the matured and masterly Junius in every sen- d the five years' war against the Tories, with that sounding, simulated assault upon the Earl of Chatham.

There seems to be but two competitors now left upon this stage, Sir Philip Francis and the Earl of Chatham; and posterity will have to make its decision between the young clerk in the War Office, and the Titan of English statesmanship and politics. Those who object against Lord Chatham for Junius's appearance of early hostility toward that nobleman, must be incapable of understanding how a mind fertile in resources could carry on such a deception. They allow Junius wonderful powers of many sorts; but they do not allow him the power of managing his mystery. Whereas, Chatham, like Ulysses, had a subtle, close-contriving intellect; and the ability of Junius is as plainly seen in the strategy which has left the world so long in the dark, as in the literary merit of the Letters themselves. All minor objections must go for nothing in this question; such as that *he did not know George Grenville*, &c. It is too great a fault with those looking for Junius to accept implicitly what that shrewd masquer says. That is a stupid mode of coping with any one so cunning of fence. A man once ran, with his neighbors, to drag the river for his drowned wife; they searched down along the stream, but he who knew the dear departed better, went to look for her the other way, *against* it, and found her, they say, in a strong eddy. In the same manner, if we would come at Junius, we must go against the drift of many of his sayings and sentiments.

We think there appears on the face of this controversy an evident reluctance of English writers to recognize Junius in Lord Chatham. Woodfall, who certainly suspected the truth, if he did not know it, seems willing to lead us away from the Earl. Robert Heron in 1801 set the curious to run after Dunning. Taylor and Wade, though the stern apparition of Chatham stands in their path, turn aside to young Francis. In the Chatham correspondence any recognition of the Earl is discountenanced, which perhaps is only natural to expect from his grandsons. The general idea of Lord Chatham, a name synonymous with every thing great and venerable, would naturally be opposed to the belief that he was Junius; and it is difficult to argue away those convictions that come without any argument at all. Dr. Waterhouse, our countryman, was the

first who put forward Lord Chatham in a proper manner. Mr. Swinden, in England, rather offered a mild suggestion than stated what he believed to be a truth, and others also had their suspicions. But a Yankee was the first to "speak out loud and bold," like a staunch beagle who finds himself upon a strong scent.

The writer of Junius went to the grave, hoping and believing he should never be discovered; and his family, for the strongest reasons, have obliterated, and will do all in their power to obliterate, every trace which could bring that charge home to him. There are certainly no letters, nor any other token left to indicate him, save the printed epistles. He will remain a mystery for ever, if the evidences of these will not discover him. These, in our opinion, are not equivocal. They point to Lord Chatham, the only man who could write Junius's Letters — the only man who had the motives to write them. The solid weight of proof is all on his side; the quillets and quiddities of special pleading, some of them imposing enough, belong to Francis and the rest. It now remains to be seen whether the real *Nominis Umbra* can be thought able to appropriate the boast of Isis, in the temple at Sais, that no mortal had lifted her veil. But the semi-recognized truth seems to be, that the portrait of Junius, done by an American artist, is to be seen, full in the middle of a great historic painting, now hanging upon the walls of the British House of Lords. W. D.

*Chelsea, Mass.*

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## JUNE.

Tom Carlyle, in some Anglico-Teutonic
Book, says the gift for which most often *he* longs
Is one to make him dumb or most laconic,
Called (*Gallicè*) *un talent pour le silence.*
Mere twaddle, Tom; when Nature now has tricked her
Fair form in flowers, the thoughts are out of tune,
Which, moping over Mirabeau or Richter,
Are silent in this merry month of June.

The birds refute you: every feathered chorister
Is singing to the world a gay Evangel,
And showing us all Nature, with new fire astir,
Since God sent down his joyous Summer Angel:
The flow'rs have truths too deep for a Philosopher
Whose Wisdomship will neither dance nor sing,
Nor learn the laughing mood in which to cross over
The bridge which joins the Summer to the Spring.

Ye Canters of the cant of Kant and Fichte, all
Grim Teufeldröckish, go listen to that stream:
Does not its voice of blasphemy convict ye all—
The voice of Seraphs singing in a dream?
Open your Schiller, Tieck, Wieland, Göthe, men,
And read in them the lesson of the Spring:
Your mystic Sumphs may prate of silence, *but* the men
Of Poet hearts prefer to laugh and sing.

Sing then, my friends, to welcome home the June comer,
The month of glowing days and starry nights;
Enjoy its early hours of bliss, for soon Summer
Will parch the current of its fresh delights;
Sing then; and leave unseen the grim knicknackery
Of German systems and prosaic rules;
Yes, talk and laugh and quaff, and shun the quackery
Which only suits the Winter-hours of fools.

J. B.

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# PHILOSOPHICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The study of even inexplicable problems is by no means altogether useless, if they exert the effect of sharpening the critical faculties. The reasoning employed is generally inconclusive; the evidence is apt to be unsatisfactory or insufficient; yet the powers of the mind are braced by the exercise of ingenuity, of patient thought, of careful analysis. Mental activity, the habit of cautious investigation, self-knowledge, and candor, ought to result from these pursuits.

It is well to ascertain the fruits of human inquiry, to know the unknowable, to speak after the German fashion, or as Locke has happily stated this position: "When we know our own strength, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success; and when we shall have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing any thing, or on the other side question and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. *It is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean.*"

On some of the most important of these topics, (considered as *speculative dogmas,*) the proper state of mind appears to be that of philosophic doubt. Indifference promotes clearness; a clear thinker can distinctly express his doubts; liberal views beget a tolerant temper in others, and imply the possession of it in the theorist.

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Beattie, himself a writer on these subjects and a Professor of Moral Philosophy, expressly admits, "All the practical, and most of the speculative parts of moral science have been frequently and fully explained by the ablest authors." In any thirty or forty volumes of ethical discussion, you will find here a new term, there a novel illustration; for the most part, a constant recurrence to admitted principles and facts, varied in their applications to life and conduct to be sure, but essentially the same.

Two or three of the ablest works of this class, with an accurate and succinct historical survey of the doctrines and characters of the leading philosophers, will be of more real service to the honest student than a small library read and collated after the old fashions. Most of these works, as Bacon advises, may be merely "tasted," (read in part or hastily,) others *by deputy*, (in reviews, commentaries, critical dictionaries,) and a very few thoroughly studied—the master minds, as infrequent here as in every department.

Of the great mass of ethical and metaphysical writers, the style is extremely poor, mean, bald, and tedious. They seek to be so distinct, and are so copious, as to become tiresome, and that too in the discussion of conceded truths. They reverse the self-censure of Horace on his concise obscurity, and overwhelm a few commonplace ideas in a *copia verborum.* But this waste of the syllogism is as great an error as a matter of taste as the most verbose declamation. Diffuse logic is even worse than diffuse rhetoric, as well as inimical to the very spirit of reasoning. Rhetoric admits copiousness; logic is close; beauty is strength here, as well the essence of wisdom as of wit.

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After the piles of controversial tracts, sermons, and philosophical treatises on the subjects of liberty, freedom of the will, moral necessity, &c., the sum of the matter, it appears, may be thus briefly stated. Moral necessity appears to be a fair logical inference from the premises, but freedom is safest to assume as a ground of practice; as a question, it is still open to the metaphysicians.

Philosophical necessity, practical freedom—to reconcile History and Providence, freedom of the will and the foreknowledge of Omniscience, (wholly a mystery,)—is logically impossible.

Systems are invariably one-sided and ex-

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clusive, exhibiting in general but a partial view of any question, and upon which an immoderate emphasis is laid. Truth lies between the extremes of opposite theories. Thus, men are both self-lovers and benevolent, selfishness and disinterestedness being both of them original instincts. It is untrue to predicate of either of these principles, that they alone govern society. The dignity of human nature is to be cherished, while we must confess that imperfection is germain to the constitution of man. We should endeavor to preserve what is good in human nature, endeavoring at the same time to elevate and purify it.

Extreme characters are unfair illustrations of any doctrine, as much so as any extravagant doctrine is of sound philosophy itself. A mere politician is no proper specimen of human nature, any more than a mere talking philanthropist.

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In a letter of Archbishop Herring, (the only Archbishop we can at present remember, who was at the same time a pleasant and elegant prose writer,) to his friend Mrs. Duncombe, occurs the following admirable sentiment, and the justest criticism on the rational school of morality, *i. e.*, that which based the foundations of morality on reason, and at the head of which stood Dr. Samuel Clarke: "The reasonableness of virtue is its true foundation, and the Creator has formed our minds to such a quick perception of it, that it is in almost every occurrence of human life self-evident; but then I am for taking in every possible help to strengthen and support virtue, beauty, moral sense, affection, and even interest; and it seems to me as if the Creator had adapted various arguments to secure the practice of it to the various tempers of men, and the different solicitations which they meet with. And virtue thus secured and guarded may perhaps not unfitly be compared to those buildings of a Gothic taste, which, though they have a good foundation, are furnished, nevertheless, (against all accidents,) with many outward supports or buttresses, but so contrived and adjusted by the architect, that they do not detract from, but even add to the beauty and grandeur of the building."

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The philosophical claims and literary character of Lord Shaftesbury, so impartially stated in the analytical review of Sir James Mackintosh, have been pretty closely scrutinized by former critics: both poets, Beattie and Gray. In Forbes's Life of Beattie we read this criticism: "Plato was one of the first who introduced the fashion of giving us fine words instead of good sense; *in this, as in his other faults, he has been successfully imitated by Lord Shaftesbury.*" Gray writes with equal severity: "You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue. I will tell you: first, he was a Lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will not believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for a new road has become an old one."

If after such men we may presume to add our opinion, it is perfectly in harmony with theirs. The works of Lord Shaftsbury appear to us a refectory of ethical topics, in which too many points and questions are comprehended under single heads, by no means sufficiently distinct and separate, full of commonplace, dressed up affectedly in stale metaphors and the cast-off imagery of the Platonists. He is absurdly verbose and magniloquent. His egotism is awkward, his circumlocutions clumsy, his pleasantry pompous. His style is in general heavy and languid, the style of a nobleman turned metaphysician. He is truly a philosophical petit maître, infected with the vilest pedantry and the French taste in criticism current in his day.

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Gray's character of Aristotle appears to us even more just and better written than his portrait of Shaftesbury. As we have given Beattie's opinion of Plato, we may subjoin the following: "For my part, I read Aristotle, his poetics, politics, and morals, *though I do not well know which is which.* In the first place, he is the hardest author, by far, I ever meddled with. Then he has a *dry conciseness that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book; it*

*tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logic;* for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sense his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly from the transcribers, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly, and lastly, he has abundance of fine uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one."

We know Aristotle wholly from translation, to be sure, and hence cannot judge of him as of an English author; but we believe all of Gray's critique, save the last clause, which must overrate him. He is crabbed and unreadable to a wonderful degree, analytical to excess, harsh to austerity and baldness. As a mere writer, though he may be, at times, profoundly suggestive, yet the matter of his works may be far better studied in modern authors, who are greater masters of form. As a moralist and metaphysician, much of him may be in Hobbes and Locke, yet they are far more able in developing the thought. In rhetoric and æsthetical criticism a score of writers, Greek, Roman, English, and German, may be mentioned vastly superior. In the philosophy of politics, France, England, and the United States have produced disciples that have transcended their master's skill; and in natural history, France, Germany, England, and America, during the last fifty years have accumulated a mass of scientific information, probably far beyond all the resources of antiquity in the same department.

Speaking of the *medium of translation*, we offer the dictum of high authority on this subject—Dugald Stewart: "A very imperfect one, undoubtedly, where a judgment is to be passed on compositions addressed to the powers of imagination and taste; yet fully sufficient to enable us to form an estimate of works which treat of science and philosophy. On such subjects it may be safely concluded, that whatever is unfit to stand the test of a literal version, is not worth the trouble of being studied in the original."

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In a single tract of Hobbes, of some ninety duodecimo pages, occur some of the most [illegible] passages in modern philosophical [illegible] find here the original of many famous theories and systems, the authors of which avoid, as far as possible, any mention of Hobbes, unless to abuse him, so obnoxious is his name, and so much has his reputation suffered at the hands not of critics only, but of theological and political partisans. This tract was a favorite with Addison, and is highly praised by Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh; contains the very marrow of Hobbes' philosophy, as Hazlitt has clearly shown in his admirable Essay on the Writings of Hobbes. The life of Hobbes has been written by the antiquarian Aubrey. The English Aristotle was, at one time, secretary to Lord Bacon, and the philosophical idol of Cowley, who has penned a noble ode to his memory. Locke owes an immense debt to him; but so feeble is Fame, the latter philosopher is regarded as at the head of English metaphysics, while the earlier, his master, and an original thinker, as well as a masterly writer, is classed with atheists, paradoxical sophists, and sensualist worldlings. Errors, and grievous ones, are to be found in Hobbes, and of which we shall attempt no defense; still there is much truth, penetration into human motives and characters, force of style, independence and manliness in his Treatise of Human Nature—a body of philosophy in itself. At present we intend merely noting some remarkable coincidences of thought and expression between the elder writer and the others, generally his successors, though in some instances almost contemporaries.

"The consequences of our actions," says Hobbes, "are our counsellors by alternate succession in the mind."

In a noble, serious poem by Beaumont or Fletcher, the brother dramatists, we read:

> "Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> The constant shadows that walk by us still."

"In dreams," Hobbes finely suggests, "*our thoughts appear like the stars between the flying clouds.*" Locke, in Book II. Chap. X. of his Essay, has hit upon a similar illustration. Speaking of the facility with which in most minds ideas fade in the memory, he concludes: "In all these cases, ideas in the mind quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the understanding, leaving no more footsteps or remaining characters of themselves than *shadows do flying over fields of corn.*"

Hob[illegible] [illegible]ed Gall and Spurzheim, [illegible] Chap. XI. of the

Treatise, "The Brain, the common organ of all the senses." Truly, the new thoughts come out of the old books, or as Dan Chaucer has declared:

"Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corne, fro yere to yere:
And out of the olde bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

Rochefoucault's definition of Pity is almost identical with that given by Hobbes, who styles it, "Imagination, or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity."

After making, as we thought, quite a discovery, we found Hazlitt had, long before, pointed out the whole thing. So most of the new revelations of modern criticism are merely "new-found old inventions," according to Butler. Chap. II. is an Essay on Idealism, a Berkleian speculation. Now, Hobbes died in 1679, Berkeley was born in 1684, and it is fair to infer the later philosopher *borrowed* from his predecessor. The sum of the doctrine is contained in the tenth and last paragraph: "And from hence, also, it followeth, that *whatsoever accidents or qualities our senses make us think there be in the world, they be not there, but are seeming apparitions only;* the things that are really in the world without us, are those *motives* by which these seemings are caused. And this is the great *deception of sense*, which also is to be *by sense corrected:* for, as sense telleth me when I see directly, *that the color seemeth to be in the object;* so, also, sense telleth me when I see by reflection, that color is not in the object."

We will conclude this discursive paper by quoting a common saying, that has passed into a proverb: "The worth of a thing is what it 'll bring," neatly framed into one of the most telling couplets of Hudibras. In Hobbes, we find it thus expressed: "So much worth is every thing, as a man will give for all it can do."

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# NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI.*

From the days of Herodotus to those of the Howadji, every thing that related to the East, the country that the latter terms peculiarly the property of the imagination, has been seized upon and read with eagerness and avidity. Such an interest has always attached to the subject itself, that we have felt disposed to be more lenient with books that purported to be a record of Oriental travel, than with the continental tours with which we have been inundated for many years. But several works upon the East have been published of late, by writers who, adhering to the good old catholic doctrine of Dr. Blair, "that all that can be required of language is to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and at the same time in such a dress, as by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions we endeavor to make," wrote with gracefulness and ease, with manliness and vigor, disdained all affectations, and were above playing tricks with the English language. We are of honest Dogberry's opinion, that "comparisons are odorous," but must say, that of the books we have referred to, we think Eöthen stands at the head. Those happy combinations of a fascinating subject and a fascinating style, have rendered us more fastidious than formerly with all Eastern travellers who turn authors; and we are now as much disposed to apply a severe test of criticism to descriptions of Thebes and Cairo, and sentimental lucubrations beside the pyramids or under the palms, as to any scenes in Italy, or ramblings on the Continent. The charm of the East, since we have seen the subject so skilfully and admirably treated, is no longer sufficient to compensate for blemishes of taste or diction, in the notes of the traveller. We ventured upon the perusal of the book, whose title stands at the head of this article, with expectations founded upon the excessive laudations of it that we saw in many of the daily journals, and regret to state

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* Nile Notes of a Howadji. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

that we have seldom closed a book, written by a person of so much genius, against which we had charges to make of a more serious nature. We have marked for reprehension in our copy of "Nile Notes" many inelegancies of expression, passages of false and twaddling sentiment, and violations of the rules of syntax and of good taste; all faults of great magnitude, and which we shall notice more particularly hereafter. But to our mind, the cardinal fault of the book, and the one that disfigures it more than any, perhaps than all, of the others, and upon which we shall bestow the most extended notice, is the affectation of alliterated sentences, with which almost every page is crowded; and after giving our readers a few specimens with which our author has favored us, we propose to make a few observations on what we have always considered to be one of the most ridiculous and puerile of literary follies that have been recorded, and which we think no power, certainly not that of the genius of the Howadji, can render again popular. But although the success of such an attempt would be as hopeless as deplorable, we do not, on that account, think the person making it less deserving of censure. On one page alone our author treats us with "two towels," "lickerous larder," "sharp stimulants," "most melancholy," "remote regions," "illness and inability," "landing at lonely," "provisions previously sent on shore for the purpose at an admirable advance," "grown grisly," "spectrally sliding," "story with sardonic smiles," "demoniac dragomen," "sang the slowest of slow songs."

We cull a few more of these flowers of literature from some other pages. "Shines not the Syrian sun suddenly," "dirt and direful deformity," "dumb secrets are but soft shadows and shining lights," "sitting solemn saddening but successful," "trebly flies the Ibis while the sun sets," "dashed with dying light," "cultivate chimney corners and chuckle," "solid sin sticks steadfastly," "sharp surges of sound swept," "music still swelled savagely in maddened monotony of measure," "make or maintain an otherwise monotonous mass of misery," "sedately sail for stranger scenery," "seems it too seriously symbolical," "swallow-like follow the summer, and shuffle off the coil of care at Cairo," &c. &c. We might fill our pages, as the Howadji has done, with similar specimens, but deem the foregoing sufficient. We must, however, give the opening of the 21st chapter: "We departed at dawn. Before a gentle gale the Ibis fleetly flew in the star-light, serenaded by the Sallias;" and with this exquisite "morseau" we close our alliterated extracts.

All affectations in literature are offensive, and it is extremely painful to see an attempt made to revive practices in writing, that the purer taste of modern times has decided to be unsuitable to a chaste and natural style; and although the figure of words that consists in the repetition of the same letter or letters at certain intervals, and is termed in rhetoric alliteration, was indulged in occasionally by some of the oldest and best writers—chiefly in poetry however—it is regarded at the present day as a trivial and affected decoration of words, and an instance of false refinement, and cannot be tolerated except in a work of a humorous or burlesque nature. When any folly is indulged in to a great extent, the very extravagances into which it runs is the cause of its total abandonment. Such was the fate of alliteration, which was carried to such lengths that its absurdity became apparent to all, and it went out of favor with the public. Disraeli tells us of the "Ecloga de Calois," by Hugbold the Monk, all the words of which silly work began with a C; and also of a translation of the moral proverbs of Christiana of Pisa, made by the Earl of Rivers, in the time of Edward IV., the greater part of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E; an instance, he observes, of his lordship's hard application, and the bad taste of an age which Lord Oxford said had witticisms and whims to struggle with, as well as ignorance. Now every such instance is the "reductio ad absurdum" of such a practice. It is "from the purpose" of writing, and "though it make the unskilful laugh, yet it cannot but make the judicious grieve." It is a method of courting notoriety that seems more ridiculous to us than that of the incendiary of Ephesus, and we shall always express our dislike at such attempts. Every thing that attracts attention from the matter to the style should be discountenanced. We should not think of tolerating a writer of modern times, who indulged in that figure of words termed Antanaclasis, which consists in the repetition of words the same in

sound, but not in sense. Instances of this, as well as of alliteration, occur in the writings of Cicero, who stands pre-eminent among elegant writers; but at the present day it is reckoned a defect, and not a beauty in style. Yet in the time of Henry II., this childish and unmeaning folly prevailed to such an extent, that no poem or prose-writing could be popular if it did not abound in instances of it.

Were it possible for such follies to be revived, we might expect to see verses again assume the grotesque shapes of pillars, bottles, lozenges, rhomboids, Cupids, hearts and altars, as in a former age. But we will not insult the public taste, by presuming for a moment such a thing possible.

Alliteration was conisdered to have a kind of natural connection with imitative harmony, and occurred most frequently where the sound was an echo to the sense; but our author, instead of attempting to revive it in its least objectionable shape, although in that sufficiently absurd, has plunged at once into extravagance, and forcibly brings in words without regard to their fitness, solely because the first letter or syllable is similar to that of the word that preceded or follows it. A puerile or senseless affectation, that cannot be animadverted upon with too much severity. We confess that we should have read his book with more pleasure, had he, after having selected a word that was appropriate, repeated it several times, or referred us in a note or otherwise to the letters in the Dictionary that the word commenced with for other words commencing with the same. Either of these two methods, we think, would have been superior to the one he has adopted, and with the latter we could have alliterated his sentences at our leisure, if we had any inclination to do so at all, without having it interfere with the perusal of his narrative.

We proceed now to notice some of the other faults that we alluded to in a former page, and to give a few of the most glaring instances. On the route to Boubek, see page 17, our author meets men with hog-skins slung over their backs full of water. This sight reminds him of the remark in Scripture, "Neither do ye put new wine into old bottles," and carries him back to the time when glass bottles were an unknown luxury. To express this he says, "I remembered the land and the time of putting wine into old bottles, and *was shoved back beyond glass.*" The incorrectness of the first part of this sentence is overshadowed by the inelegance of the last part, that we have italicized. Sacrifices of elegance are allowable, if thereby a greater force of expression is obtained; but in this case the Howadji has gained nothing in vigor, and is singularly inelegant. He has attempted to be quaint, and is only clumsy.

On page 58 we have the following: "We were in the dream of the death of the *deadest* land."

On page 253: "Yet he will have a *secreter* sympathy with those forms than with any temple, how grand or graceful soever."

Whose grammar does the Howadji use?

On page 66: "Over my head was the dreamy *murmurousness* of summer insects swarming in the warm air."

On page 134: "The sharp surges of sound swept around the room, dashing in regular measure against her *movelessness.*"

On page 173: "It lingers on the verge of the vortex, then *unpausing* plunges in."

On page 202: "Should we not have blackballed the *begirted* Aristides?"

And whose dictionary?

Such sentences as the following would be unpardonable in a school-boy's composition, and the youth who should be guilty of them would richly deserve to have the rules of syntax flogged into him:—

Page 120: "And so frailty was all boated up the Nile to Esne. Not quite, and even if it had been, Abbas Pacha, grandson of Mahommed Alee, and at the request of the old Pacha's daugher, has boated it all back again."

Page 156: "Nation of beggars effortless, effete, bucksheesh is its prominent point of contact with the Howadji, who revisiting the Nile in dreams hears far sounding and for ever, 'Alms, O shopkeeper!'"

Page 173: "Confusion confounded, desolated desolation, never sublime yet always solemn, with a sense of fate in the swift rushing waters, that creates a somber interest not all inhuman, but akin to dramatic intensity."

Page 179: "Followed much monosyllabic discourse, also grave grunting and a little more salaaming among the belated sinners."

We confess to a prejudice in favor of the subjects and attributes of sentences being placed in the natural order of syntax.

The following is perhaps as flagrant an instance of a want of purity of style as any in the book:—

Page 135: "Form so perfect was never yet carved in marble—not the Venus is so mellowly moulded. Her outline has not the voluptuousness which is not too much—which is not perceptible to mere criticism, and is more a flushing along the form than a greater fulness of the form itself. The Greek Venus was sea-born, but our Egyptian is sun-born. The brown blood of the sun burned along her veins—the soul of the sun streamed shaded from her eyes. She was still, almost statuesquely still. When she danced, it was only *stillness intensely stirred.*"

We should like to know how stillness looks when it is intensely stirred, and how much it can be stirred without ceasing to be stillness, or if the more it is stirred the stiller it becomes?

The Howadji gets sentimental under the palms, and discourses as follows, page 148:

"I knew a palm-tree upon Capri; it stood in select society of shining fig leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked far overleaning down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream mists of Southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away, or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden permanent plants of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born it looked across to pleasant Posylippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The Palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples.

"A wandering poet whom I knew sang a sweet song to the Palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the freemasonry of sympathy. It was only *syllabled moonshine.* For the Palm was a Poet, and all Palms are Poets."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat," say we, venturing, at the expense of good taste, on the confines of a joke; but this seems to us to be the most maudlin sentiment and unmeaning twaddle that could well be imagined. It is fustian raised to its highest power. The "words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." *Syllabled moonshine* alone would not be offensive; but this being not only syllabled, but printed, proof-corrected, and published moonshine, it is an insult to the public taste.

There are many other similar passages marked by us to be noticed, but we will not trespass upon the good nature of our readers.

The chapters entitled Fair Frailty and Terpsichore are not deficient in warmth of coloring certainly, but we must speak of them in terms of condemnation. We are not over-fastidious in such matters, but we consider the glowing descriptions of voluptuous dances, and observations upon many and allusions to other Oriental manners and customs that occur in these chapters, to be decidedly objectionable in a book that is intended (to use a favorite advertising phrase) to occupy a place upon the drawing-room table. There are some "melancholy mysteries" (to adopt an expression of our author) into which we have not the slightest disposition to pry, and concerning which we should prefer that the fairer and purer portion of our race should remain profoundly ignorant.

We have made the foregoing remarks in no spirit of cavilling or unkindness. Did the book before us not display unmistakable evidences of talent, we should not have noticed it to such an extent. But it contains many passages of remarkable power and great beauty, that prove to us conclusively that the author possesses the ability to achieve a work that shall be an addition to the literature of his country. Let him but disabuse his mind of the idea that alliteration is an embellishment; let him cease to construct sentences on principles of his own, and bestow more attention to purity, propriety, and precision, (the alliteration is accidental;) let him be content to take the English language as he finds it, and be careful in his more sentimental moods lest he make that fatal step from the sublime, and he will write books that we shall have bound in crimson and gold, and give more than one attentive perusal. His nature is often finely touched, and to fine issues. He has a keen sense of the noble, the beautiful, and the ludicrous; the eye of an artist and the soul of a true poet; great power of description, a good command of language, and at times an intensity of thought and expression that astonishes and delights us. And it is on this account that we have expressed ourself so emphatically in our previous pages. We regretted that any one who could do so well should be guilty of the gross mistakes, the affectations, and the fustian, of all of which we have given instances. That our

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readers may judge for themselves and be convinced that we do not rank our author's ability to write well higher than it deserves, we will give them a few specimens. The following is an extract from his views of the present position and future prospects of the East:—

"That the East will never regenerate itself, contemporary history shows; nor has any nation of history culminated twice. The spent summer reblooms no more—the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore; the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. The Western, who lives in the Orient, does not assume the kaftan and the baggy breeches, and those of his Muslim neighbors shrink and disappear before his coat and pantaloons. The Turkish army is clothed like the armies of Europe. The grand Turk himself, Mohammad's vicar, the Commander of the Faithful, has laid away the magnificence of Haroun Alrashid, and wears the simple red Tarboosh, and a stiff suit of military blue. Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the pyramids, but champagne. The choice Cairo of our Eastern imagination is contaminated with carriages. They are showing the secrets of the streets to the sun." (P. 50.)

Now this has the ring of the true metal. The Howadji speaks here "plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier;" and the following description of the landscape of the Nile is an example of truly fine writing. The sentences are well constructed and harmonious, and possess clearness, unity, and strength:—

"Nature is only epical here. She has no little lyrics of green groves, and blooming woods, and sequestered lanes—no lonely pastoral landscapes. But from every point the Egyptian could behold the desert heights, and the river, and the sky. This grand and solemn Nature has imposed upon the art of the land the law of its own being and beauty. Out of the landscape, too, springs the mystery of Egyptian character, and the character of its art. For silence is the spirit of these sand mountains, and of this sublime sweep of luminous sky—and silence is the mother of mystery. Primitive man, so surrounded, can then do nothing but what is simple and grand. The pyramids reproduce the impression and the form of the landscape in which they stand. The pyramids say, in the Nature around them, 'Man, his mark.'

"Later, he will be changed by a thousand influences, but can never escape the mystery that haunts his home, and will carve the Sphinx and the strange mystical Memnon. The Sphinx says to the Howadji what Egypt said to the Egyptian; and from the fascination of her face streams all the yearning, profound and pathetic power that is the soul of the Egyptian day.

"So also from the moment the Arabian highlands appeared, we had in their lines and in the ever graceful and suggestive palms, the grand elements of Egyptian architecture. Often in a luminously blue day, as the Howadji sits reading or musing before the cabin, the stratified sand mountain side, with a stately arcade of palms on the smooth green below, floats upon his eye through the serene sky as the ideal of that mighty Temple which Egyptian architecture struggles to realize; and he feels that he beholds the seed that flowered at last in the Parthenon and all Greek architecture.

"The beginnings seem to have been, the sculpture of the hills into their own forms,—vast regular chambers cut in the rock or earth, vaulted like the sky that hung over the hills, and like that, starred with gold in a blue space.

"From these came the erection of separate buildings—but always of the same grand and solemn character. In them the majesty of the mountain is repeated. Man cons the lesson which Nature has taught him.

"Exquisite details follow. The fine flower-like forms and foliage that have arrested the quick sensitive eye of artistic genius, appear presently as ornaments of his work. Man as the master, and the symbol of power, stands calm with folded hands in the Osiride columns. Twisted water reeds and palms, whose flowing crests are natural capitals, are added. Then the lotus and acanthus are wreathed around the column, and so the most delicate detail of the Egyptian landscape re-appeared in its art.

"But Egyptian art never loses this character of solemn sublimity. It is not simply infancy, it was the law of its life. The art of Egypt never offered to emancipate itself from this character,—it changed only when strangers came.

"Greece fulfilled Egypt. To the austere grandeur of simple natural forms, Greek art succeeded as the flower to foliage. The essential strength is retained, but an aerial grace and elegance, an exquisite elaboration followed; as Eve followed Adam. For Grecian temples have a fine femininess of character when measured with the Egyptian. That hushed harmony of grace—even the snow sparkling marble and the general impression have this difference.

"Such hints are simple and obvious—and there is no fairer or more frequent flower upon these charmed shores than the revelations they make of the simple naturalness of primitive art." (Pp. 62, 63, 64.)

To prove how well he can write in a lighter vein, we give the following clever and amusing description of a Johnny Green (with whom the Howadji met and to whom he applies the sobriquet of Verde Giovane) and his friend, a young London barrister:—

"Verde was joyous and gay. He had already been to the pyramids, and had slept in a

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and had his pockets picked as he wandered through their disagreeable darkness. He had come freshly and fast from England, to see the world, omitting Paris and Western Europe on his way,—as he embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. Being in Cairo, he felt himself abroad. Sternhold and Hopkins were his Laureates, for perpetually on all kinds of wings of mighty winds he came flying all abroad. He lost a great deal of money at billiards to 'jolly' fellows whom he afterward regaled with cold punch and choice cigars. He wrangled wildly with a dragoman of very imperfent English powers, and packed his tea for the voyage in brown paper parcels. He was perpetually on the point of leaving. At breakfast, he would take a loud leave of the 'jolly' fellows, and if there were ladies in the room, he slung his gun in a very abandoned manner over his shoulder, and while he adjusted his shot-pouch with careless heroism, as if the enemy were in ambush on the stairs,—as who should say, 'I'll do their business easily enough,' he would remark with a meaning smile, that he should stop a day or two at Esne, probably, and then go off humming a song from the Favorita,—or an air whose words were well known to the jolly fellows, but would scarcely bear female criticism.

"After this departure, he had a pleasant way of re-appearing at the dinner-table, for the pale ale was not yet aboard, or the cook was ill, or there had been another explosion with the dragoman. Verde Giovane found the Cairene evenings 'slow.' It was astonishing how much execution he accomplished with those words of very moderate calibre, 'slow,' 'jolly,' and 'stunning.' The universe arranged itself, in Verde Giovane's mind, under those three heads. Presently it was easy to predicate his criticisms in any department. He had lofty views of travel. Verde Giovane had come forth to see the world, and vainly might the world seek to be unseen. He wished to push on to Sennaar and Ethiopia. It was very slow to go only to the cataracts. Ordinary travel, and places already beheld of men, were not for Verde. But if there were any Chinese wall to be scaled, or the English standard were to be planted upon any vague and awful Himalayan height, or a new oasis were to be revealed in the desert of Sahara, here was the Heaven-appointed Verde Giovane, only awaiting his pale ale, and determined to dally a little at Esne. After subduing the East by travel, he proposed to enter the Caucasian Mountains, and serve as a Russian officer. These things were pleasant to hear, as to behold at Christmas those terrible beheadings of giants by Tom Thumb, for you enjoyed a sweet sense of security and a consciousness that no harm was done. They were wild Arabian romances, attributable to the inspiration of the climate, in the city he found so slow. The Cairenes were listening elsewhere to their poets, Verde Giovane was ours; and we knew very well that he would go quietly up to the first cataract, and then returning to Alexandria, would steam to Jaffa, and thence donkey placidly to Jerusalem, moaning in his sleep of Cheapside and St. Paul's.

"His chum, Gunning, was a brisk little barrister, dried up in the Temple like a small tart sapson. [illegible]se of acquaintance with him, you stumbled upon the remains of geniality and gentle culture, as you would upon Greek relics in Greenland. He was a victim of the Circe, Law, but not entirely unhumanized. Like the young king, he was half marble, but not all stony. Gunning's laugh was very ludicrous. It had no fun in it—no more sweetness than a crow's caw, and it sprang upon you suddenly and startling, like the breaking down of a cart overloaded with stones. He was very ugly and moody, and walked apart muttering to himself, and nervously grinning ghastly grins, so that Gunning was suspected of insanity—a suspicion that became certainty when he fringed his mouth with stiff black bristles, and went up the Nile with Verde Giovane.

"For the little Verde did say a final farewell at last, and left the dining-room gayly and gallantly, as a stage bandit disappears down pasteboard rocks to desperate encounters with mugs of beer in the green-room." (Pp. 76–78.)

Such touches as the following are delightful. Our author is in the town of Asyoot:—

"Threading the town, which is built entirely of the dark mud brick, we emerged upon the plain between the houses and the mountains. Before us a funeral procession was moving to the tombs, and the shrill, melancholy cry of the wailers rang fitfully upon the low gusts that wailed more grievously, and for a sadder sorrow. We could not overtake the procession, but saw it disappear among the white domes of the cemetery, as we began to climb the hills to the caves—temples, I might say, for their tombs are temples who reverence the dead, and these were built with a temple grandeur by a race who honored the forms that life had honored, beyond the tradition or conception of any other people. Great truths, like the gods, have no country or age, and over these ancient Egyptian portals might have been carved the saying of the modern German Novalis, the body of man is the temple of God." (P. 88.)

And the following observations are very forcible:—

"The East, like the natures which it symbolizes, is a splendid excess. There is no measure, no moderation in its richness and beauty, or in its squalor and woe. The crocodile looks out from a lotus bank, the snake coils in the corner of the hareem, and a servant who seems slave from the soul out, conducts you to the most dream-like beautiful of women. So, as we sauntered through the bazaar of Asyoot, we passed the figures of men with no trace of manliness, but with faces full of inanity and vice. The impression would be profoundly sad, if you could feel their humanity. But they are so much below the lowest level known to a Western, that they disappear from sympathy. Then suddenly passes a face like a vision, and your eyes turn, fascinated, to follow, as if they had seen the realized perfection of an ideal beauty." (P. 91.)

Our author's account of his first sight of a crocodile deserves to be inserted here:—

"He lay upon a sunny sand shore, at our right a hideous, horrible monster—a scaled nightmare upon the day. He was at least twenty feet long,

but seeing the Ibis with fleet wings running, he slipped, slowly coughing, head foremost and leisurely, into the river.

"It was the first blight upon the beauty of the Nile. The squalid people were at least picturesque, with their costume and water-jars on the shore. But this mole-eyed, dragon-tailed abomination, who is often seen by the same picturesque people sluggishly devouring a grandam or child on the inaccessible opposite bank, was utterly loathsome. Yet he too had his romantic side, the scaly nightmare! so exquisite and perfect are the compensations of nature. For if, in the perpetual presence of forms and climate so beautiful, and the feeling of a life so intense as the Egyptian, there is the constant feeling that the shadow must be as deep as the sun is bright, and that weeds must foully flaunt where flowers are fairest; so, when the shadow sloped and the weed was seen, they ad their own suggestions of an opposite grace, and in this loathsome spawn of slime and mystic waters, it was plain to see the Dragon of oriental romance. Had the Howadji followed this feeling and penetrated to Buto, they might have seen Sinbad's valley. For there Herodotus saw the bones of winged snakes, as the Arabians called them. These, without doubt, were the bones of serpents, which, being seized by birds and borne aloft, seemed to the astonished people to be serpents flying, and were incorporated into the Arabian romances as worthy wonders." (P. 105.)

Although we think the foregoing extracts sufficient to sustain our opinion with our readers as to our author's power, and although they have extended, together with our observations, to a greater length than we originally intended; yet we shall not restrain ourselves until we have given one more extract, and shall make no apology for its length. It is manly and forcible, and, with the exception of a few abbreviations and one or two trifling inaccuracies, we can find no fault either with the matter or style. Some portions of it are truly sublime:—

"There is something essentially cheerful, however, in an Egyptian ruin. It stands so boldly bare in the sun and moon, its forms are so massive and precise, its sculptures so simply outlined, and of such serene objectivity of expression, and time deals so gently with the ruin's self, as if reluctant through love or fear to obliterate it, or even to hang it with flowery weepers and green mosses, that your feeling shares the freshness of the ruin, and you reserve for the Coliseum or the Parthenon that luxury of soft sentiment, of which Childe Harold's apostrophe to Rome is the excellent expression. We must add to this, too, the entire separation from our sympathy, of the people and principles that originated these structures. The Romans are our friends and neighbors in time, for they lived only yesterday. History sees clearly to the other side of Rome, and beholds the campagna and the mountains, before the wolf was whelped that mothered the world. But along these shores history sees not much more than we can see. It cannot look within the hundred gates of Thebes, and babbles very inarticulately about what it professes to know. We have a vague feeling that this was the eldest born of Time—certainly his most accomplished and wisest child, and that the best of our knowledge is a flower off that trunk. But that is not enough to bring us near to it. The Colossi sit speechless, but do not look as if they would speak our language, even were their tongues loosed. Theirs is another beauty, another feeling than ours, and except to passionless study and universal cosmopolitan interest, Egypt has only the magnetism of mystery for us, until the later days of its decline.

"Our human interest enters Egypt with Alexander the Great, and the Greeks, and becomes vivid and redly warm with the Romans and Cleopatra, with Cæsar and Marc Antony, with Hadrian and Antinous. The rest are phantoms and spectres that haunt the shores. Therefore there are two interests and two kinds of remains in Egypt, the Pharaohnic and the Ptolemaic; the former represents the eldest, and the latter the youngest, history of the land. The elder is the genuine old Egyptian interest, the younger the Greco-Egyptian—after the conquest—after the glorious son had returned to engraft his own development upon the glorious sire. It was the tree in flower, transplanted. No Howadji denies that the seed was Egyptian, but poet Martineau perpetually reviles the Greeks for their audacity in coming to Egypt, can with difficulty contain her dissatisfaction at pausing to see the Ptolemaic remains, finds that word sufficient description and condemnation. But the Greeks, notwithstanding, rarely spoiled any thing they touched, and here in Egypt they innoculated massiveness with grace, and grandeur with beauty. Of course there was always something lost. An Egyptian temple built by Greek-taught natives, or by Greeks who wished to compromise a thousand jealousies and prejudices, must, like all other architecture, be emblematical of the spirit of the time and of the people. Yet in gaining grace, the Howadji is not disposed to think that Egyptian architecture lost much of its grandeur. The rock temples, or the eldest Egyptian remains, have all the imposing interest of the might and character of primitive races grandly developing in art. But as the art advances to separate structures and slowly casts away a crust of crudities, although it may lose in solid weight, it gains in every other way.

"Then the perfection of any art is always unobtrusive. Yes, in a sense, unimpressive, as the most exquisite of summer days so breathes balm into a vigorous and healthy body, that the individual exists without corporeal consciousness, yet is then most corporeally perfect. In the same way disproportion arrests the attention. Beautiful balance, which is the character of perfection in art or human character or nature, allows no prominent points. Washington is undoubtedly always underrated in our judgments, because he was so well proportioned; and the finest musical performance has such natural ease and quiet, and the colors and treatment of a fine picture such propriety and harmony, that we do not at once know how fine it is. It is the cutting of a razor so sharply edg

we are not conscious of it. We have all seen the same thing in beautiful faces. The most permanent and profound beauty did not thrill us, but presently, like air to the lungs, it was a necessity of inner life, while the striking beauty is generally a disproportion, and so far, a monstrosity and fault. Men who feel beauty most profoundly, are often unable to recall the color of eyes and hair, unless, as with artists, there is an involuntary technical attention to those points. For beauty is a radiance that cannot be analyzed, and which is not described when you call it rosy. Wanting any word which shall express it, is not the highest beauty the synonym of balance, for the highest thought is God, and he is passionlessly balanced in our conception.

"This is singularly true in architecture. The Greek nature was the most purely proportioned of any that we know—and this beautiful balance breathes its character through all Greek art. The Greeks were as much the masters of their world, physically, and infinitely more, intellectually, than the Romans were of theirs. And it is suspected that the Greek element blending with the Saxon, makes us the men we are. Yet the single Roman always appears in our imaginations as stronger, because more stalwart, than the Greek—and the elder Egyptian architecture seems grander, because heavier than the Grecian. It is a kind of material deception—the triumph of gross sense. It is the old story of Richard and Salah-ed-deen.

"The grace of the Greek character, both humanly and artistically, was not a want of strength, but it was exquisite balance. Grace in character, as in movement, is the last delicate flower, the most bloomy bloom. The grandeur of mountain outlines — their poetic sentiment — the exquisite hues that flush along their sides, are not truly known until you have so related them to the whole landscape, by separating yourself from them, that this balance can appear. While you climb the mountain, and behold one detail swift swallowing another — though the abysses are grand, and the dead trunks titanic, and the single flower exquisite, yet the mass has no form and no hue, and only the details have character.

"Beauty is reached in the same way in art. If parts are exaggerated, striking impressions may be produced, but the best beauty is lost. The early Egyptian architecture is exaggeratedly heavy. The whole art, in its feeling and form, seems to symbolize foundation—as if it were to bear all the finer and farther architectures of the world upon itself. It is massive and heavy and permanent, but not graceful. The beholder brings away this ponderous impression—nothing seems massive to him after Egypt, as nothing seems clean after a Shaker village; and if upon the shore something lighter and more graceful arrest his eye, he is sure that it is a decadence of art. For so impressively put is this massiveness of structure, that it seems the only rule, and he will hear of no others—as a man returning from a discourse of one idea, eloquently and fervidly set forth, believes in that, mainly, until he hears another fervid argument.

"But the Greeks achieved something loftier. They harmonized strength into beauty, and therein secured the highest success of art—the beautifying of use. Nothing in nature is purely ornamental, and therefore nothing in art has a right to be. Greek architecture sacrifices none of the strength of the Egyptian, if we may trust the most careful and accurate engravings, but elevates it. It is the proper superstructure of that foundation. It is aerial and light and delicate. Probably, on the whole, a Greek temple charms the eye more than any other single object of art. It is serene and beautiful. The grace of the sky and of the landscape would seem to have been perpetually present in the artist's mind who designed it. This architecture has also the smiling simplicity, which is the characteristic of all youth—while the African has a kind of dumb, ante living, ante-sunlight character, like that of an embryo Titan.

"When the Greeks came to Egypt, they brought Greece with them, and the last living traces of antique Egypt began to disappear. They even changed the names of cities, and meddled with the theology, and in art the Greek genius was soon evident—yet as blending and beautifying, not destroying—and the Ptolemaic temples, while they have not lost the massive grandeur of the Pharaohnic, have gained a greater grace. A finer feeling is apparent in them—a lighter and more genial touch—a lyrical sentiment which does not appear in the dumb old epics of Aboo Simbel, and of Gerf Hoseyn. They have an air of flowers, and freshness, and human feeling. They are sculptured with the same angular heroes, and gods, and victims, but while these are not so well done as in the elder temples, and indicate that the Egyptians themselves were degenerate in the art, or that the Greeks who attained the same result of mural commemoration in a loftier manner at home, did it clumsily in Egypt—the general effect and character of the temples is much more beautiful to the eye. The curious details begin to yield to the complete whole—a gayer, more cultivated, farther advanced race has entered and occupied."

And here we take our leave of the Howadji for the present, sincerely hoping that he will derive some advantage from our observations and suggestions, and that his next work will be free from the faults that disfigure the book before us. We can assure him that no one can think more highly than ourself of his ability to make valuable contributions to American literature, and we shall await his next publication with some anxiety.

R.

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# HENRY MACKENZIE.

"The places which I revisit, and the books I read over again, still smile upon me with a fresh novelty."—MONTAIGNE.

AFTER the lapse of many years, I have again been reading Mackenzie's novels, the "*Man of Feeling*," the "*Man of the World*," and "*Julia de Roubigné*." The first of these, the "*Man of Feeling*," brought to mind many delightful enjoyments of by-gone days:

"It opened all the cells
Where memory slept." COWPER.

I saw again the old stone house in the country, where I passed so many pleasant summers; the garden, more beautiful to my eyes than any other which has since greeted them, with its marygolds, ladyslippers, violets, roses, lilies, its hop-vines at the end of the walks, beautiful and graceful; the magnificent elm trees at the foot of the garden, on the banks of a stream, where I have fished so many hours; the old open garret, with its perfume from dried herbs, which hung from every beam; the pleasant twittering of the martins on the roofs, during the early fragrant morning hours, again sounds in my ear. I had no care or anxiety but the sole one, to discover how to cram the greatest amount of enjoyment into each passing day. How delicious were the bread and butter, and milk, and vegetables. Flowers were always placed on the breakfast and tea table—a refined practice. The hour of tea-time was delightful. How often have I looked out on the garden and trees, and seen the sun set in all its glory, irradiating the hills across the stream,

"While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene."

That was the period of life when the heart promised what the fancy drew. The rainy days were generally spent in reading some old novel, the effects of which I have never forgotten, but even now most gratefully remember. From the custom of placing flowers on the table arose my early love for them, a love which has increased with time. And I felt proud when in after years I read that *Gray's* chamber windows were ever ornamented with mignonette, and other sweet-scented herbs and flowers, elegantly planted in china vases, as were other parts of his room; and that Cowper had always been fond of plants, and when he lived in the Temple used every year to purchase myrtles in Covent Garden. And I found other lovers of flowers and gardens, Cowley, Evelyn, Temple, Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson. Listen to Cowley:

"God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain."

"Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmin dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown
In pestilential clouds a populous town?"

There is a fine description of flowers in "*A Winter's Tale*," and in "*Lycidas*." Thomson has elegantly pictured forth the beauties of flowers, and his lines seem to possess a fragrance in this lovely month of May:

"At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes;
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inwards; nor jonquilles,
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks,
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom."

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It has been beautifully said, put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table, morning, we believe, noon and night; that is to say, all his meals, for dinner in his time was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please, never changing with silks and velvets and silver forks, nor depending upon the caprice of fine gentlemen or ladies, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be trifling. Then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Condé a trifler, and the old republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself; nay, Heaven itself, for Heaven made these harmless elegances, and blessed them with the universal good-will of the wise and innocent. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heaven with thunderbolts, produces the lilies of the valley, and the dew-drops that keep them fair. I can truly say:

"All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring; floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine.
I care not, 'tis a glimpse of 'auld lang syne.'"
BYRON.

The style of Mackenzie's novels (a blending of Addison and Sterne) is sweet in the extreme. It glides along like a beautiful stream through a picturesque country, among fruitful meadows, pleasant woods, mirroring the blue sky and floating clouds. Nothing can be more unpretending than the plot of the "*Man of Feeling*," and the adventures which happen to Harley are likely to happen to any man. He departs from home to visit London; on the road he meets a beggar and his dog; the beggar relates some incidents of his life. In London Harley falls among sharpers; one of them, a young man, voluble and plausible, converses with him about the play-house, opera, occurrences in high life, the reigning beauties; another of them is an old man, with a venerable countenance, and Harley, who prided himself in his skill in physognomy, becomes interested with him, although he sees him refuse to give money to a beggar, under the plea that he had no change, but when they adjourn to a neighboring inn, and play cards, the benevolent old man produces ten shillings for markers for his score; to the surprise of no one Harley is fleeced. We afterwards see the brave, affectionate man, listening to the sad story of Miss Atkins. He visits Bedlam, and sees a poor crazed thing lamenting the loss of her lover.

"Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it. This, said he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune; but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her, and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar. Though the story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now on Harley. 'My Billy is no more! do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!' She drew nearer to Harley. 'Be comforted, young lady,' said he, 'your Billy is in heaven.' 'Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I am grown naughty of late! I have almost forgotten to think of heaven, yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing: you shall hear me—hush!'

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'Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave.'

"There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's there was not an unmoistened eye around her. 'Do you weep again?' said she; 'I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

''Twas when the seas were roaring.'

I love you for resembling my Billy; I shall never love any man like him.' She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. 'Nay, that is Billy's ring,' said she, 'you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited today of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart! it will burst some day: feel how it beats!' She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening: 'Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring.' She put it on his finger. 'Farewell! I must leave you now.' She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. 'I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly; farewell!' She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand. 'Be kind to that unfortunate.' He burst into tears, and left them."

The narrative of the veteran Edwards has likewise drawn tears from many an eye. But the most interesting part of the work is the account of Harley's distant, respectful and sincere love for Miss Walton. Harley's ideas of the beautiful were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him like the cestus of Cytherea. To be near Miss Walton, to walk about the grounds surrounding her mansion, sufficed for the ideal love of Harley.

"The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all."

A few mornings ago I rose about daybreak. The air was soft and pleasant, and the young grass and leaves were of a moist bright green. On looking upward, I saw one star shining mildly through the branches of a tree; it was fair, distant, pure. I looked at it with admiration, with a subdued joy; such as was my admiration for that star, so it seems to me was Harley's love for Miss Walton. I have often thought, too, that our ignorance of her christian name adds some indefinable charm to the interest we take in Miss Walton. His slight feelings of jealousy and unhappiness when he hears she is to be married to Sir Harry Benson, are natural and exquisitely described. He walks out, he sits down on a little seat which commands an extensive prospect around the house. He leans on his hand, and scores the ground with his stick. "Miss Walton married!" says he; "but what is that to me? May she be happy; her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent. I had romantic dreams! They are fled! it is perfectly indifferent." Poor, diffident, true-hearted Harley; death gradually, step by step, wooes him to the silent grave. He feelingly says:—

"'There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offenses to account for. There are blemishes I confess, which deform in some degree the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favor. My mind expands at the thought. I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.' He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too; we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt at a look of more composure: 'There are are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the names of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in

Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Miss Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavored to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavor to make it mine; nor do I think I can ever be better prepared for it than now: it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.' The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground. 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments. 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that also excuse it. It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand; a languid color reddened his cheek; a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room; they found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded; but Harley was gone for ever. * * * He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there ch of it that bent toward us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! Perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things. I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue! But it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it."

Hazlitt, in one of his essays, observes: "Of the '*Man of the World*' I cannot think so favorably as some others; nor shall I dwell on the picturesque and romantic beauties of *Julia de Roubigné*, the early favorite of the author of Rosamond Gray; but of the *Man of Feeling* I would speak with grateful recollections: nor is it possible to forget the sensitive, irresolute, interesting Harley; and that lone figure of Miss Walton in it, that floats in the horizon, dim and ethereal, the day-dream of her lover's youthful fancy—better, far better than all the realities of life."

A great many readers, in this artificial and material age of ours, have neither time nor taste to study the minute and refined beauties of a genius like Mackenzie. His colors are too delicately laid on, the shading too exquisitely clear, to please a vitiated or uneducated taste, which must be startled into admiration by something far-fetched, violent, and exaggerated. The more fantastical and unlike to real life a story, and the characters described in it, are drawn, the more sure they are to please the public. A monster whom the world ne'er saw, combining genius and virtue, ignorance and unmitigated depravity, love and fiendishness, benevolence and meanness, a character which often appears in modern works of fiction, is loudly praised.

"These are the volumes that enrich the shops;
These pass with admiration through the world."
Roscommon.

Though I doubt if they will bring their authors to immortal fame. There is no strength in this, but on the contrary it shows great weakness, an absence of power and imagination. It is like stage thunder and lightning compared with "Heaven's artillery" when it "comes rattling on over the Caspian." The one is genuine, the other a sickly imitation. An author must attentively peruse the red-leaved tablets of the heart, must wisely attend to the throbbings of his

own bosom; then with a learned spirit, he will appeal with a lasting effect to the human mind and its eternal sympathies. We need the harmonious and true, not the coarse and unreal; by the former the intellect is enlarged, the heart softened; the latter display the foul depths of leprous sin, gloat on deformity, degrade the intellect, harden the heart, and encompass us in a miasma which poisons the springs of life. Many parents are fearful that by reading novels their children will become sentimental and romantic. There is no danger of that. Mammon is the only god worshipped in America with a burning zeal.

"Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane." MILTON.

The "*Man of the World*" appears to me to be greatly inferior to the *Man of Feeling*. Sir Thomas Sindall is a vulgar Lovelace, possessing neither the gayety nor spirit of his famous prototype, and using the same means to accomplish his purposes of seduction as Lovelace used to accomplish the ruin of Clarissa. And his attempt upon Lucy Annesly, after a lapse of some twenty years, is revolting and unnatural. The story of the fall of young Annesly is affecting, and described in a masterly manner. Richard Annesly, the parson, gains our entire esteem, by his simplicity and kind nature. It is a portrait equal to Goldsmith's village minister, or the one drawn by Chaucer. Rawlinson is likewise a beautiful character, one of God Almighty's gentlemen. The growth of Lucy and Bolton's mutual flame is truly and gracefully written:—

"The state of the mind may be often disguised even from the owner, when he means to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it. Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was, that made him sigh and blush. He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone: he found something that pleased him in the melancholy of lonely recesses and half-worn paths; and his day-dreams commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object. He had strayed in one of these excursions about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre; in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this basin by a gentle cascade. The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the water-fall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons who inhabited the neighboring copse. Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. 'I will give you some music in return,' said he, and drew from his pocket a small piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his field. He played a little pensive air, which himself had composed. He thought he had played it by chance, but Miss Sindall had commended it the day before; the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close. She was, indeed, listening to its close, for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute. They had something of fairy music in them, that suited the scene; and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat; though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it, whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe. She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. 'I know,' said she, 'you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray, touch that little melancholy tune again.' He began, but he played very ill. 'You blow it,' said she, 'not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it.' She put it to her mouth; but she wanted the skill to give it voice. 'There cannot be much art in it;'—she tried it again—'and yet it will not speak at my bidding!' She looked steadfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses, with which the poets make Diana greet her sister-huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise. Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's. 'What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?' said she, dropping the flute to the ground. 'Twas a forfeiture,' he replied, stammering and blushing excessively, 'for attempting to blow my flute.'

'I do not understand you!' answered Lucy; and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time riveted to the spot. When he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, 'I cannot bear your anger,' said he; 'though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offense, of him whose respect is equal to his love.' 'Your love, Mr. Bolton!' 'I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed me from that prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul: till this moment, I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill!' He paused: she was looking fixedly on the ground; drawing her hand softly from his, which refused, involuntarily, to quit its hold. 'May I not hope!' said he. 'You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton.' 'But'—'I beg you,' said Lucy, interrupting him, 'to leave this subject. I know your merit, Mr. Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand.' 'Pity then, and forgive me.' She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips. She blushed—and blushed in such a manner.—They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh and that blush would not have been understood."

"Julia de Roubigné," the last of Mackenzie's novels, has been the most attractive of them all in public estimation. It is very interesting, and doubtless its melancholy pages have often been stained with the tears of the young. Sad and affecting it truly is, and we close the book with a deep and long-drawn sigh. Julia in childhood has a young companion by the name of Savillon. They read the same books, play the same music, take rambles in the country together, and what was in childhood friendship, as years multiply, becomes love. Savillon, to better his fortune, sails for Martinique, without declaring his attachment to Julia. But she possesses his picture, and in a letter to a friend she writes: "Maria, when this picture was drawn! I remember the time well. My father was at Paris, and Savillon left with my mother and me at Bellville. The painter (who was accidentally in our province) came thither to give me a few lessons of drawing. Savillon was already a tolerable designer; but he joined with me in becoming scholar to this man. When our master was with us, he used sometimes to guide my hand; when he was gone, at our practice of his instructions, Savillon commonly supplied his place. But Savillon's hand was not like the other's; I felt something from its touch not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight; it was like a pulse in the soul." How beautiful and true is the expression: "*It was like a pulse in the soul!*" but it need not be pointed out to any one who has ever loved. Savillon's feelings on leaving France are interestingly told. I have read somewhere that it is a greater trial to leave one's country, when one must cross the sea. There is such a solemnity in a pilgrimage, the first steps of which are on the ocean. It seems as if a gulf were opening behind you, and your return becoming impossible. Besides, the sight of the main always profoundly impresses us, as the image of that infinitude which perpetually attracts the soul, in which thought ever feels herself lost. Travelling, say what we will, is one of the saddest pleasures in life. If you ever feel at ease in a strange place, it is because you have begun to make it your home: but to traverse unknown lands; to hear a language which you hardly comprehend; to look on faces unconnected with either your past or future; this is solitude without repose or dignity. For the hurry to arrive where no one awaits you, that agitation whose sole cause is curiosity, lessens you in your own esteem, until new objects can become bound to you by some sweet links of sentiment and habit. Julia hears that Savillon marries in Martinique: her heart still remains faithful to him, but a neighbor by the name of Montauban, a Spaniard, seeks her hand; he aids her father in his ruined fortunes, and more out of gratitude than love she at last consents to become his. Her maid Lisette gives a description of her at the marriage ceremony: "I think I never saw a more lovely figure than my lady's; she is a sweet angel at all times, but I wish your ladyship had seen how she looked then. She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lilac and white ribands; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Bellville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls; you made her a present of them. And to be sure, with the dark-brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then, her eyes, when she gave her hand to the Count! they were cast half down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil over the white of her skin; the modest gentleness with a sort of a sadness too, as it

were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time.

Savillon, in a letter to Beauvarais, recalling the days of his early love, says: "There was indeed something in the scene around us, formed to create those romantic illusions. The retreat of Roubigné is a venerable pile, the remains of ancient Gothic magnificence, and the grounds adjoining to it are in that style of melancholy grandeur which marks the dwellings of our forefathers. One part of that small estate, which is still the appendage of this once respectable mansion, is a wild and rocky dell, where tasteless wealth has never warred on nature, nor even elegance refined or embellished her beauties. The walks are only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks. There, too dangerous society! have I passed whole days with Julia; there, more dangerous still! have I passed whole days in thinking of her. A circumstance trifling in itself added not a little to the fascination of the rest. The same good woman who nursed me was also the nurse of Julia. She was too fond of her foster-daughter, and too well treated by her, ever to leave the fortunes of her family. To this residence she attended them when she left Belville; and here, too, as at that place, had a small house and garden allotted her. It was situated at the extreme verge of that dell I have described, and was often the end of those walk we took through it together. The good Lasune (for that is our nurse's name) considered us her chidren, and treated us, in those visits to her little dwelling, with that simplicity and affection which has the most powerful effect on hearts of sensibility. Oh, Beauvarais! methinks I see the figure of Lasune, at this moment, pointing out to your friend, with rapture in her countenance, the beauties of her lovely daughter! She places our seats together; she produces her shining platters, with fruit and, milk for our repast; she presses the smiling Julia, and will not be denied by Savillon! Am I then a thousand leagues distant! * * * Where now are Roubigné's little copses; where his winding walks, his nameless rivulets; where the wired gate of his venerable dwelling, the gothic windows of his echoing hall! The morning on which I set out for Paris is still fresh on my memory. I could not bear the formality of parting, and stole from his house by daybreak. As I passed that hall the door was open; I entered to take one last look, and bid it adieu! I had sat in it the night before with Julia; the chairs we had occupied were still in their places. You know not, my friend, what I felt at the sight; there was something in the silent attitude of those chairs that wrung my heart beyond the power of language; and I believe the servant had told me that my horses waited five or six times over, before I could listen to what he said."

Montauban discovers the miniature of Savillon; jealous feelings immediately agitate him, and

> ——"sweep like a stormy rack
> In fleet succession o'er his clouded soul."
> GRAHAM.

Savillon returns to France, wealthy, (the report of his marriage was untrue;) he finds his friend Beauvarais dead; Julia the wife of another. They have one interview at old Lasune's, which will draw tears from the sternest eye.* Montauban is aware of their meeting; Julia returns; he administers poison to her in some medicine. Montauban writes: "Had you seen her when these trembling hands delivered her the bowl! She had complained of being ill, and begged to lie alone; but her illness seemed of the mind, and when she spoke to me she betrayed the embarrassment of guilt. I gave her the drug as a cordial. She took it from me, smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health. She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale pink ribands. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder. Methinks I see her now; how like an angel she looked! Had she been innocent, Segarva! You know, you know it is impossible she can be innocent. * * * When I was returning to my apartment, I heard the sound of music proceeding from my wife's chamber; there is a double door in it; I opened the outer one without any noise, and the inner one has some panes of glass at the top through which I saw part of the room, Segarva! She sat at the organ, her fingers pressing on the keys, and her look upraised with enthusiastic rapture! The solemn

* "The sweets of love are washed with tears."
CAREW.

sounds still ring in my ear! such as angels might play when the sainted soul ascends to heaven up." The unfortunate and innocent Julia perishes.

> "Violets plucked the sweetest rain
> Make not fresh, nor grow again."
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Montauban, too late, is assured of the purity of his wife, and destroys himself. Montauban is a genuine Spaniard. As *Leigh Hunt* well says, St. Dominic was a Spaniard. So was Borgia; so was Philip the Second. There seems to be an inherent semi-barbarism in the character of Spain, which it has never got rid of to this day. If it were not for Cervantes, and some modern patriots, it would hardly appear to belong to the right European community. Even Lope de Vega was an inquisitor, and Mendoza, the entertaining author of Lazarillo de Tormes, a cruel statesman. Cervantes, however, is enough to sweeten a whole peninsula.

Perhaps I love the letters of *Julia de Roubigné* more than I otherwise should, from the name of her residence, "Belville." I am writing this essay in the lovely city of Newark, and a few miles above it, on the banks of the Passaic river, is the pretty little village of Belville; a pleasant walk or drive from Newark, and still more delightful as a sail on a fine summer's evening, when the moon is throwing its radiance on the water and shore, and the boat glides noiselessly along, "save the light drip of the suspended oar;" and as I pass the cemetery on its bank, where repose the remains of one inexpressibly dear to me, I drop a tear to her memory. Time has assuaged the bitterness of my grief, but added to the poignancy of my regrets.*

No one can forget Mackenzie's novels; they came from his soul, they have pierced the souls of others. Their quiet traits and descriptions of human life and nature are delicately tinted by a refined fancy, and enriched by noble affections. We arise saddened from their perusal, with our feelings deeply touched, but, at the same time, invigorated with a determination to be good and sincere, faithful and honest. They cast off from the soul the impurities and bitternesses which so often sully it by a contact with the world. They appeal to those primal emotions which are common to us all. We all have our gentle reminiscences,—persons and things to which we cling with obstinate affection,—and the thoughts of them often cheer us in gloom and despondency. We look back with pensive regret to a mother and father's love and care; to the house we were born in; to the books we read long, long ago; to our visit to the theatre for the first time; to the first paintings and engravings we saw: these are all colored by sen-

* "Impressions made upon our minds by local circumstances are frequently of so deep and durable a nature, as to outlive all the accidents of chance and change which occur to us in after life. Should the poet or painter in his study endeavor to place before his mind's eye the picture of a brilliant sunset, he insensibly recalls that scenery in the midst of wh ch his youthful fancy was first warmed into poetic life by the 'golden day's decline.' He sees, bright and gorgeous with sunbeams, the distant hill which his boyish fancy taught him to believe it would be the height of happiness to climb; the sombre woods that skirt the horizon; the valley, misty and indistinct below; the wandering river, whose glancing waters are here and there touched as they gleam out with the radiance of the resplendent west; and while memory paints again the long, deep shadows of the trees that grew around his father's dwelling, he feels the calm of that peaceful hour mingling with the thousand associations that combine to form his most vivid and poetical idea of sunset. In this manner we not unfrequently single out from the works of art some favorite object upon which we bestow an interest so deep, a regard so earnest, that they wear the character of admiration which no perceptible quality in the object itself can justify, and which other beholders are unable to understand. In a collection of paintings, we look around for those which are most worthy of general notice, when suddenly our attention is struck with one little unpretending picture almost concealed in an obscure corner, and totally unobserved by any one beside.

"It is the representation of a village church, the very church where we first learned to feel, and, in part, to understand the solemnity of the Sabbath. Beside its venerable walls are the last habitations of our kindred, and beneath that dark and mournful yew is the ancient pastor's grave. Here is the winding path so familiar to our steps, when we trod the earth more lightly than we do now; the stile, on which the little orphan girl used to sit, while her brothers were at play; and the low bench beside the cottage-door, where the ancient dame used to pore over her Bible in the bright sunshine. Perhaps the wheels of Time have rolled over us with no gentle pressure since we last beheld that scene; perhaps the darkness of our present lot makes the brightness of the past more bright. Whatever the cause may be, our gaze is fixed and fascinated, and we turn away from the more wonderful productions of art to muse upon that little picture again and again, when all but ourselves have passed it by without a thought."—*The Poetry of Life.*

timent, and do they not afford us truer and more vivid pleasures than all the tame realities of daily life? We cling to the past as a priceless boon; we are sure of it; the joys belonging to it are lodged beyond the reach of fate. The future is dark and uncertain, clouds and darkness rest upon it. Justly has it been said, "that real sentiment is the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth."* It preserves the only identity, save that of consciousness, which man with certainty retains; it links the different periods of our life together; thoughts are awakened, fresh, fragrant, beautiful and pure as the lily, graceful and pliant as the waving willow branch. Stern and sad memorials of the past also arise, but so softened by time, their asperities so mitigated, that they even afford a subdued pleasure. Sentiment, the eye glancing inward, and revealing to us the hoarded secrets of human bosoms, give us more true knowledge than all our boasted reason affords.

*Newark, N. J., June,* 1851.

* "Sentiment is of three kinds: plain, honest, manly, simple—the outbursting of an uncorrupted heart; or graceful and refined, cultivated by education, elevated by society, purified by religion; or else of that magnificent and swelling character, such as fills the breast of the patriot and the genuine philanthropist. The sentiment of old Izaak Walton—to take examples from books—answers to the first; the sentiment of Mackenzie and Sterne, to the second; the sentiment of Wordsworth, and Burke, and Shakspeare, to the third."—*W. A. Jones's "Essays upon Authors and Books."*

## HOPE.

Is there Hope! my Spirit cried,
Bending to the Crucified.
Live in Hope! a voice replied.

Life is but a gate of Night
Opening on the realms of Light,
Trial for the Neophyte.

Life is but a broken arch,
O'er which Man must boldly march,
Unto Eden's gloomy porch:

Gloomy porch my Eden hath,
Frowning o'er a rugged path;
And its gate is kept by Death.

Boldly tread the narrow way—
You will find the endless Day
When this dream has passed away.

Seek not thou unmanly ease;
Firmly breast the raging Seas,
Till you reach Hesperides.

Is there Hope! my Spirit cried,
Bending to the Crucified.
Hope is Life! a voice replied.

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# WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

The death of Wordsworth has had a tendency to recall attention to his works. He lived to multiply his presence in countless loving hearts, and has gone to sing elsewhere than on earth. His name is a word of benediction to all who have felt the influence of his kindly spirit. Not without a tear we resign to nature the dust-garment woven by the spirit around itself, but a holy calm succeeds when we are permitted to shake hands with the real being across the "bourne whence no traveller returns." We see not the soul now, we saw it not in life. Its thoughts, its feelings, its aspirations, have been embalmed for us with an art more mysterious than that of the old Egyptians. As the aged Jeronemite said to Wilkie in the Escurial, while looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, that he had come to regard the abiding figures in the picture as realities, and the living, more than one generation of whom—his seniors, those of equal age, as well as many younger than himself—he had seen pass away as shadows; so we now turn to the works of the poet, and easily persuade ourselves that we have the reality, while only the shadow has departed.

Juvenal made the inquiry, not more significant eighteen centuries ago than to-day: *Quis custodiet custodes?* If we ponder it well, we shall find that this is the question of questions. "Who shall keep the keepers?" asks the spirit of humanity in every age. Such a one is the expressed or unexpressed need, the dumb or articulate want, of each generation. Of skilful workmen the supply is tolerably abundant at all times, but there must be also a divine planner of work. Cunning fingers must be guided by some cunning soul. Very good judges may be found among any people, but the very office of judge is a nonentity until the Heaven-sent legislator makes his appearance. The world has many a pertly-talking Cousin, but Plato alone is philosophy. Men of talent are sown over the ages, while nature seems to grudge the fire of genius. Many useful verse-makers exist to cut a set of diamonds dug from nature's mine only by the true poet. An age without its gifted inventor, without its law-giver, without its poet, must live over the old life, walk by hearsay, and subsist on imitation. We have at least a dumb consciousness that our well-being on this planet depends upon our insight into the nature of our existence, and we are always ready to ask help of him whose vision is clearer than our own. We welcome, therefore, the true *seer*. He is eyes for the world; he is the true keeper of the keepers.

Foremost among these is the true poet. He is an intuitive seer; something more than a seer. Novalis says: "The fresh gaze of a child is richer in significance than the forecasting of the most indubitable seer." The poet is the full-grown child. For him creation retains its wonder, its sanctity, its grandeur. Each returning season the flower blooms mysteriously as at first. The voice of Deity in storm or ocean loses not its significance. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," is written for him on the face of nature as often as morning opens its eyelids. When the sun rises, he forgets that it has ever risen before, and,

> ——— "with earnest voice,
> As if the thought were not a moment old,
> Claims absolute dominion for the day."

The poet alone is able to answer the old Sphinx that sits by the highway of life, interrogating each passer-by, for he looks upon all things as though they had just

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The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. New Edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1851.

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sprung into existence at his own magic touch. While tottering with age he is a wandering child in a freshly-created world. "To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," says Coleridge, "to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearance which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

"With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman;"

this is the character and privi ege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents." Goethe says: "Old age does not make childish, as men say; it only finds us still as true children."

One of these true world-children, whose home is everywhere in the heart of humanity, is Wordsworth. The mere verse-maker—the artisan, working with *imitative* skill—is a kind of gipsey wanderer, homeless, friendless, and, to Apollo's household, worthless; while the true poet, the artist—is at length housed in the affections, warmed in the bosom of love, and at the feast of the gods is commanded by Jove himself to come up hither. Wordsworth, as a true poet, existed in unity. His life was not a widening arc, but a circle with continually lengthening radius. Many exist as a multitude of small arcs, with different radii, lacking unity, harmony, rotundity. There is no connection between their past and their future. They have no sympathy with what they have been. All the keys of their being are flats and sharps. The delicate fingers of Nature are answered by discordant tones. The poet alone, with his unity and harmony of being, understands the past, alone can prophesy of the future; for the continually full circumference of his life expands through the arcs of all fragmentary existences. Tenderly and beautifully, and out of his own heart, has Wordsworth expressed this fact:—

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.
*The child is father of the man,*
*And I would wish my days to be*
*Bound each to each by natural piety.*"

Wordsworth was sincere from the necessity of his poetic constitution. To him may be applied the pregnant words of Novalis: "Man exists in truth. If he exposes truth, he exposes himself. If he betrays truth, he betrays himself." He spoke as the unsophisticated child always speaks—from the heart. Serpent-critics might hiss, but his time was too precious to waste with them. He who is conversing with angels, feels not the bite of vipers. He has other than carnal weapons with which to bruise their heads. Born among the hills, the favorite of nature, what did Wordsworth care for Jeffrey's ridicule, or the neglect of contemporaries? More than half a century he wrote and lived poetry. Hills and mountains put on for him looks of benediction; Nature smiled upon him in flowers, and sung to him her love with warbling tongues. He could *afford* to be laughed at by the foolish, to be hooted at by literary owls. What had he to do with the world's approbation? He was a born poet, and could not listen to the cry of critic or multitude. Like a benign spirit, he brooded over the world of affection and sentiment, and in being true to these, he was true to himself. His voice has been borne on the bosom of the mountain wind, and already the ear of humanity is ravished with its kindly tone. An age of imitation never recognizes the inspired teacher who is true to man in being true to his own nature. Just so far as the spiait of the times is false will the true poet be neglected. The one who tacks to catch the popular breeze, may run with great rapidity—alas, not often heavenwards. When the multitude are repenting, woe to those who have received their greatest favors, and joy to those who have raised heroic and prophetic voices of warning and true guidance! Happy the age in which a strong, devout soul converses with the Spirit of the universe in the hearing of men! Words of bitterness and of jest may be thoughtlessly uttered, but many shall learn to worship; seeing the light of consecrated genius that shines in truth and sincerity, they shall learn to glorify Him whose most perfect image is the divinest poet.

It is well for us to ascertain, as clearly as may be, Wordsworth's relation to his times. His name is associated with great changes in poetry and philosophy. He seems to be one of the connecting links between two very different periods. He saw the mocking-birds that sung around the grave of Pope, pierced with the poisoned arrows of

Gifford, and witnessed many symptoms of returning faith in nature. He beheld the close of an unbelieving age in the earthquake-shock and volcano-blaze of the French Revolution, and over the ruins heard the tone of violence softening into regret, or trembling with remorse—first indications of awakening *spiritual* life. Wordsworth in England, surrounded by Coleridge, Southey, Lloyd, Shelley, Scott, Keats, and Byron, we may dare to say, occupies a position somewhat analogous to that of Goethe, surrounded by Schiller and others, in Germany. Upon these two points, then, we must dwell, but briefly as their importance will permit.

In regard to changes in *poetry*, we may say that they are only new manifestations of the same thing modified by time and place. Poetry is poetry, in the vale of Cashmere or in Wyoming. As a part of history, it comes from *within* humanity. Its elements are every where the same, but these elements are combined in different proportions in different places. The material is every where the same, but it is shaped by external nature, or by existing institutions. With its elements there is often mixed a foreign element, at the dictation of a perverted or half-formed taste. Sometimes one or more of its elements is rejected. Criticism therefore often clips the wings of the poet, and then demands a flight against the storm; it lays a weight upon the spirit, and then demands a soaring aloft with joy. Poetry has its roots in the soul. Those faculties that create it will emancipate it from the bondage of narrow criticism, and will reanimate it when starved on imitation.

For more than half a century after the death of Pope, there was a poetical drought in the land of England. One should study that period well, if he would awaken in himself any feeling of regard for mosquito-killing Gifford. Dryden and Pope were not without a manly vigor of mind, and an earnest purpose. With the best helps of their times they studied the poetry of Greece and Rome. They learned to admire the beauties of ancient poetry, but did not catch the spirit of antiquity. The delicately thinking, the sensitive, the profoundly intellectual Greek, best represented by Plato, they did not understand. They listened to a far-off ravishing melody, and attempted to imitate it with a harmonic jingle. The names of gods and goddesses were used in vain, for neither of them comprehended the real meaning of Grecian mythology. We may safely say that Landor is the only English poet who has caught the genuine spirit of ancient Greece. Prior, Akenside, and many others have shown a familiarity with mythologic history, but that which is unexpressed, that indefinable something, that poetic air which the Grecian breathed, has rarely been felt. It cannot be trapped by a historical name. You might as well try to shut the sunlight in a room by closing the blinds. The external life of the Grecian was a kind of language which he unconsciously used in uttering his poetic thoughts. Grecian mythology, history, and philosophy must be understood and felt in order to get a clear insight into Grecian poetry. But let one study the subject until he carries all Greece in his bosom, yet what business has a Greek in modern England? Who will listen to one who speaks a *dead* language? English words may be used, but more than half the language may still be Grecian. Landor is a real ancient, a true genius, but there is little sympathy between him and the one who uses the language of the nineteenth century. If these things are true, then, in regard to one who has caught the spirit of classic antiquity, how much more are they true in regard to those who have merely remembered words without understanding their latent meaning. I would not say of Dryden and Pope, that they were only shadows of ancient poetry, and mirrors of French poetry. It is certain, however, that their poetry was an exotic on Saxon soil. The so-called correct school was certainly an artificial one. The bee-sting of Pope's satire, the diamond-flash of his wit, his power of pointed condensation, the elvish frolic of his fancy, indicated superior genius, although many elements that characterize the highest poetry were wanting. The period of Queen Anne was a lamentable one in English literature, when viewed in relation to the preceding age, and as containing in itself the causes of future decay. English poets were irreverently saying sharp things over the graves of Shakspeare and Spenser, Johnson and Fletcher, Raleigh and Bacon. Strange that they should look for other than Teutonic gods. Woe to the age that regarded as barbarian, those early ballads that bear the burden of sturdy young England's

hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, expressed in strong melodious Saxon phrase, fresh and wholesome as the fields in early summer, uttered from the depths of stoutly-beating, earnest, valiant hearts! Degeneracy must follow such an age. Pope was imitated by those who could not see beyond his artificial style. Pope's genius enabled him to write vigorously in spite of an enervating manner. Those that meditated on the smoothness of his lines, the harmony of his couplets, the balancing position of cæsural pauses, were a spectacle to laughing gods and weeping men. Heroic England for once became sentimental, sipped delicate love potions from beautiful cups bearing unmentionable ornamental figures, played the courtier at St. Cupid's, waxed sickly and pale, and daubed a face once glowing with the hue of health thicker and thicker with French rouge. If there were some morsels of genuine poetry during this period, they were oases in Sahara, or gentle memories of early affection that wring a tear of sincerity from the withered soul of a *roué*. The greatest amount of that stuff called poetry was but the shadow of a shadow.

Change at length came, for the spirit of humanity, with Rhadamanthine severity, seizes upon an age of imitation. The hero of St. Crispin must fulfil his mission by crimping apish poets. The good-natured public, lashed to indignation, looked on approvingly. Readers were tired of scalding literary soup, and demanded a new course. They could relish better a *paté-de-foie-gras* literary dish, *fresh* from France, or the bottled moonshine of transcendental Germany. The popular heart demanded some degree of sincerity, and approved it even in sentimentality. It was apparent, both from what was rejected and what received, that earnestness was demanded. The reading public began to listen right reverently to the heart-tones of beer-gauging and beer-drinking Burns: alas for the age that had no other work for such a Nature's son to do! Memory of that age in English literature, more illustrious than the age of Augustus, Leo, or Pericles, was revived. A Cleopatra-muse was paid up to parting; nature and humanity were studied anew. In the reaction against the artificial school, Wordsworth has perhaps done more than any other one poet. He has done it, not by antagonism, but by exploring a new tract of nature and life. He has been the teacher of Lamb, Southey, Wilson, Lloyd, and Coleridge; he has been affectionately regarded by Cornwall, Rogers, and Montgomery; Byron, with thievish skill, kept off attention by ridicule while he plundered; Scott loved him even to reverence; and a multitude of inferior poets have imbibed their inspiration from fountains which he opened. Whatever defects there may be in the poetry of our times, its freshness and vigor contrast greatly with the staleness and enervation of the old rhymes. The ear, sick of the jingle and tinkling of the last century, turns with delight to the more than earthly harmony of Coleridge, the Mozart-music of Tennyson, and the organ-melody of Wordsworth. Poetry is once more true, because it is born from the union of the soul with nature.

Wordsworth has been called the greatest of metaphysical poets, hence it is necessary to ascertain his connection with changes in *philosophy*. We must begin back of the *spiritual* philosophy, in order to determine any thing in regard to its real influence. Only of general laws and most important results can we speak here.

Modern philosophy, although the daughter of scholasticism, is nevertheless its antagonist. It was not the authority of reason to which the philosophy of the middle ages submitted. Reason is the ruling authority in all modern philosophy. The great Reformation, says Guizot, was an "insurrection of the human mind against authority." Descartes has given his name to the philosophy that was established on the ruins of scholasticism. Cartescanism recognizes the psychological method, by which the mind attempts to render an account to itself of what passes within itself, by which we take cognizance through consciousness of the scenes mirrored from the soul. It is not necessary for our present purpose to show how Cartescanism was developed until it embraced the first thinkers of Europe. It enlisted the services of the meditative Malebranch, of the mathematical Leibnitz, of the solitary and rigorous Spinoza, and found its professor in the learned and pedantic Wolf, who clothed it in a severe and orderly dress. As the result of awakened attention in speculation, appeared the "Critical History of Philosophy," by Brucker.

Locke was an offspring of the Cortesian philosophy. He followed the method of

Descartes, and sought to analyze consciousness. His error was that he took part for the whole. He found certain elements of mind, built up his system on those, and rejected the rest. He saw nothing beyond perception and reflection. In England his philosophy was not carried to its last practical results. It was demonstrated by Condillac in France, that reflection, according to the system of Locke, was nothing but a modified sensation. In his "*Traité des Sensations*," he regarded sensation as the only instrument of consciousness. Reason, attention, comparison, all come from sensation. The soul is nothing but intelligence; all intelligence is the result of sensation; hence the soul itself is sensation. The metaphysician must be followed by the moralist. Helvetius came to prove that morality consists in shunning disagreeable sensations, and seeking pleasing ones. Duty shall henceforth be agreeable and easy. A new code, in which pleasure is the foundation principle, and self-interest the highest law, was the production of St. Lambert. A system so neat and beautiful must be carried to its practical application in every institution. Physiology was regarded as only a combination of functions, as the soul was regarded as only a collection of sensations. What is government but a collection of individuals, the law of whose being is pleasure? What supreme law could there be then but the desire of the multitude? It is melancholy to think that a devout English soul should be the author, indirect indeed, of such a spreading, all-embracing system of sensualism. The malady spread until all France was infected. Every French heart leaps in the belief that *pleasure* evermore shall be the true philosophy of life. Alas, *facilis descensus Averni!* It is sorrowful to trace the effects of the new gospel of sensualism among an intelligent, joyous-hearted people. The acts of its apostles are counted by tons of written and printed sheets. Voltaire scoffings, Diderot love-letters, and works which lips that would remain unsoiled may not name, were the results of such a comprehensive system. From Paris there flowed a stream of fiction, compared with which the Styx itself were drinkable. The *A-Theos*, brooding over a sea of human passion, said, "Let there be darkness, and there was darkness." Anon the sea is disturbed by the breath of coming storm. Zig-zag, linked lightnings of hate flash through the murky atmosphere. The muttered thunders of antagonism fall heavily on the ear, and the earth trembles beneath the heavy tread of approaching revolution. Mortals with quaking hearts attempt to hide themselves in vain. Floods of fire are poured from the bursting bosom of the clouds; Phlegethon-rivers with awful gleaming roar around; and over that sea of passion, instead of darkness, there is now *lurid* light. Beautiful gospel of *Pleasure!* Its leaven is potent; its *un*holy spirit *illumines* the world. The voices of its disciples are heard from the charnel-house of drunkenness and lust, crying with hollow, sepulchral accents, "Eat and drink, for to-morrow ye die." Beautiful gospel of *Pleasure!* Its baptism is that of blood, its worship is that of self, the most saintly distributors of its holy charities were Danton and Robespierre, Mirabeau and St. Just. Its Pentecostal days were those of July.

England and Germany were saved from the last results of such a philosophy by almost opposite causes. The English mind is too sober to act upon an untried theory. Common sense prevails, and preserves from those eccentricities of action to which the French with their ardent feelings are subject. The English were sufficiently prone to sensualism, but they were not ready for the sake of an idea to try an experiment which would put at hazard their boasted civil and political institutions. Immobility has been the characteristic of England, while mobility has been that of France. On the other hand Germany is not the soil for a rank growth of sensualism. The German mind was somewhat infected, but only for a short time. The German spirit by no means inclines to materialism. The erudite German could find even in Aristotle, and most especially in Plato, something more than a sensual philosophy. *The gospel of Pleasure*, however, was not without its influence in Germany. There was a general feeling, not only that happiness is our being's end and aim, but also that we are entitled to happiness. Pleasure is a Proteus that is never caught by direct seeking. He that would save his own soul shall lose it. Happiness did not come for the bidding; a belief in the right to it was nevertheless entertained. When mortals receive not what they conceive to be their due, they indulge in self-

pity, flatter themselves to tears, and give the highest seat in their hearts to the angel of sorrow. Such for a season was the condition of the popular German mind. This feeling found a tongue in the *Werther* of Goethe, which was followed by innumerable hoots, howls, and sentimental brays. There is still another phase of the same feeling. When the heart receives not the happiness to which it conceives itself entitled, instead of sorrow, anger is apt to follow. Hence the loud and bitter complaining of Byron. With his fierce, strong, passionate nature, he could scream the loudest of all Europe's crying children. With Mephistopheles-shriek he could pierce the ears of the Muses, and at intervals smile defiance at the gods. Heroic soul, and worthy of a better mission! Some strains of diviner music are continually bursting forth from a spirit that knows the good while pursuing the wrong.

Against sensualism a reaction at length came. It first appeared in Scotland, and was but little more than a mere protestation of common sense against the extravagances of empiricism. Reid was by no means profound, but was healthy. He is regarded as one of the founders of rational psychology, but he was rather the denier of the old system than the constructer of the new. Germany was the place for the development of the spiritual philosophy. Kant with great vigor described, classified, and enumerated the laws of reason. He regarded the laws by which we gain a knowledge of external things, of Deity, and of what passes within our own minds, as properties of the thinking subject. He considered thought the only real world. Upon all external things he would impose the subjective laws of thought. Fichte went farther than Kant, not only regarding all outward things as subjected to the laws of reason, but also as inductions of the thinking principle. Kant taught that a conception of God is an irresistible thought of the soul. Fichte regarded Deity as thought itself, conceived in an absolute sense—as the *me*. In fairness, however, it should be stated that Fichte distinguishes two *mes:* the one, that of which we are conscious; the other, the absolute, or Deity. When one speaks of God as an absolute *me*, he has arrived at the highest heaven of transcendentalism. Fichte has found an honest, sharp-sighted representative on this side of the ocean, who is now preaching to his Yankee friends this sublime nonsense. This spiritualism, modified in various ways, has deeply tinged all the literature of Germany. The eclectics have imported an element of it into France. It colors the best poetry of England and America to-day. The leaders in this direction were Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley; Tennyson, Keats, and others followed; and no one who has read *Manfred* will require to be told that Byron at least knew the way. Goethe, after telling the tale of sorrow that rested on the heart of Germany, led off with manly strength in the new course, and could then say:—

"What shapest thou here at the world? 'Tis
shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it, and thought it were best
even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

Although Coleridge studied German philosophy more thoroughly than Wordsworth, the latter nevertheless must be regarded as the leader in the new school of poetry. In proof of this position, we need to quote only a single passage, composed as early as 1798, on the banks of the Wye, while he was visiting the ruins of Tintern Abbey:—

"Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. *And I have felt*
*A presence which disturbs me with the joy*
*Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime*
*Of something far more deeply interfused,*
*Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,*
*And the round ocean, and the living air,*
*And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;*
*A motion, and a spirit, that impels*
*All thinking things, all objects of all thought,*
*And rolls through all things.*"

Wordsworth in this respect, receiving a bias from the philosophic spirit of the age, has not only influenced poets, both great and small, but also writers of every kind. The spiritual philosophy is no longer confined to rarely read poems; it ensouls much of current fiction, and has touched the heart of many an eloquent divine. The realities of things are no longer considered as residing in their visible, tangible forms, but in the underlying spirit.

This question of transcendentalism is a very difficult one to discuss. We may have "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," it may be that every thing has its celestial side, yet the imagination colors the external world. It is perhaps impossible to determine to what degree feeling is awakened by the spirit of nature, and to what extent nature is clothed upon by feeling. The attentive reader of Hegel will not be likely to regard the subject as a light one. It is hard to decide whether we sympathize with an object in nature or not until it is invested with some attribute of our own being. Nature, as the oldest book of revelation, in which are written laws of Deity, has significance, but only for *thinking* souls. The precise relation between the "*macrocosm*" and the "*microcosm*" we know not how to determine. "Let him," says Herder, "to whom nature exhibits no plan, no unity of purpose, hold his peace, nor venture to give her expression in the language of poetry. Let him speak, for whom she has removed the veil, and displayed the true expression of her features. He will discover in all her works connection, order, benevolence, and purpose. His own poetical creation too, like that creation which inspires his imagination, will be a true κοσμος, a regular work, with plan, outlines, meaning, and ultimate design, and commend itself to the understanding as a whole, as it does to the heart by its individual thoughts and interpretations of nature, and to the sense by the animation of its objects. In nature, all things are connected, and for the view of man are connected by their relation to what is human. The periods of time, as days and years, have their relation to the age of man. Countries and climates have a principle of unity in the one race of man; ages and worlds in the one eternal cause, one God, one Creator. *He is the eye of the universe, giving ... to its otherwise boundless void, and combining in a harmonious union the expression of all its multiplied and multiform features.*" This position we cannot deny, unless we adopt the totally subjective philosophy of Fichte. The following language of our poet then, surveyed from this point of view, has a divine meaning, as well as sublimity and beauty:—.

"But for the growing youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light? He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were
touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
All melted into h m; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
*Of visitation from the living God,*
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love."

On the other hand, the poet gives as well as receives. Vivid perception and deep feeling are necessarily transcendental.

"The poets, in their elegies and songs,
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And *senseless* rocks: nor idly; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
*Obedient* to the strong *creative* power
Of *human passion.* Sympathies there are
More tranquil, *yet perhaps of kindred birth,*
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought."

So when we look on nature, we *feel* that

"Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute Agents stirring there."

In Wordsworth, passion was not so strong as sentiment. He was just the opposite of Byron in this respect. In Byron, nature is often colored with really lurid hues of passion. There were times in which

"His mind became,
In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame."

For Wordsworth, nature never put on a look of hate, nor spoke in tones of anger. We see in the following exquisite passage,

from "Vandracour and Julia," how the passion of love is made to color external objects; yet it is not an unbridled passion; it is one controlled by moral sentiment:—

"Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portal of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; *pathways, walks,*
*Swarmed with enchantment,* till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that walks a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality."

Another passage, from the poem of "Ruth," will show that "noble sentiment" was active while imagination was investing nature with a gorgeous robe of voluptuousness. The poem is in a strain at once passionate and daring, but the incidents of a romantic story are related without a single impurity of expression. The oriental scenery awakens in a bold youth a wild desire, but the poet's moral nature demands that there should "intervene pure hopes of high intent." The following stanzas, besides illustrating the point in discussion, are of themselves a gem of beauty:—

"The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

"Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

"Nor less to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings which they sent
In those gorgeous bowers.

"*Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween*
*That sometimes there did intervene*
*Pure hopes of high intent;*
*For passions link'd to forms so fair*
*And stately, needs must have their share*
*Of noble sentiment.*"

Most especially in this region of poetry appears the humanity of Wordsworth. He hears

"Humanity, in groves and fields,
Pipe solitary anguish;"

and even in the "silent city of the dead," he says, we know

"That all beneath us by the wings are covered
Of motherly Humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade."

The study of nature is above all things calculated to awaken this feeling. "Poetry, which concerns itself with the deeds of men," says Herder, who can here speak with authority, "often in a high degree debasing and criminal, that labors, with lively and affecting apprehensions, in the impure recesses of the heart, and often for no very worthy purpose, may corrupt as well the author as the reader. The poetry of divine things can never do this. It enlarges the heart, while it expands the view, renders this serene and contemplative, that energetic, free and joyous. It awakens a love, an interest, and a sympathy for all that lives. It accustoms the understanding to remark on all occasions the laws of nature, and guides our reason to the right path." What Herder thus says as a critic, Wordsworth says as a poet in the following passage:—

"For the man,
Who in this spirit communes with the Forms
Of Nature, who with understanding heart
Doth know and love such Objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of Love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love."

We may safely say that no poet, of any age, has traced, with so tender a spirit, with so mild an interest as Wordsworth,

"That secret spirit of humanity
Which, mid the calm oblivious tendencies

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Of nature, mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survives."

Of the "two faculties of eye and ear," which belong to the "soul sublime and pure," the sense of the latter is much more delicate and exquisite than that of the former. For him the universe is flooded with music, rather than adorned with beautiful forms. The language of his holy affections has a tone of touching melody as well as love. While all his sentiments are sanctified by an intense feeling of humanity, they are etherealized by the spirit of that "beauty" that is

——— "born of murmuring sound."

In the wild scenes of nature he listens to a music that is only suggested as an ideal by an overture of Beethoven or an opera of Mozart. Some of the very finest passages of Wordsworth's poetry will be lost upon one who cannot understand how

——— "the ear converses with the heart."

For him—

——— "many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the mind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths and dashing shores;"

And with reference to two huge peaks that appear in the distance, peering from one vale into another, "lofty brethren," that "bear their part in the wild concert," he says:—

"Nor have Nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of a finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice; the clouds,
The mists, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
And have an answer—thither come and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits."

The following passage, in which he is speaking of the "unenlightened swains of pagan Greece," reveals to us perhaps the very birth of Apollo:—

"In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose;
And in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing Chariot of the Sun,
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment."

Even the spirit of love calls to its aid the sister spirit of music, giving a tone of humanity to the

——— "warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, *or entice a smile*
*Into the ambush of despair.*"

The "faculties of eye and ear" are both exhibited together at times, but the latter in a superior degree, as in the following very remarkable passage:

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have a sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither;
*And* SEE *the children sport upon the shore,*
*And* HEAR *the mighty waters rolling evermore.*"

While keeping in view the perplexing question of the soul's relation to the external world, we have illustrated the finest characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry. We are, however, no nearer determining the question than at the outset. Some will contend that nature receives all its significance from the human spirit, others that man is related to the spirit of the universe, as the shell to the sea:

"Apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

We would reject either extreme, yet are unable to determine the medium ground; we can only say with Novalis, "Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; those tones again are keys to higher strains in us." The greatness of the poet appears the same, whether in reality he transfers his feelings and thoughts to nature, or nature awakens feelings and thoughts in him with a power all her own. Neither nature is made for man nor man for nature. The adaptation of one to the other is perfect. You might as well subject the violin and the bow to chemical analysis, in order to ascertain the elements of Paganini's music, as to put nature and the soul of man into a metaphysical crucible, in order to determine the ingredients of that poetry which is born of their union.

In close connection with this question is the subject of imagination. Every element of man's mental nature, with the exception of pure reason, may manifest itself in the region of imagination. Form and color, feeling and sentiment, music and beauty,

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may, together or separately, as the image has more or less characteristics of the creative soul, lend their charms and give the spirit of life. Fancy contents itself with describing in a delicate, lively, pleasing, or luxurious manner that which really exists. Imagination always creates. It stops only at the elements of things, for of a new element the mind cannot conceive. The highest imagination has almost an infinite power of combination. We may, however, deduce two laws of its operation. It adds, in the first place, other elements to objects already existing, or combines parts of existing objects into new ones. Again, it creates objects out of the very elements of things, of which the world of form and life exhibits no real types. This distinction is somewhat arbitrary, and the point in the line which marks the extent of the first law, and the commencement of the second, it is perhaps impossible to locate; but for the sake of clearness of expression, it may be adopted.

Illustrations of the first law abound in all genuine poets. One of the most beautiful manifestations of this kind of imagination is the investment of external objects with human feelings: some have even regarded this as the whole province of imagination. We have, therefore, "*weeping* willows," "*sleeping* moonbeams," "*dancing* terrors," &c. With reference to the nudity of Godiva, Tennyson says:—

"The *shameless* noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers."

Shakspeare's King Lear could beseech the elements to have mercy on an *old* man, because "*ye yourselves are old.*" The conception of many fabulous beings — the cherubim and seraphim of Hebrew poetry, the phœnix, and those well known in classical poetry—is a result of the creative power of imagination, not combining the very elements of things, but combining parts of real objects in nature. The cherubim, for illustration, were compounded of several distinct animals. The Hebrews say, in a proverb, "There are four creatures of stateliness and pride in the world: the lion among the wild beasts; the ox among the tame; the eagle among birds; and man above all;" and these were united in the formation of the cherubim. Ezekiel says:—

"In all the four-fold visaged four was seen
The face of man; the right a lion, and an ox
The left distinguished, and to all the four
Belonged an eagle's visage. By itself
Distinct, their faces and their wings they each
Extended upward, joining thus, it seemed,
Two wings for flight, while two their bodies veiled."

In the same manner the sphinx of the Egyptians, the griffin of the northern mythology, and the dragon of the Greeks, may be decomposed. In the poetry of all nations, we find this peculiar manifestation of the imagination. Its operations are extended to inanimate as well as animate nature.

It is difficult to select examples exhibiting the purely creative power of imagination. We might find opponents if we should cite the demons of the Orphic hymns, the Izeds of the Parsi, the Elohim, the Achadim, and Adonim of the Hebrews, the Lahi of the Thibetians; but most will concede to us the gods of Homer, Dante's "Inferno," and the superhuman creations of Shakspeare. We find real manifesfations of this kind of imagination in "Paradise Lost," and in Goethe's "Faust."

The imagination, then, is not a single faculty of mind, but a manifestation of various combinations of its elements, joined with intense activity. The creations of imagination may therefore be characterized by beauty or deformity, purity or depravity, harmony or discord, sublimity or loveliness, love or hatred. The human soul creates in its own image. It requires imagination to paint the Witch of Endor, as well as the Virgin. Let any one read that awful description in Dante, commencing with the lines,

"O quanto parve a me gran meraviglia,
Quando vidi tre facce alla sua testa!"

and he will be satisfied that imagination may busy itself with the lowest hell as well as with the highest heaven. It may produce

"Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,"

and may "body forth"

——"dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghostly shanks—forms which, once seen,
Could never be forgotten!"

Goethe's Mephistopheles is the most unholy creation of powerful imagination in all literature. If Faust is a devilish saint, Mephistopheles is a saintly devil. The sin

of such a being is a yielding to the temptations of virtue,—a violation of his absolutely fiendish nature; of which he is indeed rarely guilty. As an escape from the nether region of imagination, let us glance at those Olympian-descended forms of virtue—forms, yet no forms, like figures of beauty dissolving in the soft twilight—ensouled by the spirit of Sophocles' imaginative genius. In "Œdipus Tyrannus," the chorus responds to Gocasta's scoffing profanity :—

" Νομοι
'Τψιποδες γ' ουρανιαν δ' αιθερ
[illegible] θεντες, ων' Ολυμπος
Πατηρ μονος, ουδε νιν θνατα
Φυσις ανερων ετικτεν, ουδε
Μη ποτε λαθα καταχοιμασει.
Με[illegible] εν τουτοι ι Θεος,
Ουδε γηρασκει."*

In consideration of these facts, we may say that Wordsworth is not equal in imagination to the greatest poets. He is inferior in this respect to Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Goethe, if not to others. At the same time we may say that he is superior to all in purity of imagination. We find no splendid images that rouse the unholy passions of our nature. His imagination weaves a vestal garb around every object with which it deals, clothes with hallowed affection, and infuses a controlling moral life. He leaves to the lip its ruby color, inviting to sip the nectar joy of earthly life, but makes you feel in your own nature the working of a higher law than than that of impulse, in obedience to which you must act, or joy will turn to sorrow. The naphtha fire of earth is not extracted, but a new tempering fire is added from heaven. The beings of his imagination are ensouled with the spirit of humanity, and breathe an atmosphere of music and love. When, according to poetic fancy, nature takes it into her head to "make a lady of her own," whose imagination but Wordsworth's could invest her with such charms as awaken only holy and pure affection ?—

"Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own!

"Myself will to the darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean on air
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

The following passage will show, in proof and illustration of our position, that music and sublimity may be used as ingredients, thus to speak, in the composition of imagination :—

"The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, everlasting air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round."

We cannot resist the temptation to copy one more passage which shows the presence of form, color and beauty, as well as other mental qualities, in a picture of the imagination with which but few equals are found in all literature. Something perhaps must be allowed for the reality, but imagination alone could see in the mountain mist, through which the sunbeams were playing, a picture which is described as follows :—

"A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul;

* The following imperfect translation, in which the half personification of the original is lost, is by Dr. Francklin, of Oxford:—

"Grant me, henceforth, ye powers divine,
In virtue's purest paths to tread;
In every word, in every deed,
May sanctity of manners ever shine;
Obedient to the laws of Jove,
The laws descended from above,
Which, not like those by feeble mortals given,
Buried in dark oblivion lie,
Or, worn by time, decay and die,
But bloom eternal, like their native heaven!"

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The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
* * * * * * *
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there,
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude."

We have said that Wordsworth has been called the greatest of metaphysical poets. He is not in the right sense of the term a great philosophic poet. We find in his poems but little direct reasoning. He has constructed no philosophic system. Every real poet, however, is necessarily metaphysical. When Keats says, "the golden tongue of music *flattered* the old man to tears," he reveals to us a fact of man's nature, at which the philosopher arrives only by a painful interrogation of consciousness. Poets, for the most part unconsciously, have given tongue to the most recondite feelings and the most evanescent thoughts. If Wordsworth is really the most metaphysical, it is because he is the most meditative of poets. He was a disciple and a teacher of the spiritual philosophy, but that does not determine the question of his reasoning power. Readers and critics have mistaken perhaps his severe introspection, his intense meditation, for profound argumentation. He announces, but does not prove; he combines, but does not analyze. In the region of philosophy, if we may be allowed the expression, he rather feels than sees. The heart of the poet tells truths, as well as the understanding of the philosopher. The latter may be more real to speculation, yet the former are more real to life. Wordsworth, therefore, saw the real property that man has in the affections, and made himself the champion of man's right to the immunities of feeling and the treasures of the heart. Hence, when we study him thoroughly, we come to regard him as a controversialist, and can understand why he was unshaken by the scoffs of criticism, when we learn that great principles of life were dearer to him than his own fame. He had faith in the laws of man's nature, revealed to him by feeling and meditation, and was therefore heroic and firm. As the great metaphysician of the feelings, he has not preserved consistency, for the feelings change with advancing experience and under the influence of different circumstances. We find in his poetry declarations of the existence of a creating and sustaining Deity. We find, also, clear statements of the doctrine of Pantheism. Again he states the Platonic notion of the soul's pre-existence. In the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality," the sublimest one to be found in any language, we have the following statement of this pre-existence:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Each of these statements was no doubt real to him at the moment of utterance. Hence inconsistencies may be strung on a thread of truth, while falsehood may be woven into the even web of consistency. Plato would not have defended in earnest his doctrine of pre-existence. In regard to it, Wordsworth was in earnest only in a poetical sense. It is well known that Dante represents the soul as a little girl "weeping and laughing in its childish sport," knowing nothing save moved by its Creator, "willingly it turns to that which gives it pleasure." Turning away from the scare-crow of Pantheism, which our poet never meant to advocate, let us be contented with the following beautiful and highly meditative sonnet:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

We are not sorry that no space is left to dwell upon positive faults. A want of a quick perception of the ridiculous has exposed Wordsworth to the poisoned arrows of wit and the playful sallies of humor; an advantage of which the Edinburgh critics were not slow to avail themselves. There was no affinity between the subtlety of Jeffrey's intellect and the subtlety of Wordsworth's heart. We are thankful for the wounds inflicted by Jeffrey, for we have, on account of them, a loftier example of heroic patience and unflinching purpose in Wordsworth. Again we may say that our poet is deficient in constructive power. None of his poems have a pleasingly entangled plot. None of his narratives have a winding thread that begets expectation and awakens interest. Also, while dwelling upon sentiments he loses sight of individual life; hence his poetry is deficient in dramatic effect. Again, while he has

——— "sympathies
Aloft, ascending and sinking down,
Even to inferior kinds,"

we must believe that he has wasted the treasures of affection and the sweets of love upon many an unworthy object; that, in a holy endeavor to shield every living thing from contempt, he has gone into the opposite extreme from those poets who exclude every thing but the shadows or the realities of a court. It would be no difficult thing to show glaring inconsistencies in his political views, yet they may be harmonized, perhaps, by shifting the application of his ideal. Now we hear the tone of eulogy, now the tone of denunciation; this is an echo of the past, that a prophecy of the future. We might also refer to many passages which show a redundancy of language, and to some which show that he at times invested commonplace thoughts with a drapery of expression altogether too gorgeous. From his poems we could pick some that might be placed among the finest specimens of art that have ever been written, yet we could wish that upon certain passages more care might have been bestowed. A theory, vicious in some respects, has led him, in many places, to use unpoetic language and imagery.

We desist. Who can bear to expose the foibles of a wise and venerable friend! Wordsworth occupies a sacred place in our heart. His spirit, that hovers in the mysterious drapery of words a living presence on the earth, shall remain to greet and bless millions that shall come hither in future ages from the unknown, and to pronounce, as one of the sacred ministers of the *Word*, benediction on them at their departure. From him may all devout poets take encouragement, and all profane ones take warning, for the Eternal will permit the stamp of immortality to be put only upon that which accords with his atributes of justice and mercy, wisdom and love. He has revealed to us new powers and susceptibilities of the heart, and the heart responds to his gentle touch with a deep feeling of sympathy and blessing. As long as English literature has a place for the wise Spenser, it will have one for the good Wordsworth.

O. W. W.

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# NATURE AND EFFECTS OF A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

It is obvious to all reflecting minds, that under the present tariff we are importing foreign goods to an excessive extent. The drain of specie from the vaults of our banks, which is now going on in consequence, would most certainly produce a financial crisis, bringing ruin upon thousands, were it not for the supply of gold from California. This is putting off the evil day, but for how long no one can predict. As it is, others are taking from us by this system nearly all the advantages we so eagerly expected from our rich Pacific possessions. We are merely becoming the *shippers* of the treasures of that region for our more sagacious European rivals.

Under these circumstances we will be excused for again presenting in the simplest form another argument for protection to our own industry in all its forms.

A tariff founded on constitutional authority, and at the same time wisely modified by all the necessities of the country to which it can apply, is a measure that cannot be successfully assailed. Some system of taxation must exist for the support of government; and none has ever been devised so faultless or so fit as this. Under its operation taxes are levied upon the people by their own voluntary action, and thus, as it were, by an invisible and unfelt agency; and the costs of collection have been estimated by high authority at one fifth only of the costs that would be incurred under a system of direct taxation. Thus, whatever is paid, is paid with the greatest possible convenience to the citizen; and the amount paid is less than it would be under a system of direct taxation by four fifths of the costs of the collection of the revenue under that system.

These premises are beyond the reach of material objection; and if true, there can be but one rational opinion as to the expediency of the tariff system.

But there is a further and direct pecuniary advantage derived through the operation of the tariff. This can be easily stated and illustrated. It is, that foreign States, in some degree, actually and substantially pay our revenue. But how is this effected? It is thus: Suppose the revenue necessary for the support of the Federal Government equal to $25,000,000, (costs of collection, &c., included:) this sum must be raised in either one or the other of two ways, viz., by direct taxation, or by duties on foreign commerce: if by the former, then it is certain the government costs the people that sum, *precisely;* but if by the latter, then the question is, Have not foreign countries paid a part of the amount? Doubtless they have; and let us see by what process. Keeping in mind that twenty-five millions are to be raised—suppose we were at any time without a tariff, and that foreign goods could be bought in our markets at certain rates—any you please: for the time being the people pay the whole twenty-five millions, and buy their goods at the rates that may be: suppose now that subsequently it is thought fit by government to levy a tariff of twenty per cent. on all foreign goods sold in our markets, and which duty would precisely meet the expenses of government, to the entire relief of the people from direct taxation: in this case, and by the operation of a settled law of trade, the duty of twenty per cent. levied upon the foreign goods would not be added to the price which our citizens would be required to pay for them, but some smaller amount. The sum of twenty per cent. above the previous cost would be divided between the seller and the purchaser, the seller losing (it may be) five, and the purchaser fifteen of the twenty per cent. Now, each party losing in his respective proportion, the purchaser three fourths and the seller one fourth of the twenty per cent., which in the aggregate make up the twenty-five millions, it is obvious that the citizens of the country pay only eighteen



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and three quarter millions, and the foreign States the remaining six and a quarter millions, which are made to the country by the transaction.

Perhaps some would say that, notwithstanding the apparent advantage to the country which this estimate exhibits, there is ultimately and substantially no advantage; since the gain of six and a quarter millions on the one hand is rebutted by the restraint inflicted on commerce on the other. But is the objection sound? Let us examine and see. The facts are these: Duties are laid on imported goods at twenty per cent. to the amount of twenty-five millions: to obtain this revenue the country pays fifteen per cent. more on the price for its goods—an increase equal to eighteen and three quarter millions. Now, the eighteen and three quarter millions are the measure of the restraint on commerce: strike the balance, and the country stands benefited by the transaction six and a quarter millions of dollars: the restraint on commerce answers to only three quarters of the relief from direct taxation; the remainder of that relief is so much clear gain. To illustrate more familiarly: Suppose that without a tariff an individual were to pay the Federal Government $1 revenue per annum, and at the same time paid for hats of a certain description at the rate of $5 each: now, suppose a tariff of twenty per cent. levied on foreign goods; this on the foregoing hypothesis would remove the direct tax, and would raise the price of the hat seventy-five cents only. How, then, would the parties stand? They would stand thus: The Government would receive the same revenue as before, and the citizen as before would wear his hat; but the tariff would have the effect of compelling the foreigner to pay twenty-five cents of the dollar which the citizen paid before.

| *No tariff.* | | *Tariff.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hat, - - | $5 | Hat, - - | $5 75 |
| Direct tax, - | 1 | Direct tax, - | 0 00 |
| Total, - - | $6 | Total, - - | $5 75 |

From this statement it is obvious that the Government receives the same income with or without the tariff, (supposing costs of collection, &c., equal in each case,) while it is equally obvious that the tariff has saved the citizen twenty-five cents, which he paid before, by making the foreigner pay it. By the operation of the law the Government has lost nothing—the citizen has made twenty-five cents, and the foreigner has lost as much; and all has been done without the smallest injustice to any one. Neither can it be said that the restraint of the tariff on commerce curtails the enjoyments of the people by effectually curtailing the means of enjoyment in raising prices: because the means of enjoyment are equally as great as (even greater than) before; inasmuch as the people gain somewhat from the foreign States by the transaction, after both supporting government and buying the same amount of goods as before.

Again, it may be said, if, (according to the foregoing hypothesis,) while the price of foreign goods is raised by the operation of the tariff, the rise in price is more than compensated by releasing a greater amount in the form of direct tax; why is it that the foreigner has been forced to receive less for his goods? The ability of the country to pay for them being undiminished, and the supply remaining the same, why should the goods be sold lower? The following explanation may suffice: When the citizen is discharged from direct taxation, the amount that he would otherwise pay to the Government remains in his own coffers, at his own absolute control and disposal. He is not obliged to invest it in one commodity more than another. It retains the general character of his private property, and he regards it only in that light. Suppose him now to go to a merchant to buy goods: suppose the merchant to inform him that the goods which he wants have risen fifteen per cent.; would he be influenced in his purchase by the consideration that the tax which he before paid was in his pocket? Not one cent more than if he had made the amount of his tax-bill by a bargain on the road; and that would have no appreciable effect. Men are not governed in their purchases by such motives; but they look to the relative value of commodities in general, and if an article rises in relation to other articles in general, (whether from natural or political causes,) they will buy in some degree the less of it. If corn, bacon, &c., remain at a fixed price, and the price of flour is doubled, it needs no demonstration to prove that less flour will be used than before, and this whether the rise is the effect of a tariff or

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other cause. Here, then, is the inducement and necessity for the foreign merchant to lessen his profits (under the tariff) as strong as in any other case—notwithstanding the fact that in this case something from the very nature of trade is made to the country by the action of the system.

Let us now examine its effect on the value and amount of home production, for this is an important department of inquiry on the subject, and should be well considered. How can it affect us in that quarter? In the following manner: Suppose England to bring goods to the United States, during any year, to the amount of twenty-five millions, for which she finds a market by taking in return the raw material, &c., which are produced here: suppose, also, that the next year a tariff of twenty per cent. is levied upon her merchandise by the Government of the United States: it cannot be denied that the tendency, at least, of such increase of duty is to diminish importation. The importation being diminished, and the foreigner less able to buy, the demand for our domestic produce is diminished, and, *cæteris paribus*, its price must fall. Here an evil result seems to be fairly made out, though very indefinite in its character. But is it not very manifest, that though an evil, it must be extremely, if not insensibly small? Say that one thirtieth part of the exports of England is absorbed in our markets; that the imposition of the tariff diminishes their importation one twentieth of that amount, (which is perhaps much more than facts warrant us to suppose:) then the total demand will be diminished by the one-six hundredth part of its original amount, only. Now, if such a diminution of demand will affect the price of an article, (as by the principle laid down we must allow,) *how much* will it affect it? Suppose a farmer, who in 1849 bought six hundred yards of osnaburgs for negro clothing, finds himself in 1850 in need of only five hundred and ninety-nine yards: how much would he expect the merchant to fall in price for the decrease of the demand? The principle could not apply practically in such a case, while as a mere abstraction we must admit it. And similar is the case between the United States and England. We must not estimate the decrease of demand in England for our cotton, &c., by the proportion which the diminution of our importation from England bears to its whole previous amount, but by the diminution of England's total demand for the articles which we produce and exchange for her fabrics. Here seems to be a principal, if not the only ground of error on the subject.

Still, supposing there is more in this abstract objection than has been allowed, is there not great reason to suppose that it is more than neutralized by the consequential advantages which flow from the system in other directions? Must we not allow it to be a matter of much moment that this system, by transferring a large body of our population from the field to the loom, diminishes the amount and augments the price of our agricultural products, while at the same time the condition of the new manufacturers is improved? Is it a small matter, that by encouraging and extending domestic manufactories, and thus increasing competition, the prices of goods are lowered? Is the augmentation of our national independence and security, by manufacturing within our own borders all articles of prime necessity, a matter to be despised? These advantages are manifest results of this system—results promised by reason and exhibited by experience—and (leaving wholly out of view the estimated national gain of six and a quarter millions by its operation) these advantages must, in the eye of reason and true policy, far, very far outweigh an objection which exists almost, if not wholly, in abstraction. But, again, take it for granted that our exports are lessened by the operation of the tariff, and that therefore the price of domestic productions is reduced: what is the tendency of such a state of things? Why, the very ground on which foreign commerce is reduced, is that on which *pari passu* domestic manufacture is augmented. And what is the effect of the extension of manufactures, if it is not to increase the demand for and raise the price of the raw materials, the productions of the country, whose price had fallen from the check given to foreign demand by the tariff (according to the hypothesis)? It is obvious that if the demand for our productions is diminished abroad, the very reason of that diminution will increase the demand at home; and, *cæteris paribus*, the demand being increased, the price is increased, (surely in this case, if in the other.) The whole

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matter is then reduced to this one point, viz., whether the increase of demand at home is equivalent to the decrease of foreign demand; and who can show that it is not? Say the check on our importation is an evil, and that the stimulus which it communicates to home industry and the price of home productions is, on the other hand, an advantage: do not the evil and the good appear upon mere inspection to be correspondent? Do they not appear, so far as things so indefinite in their nature can be scanned, to be proximately, if not exactly equal? Such is very strongly the appearance; and if true, then all the other advantages before enumerated are so much clear gain—the ill effect of the system on home production in one way, being counteracted by a corresponding advantage in another.

But the feature of this system which, in its present modification, is most odious to its opponents, is the protective policy which it embodies. While on the one hand it is admitted that the Government may constitutionally levy such duties on foreign commerce as may be necessary for its support, it is wholly denied on the other that such duties may be so laid as to afford protection to our own domestic manufactures. Let us fairly consider this objection, and see whether it is founded in wisdom or in sophistry. Upon what is it based? Upon the assumption that the Federal Constitution authorizes a tariff for revenue, and for revenue only; and that the present tariff, being as certainly a protective as it is a revenue tariff, (protection and revenue both being objects of the measure,) it is therefore, *quoad* the protective feature, without constitutional authority. It would be unreasonable to suppose that an objection so popular would fail to be specious; and specious this is; but it is only specious. It is certain that the Legislature can lay duties for revenue. All admit it. And is it not certain that the Constitution does not impose upon it a single restriction, making any article of commerce more or less dutiable than another, or limiting in any manner the rates of duties? All this is certain. And what does this grant of power, thus unrestricted as to both the subjects and the rates of duty, amount to? Why, most palpably to a discretionary power to lay any duties on any articles of foreign commerce whatever, in order to raise revenue. He has not ordinary perception who cannot see this. Now the Federal Legislature in 1842 did—what? *For the purpose of raising revenue, they, in their discretion as to both the subjects and the rates of duty, laid a tariff on foreign merchandise.* Did they not then act in most implicit obedience to the Constitution? The Constitution did not require that the Legislature should or should not have other objects associated with that of revenue; but if it legalized an object by the execution of which another might be attained, (no other law prohibiting,) then it legalized the latter also: and this conclusion is inevitable; for the Constitution, leaving the Legislature at large as to both rates and dutiable articles, gave them power to establish any: the Legislature choosing the protective rates, &c., are therefore within the Constitutional power. Take an illustration: Suppose the Federal Government should determine to enlarge our navy by the addition of twelve ships of the line, and should *authorize its agents to employ mechanics to build them:* now suppose these agents who have this authority (the sole assigned object of which is the building of the ships) should, in contracting with builders, associate with the leading object (the building of the ships) the additional and humane object of letting the work to certain applicants, who, while equally as skilful as others, had the misfortune to be extremely poor; and suppose they should act under this motive: will any man say that this would be transcending authority? Surely not; and still this is a parallel case with the other. Suppose also (as we reasonably may) that the tariff of 1842 was laid precisely as it was, but that the object of protection was not in the mind of the Legislature when it was laid; or that it was laid with an eye to revenue only, and otherwise wholly at random: would not the effects have been precisely as they were? and would it not be constitutional on the very ground of its opponents? Most unquestionably; and if so, what should we think of the Constitution in reprobating a cause without any reference to its practical effects? This may not be political abstraction in the eyes of some; but that it is a distinction practically immaterial, no man can doubt.

It has been objected that a protective tariff is of unequal operation; that it fills

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the pockets of the Northern manufacturer, and empties those of the planter of the South. But though it must in candor be admitted to be unequal in its indirect effects, yet who would have the temerity to condemn a measure for an imperfection no greater than this, when compared with the great extent and variety of its advantages? It protects the agriculturist and the manufacturer, the whole country over; and these are the principal departments of industry. That its protection should be precisely equal to all, could not be expected; it is not in the nature of things that it should be so. Nor would the operation of a tariff, however modified, be precisely and universally equal. And why is it that the common experience of men does not teach them this? If a bridge is to be built, or a road to be opened in one of the counties of Virginia, (a matter of familiar occurrence,) though the bridge or the road may be of use to only a small portion of that county, yet do all the tax-paying citizens contribute alike to its construction. Now, what is this inequality in the operation of the tariff but a complete analogy to that manifested in the case of the bridge or the road? Yet men speak of the one as iniquitous, and the other goes unblamed.

Touching the attention that should be paid to the description of foreign goods in adjusting the duties upon them, it is proper to observe generally, that the higher the comparative necessity of an article to the public security, the higher comparatively should be the duty upon it, *if the manufacture of the article is practicable at home.* Anti-restrictive writers on political economy agree that the necessity of an article to the public security is, as to that article, good ground of exception to the anti-restrictive rule. To define exactly what is meant by *articles necessary to public security* would be extremely difficult. Perhaps a definition which would be true at one time would not be so at another. The condition, habits, and manners of a people are ever varying, and with them vary their necessities. Now, the necessities of a nation being changed, the articles which supply these necessities are changed also; and these articles are *necessary to the public security:* for the *public security* consists, in part, in the possession of the necessary articles of ordinary comfort and defense; and these articles are ever varying with times and circumstances. The enlightened wisdom of the Federal Legislature, then, is probably a sufficient guarantee that such modifications of the tariff will be successively adopted as the condition of the country shall from time to time indicate to be proper.

It has been alleged in objection to the tariff, that in encouraging the establishment of large manufacturing communities, its effect is demoralizing and mobocratic. But how can that be? The answer would probably be this. That the laborers in such establishments are collected from the lowest walks of life, and are, therefore, the most ignorant and the most vicious members of society; that, being brought into contact in large bodies, their vicious propensities by union (like alloyed metals) acquire a power greater than the sum of their individual powers when separate; and that riots, mobs, and gross immoralities are the consequences.

There is certainly an apparent force in the objection, for it must be acknowledged that (*cæteris paribus*) vice concentrated is mightier and more mischievous than when generally diffused. But is it just to denounce such associations, simply because they are found to be connected with an evil tendency? or would it be the wiser way to inquire whether or not such tendency is rebutted by equivalent or greater advantages from the same source? The answer is obvious. The laborers that yesterday lounged in idleness along the streets, without the means of life, or strolled over the country to procure by plunder the bread of subsistence, are to-day sent to a factory where they are put to regular employment, under the superintendence of men eminent for their integrity and business capacity. Here they are paid for their services, and are at the same time *incidentally* restrained from the thousand misdeeds of which idleness and want are the certain progenitors. Yesterday they were without the restraint which rational control imposes; to-day they are under its influences: yesterday they were in want, under temptations to falsehood, robbery and murder; to-day their wants are removed, and they are delivered from their temptations. They cannot indulge vicious propensities during the day, because they are employed, and at night

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fatigue inclines them to sleep. Now, in candor and sound reason, is not the evil tendency, which has been suggested, far more than rebutted? That mobs may sometimes occur in such establishments, is not denied; but the history of nations (and even of England and our own country) shows that a factory laborer is not a necessary constituent of a mob. And even if it were so, still the good seems to preponderate over the evil in the moral effect of the institution. Nor does there appear any good reason to suppose that manufacturing institutions impoverish their operatives. Men will naturally take employment where they can obtain the highest wages. Now, if the laborer (who has no land of his own) procures higher wages from the manufacturer than the farmer, do the higher wages make him poor? The poverty of the civilized world has diminished with the extension of manufacturing institutions. Without such institutions, what would be the poverty and the suffering of Great Britain, with her millions of population? The wretchedness of her people is great now, but if these institutions should be suppressed, it would be immeasurable. Suppose her population annually increasing, while the extent of her soil is fixed: the demand for agricultural labor thus remains stationary, while the supply continually increases. In this way the price of labor gradually falls, and it falls under the operation of a continually accumulating cause. At this juncture appears the manufacturing system: the laboring population is divided; some go to the factories, some to the fields. The supply of agricultural labor of course diminishes, and the demand remaining the same, the price must rise. Again, the factory laborer must get as high wages as the agricultural, or he will naturally seek employment elsewhere. Thus the condition of both classes is improved, and the indefinite expansibility of the manufacturing system enables the country by successive enlargements to keep pace with the growth of her wants, resulting from the growth of her population. In this point of view, the system appears to be *actually necessary* to the well-being, if not to the very existence of the nation. Her people remain at home, and, within the small compass of her factory walls, indirectly cultivate millions of acres of every soil and climate on the globe.

Such, briefly, are the nature and effects of the tariff system; and it would be difficult to believe that a measure fraught with so many advantages can fail to command the earnest attention of the country at large, that we may be saved by it from the disasters to which we are so evidently hastening under the present over-importation of foreign goods.

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## EDITORIAL NOTE.

We beg to say to our friends, with the commencement of a new volume, that we have made, and are making, arrangements for great improvements in the various departments of the Review. Without varying from the well-established principles which have guided the past years of its existence, greater care shall be exercised in the supervision of the articles admitted. We have made arrangements for a monthly article on European events and politics, to be written in Paris, by a gentleman who will possess peculiar facilities for information. We hope to make this a very acceptable feature in the Review. We will take the liberty of sending to each of our subscribers during the present month a circular, defining more particularly our position and intentions, which we will take as a great favor if all will read, and communicate to us any suggestions that may occur. In view of the coming Presidential contest we wish to have all our armor ready, and to feel the sustaining countenance of our friends. The calm at present in the political atmosphere allows us to nearly suspend the subject for the present, but our friends will be, we think, amply compensated by the rich historical and literary matter we present in the present number. We trust next month to be able to take a survey of the field of the coming fight.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Eastbury: A Tale.* By ANNA HARRIET DRURY, authoress of "Friends and Fortune." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We dipped into the first chapter of this delightful volume as we were borne along the Hudson by the rushing engine that has invaded the solitudes of its highlands. As the book opens *in a rail-car*, the appropriateness of the place to the reading of said chapter will be apparent; but when the scenery outside, and the short time which the "arrowy flight" through it you are taking allows the pent-up mind to expand to its grandeurs, are considered, it will not be surprising that our investigations into the merits of the book proceeded no further than the railroad chapter in question.

*Some* books, however, there are, whose quality one has no more hesitation in judging of by a *bite* than one would have in deciding about a peach in the same way; or to be more seasonable in our illustration, than we had when, after reaching our destination, we hesitated not, from the first spoonful, to express an emphatic approbation touching the *wild strawberries* and pure cream put before us by our friend—gathered from his own hills and fields. Reader, you will find this to be such a book, or our theory, so *pleasantly* illustrated, is false.

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*Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE. Vol. III. Harper & Brothers.

In a mere notice we can only announce the fact of the appearance of this third volume of the great work of Humboldt. We shall endeavor to recur to it more particularly in an extended review. It will undoubtedly be referred to hereafter as one of the enduring works of this age, a prominent landmark in its progress.

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*The Heir of Wast-Wayland: A Tale.* By MARY HOWITT. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of those charming stories of Mrs. Howitt that it is only necessary to announce, so well known are the purposes of all her works, and so admirable her method of executing them.

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*History of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.* By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is another of the series of admirable historico-biographical books, to which we have so often called the attention of our readers. Our admiration for the manner in which Mr. Abbott executes his task, is increased by each addition to the series. We are glad to learn that no works of the kind have ever been more highly appreciated, as evinced by the extent of the sales.

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*Caleb Field: A Tale of the Puritans.* By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

A quaintly but exquisitely written story, which we can heartily commend to the lovers of the pure and good.

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*Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe.* By IK. MARVEL. New-York: Charles Scribner.

It may be that our opinions are influenced by the fact of the appearance originally of some portions of this book in our own columns, (which our readers will pleasantly remember under the title of "Notes by the Road,") but it is with us the favorite book of this elegant writer. There has been no book among the multitude of travels, that, to our taste, approaches this in certain qualities. Its freshness of feeling, its quiet observation and characteristic touches of pathos and humor, make altogether the most charming of all recent books.

The more popular subject which Mr. Mitchell hit in his last most successful work, "The Reveries," suddenly awakened the public to the existence of a rare genius that they had neglected, and now these new editions of former works are demanded. Nor will they, we venture to say, disappoint the appreciative.

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*Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Ægean; or Views of Athens and Constantinople.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON, late of the United States Navy. Edited, from the Notes and Manuscripts of the Author, by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street.

Another delightful volume by the author of "Ship and Shore." It is full of the peculiar grace, wit, and spirit that characterize all the writings of the lamented chaplain. We know of no more joyous and pleasant companion into the regions he describes, and we shall contribute to the enjoyment of all whom our notice may attract to the book should they conclude to put it among their collection for their summer vacation.

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*Para; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon.* By JOHN ESAIAS WARREN. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The style of this book is too ambitious and

florid; obscuring by too great a verbiage rather than increasing to the mind of the reader the vividness of the scenes described. Amid scenes of such natural grandeur and such luxuriance of tropical verdure, it is to be sure hardly possible to restrain the pen within the limits of strict taste; and it may therefore be that our readers will not agree with our criticism. The intrinsic interest of the subject of the volume is so great that we can safely commend it.

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*The Religion of Geology and its connected Sciences.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

After the various works which have been published of late upon the subject of Geology and kindred sciences, one was particularly required directly to the point aimed at in the above work. It required also that a professed theologian and a profound naturalist, combined in the one individual, should undertake the task. As this work answers in all respects this desideratum, we may congratulate the public, both theological and lay, on its opportune appearance.

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*Practical Mercantile Correspondence. A collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes critical and explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro formâ invoices, account sales, bills of lading, and bills of exchange. Also, an explanation of the German chain rule, as applicable to the calculation of exchanges.* By WILLIAM ANDERSON. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

It is only necessary for us to give the title of this book, as every one interested in the subject will perceive from it, that if properly executed, a great desideratum has been supplied for the wants of the rising mercantile generation. And as to the merits of the book itself, what they are may be inferred from the fact that it has received the compliment of translation into several of the European languages.

*The Book of Oratory: A new collection of extracts in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogue, containing selections from distinguished American and English Orators, Divines, and Poets; of which many are specimens of the Eloquence of Statesmen of the present day. For the use of Colleges, Academies and Schools.* By EDWARD C. MARSHALL, M.A., late Instructor in the Military School at West Point, in Geneva College, and in the New-York University. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

In giving the above title-page in full, we need only add, that the names of the compiler and publishers are a sufficient guarantee for the manner in which the work is executed.

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*Guide to the White Mountains and Lakes of New-Hampshire.* Concord, N. H.: Tripp & Osgood. New-York: C. H. Tripp, 262 Greenwich street.

An admirable pocket-guide to those favorite places of summer resort.

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*The American Cotton Spinner, and Manager's and Carder's Guide. A Treatise on Cotton Spinning, &c., &c.*

*The Moulder's and Founder's Pocket Guide. A Treatise on Moulding and Founding, &c., &c.* Philadelphia: A. Hart & Co.

These two volumes will be found of great value to all those engaged in the two extensive and important branches of art to which they refer. They are an evidence of the progress of artistic and scientific skill among us, notwithstanding its struggle with foreign competition.

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*A School Dictionary of the Latin Language.* By Dr. J. KALTSCHMIDT. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This volume is one of the celebrated classical series of Schmitz & Zumpt, so highly recommended by the various professors and teachers throughout the country.

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D. A. Burke

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXX.

FOR AUGUST, 1851.

## STRAY LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

[CONCLUDED.]

In giving the remainder of the series of these curious documents, we conceive that it will add much both to their political and historical interest to introduce a remarkable passage from Burke which we have accidentally stumbled upon. We make our quotation from an old pamphlet printed in Philadelphia for *William Cobbett* in 1797, entitled "Two Letters addressed to a Member of the present Parliament on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France," by the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Whether the passage we have italicized may not have reference to these identical papers now first published, we leave the curious to decide.

It will be seen that our opinions of the character of the transactions here recorded are fortified by the great name of Burke.

"There has not been in this century any foreign peace or war, in its origin the fruit of popular desire, except the war that was made with Spain in 1739. Sir Robert Walpole was forced into the war by the people, who were inflamed to this measure by the most leading politicians, by the first orators, and the greatest poets of the time. For that war Pope sung his dying notes. For that war Johnson, in more energetic strains, employed the voice of his early genius. For that war Glover distinguished himself in the way in which his muse was most the natural and happy. The crowd readily followed the politicians in the cry for a war which threatened little bloodshed, and which promised victories that were attended with something more solid than glory. A war with Spain was a war of plunder. In the present conflict with Regicide, Mr. Pitt has not hitherto had, nor will perhaps for a few days have, many prizes to hold out in the lottery of war to tempt the lower part of our character. He can only maintain it by an appeal to the higher; and to those in whom that higher part is the most predominant he must look the most for his support. Whilst he holds out no inducements to the wise, nor bribes to the avaricious, he may be forced by a vulgar cry into a peace ten times more ruinous than the most disastrous war. The weaker he is in the fund of motives which apply to our avarice, to our laziness, and to our lassitude, if he means to carry the war to any end at all, the stronger he ought to be in his addresses to our magnanimity and to our reason.

"In stating that Walpole was driven by a popular clamor into a measure not to be justified, I do not mean wholly to excuse his conduct. My time of observation did not exactly coincide with that event; but I read much of the controversies then carried on. Several years after the contests of parties had ceased, the people were amused, and in a degree warmed with them. The events of that era seemed then of magnitude, which the revolutions of our time have reduced to parochial importance; and the debates which then shook the nation now appear of no higher moment than a discussion in a vestry. When I was very young, a general fashion told me I was to admire some of the writings against that minister: a little more maturity taught me as much to despise them. I

observed one fault in his general proceeding. He never manfully put forward the entire strength of his cause. He temporized, he managed; and adopting very nearly the sentiments of his adversaries, he opposed their inferences. This, for a political commander, is the choice of a weak post. His adversaries had the better of the argument as he handled it, not as the reason and justice of his cause enabled him to manage it. *I say this after having seen, and with some care examined, the original documents concerning certain important transactions of those times.* They perfectly satisfied me of the extreme injustice of that war, and of the falsehood of the colors which, to his own ruin, and guided by a mistaken policy, he suffered to be daubed over that measure. Some years after, it was my fortune to converse with many of the principal actors against that minister, and with those who principally excited that clamor. None of them, no, not one, did in the least defend the measure, or attempt to justify their conduct. They condemned it as freely as they would have done in commenting upon any proceeding in history, in which they were totally unconcerned. Thus it will be. They who stir up the people to improper desires, whether of peace or war, will be condemned by themselves. They who weakly yield to them will be condemned by history."

We resume with the original dispatch giving an account of the first formal taking possession of that region towards which so much interest has been attracted lately. It will be found to be very interesting and curious. It is somewhat singular that the King described so nearly resembles the descriptions of the present "King of Mosquito." Lord Palmerston, in his dispatch to the Nicaraguan Government, says: "The time when and the manner in which the connection between Great Britain and the Mosquito Coast began is not well known." This paper evidently throws some light on the subject, and may be useful to his Lordship, provided he still continues to ignore *the treaty of Paris*, 1763.

We do not desire at present to re-open the discussion of the Nicaraguan question, especially in the manner it has been discussed in this Review, contrary to the advice of its present conductor, but we are glad to be able to add any new *facts* that may throw light upon it; retaining personally, as we do, the confidence we have always felt, notwithstanding all that has been said, in the patriotism and far-seeing statesmanship of the eminent Secretary in whose hands the negotiation has been, knowing that he of all others is the man to settle it upon such bases as the honor and interests of the country demand.

XI.

[Backed, "Mr. Hodgson, from y^e^ 13th of March to 12th April. Sandy Bay, 8th April, 1740. Mr. Hodgson to Gov. Trelawny."]

SANDY BAY, April 8th, 1740.

*May it please your Excellency:*—I dated my last from Port Royal by mistake on the 1st of March, whereas we sailed from thence on the 29th of February, arrived at St. Andrews on the 3d of March, sailed for Sandy Bay on the 6th, where we came to an anchor on the 11th, but were prevented by a north from going ashore till the 13th.

King Edward being informed of my arrival, sent me word that he would see me the next day, which he did, attended by several of his captains. I read to him your Excellency's letter, and my own commission, and when I had explained them by an interpreter, told my errand and recommended to them to seek all opportunities of cultivating friendship and union with the neighboring Indian nations, and especially such as were under subjection to the Spaniards, and of helping them to recover their freedom. They approved every thing I said, and appointed the 16th to meet the Governor, John Briton, and his captains at the same place, to hear what I had farther to say.

On the 16th they all came except Admiral Dilly and Coll^o^ Morgan [Mosquito Indian chiefs, who had been complimented with British commissions or titles.—ED.] who were sick. General Hobby and his capt^s^ were at too great a distance to be sent for, but their presence not being material, I proceeded to acquaint them that as they had long acknowledged themselves subjects of Great Britain, the Governor of Jamaica had sent me to take possession of their country, in his majesty's name: then asked if they had any thing to object. They answered that they had nothing to say against it, but were very glad I was come for that purpose. So I immediately raised the standard and reduced the sum of what I had said into articles. I asked them both separately and jointly if they approved and would abide by them. They unanimously declared they would. So I had them read over again in a solemn manner under the colours. At the end of every article fired a gun, and concluded with cutting up a turf, and promising to defend their country and to pro-

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cure them all the assistance and instruction from England in my power.

The formality all this was done with seemed to have a good influence upon them, for they often repeated their desire of learning to read, and said they must now mind their king more than they had done, and do all they could to help themselves and hurt the Spaniards, to whom I recommended all the mercy that was consistent with their own safety. But they seemed not to understand me rightly, saying—if they fight they must kill. The articles I enclose, and hope your Excellency will excuse so much ceremony: for as I had no certain information whether the country was ever taken possession of before or ever claimed otherwise than by sending them down commissions, I thought the more voluntary and clear the cession of it was, the better.

The governor came attended with a numerous guard, who behaved to him with much respect and silence. He is a sensible old man, and carries a good command; the king being very young, I believe not twenty, is not much observed, but was he to be a while in Jamaica or England 'tis thought he would make a hopefull monarch enough.

On the 18th the king with his captains came of their own accord to consult about a proper place to attack, but hearing that Captain Jumper was expected from the other side of the Cape, with 5 or 6 periauguas, and neither the governor, Admiral Dilly nor Coll° Morgan being present, I thought it best to defer it 'till they were summoned. The king brought his mother and the captains their wives. I entertained them as usual, but there always comes such a train with them that instead of one puncheon of rum I should have had three or four. However, as I recommended sobriety to them at first as from your Excellehcy, none of them has presumed to get drunk when they come to me.

On the 19th Capt. Andrew Stewart, who has been hovering several months on this coast in hopes of getting the Muskitos to make an expedition for him, came into the road and sent me an invitation to dine on board, with an apology for not waiting on me himself, which I accepted, and was saluted with 5 guns at coming off. He was very desirous to agree with me about attacking some place or other, but proposed none but a gold mine which he could not describe.

King Edward and his captains went aboard likewise. As we went, they told me that Captain Stewart had teazed them into a sort of promise to go with him, but they were averse to it, and wondered that such a privateer, who was a blaze of fire, did not look out for Spaniards at sea, rather than trouble them to make his voyage for him. I told them that I had nothing to say to what promises they had laid themselves under before I came amongst them; that I knew truth and sincerity were most agreeable to your Excellency, and therefore could say nothing more than if they went with Captain Stewart and I liked the design, that I would go with them. If I did not, would depend upon their hastening back to try another that both they and I should like. However, if they desired me, they might depend upon my going with them any where. I spoke the same to Captain Stewart, who persuaded them with much ado to meet him at Pearl Keys. They tyed their knotts with much reluctance, and told me the next day they were so divided in their opinions since my coming, that they knew not what to do for the best.

The same day Admiral Dilly and Coll° Morgan sent me word they were coming to wait on me. I immediately crossed the Lagune to meet them, hearing they were sensible clever fellows, and such I found them. They had despatch'd a messenger to the governor to meet them the next day to hold a general and decisive council.

They all mett on Sunday the 23d, at Senock Dawkras (Mr. Whitehead's house). The governor being sick, tryed our patience by making us wait till the afternoon; but when he came, made ample amends by the justness of his sentiments.

He told the king and his captains it was plain they had got a name and the good opinion of the Governor of Jamaica, (whose success against the rebellious negroes they had all heard of,) and if they did not keep it up, what could the world say of them? There was an officer now sent down by your Excellency to observe their manner of fighting, and if they did not do their best they should lose the favor of the English. It was true they were but a small number of peoples compared to us who had men to spair for sickness and the sword. But if they show'd themselves worthy, no doubt the King of Great Britain would send a force

sufficient to get them all they wanted, besides teachers to instruct them in what is right and good. He said General Hobby had often talked about taking towns in time of peace, and called the English cowards. Now it was war, they must show they were not such themselves; that the English were the best judges when war or peace were proper, and none of them had any business to act otherwise than they were directed by the Governor of Jamaica. In short, all he said show'd a strong natural judgment, and the sedate tone of voice in which he and some others debated, was very agreeable and affecting. They quickly came to the point, viz'—what place they shou.d attack, and soon agreed upon one where there is both a mine and a town, viz., the river Coaclyo and the town of St. Juan de Vasaqua: Thinking, I suppose, to oblige Captain Stewart by the first and me by the latter.

We tyed fourteen knotts and concluded with many loyal healths. Then they all got up and took their leaves in a respectful manner before they had drank too much.

I found my council about sobriety has had some weight with the old men, but the young ones are got together since with the women into drinking bouts. They intoxicate themselves with a liquor made of honey, lime apples and cassada, and if they avoid quarrels, which often happen, they are sure to have fine promiscuous doings among the girls. The old women, I am told, have the liberty of chawing the cassada before 'tis put in, that they have a chance in the general rape as well as the young ones.

I fell into one of them by mere accident last Monday, where I found Admiral Dilly and Col° Morgan retailing my advice among them to little effect, for most of them were too drunk to mind it, and so hideously painted that I quickly left them to avoid being daubed all over, which is the compliment they usually pay their visitors on such occasions.

Those two captains complain much of their drinking, but say it has been taught them by the English. Others say not—for how should the English invent the pine and cassada drink? Their resentment of adultry has lost its edge, too, more than among other Indians. That, I make no doubt, they are obliged to us for. Their breach of promises in their bargains I take to be a good deal owing to a sense of being defrauded by traders, but through their ignorance of numbers and value not being able to tell how, they are apt to make improper reprisals. As for their laziness, the grand promoter of the rest, I really think it must have been owing to their discontent at the ill usage they have received from privateers and others; because I don't find that it has been epidemical amongst them till lately. They will loll in their hammocks till they are almost starved—then start up and go a turtling in a pet, and if they have not immediate success, and there happens to be many periaguas together, they form a design on some Spanish or Indian town.

They have never been upon any considerable expedition since that of Barcuto, which is thirteen years ago; so that there are many raw lazy young fellows among them, for which reason the old men say it will not be proper to put them upon severities at first. They are better judges than I can possibly be. I propose when I come back to collect all that live on this side the cape into little towns. Their present straggling life being very inconvenient. Dilly and Morgan complain of it, and say that they lived together formerly, but falling into the English custom of ridiculing and abusing one another behind their backs, they fell into varience, and so dispersed; and they believe that there are larger numbers back in the country that never appear, than those that do. I shall endeavour to get them together. These things require more time and patience than I expected. But when their inveteracy to the Spaniards and fidelity to us during [*word illegible*] of 100 years is considered, and that our own vices have helped to spoil them, no pains, methinks, should be spared to reclaim them.

I have disposed of several presents, but their returns being principally in visits to get more or to drink punch, I have stopt my hand. The Lubeck duck, osnabrigs, powder, ball, flints and shott I shall divide among them at setting out, with a promise that they shall pay me according to their behaviour or their plunder.

I have disposed of none of your lady's merchandise yet, hoping for the best market when we come back. The English here have laid me under a kind of prohibitation, by telling them that I did not come to trade, but to do them good, which both makes me

cautious and implies their own way of trade is bad. Indeed I observe it is upon a very unequal and uncertain footing, and dont see how it can be otherwise till the people themselves are upon a better. I can give your Excellency no information as yet of the white people on the other side of the Cape and at Cape Camdrous. At my return I shall go among them and among the Pians and Pictocks. The weight of the Muskitos among their neighbours notwithstanding all their vices, appears from their influence upon these two Indian nations, who, tho' generally at war with each other, are always good friends when the Muskito men come among them. If the season will allow it, I propose another expedition when I come back that shall direct them all better to the country of their fathers than this we are going upon. I am in great want of mapps, the 1st vol. of Dampier Uring's and others, whom I never read.

Captain Stewart was present at our last meeting, and told me he designed to wait for us at the Pearl Keys. I answered we should be there, but as for the Muskito men, they were soly under my command, and that it was my duty to see them have justice done, whatever they took. I show'd him my commission and King Edward's declaration. So I hope that we shall have no disputes. He told me that his carpenter had repair'd six crafts at the cape upon the promise of their captains to go out with them, which they now said they would not have done if I had not come among them. I wrote to Gen$^{l}$ Hobby as follows:—

Senock Dawera, March 28, 1739–40.

*Brother Hobbey*:—I suppose that before this you have heard of my coming to this shore by the Governor of Jamaica's orders, to set up the British standard, and to command all the Muskito Indians except those under King Edward, whom his Excellency has desired to assist with as many men as he can spare.

We have agreed upon an expedition to the southward not far from Chagres, and are to set out in twelve sloops. I therefore desire you to hasten all the people and craft that can be got together to Sandy Bay. We go from hence to Pearl Keys. Capt. Andrew Stewart tells us there are six crafts near the cape which his carpenters repaired. I desire they may be sent to us, with all speed, that we may go out as strong as possible. I am glad that Captain Handysides has gone to take Banalo; but wish that I had seen him first, because it is the Governor of Jamaica's orders that you make slaves of the Indians no longer; but on the contrary, when you happen to take any, that you will tell them the gray-eyed people will soon join you and come to help them against the Spaniards, whose yoke you must advise them to throw off in the mean time, and so send some of them back, and use the rest well till I come amongst you, which will be as soon as our expedition is over. I would have seen you first if time would have allowed it, so wish you and your family health and success against our common enemy, and am

Your friend and brother,
Robert Hodgson.

The report of Handysides being gone to Banalo is contradicted, so that I can assure your Excellency of the truth. He is Hobby's son, and a very bold fellow.

Thus, sir, I have related my proceedings hitherto, and hope they will be to your satisfaction. I can form no judgment till the expedition is over, how far these people may be rendered serviceable to the main design. Neither can I add many remarks upon the country, having had no conveniency as yet for travelling. What I have seen is flat. Being all savannnas and lagunes, it produces very good cotton, in my opinion much finer than Jamaica's; and I am told there is as good cocoa near the cape as any in New Spain. Their pine apples are delicious and three times as large as ours. Wild honey is in plenty. I live chiefly upon turtle, their idleness not suffering them to raise stock or cattle. In short, the people only want stirring up by war and a little better sense of shame, and then to be kept employed about the conveniences and decencies of life, and not to be defrauded, all which might be soon done by introducing a more regular set of whites. Those few I have mett with on this side do not seem so averse to the government as I expected, and I hope to find them on the other side, where they are pretty numerous, tractable enough. There is one honest gentleman named Luke Horton living at Black River Lagoon, who some years ago bargained with the Spaniards of Truxillo to be-

tray the country to them, and had almost brought the King into it. A Spanish lieutenant and twenty men ventured upon the assurance Luke had given them, and the standard of Spain was hoisted upon his house-top. The Muskito men hearing of it, sent them a message to prepare for death, and immediately put them all to the [*word illegible*] except the lieutenant and Luke, whom the English begged off. A Spanish privateer was forced by a north into Brewer's Lagoon about a year since. She had got some damage, which the English there were so weak as to assist them in repairing, and afterwards so base as to fire upon them at parting. The captain was a knight of Malta, and talkt publicly of returning with a force sufficient to settle and fortify that key. If he keeps his word I hope to give a good account of him.

King Edward talks of coming to Jamaica with me, and several others. They all seem desirous of having some of their children sent to England, but their women and *sukeys* too often oppose their best designs. I don't take their number to be near so many as the author of the project makes them out, except they are concealed backwards. I don't like this expedition to the southward half so well as one to the leeward, and did all I could against it consistent to my promise of leaving them to themselves; for every body agrees about the expectation of the Mohela Indians, who are said to be the race of Montezuma, that they shall have a deliverer from the gray-eyed people. Without superstition 'tis very possible, if the design is prosecuted, which I beg it may, though I miscarry or am lost in the attempt; for, to explain, I am not so good a judge of human nature as I may be thought; and whatever good opinion your Excellency has conceived for me, I am conscious as yet of being too superficial for an affair of this importance.

I have neither the Spanish nor Indian language. The latter I have neither patience to learn nor memory to retain: and would a small cargo of ingenious young fellows embark from England, the difficulty would not be much, for the war may be made a diversion, and the climate a medicine for the most shattered constitution, if people would but adapt their way of living to it. In the mean time I shall break the ice. and render both myself and these people as obnoxious to the Spaniards as the devil. If we have success, King Edward begs that when your Excellency is informed how we are gone, and that he is ready to come up to Jamaica, that a small man-of-war may be sent for us. The honor as well as the interest of the nation, methinks, is now concerned to aid these Indians in every respect.

I propose, if possible, to stand the voyage in an open periagua along with the king. We expect to be out three months. Several, as well Muskito men as others, seemed desirous of taking Bocca del Drago, in our return, and I don't well know how to act in regard to them and other Indian bravoes. Their horrid cruelty and perfidy is certainly detestable, but whether it has not been derived originally from their Catholic neighbors on the Main is a question.

If one half of the Muskito men that go out with me will engage to keep it till your Excellency's pleasure is known, I will send them a civil message to quit the island, which, I imagine, they will comply with, as they have got so few fire-arms. Their avenues, I am told, are fortified by deep pits, covered and sunk full of lances. I suppose they are easily avoided. Their's is a noble harbor, and I am told it would be a key to a better commerce than any we know of in the West Indies.

I find some force will be requisite from England, let us proceed never so successfully; and several places will need fortification. When I have seen the whole shore, I shall inform your Excellency better. I expected twenty-five periauguas, but fear a disappointment, the people are so consummately superstitious and lazy. The king is sanguine enough. He proposes calling his people all together, and to press the fittest, and so push to sea at once. He has got a handsome brisk young wench to his queen, that pleases him well and makes him very good-natured and ready to follow advice.

The governor, I find, notwithstanding his other good qualities, is quite an old leecher, which renders him unable to follow his own reason. He has got no less than five wives.

Whitehead has been very serviceable to me, and grateful for my engagement to Macfarland. I thank your Excellency, whose favor has given me credit to do some good. Stuart tells me he had paid the money, and

the receipt is in Mr. Harry Smith's hand, of Spanishtown; so that I am safe enough.

There have not been wanting people to instil jealousies into the Muskito men, whom he always has exposed. Some merchants at Jamaica did the same unto him. Your Excellency may be assured that all the idlers and desperadoes are a burden to them.

The greater part of my navy is now rendezvoused at this place, or dispatched to the Pearl Keys, where, or at Cape Blanco, we shall wait for the rest. They are but four from the Cape that may be depended on, and with them we shall make but nineteen periauguas, which I am told is a very extraordinary number, considering I have not been able to stir from this place. The tardiness of those that stay behind I hope may prove a good motive to their better behavior in some future expedition. From the present spirit that is raised amongst us, this is hopefull enough if one shamefull neglect which I have scarce patience to write don't defeat us. The powder I received is all damaged cannon powder. Pearson has surely done it on purpose, or don't know the one from the other; for I desired him many times to be particularly careful to let me have good pistol powder, knowing I would be exposed to woods and rains. I have but 3,000 ball. However, it must do. I hope to get better from Little Breeches. I pray God to bless your Excellency, and send me good luck, who am your Excellency's most obedient and devoted humble servant,

ROBERT HODGSON.

*Senock Dawkra, April 12th*, 1740.

P. S.—Had I been better informed, I might have made a little fortune on your Excellency's money, and done more justice to the cause; for the Muskito men have not got half guns enough, so must be supplied by Stewart and the other white men that go with us, who no doubt will make them pay severe. They don't like muskets so well as light long fusees. I could wish to have one hundred such, and two barrills of good powder, and lead proportionable, to meet me here at my return, for the next expedition. But, upon second thought, it may not be advisable to go upon another till I have been back to Jamaica, unless I go alone and in disguise among a certain nation, with an interpreter that may be trusted.

I beg your Excellency to excuse this last paragraph, being extremely hurried. I send this packet inclosed to Pitts and Atkins to forward, whose house I shall go to at my return, and I should be glad to find there further instructions from your Excellency.

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XII.

[Endorsed on the back, "Letter from one friend in Panama to another in Carthegena, May 7th, 1740."]

PANAMA, 7th May, 1740.

*Dear Sir:*—The 27th of last arrived here a credula of the King's, ordering to remove from hence the treasure which we brought for the celebration of the Fair, either to Lima, or some nearer port in the south sea, on account of the apprehensions they are under of a squadron of five men-of-war they are fitting out in England with great preparations, who they suppose are designed for these seas. We have resolved to go to Guayaquil, and from thence to carry the treasure by land to Quito. It is now actually on board the Capitana and Admiranta, which will sail about two days hence. God give us a good delivery.

These novelties have determined don Antonio de Villar, a gentleman whom I highly esteem, to go to Carthagena to buy goods. He will tell you his motives, which seem to me good ones. I shall be obliged to you to assist him in all your power, and to take notice that whatever the goods amount to will be delivered to Pinto in Quito, who accompanies us thither with the gold and silver he has under his charge. This you may do, securely assuring you that there will be no difficulty in the payment.

Immediately on our arrival at Quito, we shall despatch an express to Carthagena, with the advice of the treasure being there safe, and free from Vernon, whom the devil fetch.

Don Blas de Lezo has written to this president to encourage all in his power this commerce to go from Quito to hold the fair at Carthegena, assuring him that he will do every thing in his power to facilitate the affair. In this confidence, Villar determined to go thither, and I am persuaded that the most part of this commerce will do the same, their patience being quite wearied out. The difficulties they will

undergo will be very great, but for all that they will certainly go, more particularly if the goods can be bought at such prices as to bear the immense charges they will be at in carrying them from Carthagena to Lima, which is about 1000 leagues; and the hopes of buying them cheap in Carthagena will be a means to engage this commerce to go thither, being the only recompense which can be given them for such immense labor and charges.

I brought with me from Lima some Bezoar stones as a present to you, which I do not send now, because of the uncertainty of the conveyance; the bearer hereof carrying no more than two changes of linen, that he may lose as little by the enemy as possible should he fall into their hands. He will tell you with what fears we have been and are still.

Mr. Vernon has treated Carthagena with some bombs, and, it is said, intends to throw a few more; but will not be able to take that city, because it will be well defended, not as Porto Bello and Chagre that yielded for want of force; which God give us to defend us from so powerful a dog. And to you may he grant many years.

Yours altogether during life,

ORDONEZ.

Forgive this ill-written letter, my head being indisposed with so many vexations.

Pinto writes to Miranda and other friends about the buying of the goods he intends, and the security he proposes for the payment.

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XIII.

[Endorsed, "Extract of the proceedings of Charles Wimbleton, Lieutenant of His Majesty's ship the Worcester, after the loss of the ship Triumph Prize."]

On the 7th of February last, I went (at the [*word illegible*] near Porto Bello) with twenty-seven men on board a French sloop, Monsieur Devaugh commander, seventy men and ten carriage guns, who had taken on board a Spanish merchant and his servant as passengers for Curasoe or St. Domingo, in order to proceed to Old Spain, with five chests and one bag of silver, one bag of gold and 230 cerons of cocoa which they brought from the shore after my coming on board.

The commander of the French sloop having sent his boat up to the Samblaas for turtle, he weighed and went thither after her; where he saw a sloop which proved a privateer belonging to New-York, but last from Jamaica, John Lush commander, twelve carriage guns and sixty men, who had information from a Dutch sloop of this Frenchman and of the Spaniards being aboard; and he apprehended that the Frenchman would come to that place to take up his boat. Therefore, so soon as the Frenchman anchored, the privateer commander sent his boat on board to inspect into the force and condition of her. When the boat came on board the Frenchman inquired what the sloop was, which lay in shore. They returned for answer that she was a trader, six weeks from Jamaica, bound to Porto Bello to dispose of the small quantity of goods she had remaining. The next morning the privateer weighed, and turn'd up to the Frenchman, and as soon as they came within gun-shot, the Frenchman fired one gun at her. The privateer immediately lowered his mainsail and sent on board, but still kept standing towards the Frenchman, whose commander ordered another shot to be fired. But on seeing the boat coming to the sloop, I asked him why he would fire again, when he saw the boat coming to the sloop. He said it was very probable that the sloop would be on board before the boat; notwithstanding which, he fired the second shot. Then the privateer sloop stood with his head the other way, and Lush, the commander, came on board, who gave an account of himself as above mentioned. And, furthermore, that he heard there was an officer belonging to the King of Great Britain, with some men who had been cast away, and that he came to offer his service to carry them to Jamacia, should they choose to take a passage with him. I told him I was the officer, and that if he proved to be what he represented, I would, with my people, go thither; but first insisted on seeing his vessel, which he readily consented to. And in our way on board he told me that what he had said before with regard to his being a trader was wrong; for he was a privateer, and had information of the French sloop with the Spaniards on board from two Dutchmen, and was there in order to take her, which he intended to do. And at his going on board he called all hands up and ordered them to their quarters, which occasioned me to desire him to desist from the measures they then

intended to take; for that the Spaniards were to give £1100 for their freight to Curasoa, and that I believed if he would pay the Frenchman that sum affairs might be mitigated without bloodshed. I likewise told him how kind and humane the French captain had been to me and the rest of his majesty's subjects, in offering frankly to give us our passage in his sloop without cost or charges. Upon this, Lush consulted his quarter-master and crew, who unanimously agreed that the Frenchman should have his freight; but never paid him a farthing in the end.

I was apprehensive that it would come to an open rupture; therefore used all the argument I could to persuade Lush to come to an anchor, and not to go near the Frenchman, which he complied with. Then we went on board the French sloop and dined. I acquainted the French captain with what passed between Lush and me, and at the same time he showed the Frenchman his commission, and acquainted him he had a right to take all Spaniards and their effects wherever he could find them. Therefore he insisted that the Spaniards, their money and goods shall be delivered up to him. The Frenchman replied there was not so much money on board as he had been informed, and that they had no effects belonging to them; and likewise that he looked upon Mr. Lush at that time as his guest, and would treat him as such, and whenever he behaved in another manner, he was ready for him. Upon this I told the Frenchman that since I was to use my utmost endeavors to get with my men to Jamaica, I could not omit this opportunity. Thereupon I immediately sent half of my men on board Lush. The captain of the Frenchman desired that I would take his merchant with me, who could speak English, to treat with the company. They sent an answer by their quarter-master, who went with the merchant and me; but before we got on board the Frenchman again, the privateer weighed and stood for the French sloop, who observing this, cut her cable and got to sail. As soon as I got on board the French sloop, the captain of the privateer fired a gun with *sanguerage* into the French sloop. The sloops were very near, so that I waved my hat to Lush and desired him to desist from firing. But it had no effect on him; for soon after he fired three more guns. Then I took up my commission and held it up to him, and asked if he fired at the King of England's commission? He replied he would fire at his father on such occasions; and directly fired two guns more. Upon which the Frenchman ordered his men to fire. But I jumped forward and took the matches out of their hands, and told them there must be no fighting. Then the captain ordered his people off the deck out of the way of the privateer's shot. The privateer fell on board the French sloop and I got into his, and desired they would not use the Frenchmen ill. Nevertheless Lush went on board the Frenchman and ordered the two Spaniards into his sloop, where he whipped them in a barbarous manner, with cat-o'-nine-tails. I asked him how he could use prisoners of war in so barbarous a manner. They answered they thought they could not use a Spaniard too cruel; and if they whipped them to death there was no sin in killing a Spaniard; and they would use an Englishman in the same manner if in their power. They then told me they whipped them to make them confess what effects they had on board the French sloop, which they did as to the money and cocoa already mentioned. Lush took possession of the French sloop, and put most of the Frenchmen ashore on a small island, where they remained five days, while he unloaded the sloop of her cocoa and money.

Whilst these things were in agitation, a sloop appeared in the offing. Lush immediately weighed and stood after her, leaving part of his people to take care of the French sloop from Porto Bello for Carthagena; she had on board several passengers with their effects. Lush took the mate, who was an Irishman, and whipped him in a terrible manner, to make him confess where the money was. The poor man told him he knew of no money, but if there was any he might make sure of it, being in possession of their sloop. One of the passengers was an ensign of marines who formerly belonged to the Triumph. Lush was about to whip him also, but I interposed, and told him he had the King of Spain's commission, and I threatened to knock down the first who should touch him. Lush said he looked on the King of Spain's commission as nothing; but I persisting in my resolution, he was released and stript of every thing, as were also the whole crew, and turned ashore on

a small key, where they were taken off by a Dutch sloop. Otherwise they must have perished. Lush returned to the French sloop and took his men on board. The French sloop proceeded on her voyage to Curasoa, and I and my people came in Lush to Jamaica. C. WIMBLETON.

*Worcester, Port Royal Harbor, Jamaica, 11th May,* 1740.

I hereby declare that the contents of the above written extract are true, and that the said extract is of my own hand signing. St. Jago de la Vega, May the 13th, 1740.

C. WIMBLETON.

Sworn before me, the 13th day of May, 1740. ED. TRELAWNY.

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XIV.

[Endorsed, "Mr. Hodgson to his Excellency, from June 21st, 1740, to July the 12th. "Cherokee River, near Boco del Drago, 21st June, 1740. Mr. Hodgson to Gov. Trelawny."]

CHEROKEE RIVER, near Bocca del Drago, June 21st, 1740.

*May it please your Excellency*:—I hope my last from Sandy Bay, dated the 6th and 12th of April, came safely to hand. The southerly winds prevented our sailing from that place till the 17th, on which day we set out with eight periauguas, for the Pearl Keys, where we arrived on the 19th, and found the governor and his Indians with twelve periauguas. He had waited for us ten days, having kept his knots punctually, though the mulattoes had exceeded theirs near a fortnight. We sailed again the same day for Monkey Bay, and got in the next, and were detained there by foul weather eleven days. On the 1st of May we sailed again for St. Johns, (which is the middlemost of the three rivers by which the Lake of Nicaragua discharges,) and there we tarried twelve days cutting oars and looms and building dories. There is a castle three days' march up this river, which I proposed attacking, and a fortified town above it, which, if we had taken, we might have gone directly to Nicaragua, Leon and Granada. But the Muskito men were so averse to it, that they declared if I would not let them go on their own way and make slaves of the Spanish Indians as usual, they would proceed no farther. I was a good deal surprised at their latter demand, after their having agreed so solemnly to the contrary at Sandy Bay. The governor offered me all their plunder to comply, but I sent them word to go home as soon as they pleased. After seven messages and debates, it was agreed that if they brought any it should be as friends and countrymen, and to show them the goodness of liberty and of friendship with the English. I have been since told by several of them that all this stir was caused by the white people, of whom there were about ten, and most of them have proved the very [*word illegible*] I exposed. On the 13th we sailed again, passed by Carpenter's River, and on the 14th came to Monkey Point, near which we found one Captain Allen, who had been shipwrecked in the bad weather which happened about three weeks before. He had saved his people and goods, and had them lodged in a house which they had built. Here I found a letter, as I had done before at the Pearl Keys, from Captain Stuart. The former signified that he had stayed the number of knotts agreed on, and was gone fourteen days before I came there. By the latter he was only six days before me, and was gone to Coccelee. He had left one Blacketer, to help Allen or me as there should be occasion, who had been a prisoner, as he said, near two years in Mexico and the adjacent towns, and spoke very good Spanish. So I despatched a periaugua with him to overtake Captain Stuart. But in vain; for when he was come to Bocca del Drago, the Muskito captain would go no farther. Whether Blacketer had used him ill or no, I can't tell; for I found him afterwards a very different —— from his appearance, and a general aversion to the Indians against them. So we lost all hope of joining Stuart. When we came to Bocca del Drago, the Muskito men would, contrary to my desire, trade with the Indians upon the key; for I proposed, at coming back, offering them the fairest terms—if they were not accepted, cutting them off in the fairest manner imaginable. They are the briskest Indians I ever saw, and the women, I am told, the handsomest in America. 'Tis a thousand pities they are such perfidious savage monsters; for by the best inquiries I can make, murder is a mere diversion to them; Muskito men are not a little

afraid of them. Hopkins' body and those of his crew lay unburied and stuck through with lances upon the Carcening Key. They have lately killed four English soldiers who had either deserted or been blown off the coast of Jamaica in a long-boat, and two negroes. Between the keys and the main is the largest and most commodious harbor in the West Indies. From the first Bogue to the second are five leagues; from that to the third, seven—all gradual anchoring ground; turtle, mantee, &c., in the greatest plenty, and the sweetest I ever tasted. There is said to be gold enough upon the opposite main, especially among the Oalientas, who are a few leagues to the eastward, but are as feared and savage as any. And some are said to be among the Helaskees, who are a mild, good-natured nation. The Muskito men once made a commerce with them, but an Englishman called John Lock broke it in a scandalous manner. He was afterwards sorry, and tried to renew it by sending up two of the slaves he had stole, to let them know he was coming up the river in a friendly manner. They sent him word to begone, or they would cut his head off; which he not regarding, they met him and were as good as their word. I write this letter from Cherokee, one of their rivers, and would gladly go up to try what can be done with them; but the Muskito men tell me 'tis vain. The names of the Indian nations from Blanco are, first, the Blancos, the Sienebos, the Tenibes, the Sanguinas, the Helaskees, the Cocas, a nation of whom the Bocca Dragos tell an incredible story. But since the Muskito men all believe it, and two Bocca Dragos whom we kept till yesterday affirm they have fought with them often, I must tell it to make up a travelling letter. They are people with long tails by which they hang to the ridge-poles of their houses, and sleep all the day. At night they awake and walk about. The men nurse the children; the women fight; their armor is three or four lances in their left hand, and a target of mountain cowhide on that arm. One lance in the right, with which they are very dextrous and too hard for their neighbors, who perhaps upon that account have raised this piece of Indian scandal. But the Muskito men are very positive. Was Bocca Drago cut off and the commerce with the Helaskees renewed, this savage part of the world might soon be explored. Next to the Cocos and the Vaheutos, who extend almost to Coccelees, some of them by the sea-side have small periauguas, in which they carry some shell to Porto Bello. From them I know of no Indians till the Samblas, whom I would gladly have visited, in order to have tried to repair Smie's affair, and to have made a commerce between them and the Muskitos. But it was impossible to get them so far along.

On the 21st of May we left this place, (Cherokee,) and sailed for Coccelee; stopt at several rivers, from one of which I sent four dories with three men to surprise the look-outs. In the mean time a sloop appeared in the offing, whom we could not tell what to make of; so made a fire the next morning, and bushed all the periauguas except two, believing if he was a Dutch trader that he would send his canoe ashore, as he did. But oversetting in the surf, only a Spanish Indian and a negro got ashore. The rest with much difficulty righted the canoe, and, perceiving the Muskitos, rowed off in a hurry; which, with the suspicious account of the Indian, gave us room to think her a Spaniard. We push'd out directly with fifteen periauguas to take her. The rest of my line-of-battle vessels left us and stay'd behind. When we came almost up with her, we plainly saw she was a Dutchman; so left the chase and hastened to Coccelee, where we were informed that several thousand pieces of eight were coming down the river from Panama, St. Jago, and other towns, to trade with the Dutchman. That in the first were forty thousand pieces ready for that purpose, besides what was in the others. I sent dories ahead to paddle softly up the river, and that night they intercepted a prebend of Panama with 290 pieces of eight and 3 ingots of gold weighing about 1000 castellanas. (We had taken about 500 pieces from the canoe and look-outs before.) Next day they took about 750 pieces from two Spanish peasants, and 103 small lumps and balls of gold. We row'd up the river all that night and the next day, and the third night about 10 o'clock came to the branches of the river, where I left a white man and ten Muskito men to intercept all that came down and to guard the Indian prisoners, of whom I left ten bound. Two of the best, with the padre and six Spaniards, we took with us for pilots, and row'd up with the utmost expedition for the Barcadore of

that branch which belonged to Panama; from which to the town the march is not above one day and a half, though 'tis upon the south sea side. Next day fell heavy rains, and we row'd against the stream with much labor and difficulty, which still increasing, we took to our dories, and bush'd most of the periauguas; but were forced to stop and sleep that night in the woods, within about four hours' rowing of the Barcadore. That night I gave the governor and admiral the strictest orders to secure their prisoners well, which they say was done. But in the night, the rain ceasing and the river falling, some of the governor's Indians took four dories and one Spanish mulatto for a pilot, whom they had half hanged the day before in private, and rowed away contrary to orders, in hopes, I suppose, of plundering and stripping the look-outs at the Barcadore, or whoever they met, or from a worse motive. They wisely untied his legs, and about half way up he got the rope off his hands and jump'd overboard. Five or six jump'd after him; but he got away from them all. So they returned with the doleful news, and it was then impossible to get the Muskito men a step farther. I begged of the governor if he would not go on to hang up two of his Indians before the padre, that he might not be suspected by the Spaniards of cowardice. But all in vain, for I only prevailed with much ado to have ropes put about their necks, which I told him were to hang them with at their return home, or at the river's mouth. And to save the credit of the Muskito men, I told the Fryer that as this war was occasioned chiefly by the Queen and people of Old Spain, your Excellency knowing the just inveteracy of the Muskito Indians against all Spaniards in general, had sent me to attend their expeditions, and to prevent the effusion of blood as much as possible. Wherefore, as I found them excessively provoked at the mulatto's escape, and as I knew the money could be removed, which I wanted more than slaughter, I would not suffer them to proceed. Whether he took me for a coward or not I am not at all solicitous, if he did not think the Muskito men so. But I fancy my reasons were plausible enough, for he was extremely grateful in his expressions. He was a very reasible priest, and spoke the best Latin of any I ever met with amongst them. Our conversation turned upon the most occasional subjects, which I shall communicate to your Excellency at Jamaica. I used him with the utmost kindness, and to be sure saved both him and the other Spaniards' lives by being there, which they all acknowledged. But I told him Englishmen reckon'd that no obligation. But if they please to remember that Muskito men had spared them, perhaps they might have a better opinion of those Indians for the future. So we gave them a dory, flint and steel, and came away.

Thus was disappointed one of the most hopeful expeditions for plunder since Sir Francis's [Drake.—Ed.] time. The padre *drop'd* before he knew which branch of the river we designed; for that in Panama was a rich church and [*has*] many miraculous images, which made me lay my design thereon. To rush into the town at daybreak, and with half the Muskito men to surround the church . . . . . and take the arms, and padres, who were six. To push the captive padre in first, and give him time to aid the others secure the host (which I was to be show'd with the consecrated plate) all which was to be ransomed for the weight. The white men with a fourth part of the Muskito men to surround the governor's and bring him to the church, whilst the other fourth were to make the best of their way upon such horses and mules as should be found, to a town or village about three miles off, to secure and fetch three ecclesiasticks more, and when all these were in our power we could easily have prevented a [*word illegible*] by bringing them to the front; tho' the whole country had rose upon us, for we were but 100 short and fifty lances. Blackeeter was to call out liberty and quarter to all Indians, mulattoes and negroes, and all Spaniards that expected it to come to the white men. But I ask pardon for troubling your Excellency with a design that has miscarry'd, and which perhaps might have been a great hindrance to the main one; for the Muskito men, notwithstanding my orders and their own promises, abused and beat the Indians, and when I interposed, threatened to kill one of them before my face. No doubt but the case would have been the very same or worse in the towns. So that I have kept my promise, if I did no good, to do no harm. The men I left at the forks intercepted nothing. But when we came to the river's mouth, the mulattoes slept with me

at the lookout house. The Indians, being ashamed, left the river contrary to orders, and just as we were going out next morning, a Spanish canoe appeared. We sent two after her, who took her and five Indians, 850 pieces of eight and some silver bowls and candlesticks, and a letter to the Dutch captain from a Spaniard at Panama, who told him he had 18,000 pieces more ready to come down at the return of the messenger.

I immediately shared the prize among those that were present, but neither that nor any intreaties could prevail on them to tarry two or three days longer, in which time we might probably have intercepted twice as much as we got; for these people had come down a different branch from that the prisoners had gone up; and there was no doubt more upon the same road; besides a third branch which the padre came down, who came not from Panama, but from the province of Chomes, whither he with most of the eclesiasticks and dons of Panama had returned upon the news of Porto Bello being taken. He applauded Admiral Vernon's [*word illegible*] (as he called it), and said the people of New Spain all did the same, and exclaimed against their own government, which he said was next to none; for the people all did what they pleased.

The King of Spain had wrote to them to defend themselves as well as they could; for he hoped in a little time to send them a powerful assistance. I would have brought him with me, but that I know the fatigue of a periaugua voyage would have killed him; and he assured me with all possible sincerity that he had a sister who was left a widow by an extravagant, with five children, all which depended on him for support. And the other prisoners confirming the same, I could not think of my own family at home and keep him, though he was certainly a valuable person. He gave me a direction at Mr. Don Antonio De la Rios, ———— in Panama, and I gave him one to me, so that I expect a correspondence. I had not now taken any rest or been [*asleep*] any day for four days and nights, yet my greatest fatigue was to come, viz.: sharing the plunder so as to satisfy my white gentry. Neither were the Muskito men so easily pleased as I expected; and I was determined to do to all strict justice. The best way I could think of was to advise the Muskito men to leave off keeping what they [*had*] or sharing alike, and share after the English manner, which they agreed to. So I proposed six shares to the king, five to the governor, five to the admiral, what they pleased to myself above one share out of those periauguas whom I had furnished with powder and ball; three to every captain of a periaugua, three to my corporal, two to those that took the look-outs, and what remained after division to be left to my discretion to give amongst the most deserving. Every one was satisfied with the disposal, yet at, and for several days after the sharing, there was such bawling and squabbling among my white hell-hounds, that I had rather fight six battles than undergo the like again. Though the Muskito men generously allowed them as much of the gold as came to four or five Muskito men's shares, yet they squabbled my poor corporal out of a share and a half; and for myself, I got one of the ingott's value 343 castellanas, and near 250 ps. of 2-8. Their cabals came to that height that I was counselled to take care of myself; upon which the Muskito men offered to put them all in irons or to death whenever I pleased to speak, which I suppose they are apprehensive of, for we are now pretty quiet. But the owners of the schooner which came with us, and is the same I came in from Sandy Bay, have got most of the Muskito men's money from them for goods they had on board, whilst I, being destitute of that convenience, was forced to leave your Excellency's goods at Sandy Bay, except some trifles which I have sold for about the value of £25 or £30 currency in broken bits of gold. They offered me a better share than the king, which I refused, and chose an equality with the admiral. Notwithstanding, they assured me, had not the white men been there, I should have had a better present.

Those doings are really infectious, and show the necessity of regular forces. I am ashamed to describe the contrast between the thoughts had before and after the sharing; for the white men's ingratitude made me repent (and I fear more than I ever did of my vices) that I had not concealed the Fryer's ingotts; for they were brought to me in the night among the silver, unknown to any soul but the Father and myself. The sume of them would have made my affairs in England tolerably easy; and it is remark-

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able that the whole was within a few pistoles the very sume totall that I owe.

I am now going to some river near Blanco, where I design to wait for Mirander, who is expected to load cocoa at Carpenter's River. Whitehead, whom I was bound for in Jamaica, will goe into the river with his periaugua, having a demand upon him; and if he informs me that he sells powder, ball, or provisions to the Spaniards, when his cocoa is on board, I hope to take him, when my voyage will be crowned.

The Muskito men, to whom I have read a great part of this letter, say that they are sorry and ashamed of their behavior on this expedition, but desire your Excellency to consider that they are poor, and have been a long time teazed out of the fruits of their labor by the white men that live among them. That it is not now with them as in King William and Queen Anne's wars, when King's ships and privateers came to their shore and encouraged them. Further, a command was carried over their young men, who now do as they please, and despise the old ones. That would your Excellency or the King of England be pleased to send soldiers among them to set them an example, and goods at reasonable and certain prices, I should see whether they would not fight to get money to pay for them. The Governor talks of taking Carpenter's river, and sending up all the cocoa that is ready for Mirander into Whitehead's sloop, and sending it up to your Excellency, (for they will trust no body else,) to be laid out in arms. If they and the white men agree about it, I shall readily forego my share of Mirander's sloop to forward their good intentions.

The fatigue has been horrid, and I fear worse before I get to Sandy Bay, the rainy season being now sett in. From thence I shall hire a periaugua to Generall Hobby's, and then to Messrs. Pitts and Atkins, so if I cannot get a Pilott to a certain people, to Jamaica.

I am obliged to trust this letter to a common sailor; one of the owners on board having fingered some pistoles, and the other having done some bad things, are not to be depended on to deliver it. Whitehead, who is a third joint owner, has kept himself pretty clear. I am sorry that I am not yet able to send my account of the English people at Black River, neither time or opportunity permitting me to goe threw before we sett out upon this expedition. These occurrences I have truly related, and submit all to your judgment what may be made of the said people. I am farr from despairing to see them answer expectation. They are very desirous of smiths, carpenters and gunsmiths settling among them. The way of invading and harassing the Spaniards is obvious, and may be done at a trifling expence and without any more such fatigues. This, as I shall prove to your Excellency at Jamaica. I am in hopes of returning the greatest part of your Excellency's money again. Your Lady's cargo is yet entire. I have heard no manner of news from Jamaica since I left it, only the Padre told me that Chagre was taken. We had the vanity to design attempting [*it*] ourselves, but all has ended in robbing a priest and some peasants.

Had I a command of Regular people, I would not despair of a Bishop or a Governor, for by what I can learn of their condition, many of the great dons of New Spain would be ambitious of the honor which I enjoy, of being

Your Excellency's
Most Devoted and Obedt.
Humble Servt.,
ROBERT HODGSON.

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XV.

SALT CREEK, near Carpenter's River,
July 12th, 1740.

*Sir*:—My paper being all spoil'd, I am obliged to write to your Excellency upon this, to let you know that we have taken Carpenter's River and about 50,000 weight of cocoa. We met with a sloop since I wrote last, belonging to Mr. Forbes of St. Andres, by whom I send this, and whom I have loaded with 190 serons of cocoa, being my own share and those of my friends and such as behaved best. The Muskito men allow me an English captain's share, which is 3-8, and what is above that is to be laid out in goods and sent down to the Muskito shore. The rest is to be sold partly to Mirander, (who arrived here on the next day after we had taken the river,) and part is to be put on board the schooner, (the owners of which have five or six periauguas belonging to them.) And if this cocoa comes to a good market at Jamaica, and

what exceeds my share is sent down in goods for the best now, it will make me able to manage the rest; for without rewards and punishments nothing is to be done. I have explained to them the difference between Mirander's price and the price of Jamaica. So when these people's shares that are most to be depended on arrive, I expect it will open the eyes of the rest. A periaugua that was with Forbes brings me word that there is a packet for me at Pitts & Atkins, to which place I will hasten. But Generall Hobby has sent me word that his people have taken an *Æstaictea* near a large town, which he will not attempt till I come back and make him understand your Excellency's pleasure better.

I must not forget the governor's good behavior in Carpenter's River, who at my request released above 100 Indian prisoners and negroes, whom I made to play upon their strum-strums, whilst their masters worked at filling the serons. There was only a mulatto shot dead, three wounded, and one broke his neck in running away. I am not yet able to prevail with the Muskito mulattos to free the Coccelee Indians, though the better half of them are run away. I am greatly afraid that your Excellency will think that I have had an eye to my own interest more than to the common cause in this expedition, (which I assure you I have not,) for in the first place I was obliged to leave the choice to the Muskito men; and in the second I imagine that a trial of the Muskito men, whether they have any sentiments of liberty at a distance from the place where I provided they shall make a full declaration for that of their brother Indians, would be the securest proof of them.

I don't know how Hobby's guard may prove, but am sure the Indians are much preferable to the mulattoes that have been with me. They say themselves that the trade at Carpenter's River has spoil'd them. I beg your Excellency to send me down at least 20 blank commissions, 2 carpenters, 1 taylor, 1 gun-smith, and that you will be so good as to give my corporal his discharge. He will be necessary to me in future expeditions, which I hope will redown more to my reputation than this. For here has been no opposition. But Dolu and Yucatan will surely afford some sport. Could I but have 30 select men out of the companies, it would be a fine help to me; for it is impossible to describe the fatigue I am forced to suffer for want of such a guard. I entreat your Excellency to depute somebody to dispose of my cargoe to the best advantage; and that you will be so good as to keep my share for me 'till my return, and, likewise, that you will accept your own £150 out of it; for I have already near £40 in gold and silver for what I have sold of your Excellency's goods, and I doubt not the remainder will nearly make up your money.

I presume, as this cargo is sent up by King Edward for himself, me, and the best of the Muskito men, that it will not require the formality or expense of a legal condemnation. Experiments cannot be made at a smaller expence than I make them.

I beg you will send me an account, if possible, of the very spot where the revolt happened in 1733. I am in great want of hand mapps. The chief Muskito men's minds are thoroughly afloat in expectation of your Excellency's favor of good return from Jamaica, so that my credit, and perhaps my life is at stake.

I have been often in more danger from them than from the Spaniards. I entreat your Excellency once more to excuse my paper, and to send me down a great deal of ball and some powder. I am just taken with the country feaver, so that I hope my loose manner of writing will be excused too. I have thrice lost my limbs for an hour or so, but the use of them returned again. There is no manner of harm in this climate if people will but refrain from spirituous liquors. And I can without the least ostentation challenge all privateers that have preceded me to show equal fatigues. Should I prove a *vox et preterea nihil*, of which I am constantly suspicious, it will at least give the hint to more able enterprising genius's.

My humble service to your lady, and I am your Excellency's most sincerely devoted and obedient humble servant,

ROBERT HODGSON.

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It is to be feared that false views of economy will operate to prevent the United States Government from becoming possessed of the historical treasure from which these documents are taken, until its obtainment will be utterly impossible; for, unfortunately, the national councils always embrace more or less gentlemen who regard it praiseworthy to

oppose every expenditure of the public funds not designed to meet current absolutely necessary expenses on the most economical scale. No argument to prove this a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy is necessary in these enlightened times. It is due to the country at large, that the invaluable historical collection above referred to should be preserved for *general* reference; that it should be open, under proper regulations, to all who may have occasion to pursue investigations in this very important but decidedly most neglected branch of our literature—American History. The absorption of well nigh our entire population in active business pursuits of life, sufficiently explains why, as a general thing, we rely so much on Europe for our literature, though it fails to touch this point of our remakarble deficiency in the matter of knowledge of the history of ourselves and our country. The general want of proper sources of information (well arranged and complete historical libraries) furnishes the key. True, each State is now forming its own historical library, but, with inconsiderable exceptions, these are confined to the collection of data for the elucidation of its own past times. This library of Col. Force is all we have national, or rather *continental*, in its character, and it will be a burning shame, as well as a serious drawback on our national advancement, if it be not secured *for our whole country*. The Smithsonian Institution, we understand, is desirous of becoming its possessor. Though entertaining great respect for that institution, and desiring for it, ardently, a career of distinction, prosperity and public utility, we should regret to see it become the owner of these invaluable books and papers. In the possession of the General Government alone will there be positive surety for all time that they will be open for the investigation and profit of all. We presume that it would be impossible for Col. F. to ascertain what it has cost in money; for while many of its most valuable treasures were free gifts from persons in all sections of the Union desirous of adding to its completeness, we learn that he has at times been forced to pay as high as hundreds of dollars for a single volume in manuscript of importance. Thus, he possesses a proof-sheet of engraved heads of Americans of distinction flourishing about the beginning of the present century, the work of an eminent and accurate French artist on private account. This embraces small portraits of hundreds of gentlemen residing then in all sections of the Union. It is probably the only impresssion of *the whole* in existence. For this he paid one hundred and fifty dollars; and he has since lost no opportunity to have the likenesses identified, no key being left by the artist. He has succeeded so far in the identification of perhaps half the heads, which are in medallions of the size of a silver dollar. The consignment of manuscript volumes, from which the papers forming the subject of this article were taken, are twenty in number, embracing rare, unpublished writings on the West Indies, Mexico, Louisiana and Florida, and the private papers of Admirals Wager and Vernon, as before mentioned. We learn that this single consignment cost him more than fourteen hundred dollars. These facts are mentioned only to show the impossibility of estimating the actual cost of such a collection.

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# THE MORAL AND THE ARTISTIC IN PROSE FICTION.

The popular novel of modern times is perhaps too well known to need a definition. Still it may be proper, in reference to the acquisition of just standards, to throw out some general considerations in regard to this peculiar structure in art. The history of the novel is a very simple one. In general respects it is that of the drama; one of the happy modes by which ingenuity contrives to beguile ignorance to knowledge. Its beginnings are to be found amongst the first dawnings of the human intellect. The child himself is a *raconteur*. He begins the exercise of his thought by tasking his constructive faculty for its assistance, in the ambitious desire to provoke the wonder and admiration of his young and less endowed companions. He invents facts and situations, and accumulates events in proper order and becoming relation, so as to form a history. And in this exercise he becomes an artist. The continuance of the practice results in a greater or smaller degree of perfection, more or less modified by the surrounding influences of society and proper models.

Even in childhood, however, the faculty is an extraordinary one. It betrays talents which are by no means shared by many. Not one child in the hundred possesses the endowment, or certainly to no great extent. They may possess large faculties of thought and of expression. They may give forth elaborate sentiments and show proofs of ingenious speculation, accompanied by eloquent utterance. They may be poets even, without possessing the faculty of weaving together, in intricate relation and with due dependency, such scenes and events in life, indicated by the interposition of moral agents, as distinguish the labors of the composer in prose fiction. For this they strive vainly; and many strive, who, highly endowed in seemingly kindred departments of art, yet fail utterly to take the first step in the constructing of prose fiction.

Not so with him who is "to the manner born." To him, employing the language of Hamlet, it comes "easy as lying." Were older heads to give their attention to the boy narratives that spell the ears of the happy groups that linger by the schoolhouse porch, or in the play-grounds, or on a Saturday out among the woods, they would be surprised to discover, amidst so much of the frivolous and puerile, so much that betrayed thought and talent in invention,—the invention or the capacity for structure invariably preceding the moral in the mind of the boy, and even the thought by which what is simply moral in the story is educed or indicated; the boldness of the fancy and the readiness of resource in the *raconteur*, still showing themselves superior to the general crudeness of the conception, and the feeble and common-place character of the materials. We are made to see the scheme in spite of the agency; made to observe a fitness of parts and a symmetrical design, leading through a thousand awkwardnesses and obscurities to a really judicious moral. Of course the moral as such forms no part of the object of the juvenile narrator, or his more juvenile audience. The common aim is the story—the simple accumulation of interesting incidents in relation to some hero for whom all sympathies are enlisted. But as truthfulness is never wanting in its moral, and as the great end of every artist is the approximation of all his fiction to a seeming truth, so unavoidably he inculcates a moral, of more or less value, whenever he tells a story. As the peculiar endowment which makes the *raconteur* is equally native and decided, so the passion for his narratives, even among those who do not share his faculties, is equally true to the moral instincts of his auditory. All listen with eagerness, and yield ready credence to all statements which keep within the verge of possibility; and with the eager and believing mind of youth, the limits of the possible are wonderfully flexile, and oppose no unnecessary barriers to the ardent spirit and the free imagination.

It is this ready faith in the auditory which

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determines the legitimacy of the art—which has been practised from the beginning of time, in all the nations and all the ages of the earth. No people have ever lived without their authors of fictitious narrative. No people *can* live without them, since the faculties which find their utterance through this medium are the very faculties—the creative, the combining, and the endowing—by which men are distinguished from all other animals. The art has shown itself quite as decidedly among the savages of North America, as among the most highly refined of the Asiatic nations. The inventions of our Six Nations, of the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Catawbas, if inferiorin polish and variety, do not seem to have been less daring and original than those of the Arabians, to whom we are indebted for some of the most admirable of those legends which seem particularly designed to do their offices of tuition with a young and primitive people. These fictions, constituting some of the very loveliest conceptions which art has ever drawn from the fountains of the imagination, were at first simple, and like those of childhood. The additions of succeeding generations, the more elaborate efforts of superior artists, have improved them for the delight of races more matured. At first these performances were scenes and sketches rather than histories, and were employed upon such events of the common experience as were at once most natural and impressive. But when religion began to act upon the imagination, the artist soon became tasked for higher exercises, and glimpses of the wild and spiritual were made to elevate the common-place and ordinary. This led to the machinery of superstition. Hence magic, as an agency by which romance was first begotten; hence *diablerie*, by which the soul was made to startle at contact with a spiritual world, even when the doctrine of a future itself was left totally untaught, except as a purely speculative philosophy. In the phantoms of the imagination, the spectres of ignorant dread, and those vague and shadowy aspects that lurked in lonely places, among the woods, in the hollows of desolate hills, in the depths of lovely but forbidden waters, the various orders and denominations of Gnome, Kobold, Ondine, Sylph and Fairy, we behold the fantastci creations of a genius struggling constantly to pass from the oppressive chambers of the *real*, into the rare atmosphere of an *ideal* which suffered from no incumbrances.

Gradually, as art continued to advance in the refinement of her own powers, and in the more facile employment of her own machinery, fiction became a thing of more complexity of form and of diminished imagination in respect to its conceptions. As the faith of the ignorant in the objects of former superstition became lessened and inflexible, the *raconteur* found it necessary to accommodate his fiction to the more rigid and exacting standards of the popular belief. To seem like truth was still, as it had always been in all ages, the object of the judicious artist; and the invention which had hitherto been exercised with the vague and supernatural, suffered no real or great diminution of its resources, when it felt itself compelled to turn its eye *without* rather than *within* for its materials; when the *deeds* of man, rather than his secret soul and speculative performances, afforded the substance of the chronicle; and the collective heart of the multitude, in its open exhibitions, served for the field of analysis, in place of the single individual, being, doing, or suffering, which hitherto had been the almost exclusive study. Histories of men — periods which betrayed large groups in active issues, such as the middle ages—naturally took the place of more primitive material. The romance of progress was the legitimate successor of that which illustratrd the purely spiritual nature — which, by the way, was a romance of progress also, though in a sense very different from any other; and this, in turn, was followed just as naturally by the romance of society, or the ordinary novel of the present day.

In each of the latter classes of fiction, the chief object seems to have been so to delineate the aspects of real life, under certain conditions of society, as at once to preserve all their distinctive characteristics, and to invest with a biographical interest certain favorite studies of character and situation. These objects render necessary an admirable co-operation of the artist with the philosopher; the painter of detail with the poet of fine conceptions. It must be evident, even to persons of the most ordinary reflection and understanding, that to execute such a design with only moderate success, demands a very rare combination of moral attributes. Scarcely any intellectual performance, in-

deed, could task a greater variety of human powers. Keen perception, quick instincts, delicate tastes, strong good sense, a perfect knowledge of character, a nice appreciation of all that constitutes the sensibilities, and all that makes the virtues of the social man; —these are all absolute requisites for that artist, who, in the delineation of real life, in an atmosphere of fiction, must, to a certain extent, borrow faculties from every other department of human art. The poet must yield him fancy and imagination; the painter, an eye to the landscape; the sculptor, a just conception of form and attitude; the dramatist, combination and the art of trouping;—and even the lawyer and the gistorian must, or may be drawn upon,—the one for the capacity to argue out a case from certain premises and facts to a just conclusion,—to weigh the motives to action, and determine the awards of judgment; and the other, to sift the causes of social progress,—to estimate duly the morals of leading events, the effects which they should produce, and the principles to which, whether for good or evil, they are likely to give birth hereafter, affecting equally the condition of the community and the aspirations of the individual man. In a rare judgment all these faculties are necessarily found to unite. The artist in prose fiction, more than any other, must possess in large degree the constructive faculty. Poetry depends chiefly upon its courage and sentiment; the drama upon its passion; music upon its spirituality; and painting upon its happy distribution of light and shade, the harmony of its colors, and the symmetry of its forms. But, borrowing in some degree all these agencies, the artist in prose fiction makes them all ancillary to one particularly his own, and that we consider the constructive faculty. With this faculty it is that he frames and adapts his materials to whatever sort of edifice it is the particular aim of his genius to erect. That edifice may be a palace or a hovel, but it is required to be symmetrical, in compliance with laws growing out of the very conception which suggests the structure. The builder, to achieve the reputation of a master, must conceive boldly the plan and purpose of his fabric; and this requires a vigorous imagination. He must possess a lively fancy, else how should he adorn fitly and properly embellish the fabric which he has raised? He must be a person of great vigilance and freshness of resource, else how should he vary his entertainments for his guests according to their differing characteristics and desires? The flexibility of his intellectual vision must be great, else how should he be capable of that instinctive appreciation of character which is called for by the constant necessity of discriminating his *dramatis personæ*, the great essential requisite for success in portraiture and for dramatic vitality in action? The first dawning of the *humors* of a period,—using the word in the sense of Ben Jonson,—its passing moods and fashions, its singular traits of moral and society, (which are mostly epidemical, and flit with the progress of a season,) are among the minor but scarcely less necessary requisitions of his art; to execute which requires a rare versatility of talent. To this versatility no mere summary, like the present, could possibly do justice. Let it suffice that the great or successful worker in prose fiction must be, taking Walter Scott for our most obvious example, a person of equal imagination and cool common sense; of lively but healthy sensibilities; of great tact, (which is another word for admirable taste,) and of equal vigilance and courage. He must be able to observe without effort,—so endowed by nature and so trained by practice as to achieve, so to speak, by the simple outpouring of his customary thoughts. His habitual mental exercise must be the acquisition of material, and its partial subjection to his purposes, though in detached and fragmentary conditions, susceptible of adaptation to more elaborate uses when his schemes ripen into design. Carrying the materials which he thus habitually realizes, without effort and almost without consciousness, to the alembic of his thought, he will extract from them, by a process which, in the trained author, goes on without respite, all the sublimated essences which, thus resolved, become aggregated within himself and constitute the means and expedients of his own genius. He is original and inventive in due degree as he has incorporated these external elements in with his own thoughts, and the habitual workings of his own intellect.

To acquire such materials, and to attain these results, no mere fagging with a purpose can possibly avail. No mere drudgery under the stimulating force of will can possibly

yield the habitual condition by which such accumulations go on, with all the regularity of advancing and returning hours. Cramming is no more likely to produce digestion in the case of the intellectual, than in that of the animal condition. On the contrary, as in the latter, the effect is unfavorable to the proper incorporation of the food with the healthy flesh and blood, and true nature of the recipient. And without the harmonious co-operation of the several powers and attributes,—unless the aliment taken in by the senses of the student and the inventor be kindred in quantity and quality with that upon which his genius may be supposed to feed, the latter is enfeebled rather than sustained by the innutritious supply, and the fruits of his labor lack equally congruity and health. If, as Milton hath it, the life of him who would write a poem must itself be a poem, so must the habitual tendency of observation and thought of him who deals in prose fiction, tend to the supply of means favorable in particular to his freshness, his invention, and his just appreciation of all the varieties of human character. Perhaps we may say all this, when we adopt the peculiar idiom of another nation, and say that for his art there must be a nature.

It is very clear that, of the thousand fine issues which belong to every action in the progress of a story, the trials of the heart, the displays of passion, the subtle combinations of wit, the logical results of judgment, the fancy which happily relieves the action in the proper place, the vivacity which keeps the interest astir, the invention which provides the impressive incident, and all the various and numerous faculties, of feeling and understanding, which need to have fulness and free play in the development and action of a scheme which embodies equally and all the characteristics by which society is moved and human sensibility excited; it must be very clear, we say, that there can be very few of these agencies, about which, as the necessity for their employment arises, the author could deliberately sit down to reason. It would be morally and physically impossible, were any such necessity to exist, that his labors should ever arrive at the honors of a single volume. On the contrary, his resources should be so equally ready and ample, that he shall be conscious, his progress once begun, of no let or hindrance, ---g for long pause or hesitation in the prosecution of his scheme. There must be no need to stop, and study, and adjust, before he can conscientiously set down. His implements must all be at hand, and at his instant control. His mental constitution must be that of the poet. He must be born to his task. You cannot fashion him to it by any course of training. He works quite as much by intuition as by calculation and common reasoning. His plan once fairly conceived, his thoughts and fancies, to use the felicitous language of Milton, must, "like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and, in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly in their own places." He leaps to his conclusions as if upon a wing of equal certainty and fleetness; and the chief and difficult study before him is at the beginning, when reason demands that he should choose his gronnd and field of operations, with such a careful regard to his peculiar tastes, studies and experiences, as shall give free play to whatever is individual in his character and genius. Great freedom of speech, affording a ready flow in the narrative, a prompt fancy to meet emergencies and supply details, so that the action shall at no time falter or become flat; a quick and keen perception of the differing shades and degrees, in quality, of human character; a nice appreciation of the delicate and noble, the lofty and the low, the sublime and the ridiculous; an eye eager to seek and prompt to discern the picturesque; a facility in finding varieties and in the suggestion of lively contrasts; and that flexibility of mood, by which one, having a ready utterance, may individualize the several dialects of the *dramatis personæ*—dialects which as completely distinguish the individual from his companions, as do the particular traits of his countenance, the sound of his voice, and movement of his body; these are all, in greater or less degree, essential to the successful pursuit of his art by the novelist and writer of prose fiction. If held generally, and in large endowment, and exercised with corresponding industry, these faculties must render him an artist of the highest order,—remarkable, as the Germans have it, for the great faculty of Shakspeare, his *many-sidedness*, or catholicity,—a poet, a philosopher and dramatist, a painter, a seer, and a prophet! His words will flow from him like those of inspiration. His creations, from their equal majesty, grace

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and beauty, will seem worthy to have owned a divine original. His voice will swell, in due season, to a natural authority in every ear, and his works will gradually pass into the common heart, lifting it to an habitual appreciation of the high humanities which it is the becoming object of a genius so worthily endowed to teach.

The fabric of such an artist will be raised with an equal eye to its uses, its durability, and grandeur. It will be no mere pleasure-house. Its objects are never temporary. The true genius works not less for eternity than man. It is, indeed, in working for eternity that he works for man. He has but a slender appreciation of the importance of his race, who only sees them as they exist around him; who, satisfied with the present sounds that fill his ears, entertains no hungering thirst for that faint voice, sounding ever in the solitude, which comes slowly but surely up from the far-off abodes of his posterity. He, on the contrary, who properly esteems his vocation, feels indeed that successful working must always imply the future only. To be of and with the present only, to speak the voice with which it is already familiar, to go nothing beyond it, to have no mysteries which it shall not and cannot fathom; this is, surely, to forfeit all claim upon the future generations, with whom progress only is existence. But the true artist knows better than to toil for such barren recompense. His ambition, or we should rather say, his nature is governed by a more selfish instinct. He builds in compliance with laws and motives which do not seem to consider earth. His conceptions are caught from the *Highest*, and would seem to emulate his achievements. In what consists his material? The soul of man, his hopes and fears, his humanities; the inner nature, the spirit and the heart, where lie his most permanent and most valuable possession. And from what other of God's creations does he take the tributary forms and aspects which he groups around his subject as subservient to the action? The sky for beauty and repose; the sea for immensity; the forest for depth and intricacy; the rock and mountain for solidity and strength: such are the model forms and attributes that impress his soul from the beginning, and fashion, unconsciously to himself, all the shapes and creations of his genius. His fancies, in like manner, are controlled and counselled by the lovely and the sweet, the graceful and the bright, which the garden groups beneath his eye, or the groves cherish and encourage about his footsteps. And thus informed, insensibly to himself as it were, he models his own mind into images which posterity is fain to deify. Thus, while the *tout ensemble* of his fabric will awe by its magnificence, the exquisiteness of its detail must persuade to a near delight which loves to linger upon the study of its cunning joinery; and this is the perfection of art, where the exquisite delicacy of the finish is not required to compensate for deficient majesty and greatness in the first conception.

The first conclusive proof that we have of the superior artist will be in the manifestation of *design*. The really great genius is conspicuous chiefly in this quality. It is talent that simply *finishes*. It is taste only that never offends. It is art that adapts with propriety. It is genius that creates! To be sure of this faculty in the artist, we must see that he works out a purpose of his own; and we estimate his strength by the resolution which he shows, under all circumstances, in the prosecution of his scheme. It will not do that he follows, however admirably, in the track of other masters. It will not do, even should he rival them successfully, in a region which they had explored already. The world can never be persuaded of *his* superiority, who shall do nothing better than multiply specimens under well-known laws and models. He may triumph for a season; he may give a certain degree of pleasure always, as adroitness, aptness and ingenuity, the sources of the imitative faculty, are very apt to do; but there will always be apparent in his performances that want of courage and enterprise, which give to the original a masculine vigor and proportion which men esteem the most essential of all qualities in their guides and leaders. The admiration which hails the imitator is seldom of long duration. It lasts only while he seems like an original. It is by the strongest instincts that the world distinguishes between the substance and the shadow. Not to sink into a pun, they soon *feel* the difference between them. The discovery once made, they resent the deception. In due degree with the extent of the imposture, will be the scorn and indignation which follow its exposure; and the innocent fol-

lower in another's footsteps, who has unconsciously left his own tracks for a season more conspicuous than those of his predecessor, is made to pay, as an offense, for the passing favor of good fortune. Nor, even where the imitation is not apparent, but where the aim is inferior, will the results be finally otherwise. There may be an originality which is yet without a becoming purpose. To seek simply after the satisfaction of a listless mood; to strive, in stimulating a feverish and morbid appetite, to minister to vicious tastes, to drowsy faculties, by temporary expedients in art, by clever surprises, by glittering but unsubstantial shows, the slight fetches of a talent that is capable of small exertions only, will not suffice long for the gratification of an intellectual people. It is, as we have urged already, in the *design* only, in the fresh classical conception of a vigorous imagination, bold, rich, free, generous, comprehensive and ingenious, that admiration becomes permanent, and reputation grows into that fixed condition which the world finally calls fame. The design of the builder must be first apparent; the grand outlines, the great bulk upheaved upon the plain, massive but with what wondrous symmetry of proportion; a maze, but with what admirable simplicity of plan; showing, at a glance, the classical conception, the daring scheme, the appropriate thought, and that dependency of detail in all the parts upon the main idea, by which the mighty fabric of imagination and art is sustained and embellished. We must see in the work before us, not only that the builder himself knew what he was about, that he did not work blindly and at random; but we must be prepared to acknowledge, as we gaze, that his work is entirely his own; that his copy has not been set for him; that he has striven with a native birth, and struck his shaft into a hitherto unbroken soil with the vigor of an arm that obeyed an impulse equally noble and independent. We must behold that indubitable freshness in the conception, which we can liken to nothing already familiar to our fancies. We must see in the artist that eagerness of bent, that enthusiasm of mood, which proves his own conviction of a new discovery. And it must not be because we behold him, that he works. It must be because of a love for the labor, that he addresses himself to its execution. He builds neither for the shelter nor the recompense, scarcely for the praise and the fame, though these naturally suggest themselves to his mind, as proper influences that cheer him when he faints, and stimulate him to new exertions when he would shrink back from very weariness. He cannot help but build! It is because of the God working in his soul that he seeks to raise a temple. His struggle to erect this structure betrays his secret sense of properties in the true and beautiful, which his own nature entertains, and which he seeks to symbolize and to evolve, as well as he may, and in the best materials, for the delight and satisfaction of others. The decorations of his temple have an equal significance. They declare for the *tastes*, as the fabric itself speaks for the *religion* of the artist. The sentiments, which are only so many passions informed by the affections and subdued to a spiritual delicacy by the active intervention of the soul, now busy themselves in embellishing the apartments. The chambers are to be furnished, the high saloon, the lofty portico, the altar-place and the niche. Music and the dance are to be present, to spell, with a seasonable soothing, the pauses between majestic lessons and affectionate discourse. Intellect must make itself felt, superior and winning, through some, if not all, of the human agencies. There must be eloquence, though it be that of the passions only. There should be song, though it speaks as freely the language of mere mirth and frivolity, as that of poetry and love; and we shall not quarrel with the scheme of enjoyment, which is made to minister in a temple meant for so various an audience, if art demeans herself in some lowlier forms, to pleasure and to persuade a class who are not yet worthy to penetrate the inner sanctuary. The muse that stoops to elevate, does not degrade her dignity by the temporary concession to the lowly and the mean. There will be a better life in consequence, more of an inner life, in the humanity which is thus plucked from its wallow by the offices of art, which will amply compensate for any reproach that might otherwise fall upon her temples, from the admission of those who have been hitherto thought unworthy. What we too frequently esteem as brutal, is nothing more than roughness; and we must not forget that the noblest fabric of art is still meant as a place of refuge for humanity. The

cathedral loses none of its sacred character, because the vicious sometimes crawl along its aisles; and it lessens not the virtue in the offices of religion, because music is employed to appeal to the sensual nature. The heart is reached through the senses, when we should vainly appeal to the intellect; and we must be careful not to withhold from the stubborn the attractions of any influence, the proper employment of which may make them accessible to yet higher teachings. The sensual may still occupy a place within our temples—*must* be there, perhaps, so long as humanity is the simple occupant; but the sensual may be trained to be the minister of the ideal, and the spiritual man may have his regeneration on that hearthstone where the worst passions of the heart may have laid themselves down to sleep at nightfall. It is a miserable error and a bigotry of the worst blindness, which presumes to repudiate the offices of art when they would minister to a better nature in the vicious heart of man. For, however rude and erring may be the rites in her temples, they are still calculated to elevate the aims of such as seek their ministration. The very office of art is to purify, and her agency is still that of the intellectual man. She still toils, whatever be her faults, in behalf of him who struggles—blinded it may be, and frequently overthrown in the attempt—to attain that better condition to which the races, without their own consciousness, are for ever addressing their endeavors. Genius, of whatever description, and however false, under perverse influences, to its high commission and eternal trusts, is still of an immortal and endowing nature. It is because of this redeeming security for humanity which it possesses, that it commands the world's eye, and in some degree the world's admiration, even when it most seems to practise against the world's happiness. It is in the conviction that we feel, that the great fabric, though sometimes prostituted to the business of the brothel, is nevertheless a temple where thousands drink in the influences of a purer and more grateful atmosphere than that to which they are ordinarily accustomed. However unclean the structure, we yet behold in its design and durableness the working of a rare and blessed divinity, the holiness of whose altars we must recognize, though the god himself may be in exile. It is for us, not to abandon the shrine because the profligate have expelled him from it; but to endeavor so to purify the temple, that we may persuade him back to the altar, which we hallow with a purer service. It is in this spirit that we are to employ the offices and the temples of every form of art, to make them clean and holy; not surrender them, because of their partial degradation, wholly to this foul route to which, with a nicer regard to our tastes than our faith and duty, we have too early and too easily yielded them. Let us, more wisely, with the strong sense and the enthusiastic spirit of Martin Luther, determine that the devil shall not possess himself of all the fine music! To yield him up all the agencies by which the heart of man may be touched, in his hours of care or weariness or relaxation, is surely to contribute wonderfully to the spread of Satan's dominion, and to increase, with woful odds against them, the toils of the saints, in their warfare for the Church of Christ.

Such as we have endeavored to describe him is the Master of Fiction, and under such laws and motives will he bring forth his best performances. We have preferred setting forth his higher offices, and the more encouraging and elevating standards which enforce and regulate his labors. All of these belong to poetry—the noblest fashion of human art, whether we regard it in its epic, its lyrical, or dramatic forms. The same standards applied to prose narrative—the romance or the novel—are as legitimately desirable in these forms as in any other, by him who craves amusement and needs instruction. The aims of prose fiction are precisely those of poetry, simply contemplating another and a larger audience. Nay, the audience may be the very same. There are persons who care nothing for music,—who do not comprehend its happy harmonies, and those delicious flights of sound which, through a sensual medium, lift the soul to objects of divinest contemplation. Yet, to such persons, the same object is gained by other artists—the poet or the painter; and the spirit which the musician would deem utterly callous to all tender influences, is made to overflow with sympathy when appealed to through an agency with which its affinities are naturally strong. And he who is insensible to the intricate charms of poetry—"the measured file and metrical array" of art—will yield himself very joyfully to the very lessons which

he rejects in verse, if his teacher will employ a more simple and less ambitious medium. Fortunately for the susceptibilities of the race, the Genius of Art, who addresses herself to its exigencies, is of vast compass and wonderful flexibility. She adapts herself to all conditions, and contrives a spell to make every affection, in some degree, her own. Nothing can stale her infinite variety; and, as her purpose and destiny are universal conquest, so she is empowered to adapt her ministry to the condition of the individual, so that his inner nature shall feel the touch of an influence by which his purification may begin. It is no less within her province to render classical—in other words, to make appropriate and becoming—every form of utterance and exhibition which will contribute in any measure to the attainment of her vital objects. This is the conclusive answer to all that one-sided class of critics, who narrow the province of the classical either to the simply prescriptive, or to that one single form of expression to which their tastes or their studies most incline them. They overlook entirely the catholic nature of art, which accommodates its lessons, like any other schoolmaster, to its several classes, and is careful to insinuate its wishes through a new medium, when it finds itself stubbornly resisted in the old. As there is no more good reason why a poem should be compassed in twelve books and the Spenserian stanza, than in five acts and in the fashion of the drama,—so the plan of a romance in prose, in one, two, or three volumes, is not a whit less acceptable to the Genius of Classic Art, than if the same materials were wrought into heroics and tagged with the unnecessary but beautiful appendage of rhyme. We must insist upon this the more, because of the lamentable bigotry of certain literary purists—to say nothing of their ignorance in relation to this subject. Of course, we are not to be understood as arguing in respect to the abuses of the popular novel,—the low purposes to which it is put, and the inferior objects which are too frequently aimed at in its composition. All forms of art, all doctrines, all faith and custom—the offices of religion, the purest privileges of love and society—are, in like manner, subject to abuse, and not unfrequently employed thus for their own desecration and defeat. Our purpose is only to show that this particular form of fiction is quite as legitimate in its origin and quite as susceptible of general use and employment as any other. It is probable that the very same class of persons who now denounce prose fiction would be equally hostile to poetry—nay, are confessedly hostile to it in its dramatic forms, and as anxious now to exclude Shakspeare from use, as the more discriminating moralist would be to suppress the prurient writings of Sue and Paul de Kock. Dull men, who are at the same time vain men, are always to be found, to whom the beautiful in art appears only like a false syren, glozing in the ears of the unwary, and beguiling the ignorant from the secure paths. They would have the young voyager seal up his ears to any charming but their own; and the better to accomplish this object, they cloak their desires with shows of exterior morality, and, in the accents of the holiest mission, promote the objects of the worst. Perhaps there is no worse foe to purity and religion than mere dulness. The dulness which compels the attention of the young, when the heart is eager to go forth and be free in the sunshine, and in the pleasant atmosphere of birds and flowers, in process of time becomes a tyranny which compels men to seek in secret, and consequently with some degree of shame, that very Being who was dispatched to earth with the most beneficent commission of sympathy and love.

If you denounce prose fiction, such as we have indicated,—a fiction which contemplates the highest objects of art, and which is susceptible of the noblest forms to which art has ever yet given expression,—you must equally denounce poetry and music. Its flexibilily, greater than either of these, is yet equally subject to arbitrary standards—standards which exact equal obedience to certain principles of art, to say nothing of the laws of nature, inevitable in the case of all. That its privileges are larger, does not render its exercise less proper or becoming. Its aims may be quite as daring as those of poetry, its machinery as wild and wondrous, and—to employ a word the literalness of which might almost forbid its use in this connection—as *impossible* and visionary. It is not less true because of its impossibles. It is a truth in the seed, to germinate hereafter; a truth of the spiritual nature; that superior mood by which we are so imperfectly yet impressively informed, and of which, at present, we have such vague and unsatisfying glimpses. Our *cravings* furnish sufficient arguments to

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establish the truthfulness of fiction, and to prove its legitimacy as an universal element of delight and desire, natural to the hopes and to the imagination of mankind. Fiction, indeed, is neither more nor less than probable truth under intenser conditions than ordinary. It is quite as properly the organ of religion, one of the aids of faith, as any prayer that ever ascended from bearded patriarch, or any praise of the devotee that ever borrowed the wings of song to cleave the vaulted roof of the temple in making its way to heaven. It has been the frequent language of all religions. It is employed in the form of fable, and parable, and allegory, by Deity himself; and no more remarkable specimen of romance was ever framed for the wondering delight and instruction of man, than the noble drama embodied in the Scriptures which describes the cruel trials of the man of Uz! We say not these things with irreverence, but rather with an acute sense of the perfect propriety with which man may use those divinest forms of intellect which God has given him, and which have never been thought indecorously employed when celebrating the works, the glory, and the benevolence of God. That he should not degrade them to base uses, has been the leading motive of this essay.

That modern fiction should incorporate a history of mortal loves and mortal disappointments; that it should be yielded up to a homely narrative of the thousand cares and vices that vex the wayward heart, and embitter its perverse struggles; that it should involve humiliating details of licentiousness and crime; that it should portray passion in the form of its most wilful exercise, and depict the hopeless and various miseries which flow from its indulgence; no more lessens the propriety of its claims to minister for the good and safety, the direction and the reproof of man, than do like events in the career of David,—the man of such generous, but of so many wild and violent impulses,—the murderer of Uriah, the ravisher of Bathsheba,—the man who erred, and suffered, and atoned, as man is seldom found to do in the ordinary progress of an age. There, indeed, in that sacred and startling history, do we find a model romance, than which none more terribly pleasing and instructive could be found in the whole compass of romantic fiction. But even through the corruption springs the flower. The history of man on earth, whatever be his crimes and errors, if it be honestly written, nothing extenuate, and nothing overwrought, is always a religious history. It is the history of his training for another state; and, whether he makes proper progress or falters by the wayside, does not impair the value of the history in its influence on other men. In the one case, it were a lamp to guide; in the other, a beacon to forewarn. The hues of romance which it is made to wear,—the purple lights and the soft attractive colors which constitute its atmosphere, and commend it to the heart which might shrink from the touch of a truth unskilfully applied,—do not diminish the value of the moral which it brings; do not lessen its healing attributes, or take from what is wholesome in the sting and bitter which it employs, to goad the slumbering conscience into sensibility. Nor is this atmosphere of poetry unreal or unnatural. It is the very atmosphere which marks the progress of passionate youth, and serves in some degree to retard the violence of the passions, when a more rigid morality has failed of its effect. Nor should it be urged against the arts of fiction that, for so long a season after youth has passed for ever, they bring back glimpses of its better hopes—its summer fancies—its skies without a cloud, and its songs without a murmur. Romance, in fact, would seem to be the handmaid whose affections are won by youth, that they should find a solace for it when youth is gone. She is employed to bring warmth to his bosom in age, even as the physical nature of the monarch-minstrel was kept in life by fresh contact with innocent girlhood. She is the restorer to the fancy of all that delicious atmosphere which hung about the heart in youth. She brings back to us all our first glowing and most generous conceptions; when the soul was least selfish, when the affections were most fond; ere strife had made the one callous, or frequent defeat and disappointment had rendered the other sour and suspicious. Beheld through her medium, there is nothing in life which is vulgar and degrading. All its fancies are pure, and show as luxuriantly as they are bright and fresh. It is not, indeed, through the fancies and the tastes that sin assails the heart. It is through the passions only, and in the utter absence of the fancy, and those tastes which the fancy usually originates, that wild and vicious appetites inflame the lowlier nature, and give it an ascendency

over the superior, which it is the peculiar quality of all intellectual exercises to subdue and to correct. These find an aliment in the obvious nature which renders them indifferent to, and keeps them ignorant of, the prurient appetites of a morbid mood. The aspects of nature and man are equally grateful to the faith which looks confidingly to all things under the genial influence of a hope that takes its birth in the affections, and believes chiefly because it loves. And it is precisely such a confiding nature which is the soul and very secret of success in art. To its eye, nothing is absolutely unseemly, though all demands improvement, in the natural aspects of earth and man. The desert is no desert, spread out and sleeping beneath the broad, blue canopy of heaven. The sea is no terror, reposing in its delicious moonlight. The forest is no region of gloom and exile, but one rather of refuge and of shade, when the world threatens and the burning sun prevails. It is by an innate property that art is enabled to crown nature with an aspect of her own;—nor inanimate nature only. The wild beast is stilled by, and crouches beneath, a look; the reptile is spelled by a sound, and uncoils himself, unharming, from his victim. And man himself—the savage man! He is savage, it may be, but not necessarily foul or beastly. Wild, but why vicious, unless you make, or suffer him to remain so? It is in your own hands to subject him to holier and happier laws, if you will only so far sympathize with his inferior nature, as to show him the pathway to a better promise. The serf—destined to an inferior condition, through which only can he rise into a better—is elevated, by his reverence and fidelity, into a being whom we reward not less with love than with food and raiment. To the catholic eye of art, high and humble are but relative dependencies, mutual in position, though differing in height and aspect. The beautiful and the obscure, the bright and the dark, are but natural foils of each other—in other words, parts of a system, in which variety is not simply a proof of the boundless resources of the Creator, but of his sense, also, of what is essential to the proper exercise, the relief and the gratification of the soul. The philosophy which art teaches, is the faith with which youth begins; a faith which youth is but too apt to forget, in the more earthy cares of manhood; but which it is the becoming vocation of art, as tributary to religion, still to re-inspire. It is in this way that art is always young and original. Every generation discovers in her a new aspect. Novel forms, new guises, declare for her supremacy over the monotonous and tamely recurring aspects of ordinary time. It is because heedless of this peculiar virtue in the constitution of this catholic Muse, that we find the critic of hackneyed judgment, grown too subservient to the customary to appreciate the fresh, resenting as a vice the assumption of new phases in the very Genius which he has worshipped under another form. He seems unwilling to believe that there should be any longer a novelty in art, when there is no longer a freshness in his own nature.

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# MULCHINOCK'S POEMS.*

In the early days of criticism it was rare that any book could pass through one edition without being made the text of a commentary or a philippic, and authors felt themselves insulted if their works, which the common people admired or censured after their own untaught fashion, were not at least noticed by the higher and more privileged oracles of letters. But as publishers' lists expanded, the mass of reviews became briefer and more superficial, passing from the ornate pages of quarterlies to the hurried columns of the newspaper, and dictated quite as often by personal favor or dislike as by literary taste, until now it is quite impossible to give a fair portion of impartial time and type to any but strongly-marked and representative specimens of current literature. From decisions thus arrived at, the public may extend their opinions as little or as widely as they please, and authors take their cue with a readiness proportioned to their acquiescence in critical judgment. And if an author once thought himself slighted if he was overlooked, he should now consider himself fortunate if sufficiently representative of good or bad to be marked out by reviewers, for surely that "bad eminence" which is ever made the object of attack is better than an unmolested because unnoticed mediocrity. There is always hope for men or books whose faults are so conspicuous that they are singled out for special animadversion.

Mr. Mulchinock's poetry is representative, but not of originality. It is representative as were the verses of Hoole and other close imitators of the rhythmical beauty of Pope; or as the towering fustian of Lee and Dryden when they essayed to overtop their masters, the early English dramatists. It is representative of ambition—but of unwarranted growth; of emulation—but emulation of such a nature that it uses imitated gesture and phrase to accomplish the object of its pursuit; of facility—but a facility that defeats itself, and defrauds its own coinage of its legible and current stamp. It is preeminently representative of the largest and most unproductive school of imitative poetry of the present day. And if it claim to be of no extraordinary pretensions, and if in reality it is neither powerful nor durable, it may be well to pause over it for a moment, as a profitable lesson for our myriad versifiers, whose number is surely not warranted by any special increase of the poetic element amongst us.

In common with most men, we have no very friendly feelings toward imitation of any kind in literature; but for that imitation of which Mr. Mulchinock's verses may be taken as an exponent, we have a peculiar distaste. We have little fault to find with a young and inexperienced writer, who, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the externals of poetry, gives his days and nights to that most melodious of versifiers, Pope, since his is almost a necessary task, and one from which, in these days of incorrect rhythm, it were better no aspirant for poetic laurels should be exempt. But we question if the public, for whom we would be mouthpiece, have any such leniency for the writer who adopts the phrases which original and poetic minds have created and immortalized, and spreads them over his own pages, as easy and current subterfuges behind which to hide his own dearth of sentiment and poetical power. There is an affectation of poetical affinity about this, which is as specious as it is insincere, and which, in addition to its own unworthiness, is apt to detract from the credit of the genuine poet, whose peculiar terms of expression are thus subjected to the imputation of claptrap and unmeaningness. Even beyond the absurdities of certain small philosophers, who have adopted the esoteric and mystical expressions of continental thinkers as a clothing for their own

* The Ballads and Songs of William Pembroke Mulchinock. New-York: T. W. Strong & Co., No. 98 Nassau street.

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bald and commonplace sentiments, do we rank in point of dishonesty and extravagance the effusions of that school of versifiers who have complacently taken the phrases of contemporary poets as their own, and used them as capital on which to build a wide and profitable reputation.

It is fortunate for the true poet that the imitative versifier always overreaches himself. The peculiar turns of phraseology, the rhythmical dress and posturing, and the artistic connections of sentiment, which, with as little modification as possible, the imitator would make his own, are rarely to be transferred so as to preserve their original beauty, even by the most skilful hands; and, degenerating into mannerism by being forced upon us too often, at last entirely lose their harmony and effect. It too frequently happens that an author who has charmed us by original felicities of manner is so far carried away by success and self-praise as to give us too many of them in his subsequent works. But, however well we may endure the repetition of the cloying sweetness, we have no patience for the distasteful and disproportionate dose of mannerism which the forthcoming imitator would compel us to swallow. And we resent the attempted infliction with as much heartiness as we would repel the impertinences of a bystander, who had taken upon himself to insult us from beholding our forbearance under the momentary caprices of a friend.

Some time ago we had marked out certain phrases on the pages of two of our special favoites, Tennyson and Poe, and had ventured to predict in a quiet way, that the imitators of these admirable poets would betray themselves by fastening on these peculiarities, and repeating them to us *ad nauseam*. Two words particularly had attracted our attention as being very open to abuse, and very difficult to be used at all, except by minds of exquisite perceptions; and indeed they had been so bandied about by shallow mystics, that men who were equal to an appreciation of their meaning would be very cautious how they employed them. These words are the Real and the Ideal; and surely no one will say that they are to be played with by children, or harped on in vacant hours, like the strings of an idle instrument. Tennyson and Poe had been sufficiently familiar with them for our taste, and had used them quite enough for producing effect; but the easy complacency with which they are led off by the imitators of these poets, and pre-eminently Mr. Mulchinock, is an attack upon our forbearance and an affront to our notions of good sense and good poetry. What, for instance, can we think of such rhymings as the following?—

"Blending with the bright Ideal the sad Actual and Real,
Till its chords shall seem to be all touched and struck by viewless fingers
Of weird spirits in the air."

"Overlong the false Ideal
Kept us on a weary chase;
We would know not now the Real,
If we met it face to face."

"In dreams she comes to me, to cherish and woo me—
The slumber is pleasure, the waking is woe,
Where fades the Ideal, when triumphs the Real;
I pine for young Alice of Ballinasloe."

"Oh! thou bright and blest Ideal,
Radiant vision of my dreams,
Lighting up the darksome Real
With your rainbow-tinted gleams!"

Are they not simply an affectation of high sentiment where there is no sentiment at all, and an irreverent handling of words which were never meant to be trifled with? It requires no very great amount of skill to frame stanzas that shall contain these words; they are remarkably docile in couples; and there is not a clever lad of fifteen who could not string them together with as much of the "bright" and "blest" and "darksome" as they are garnished with by Mr. Mulchinock. And we do not know why we should be called upon to admire so cheap and easy a performance—what any of us could do equally well at any time.

We are sorry to see Mr. Mulchinock depending so much for effect on the words "Past," "Present," and "Future," with their attendant adjectives, which every reader's memory will readily suggest to him. What has just been said about the Ideal and the Real will apply to these much-abused words. It requires a delicacy of taste amounting almost to genius to avoid using them in just such connections as those in which they are employed by the mob of ordinary writers and speakers when they would be thought learned, sublime, and prophetic. To talk about these three conditions of Time is to run the risk of talking commonplace ambitiously. Mr. Mulchinock has taken the risk,

and we think he has been unlucky—if we may judge from verses like these spoken by Paul Flemming, the "pale" student:—

"Then like music spake he—Mary, by my love that ne'er can vary,
By mine eyes so wan and weary, weary watching for thy presence,
Oh, thou beautifully fair;

"By the Past whose gloom is o'er me; by the Future dark before me;
By the loved dead who implore me in sweet whispers from the grave-yard,
To lie down and slumber there."

Or these:—

In the kingdom of the Worker he shall have the highest place
Ko hath dipt into the Future living far beyond his race:

"Who hath shown his mission God-like by the reaches of his eye,
Glinting over Past and Present, lighting dim Futurity."

Part of this reminds us very forcibly of a couplet in Tennyson's Locksley Hall:—

"For I dipt into the Future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."

Such coincidences, however, are common with Mr. Mulchinock. We may notice one or two others before we part company.

Here is a stanza quite in the prophetic style of Mævius and Bavius. It is addressed to "Men of Genius":—

"Though to all your toil incessant
Of the muscle and the mind,
Ye shall feel and find the Present
In its sluggish dulness blind;
In the Future shall the story
Sung at every happy hearth,
Tell how for man's lasting glory
Heaven's angels toiled on earth."

We consider this disparagement of the times in which one lives an affectation, and unworthy a liberal mind. And in all candor we must say we find far too much of it in Mr. Mulchinock. But of this hereafter.

We have noticed many other instances of this commonplace and unmeaning trifling with suggestive phrases which it is hardly necessary to quote for the purpose of showing that Mr. Mulchinock has brought nothing more out of them than certain rhymes and cadences for which he has mainly employed them. We shall not be accused of treating him unfairly in thus charging him with trifling with poetic terms, when we often find him appropriating with equal recklessness the more peculiar property of other poets. Coleridge tells us of

"A noise as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June."

This therefore is Coleridge's, and no one else has any right to it. But Mr. Mulchinock does not agree with us. By virtue of his poetic calling he *has* a right to it, and proceeds to exercise his prerogative as follows:—

"Sweeter than the streamlet rushing amid spring flowers in their flushing
Came the song of love outgushing from the lips of the pale student
In the leafy month of June."

Very awkwardly done. But it requires talent to plagiarize well.

Tennyson's Locksley Hall contains this beautiful couplet:—

"Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

In Mr. Mulchinock's Chant for Toilers this is very coolly reproduced:—

"From the chord of self-evoking music, wild but sweet to hear,
Fraught with mystic strange revealings to the earnest thinker's ear."

We hardly know what to style the following, but it certainly shows a great facility of adaptation, if nothing more. The original is from Locksley Hall:—

"Many a morning in the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whispers thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

"Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

Mr. Mulchinock thus adapts it:—

"Many a morning by the waters of the far resounding sea,
Have I walked in meditation, all my spirit fancy free.

"Many a morning in the forest ere the birds began to sing,
Have I sung of Freedom's advent, harping on the bounding string."

But enough of mere verbal criticism; of citations of what it is charity to style imitations, which any one of moderate acquaint-

ance with the best of living and late poets will detect in greater or less abundance in nearly every piece in this volume; and of instances of a recklessness in the use of metaphysical and poetic terms which most readers will not fail to discover and condemn. We have no disposition to enter upon an exhibition of Mr. Mulchinock's rhythmical errors, which swarm throughout these poems in unstinted profusion. For these, circumstances may offer a partial apology. It is after all more of the spirit of Mr. Mulchinock's rhymes than of their mechanical execution that we would complain. We should be somewhat disposed to excuse the slovenly measure and the bungling rhyme, if they were the dress of really original, poetic and healthy thoughts; but if we condemn the barren or the perverted sentiment, how can we approve the verse in which it is borne haltingly and wearily along?

We look in vain, then, through this volume for any traces of that genial and generous sentiment which should spring spontaneously from the heart of every man, and, most of all, from the heart of the man who thinks himself specially commissioned to address his fellow-men through the medium of the feelings and the imagination. A writer of verses, in addition to the necessary qualifications of imagination, taste, and rhythmical power, should have a liberal and comprehensive mind, capable of overlooking circumstances and of appreciating the good qualities to be found in every man and every thing. It is no more necessary that he should be an optimist than that he should plunge into the midnight of a Byronic misanthropy. If his disposition is like that of nine out of ten, it is hardly needful to caution him against one or the other of these extremes. But as Nature produces a few optimists and misanthropes, and circumstances many more, so we find certain poets whose verses are naturally optimistic or melancholy, and a greater number—of a lesser grade, be it said—whose verses, purporting to be results of their own experience, are evidently studied pictures of the utmost of cheerfulness or Timonism that can be evolved from the material around them. We are always suspicious of the sincerity of any writer who claims to have a larger share of happiness or misery than his fellow-men, and we especially condemn the processes by which a writer of poetry brings himself to speak in unvarying tones of despondency and complaint, when we have every reason to suppose him capable of enjoying the content which he affects to find only in others.

Mr. Mulchinock's verses are gloomy, and we think their gloom studied and unnecessary. There are very few men of education whose circumstances compel them to poverty and neglect; and when we hear such men complaining of one or both of these conditions of misery, we are apt to believe that they are practising on our sympathies, and are either clinging to sorrow for the melancholy pleasure it is sometimes said to afford, or are prating of its stings without actually undergoing them. To the really deserving and unfortunate, the public ear is seldom closed; but it is ever the case, as it should be, that public sympathy neither goes out spontaneously nor strongly for the man who clings to a vocation for which he is indifferently fitted, and which, in return, yields him but an indifferent support, when other callings, equally honorable and more productive, lie open to his exertions.

Need we say we have reference to professional verse-making—to that description of verse-making which Mr. Mulchinock cultivates, and which he professes to find so unprofitable? It must strike every one at the first glance—without lingering long over certain obtrusive facts, the large number of writers, professional and unprofessional, who clamor for admission to the columns of every magazine, the immense disadvantages under which our authors labor from reproductions of foreign and unpaid-for literature, the excessive cheapness at which the home market for reading must be supplied—that nothing can be more unwise than for a man of any other than first-rate abilities to pursue a career in which not more than one in a hundred can hope to earn more than a bare subsistence, when easier and more lucrative paths lie before him. It is unwise for this reason, setting aside all others that will occur at a moment's contemplation—namely, that a writer on broad and comprehensive topics, like those of poetry, ought to be thoroughly acquainted with all classes of society, and to have such a position as to be on easy and intimate terms with the great man as well as the laborer or the common citizen. He should possess an independence sufficient to raise him above all imputation of sycophancy or meanness; such an independence

as makes a man feel always light of heart, and above those fretting circumstances which assail him whose next dinner is for ever a subject of uneasy contemplation. His means should give him access to libraries and galleries; they should allow him the necessary stimulants of travel and public amusement; in fine, having the world for his peculiar study, the world should be in every way open to him. To substantiate this, we must leave great authors out of view: their genius has at all times evoked fortune and worshippers, laboring at first no matter under how great disadvantages. But for how many men of second-rate abilities and unpromising beginnings has competence prepared the way for literary distinction! and how many men of aspirations beyond their natural abilities, of a thirst for fame beyond their power to achieve greatness, has poverty happily kept back from a career in which only the most favored can run without faltering and failure!

Now it is evident that the man who, without possessing sufficient ability to raise himself to the first rank in literature, sits down to gain his subsistence by writing verses, condemns himself to seclusion from the great world, and therefore to barrenness of sentiment and information. That many-sided knowledge which, in the present intensity of civilization, the writer who would reach the popular ear must possess, he will inevitably want. His writings will be capricious, one-sided, and unfair. It will be strange if they do not fall into one unvarying strain, and that strain oftener melancholy and bitter than genial and warm. Living, it may be, in back streets; surrounded by a society whose manners are at best unattractive, and whose language breathes a harsh and disaffected spirit; he cannot hope to become acquainted with the ways of those who partake bountifully of the higher privileges of life, and from a secure position look comprehensively and unrepiningly on the world around them. No man of this day can approach to any thing like perfection in writing whose field of observation is as limited as Mr. Mulchinock's would appear to be, from what he says in the preface to his poems—an unsatisfactory apology for a very manifest want:—

"From the stimulus of elegant society, from delightful leisure, or many-path'd cultivation, I have not obtained subjects or a style. A few good common books, and the great works of God, besides the lessons of daily life, have been my sole teachers. With these aids, if I cannot hope to match men to whom many languages are as familiar as their own, whose mornings, nights, and libraries are in the perpetual presence of the arts; men whose fame is not only American but universal; I at least may claim an audience on the merits of my dear mistress Nature, whose beauty, like that of the gospel, though 'ever ancient,' is also 'ever new.'"

Shelley, with infinitely more genius, but it must be owned, with less common sense, for he was in no want of money, talked somewhat like this, when he boasted of his acquaintance with the Alps and the glaciers, and his unsuitableness for the companionship of his fellow-Englishmen. And consequently Shelley is read by nobody but poets. He loved the people well enough, but he never learned how to write for them. He let his great soul go out over mountains and midnights, and his poems are one prolonged rhapsody. He is a good study, but a bad model. But Mr. Mulchinock has copied his error. Speaking of himself, he says:—

"All his harpings caught from nature, lakes and mountains for his schools,
Not in city smoke begotten among rod-directed fools."

So much the worse for Mr. Mulchinock. If poets only draw their inspirations from mountains and lakes, they may be as grand and mystic as they please, but they may rest content with lakes and mountains for listeners. If they will ride Pegasus occasionally on cross-roads and in cities, and lend their genius to "adorn common things," they will meet with the encouragement they deserve.

We are not surprised, therefore, at the tone of Mr. Mulchinock's verses, after learning the circumstances under which they were composed, and the sources of inspiration whence they were drawn; especially when we see that greater men have written vaguely, and unfairly, and bitterly, while refusing to look at all sides of life before making it the subject of poetical philosophizing. To be shut out from the higher and refined amenities of life; to be constantly vexed by the thought that men of inferior minds, possessing no sympathy for the beautiful in art or nature, are spending money without stint on useless and unelevated pleasures, which a better owner would employ in the gratification of the noblest

tastes of which our nature is capable; to be obliged, in the teeth of the intensest competition, to send hurried and incomplete verses to magazines for a nominal remuneration; and to live day by day without prospect of ever gaining more than a mere living, and with a dreary looking forward to sickness or failing powers; this condition of things surely cannot make the poet genial and comprehensive, and cannot give that mellow glow of hope and good-nature to his verses which, after all, is a large ingredient in the works of every successful poet whom the world has seen. What influence such circumstances have, we may infer from the following verses—the like of which are profusely strewn through this volume of Mr. Mulchinock's. We are willing to believe them true, for we would not accuse their author of making untrue appeals to our sympathies in lines which he tells us are "drops of his own heart's blood, and beats of his own quick pulse":—

"Now for me the silent sorrow and the loneliness and gloom,
Phantom shapes of long-lost pleasures flit around my lonely room:

"Days of childhood,—summer rambles through green woods and gardens fair;
Days of youthhood,—higher longings, sunny castles in the air:

"Days of manhood,—toil unresting, bitter want within my door,
Crowd around me in the silence, and with anguish I deplore.

"When shall worth have fitting honor and a never-fading wreath?
Hark! in tones that soothe the spirit, echo answers, 'After death!'

"Truthful echo—mournful echo of the thought within my brain;
I am wedded to my sorrow—my repinings are in vain.

"Come the ills of life the faster and the darker for my tears,
Falling ever as they 've fallen now for long and weary years.

* * * * *

"Woe is me! befooled by fancies, and a sorrow at my door;
Morn and even moaning ever—that 'twill leave me nevermore.

"Wealthy homes are all around me, homes of luxury and ease,
Wine and music, mirth and laughter; but, alas! we 've none of these.

"Wealthy merchants in the market; dollars clink in every street;
Signs of pomp and signs of splendor, wheresoe'er I turn my feet.

"Comes the winter dark and hoary, bringing sharp and wintry cold
To the homestead of the Toiler, owning neither land nor gold.

"'Tis the month of dark December: fleetly fall the flakes of snow;
Ice is on the running water, and the sharp winds keenly blow.

"Would I were at rest, and lying in kind Death's unbroken sleep,
Nevermore to war with fortune—nevermore to rail and weep.

"Ah! my step is getting feeble, and my heart is quite opprest;
I am weary, very weary—I will seek a little rest."

Entertaining this sense of unrequited merit, it is not strange that Mr. Mulchinock should extend his sympathy to the laboring classes, and endeavor to rouse them to an appreciation of their own rights, in a manner which savors much more of the disaffected anarchist than of the reasonable, patient, and philanthropic reformer. We think, however, that the poor will never be helped by such bitter outpourings as these:

"Woe to those in lordly places, sunk in lethargy supine,
With their feastings and their revels, with their music and their wine!

"Shallow triflers, morrice-dancers in the earnest game of life,
Bearded children, still disporting with some gew-gaw drum and fife;

"Brothers of the order Witling, with Unreason for its rule,
For a cap and bells contending, which shall best play out the fool.

* * * * * *

"Where be all the gifts God gave them—health and strength, and land and gold?
For some false, illusive phantom, soul-destroying, trucked and sold!

"On their Rights, not Duties, standing, earthly rulers one and all
Grind and scourge their poorer brother, as an outcast and a thrall.

"Human eagles, from their eyries swooping down with hungry beak,
Wayside sheep without a shepherd still the only prey they seek.

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"Comes the day of rich reprisal, comes the day of vengeance due;
*As they laid on load with scourges, we will play with scourges too.*

* * * * *

"In your suits of homely broadcloth, though you take the shilling side,
Ye shall flout those silken rustlers prankt in purple and in pride.

* * * * *

"When you winced beneath the tauntings of the rich and better-born,
*I have taught you to repay them with intenser, bitter scorn.*

* * * * *

"Be but hopeful, be but trustful, be but loyal to the cause:
Down with wrong and with injustice, *down with tyrants and their laws.*"

And this in free America!

If we apprehended any mischief from such effusions,—which it would be charitable to attribute to a morning headache, or an overflow of bile,—we should quote more of them, and devote a few moments to showing their unreasonableness and uselessness; but the common sense of the reader, we are sure, has forestalled us. Sentiments like these stand in the way of true reform, and are powerless to overturn the sober reason of the mass, which is happily strong enough to keep down, if not to destroy, the monstrous hydra of anarchical bitterness. But none the less strongly do we condemn them in a book of poems, where, in addition to their native deformity, they are most sadly out of place. But Mr. Mulchinock has taken his cue, in this instance, from Whittier, whom he is pleased to term the "boldest Thinker of the Age;" and as he has overdone Tennyson and others in their original peculiarities, so he has grossly outraged the example which that very clever versifier, Whittier, has unwittingly set him.

We give Mr. Mulchinock the credit of writing an occasional vigorous couplet, particularly on topics which make the most ordinary men talk strongly. We do not doubt that, in common with many other men of more reasonable ambition, he takes pleasure in reading and writing poetry. But we may be pardoned for saying that we think he has mistaken his vocation, in setting up for a professional poet. To write verses as a pastime is one thing, and to make a business of writing verses is another; and between the two we should not hesitate long to choose. If Mr. Mulchinock will pause, he will see that he is almost alone in the business he has chosen, and which, to use his own words, "yields so poor and scant a pay." Among our own foremost poets—names with whom it is no light honor to be classed—we know of none who depend on versifying for a livelihood. Longfellow is a college officer. Holmes is in good practice as a physician. Bryant and Willis are at the head of journals of wide circulation. Halleck's poems were not written with a view to pecuniary profit. Poe relied chiefly for support on his prose compositions. Bayard Taylor is on the editorial staff of a daily paper. Our poets of a generation or two back were in established professions. Trumbull was an eminent lawyer. Dwight was president of a college. Hopkins was a physician, and Humphries and Barlow enjoyed handsome estates. Surely it is no abuse of instances if we point Mr. Mulchinock to the fact that the Muse is more pleasant and facile as a companion than a slave; and that active exertion in steady and practical employment, by which one is brought daily in contact with the world, is no hindrance to the growth and triumph of the genuine poetic faculty.

The critic counselled poor Keats to desist from making verses, and return to his gallipots. We have no such advice to offer Mr. Mulchinock. If he enjoys poetry, we wish that he may never cease to realize the pleasures which the Muse confers on her votaries. We are afraid, however, that if he persists in rhyming as an occupation wherewith to earn bread for himself and his family, his tone will never become less austere and repulsive, nor his field of view less contracted; we greatly fear that his imitations will become more frequent, and that, pressed down by circumstances which he will not consent to escape from, he will never attain to that standard of perfection to which we will not refuse him the credit of aspiring.

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A SKETCH

OF THE

# LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM S. MOUNT.

The classic comic painters of all countries are few in number. A score of masterly artists in portraiture may be enumerated for every single humorous genius in the art of design. The Flemish school, with Teniers, Ostade, Jan Steen, Gerard Douw, Brouwer, and Moëns, is undoubtedly the richest, both in number of artists and in variety of comic subjects. The Spanish school, with Murillo at the head, comes next. And although, in respect to character, expression, thought, satire and dramatic power, no one master in this department can, for a moment, be compared with Hogarth, the English school has few others to boast of. Wilkie, who approaches most nearly, was a Scotchman, as well as the great predecessor of Cruickshank, (the inimitable caricaturist of this century,) Gilray, who was the Cruickshank in political caricature of his day. Maclise is, we believe, an Irishman; and Leslie, with Newton, (delicious humorists of the school of Addison, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Irving,) delicate limners, graceful, spirited and Virgilian, displaying in their charming productions, the amenity, gentle beauties, and subtle refinements of those masters of authorship, we claim as American, partly from their early education here, and partly from their American illustrations of Irving.

The French pride themselves, and justly, on the possession of the genteel as well in painting as in style; but with all his courtly elegance, neither can Watteau be fairly considered a humorist, nor Coypel, though he has illustrated Don Quixote with so much vivacity and effect.

The paintings of W. S. Mount, one of the few American artists that deserve to be called painters, are of a strictly national character; the pride and boast, not only of his native Long Island, nor yet of the State of New-York solely, but of the whole country. Of an inferior grade, in the same department, are the pictures of Bingham, Ranney, Woodville, Edmonds, and Clonney, all of whom are subsequent to him, in point of time; and although several of their paintings are of great merit, evincing observation and study, full of character and expression, yet none of them can justly be compared, in point of equality, or with any fair pretensions to rivalry, with the comic designs of Mount.

Doctors of Law and Divinity, Judges and Bishops, can be easily created by conventions and councils, but a true humorist is worth a county of such dignitaries. What does the world know or care about the Dutch theologians or commentators, who carried their heads high during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? But the Dutch school of art of that period is as well known as any thing in Holland, to all out of it. Those dull, learned Professors, who lecture on the genius of the very men, after death has made them immortal, upon whom living they would affect to look down, talk of comic pictures as of the Ethiopian farces, as the lowest phase of intellectual effort. But how many libraries of sermons, and controversial theology, and Church history, may be bought for the smallest collection of Teniers and Ostade!

Among those, too, who affect a liking for art in this walk, how few correctly appreciate it; placing the department of humorous description and comic satire below portrait and landscape, to say nothing of what passes under the style and title of history. In painting, however, as in literature, familiar history is in general far more valuable and directly interesting than the so-called heroic phases of art. Every thing depends on the artist and his mode of treatment of a subject. A great artist will make more of an ordinary scene than the inferior genius will be able to create out of the noblest materials. True, the grand style, in the hands of a Raphael, a Titian, a Rubens, is above any thing of Dutch or Flemish art. We are not institu-

ting a comparison between the divine Italians and the homely Dutchmen; rather would we oppose a first-rate artist of the actual to a second-rate painter of the ideal school. Something german to this subject are the following remarks of Leslie, whose single authority is sufficient to decide a point of this kind. In a letter to Dunlap, he writes, speaking of Newton: "For my own part, I had much rather have been the painter of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best portraits, or one of Claude's landscapes, than of any historical painting by Guido, Domenichino, or Annibal Daracci, I ever saw. If dramatic invention, a true expression of the passions and feelings of human nature, and a perfect knowledge of physiognomy, are to be estimated by their rarity, Hogarth was the greatest painter the world ever saw. Yet, according to the received classification, his art must take a lower rank than that of his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Thornbill, who designed the dome of St. Paul's with the history of the saint from whom the church is named." In Heine's letters we find an idea expressed so similar to this, and with such clearness, that we append it by way of corollary to the above. He is contrasting Goethe and Schiller, and in his light, flowing tone of sarcastic irony, which probes a subject as effectually as the finest serious analysis, he declares: "Those highly painted, those purely ideal forms, those altar images of Virtue and Morality, which Schiller has erected, are far easier to produce than those frail, every-day, contaminated beings that Goethe reveals to us in his works. Indifferent painters ever present the full-length picture of some holy saint upon the canvas; but it requires a consummate master to paint a Spanish beggar, or a Dutch peasant suffering a tooth to be extracted, or hideous old women as we see them in the little Dutch cabinet pictures, true to life and perfect in art. The grand and fearful are of much easier representation in art than the trifling and the little. The Egyptian sorcerers could imitate many of the acts of Moses, as the snake, the blow, the frogs even; but when he did acts much more seemingly easy for the magicians, namely, brought vermin upon the land, then they confessed their inability, and said, 'That is the finger of God.'"

If any further criticism were necessary, we might add, that two exquisitely just and original critics of the present century, admirable writers upon art as well as literature, Hazlitt and Lamb, in their essays upon the works of Hogarth, have abundantly and brilliantly illustrated and confirmed this position.

A biographical sketch of the artist, whose name stands at the head of this paper, may be comprised within a brief space, the external events of his life being few, and not in any sense extraordinary. The few facts are gleaned from Dunlap's meagre notice, and confirmed on the personal authority of the artist.

The youngest of three brothers, artists, our painter, the son of a substantial Long Island farmer, was born at Setauket, Suffolk co., Nov. 26, 1807. Up to the age of seventeen he had been bred "a farmer's boy," as he himself expresses it, and which early education sufficiently explains the character of the subjects of his art—all rural scenes of a domestic character, or, as in most cases, of out-of-door scenes and occupations. At that age he came up to New-York and commenced an apprenticeship as sign and ornamental painter, to his eldest brother, Henry S. Mount, who pursued that branch of painting, although with powers and execution much superior to it, especially excellent in pieces of still life. Feeling no doubt an instinctive superiority to this occupation, the future artist relinquished it for a higher walk. He commenced seeking after good pictures as models, and entered a student of the National Academy of Design, 1826. The next year he returned to the country, partly on account of his health and for recreation, but chiefly from a native preference for its quiet, and the innocent pleasures it affords. As a more congenial residence, from early associations, and the proper field of his labors, no less than from its intrinsic attractions, he has always (except for a short interval) continued to reside there; coming up to the city on brief periodical visits of business.

In 1828, he painted his first picture, a portrait of himself. In 1829, recommenced painting, in New-York, portraits. History early fired his ambition, and he imagined himself destined to succeed in Scripture pieces. He has not entirely relinquished this fancy yet. Liston came out in tragedy, and, as a matter of history, comic geniuses have in general made a beginning in a sim-

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ilar way. Time, sooner or later, corrects the error. The first painting he exhibited at the Academy was Christ raising the daughter of Jairus, followed by Saul and the Witch of Endor. But he soon found his true line. His first comic picture was exhibited in 1830—the Rustic Dance. A few years after, the judgment of the great artist of the country was thus expressed. In a letter to Dunlap, August, 1834, by *Allston*, occurs the following most judicious criticism, cordially presented: "I saw some pieces in the Athenæum (of Boston) last year, by a young man of your city, Mount, which showed great power of expression. He has, too, a firm, decided pencil, and seems to have a good notion of a figure. If he would study Ostade and Jan Steen, and master their chiaro-oscuro, there is nothing, as I see, to prevent his becoming a great artist in the line he has chosen." Had Mount gone abroad at that time, he might very probably have learned new secrets of coloring; but as probably he would have been confused by the brilliancy of so much excellence, and, in his attempt to gain too much facility, have lost his distinctive local freshness, and untaught, natural beauties. A truly national painter might have been sacrificed to the varied accomplishments of a tasteful artist of the schools. Perhaps it was wisest for him to have remained at home. Copies of some of his most characteristic pictures might be bought up in England, by wealthy connoisseurs, at a liberal rate, and one field still remains open to him which he could worthily occupy—the Southern negro, plantation life, corn-shuckings, &c. He would find open-handed patrons among the cultivated and opulent planters. His heads of negroes, in Right and Left, and the Lucky Throw, are the finest Ethiopian portraits ever put upon canvas.

Mount has painted some fifty pictures which he would be willing to acknowledge. Among the best of these are Men Husking Corn, Walking the Crack, the Sportsman's Last Visit, the Raffle, the Courtship, the Tough Story, the Barn-Floor Dance, Birding, Turning the Leaf, Undutiful Boys, Bargaining for a Horse, Cider-Making on Long Island, Boys Trapping, Nooning, Power of Music and Music is Contagious, Just in Time, Right and Left, California News, the Lucky Throw, and Who'll Turn Grindstone? latest efforts.

He has been so universally considered *the comic painter* of the country, that his power in portraits has been overlooked. Portraits of Bishop Onderdonk, Rev. Drs. Seabury and Carmichael, Hon. Jeremiah Johnson, of Brooklyn, &c., attest his skill in depicting the human countenance, in catching the genuine expression of the sitter and fixing it on the canvas. One of the latest productions of the artist in this department is a portrait of E. H. Nicoll, Esq., exhibited at the annual exposition of the Academy, some years ago, and which was pronounced by Frothingham, a master in portraiture, to be one of the very best heads in the collection. Since then, he has just finished a head of Mrs. William Nicoll, of Islip, which has given the utmost satisfaction to the family.

Mount sometimes speaks of comic design as so slightly remunerative, on the whole, though good prices are paid for the few orders he receives, that if he should paint to satisfy himself, he would soon qualify himself for an honorary degree at that modern temple of artistic fame—the alms-house.

Doubtless many would be gratified to be immortalized to posterity, in a portrait by Mount, even if the head was not so admirably painted, with the truth and fidelity of his faces and figures in his familiar scenes. But he might, if he chose to devote himself to it, be at least as successful as many of our portrait painters, who, with a tithe of his genius, enjoy high position and command handsome prices.

To return, however, to his peculiarly original works, those which have given him an individual reputation. Some of these have been, for fifteen years or so, locked up in private collections, which we have not seen; others we saw so long since, that we hesitate to speak of them confidently. Some ten or a dozen masterpieces, however, are familiar to us, and must be to our readers. Of these, two are in the New-York Gallery, several are already engraved, two are now in Paris, and one is now in the engraver's hands; and, during the last two or three years, some of his finest have been in the exhibitions of the Academy, the Art-Union, and the rooms of Goupil & Co.

In a brief review of his works, we cannot enter into any detailed description: a few words must suffice.

*Bargaining for a Horse*, in the New-York Gallery, and which is to be one of the Art-

Union engravings for next year, and *Nooning*, engraved by Alfred Jones, a capital engraving, appear to us his *chefs d'œuvre* in his out-of-door scenes. In the first picture, remark the diplomatic manner of the traffickers; how cool and indifferent; whittling; their attitudes, like their dress, easy and slouching. Nooning is nature itself, a perfect transcript from life: how close and sultry the mid-day heats; how lazily lolls the sleeping negro on the hay, whose ear the boy is tickling with a straw, which produces a slight smile. The white laborers are naturally disposed about with their farming implements. The landscape is unmistakably that of Long Island, bare and homely, yet with an air of thrift and comfort. In all of his productions, the details are carefully painted, but in some of them, separate faces or some special object form the most attractive features.

*Power of Music* and *Music is Contagious* are, like most of his works, of cabinet size and companion pieces. The titles tell the story, which is narrated with pictorial effect. They represent the love of music at different periods of life. The phrenological hobby of the artist is apparent in the musical bump of the negro, whose organ of tune in the second picture has been much developed. The faces of the boys are full of sweetness. *California News* is a hit at the times. A group of listeners surround the reader of an "extra," containing the miraculous developments of gold discovery at the El Dorado; the scene, a village tavern bar-room, hung round, among other ornaments, with a handbill advertisement of a vessel up for the Mines. This is, altogether, a capital thing, full of telling effects: an historical painting, though of an humble order, in the genuine sense.

Within the last year Mr. Mount has been executing orders (of which Just in Time, Right and Left, and the Lucky Throw, are three already completed) for the enterprising French publishing and print-selling house of Goupil & Co., whose agent, Mr. Schauf, had the taste and judgment to select Mount, as the most national of our artists, to introduce to the French and European public. These pictures are tastefully lithographed in Paris by La Salle, a spirited hand. In this enterprise, he has ventured on the experiment of combining portrait and comic design. The heads are life-size, half-lengths; but, to our eye, what they gain as portraits, they lose as humorous pictures. The classic size for comic pieces has been *diminutive*. Yet they are truly excellent, and we must add a few words by way of description.

*Just in Time* represents a handsome young countryman, who, violin in hand, has just hit the proper pitch. This picture is in the exhibition of the present year. It has been beautifully lithographed, and is worthy of a rural Adonis by Morland.

*Right and Left* is a negro fiddler calling out the figures of a dance at a ball, fully equal to the last-mentioned. The negro is a comely specimen of his race, and something of a village dandy, to boot.

*The Lucky Throw*—a negro who has won a goose at a raffle—inimitable for spirit, expression, details and *coloring*. Indeed, the coloring in these last three is much superior to that in his earlier works: a fine tone is prevalent, and there is no sign of carelessness or neglect.

His last work, in this year's exhibition of the Academy, *Who'll Turn Grindstone?* illustrates a well-known apologue of Dr. Franklin, impressing the moral of the heartless conduct of worldly men towards those whose good offices they have exhausted. The countenance of the boy is *the* trait we like best in this picture. It reminds one of the amenity of Gainsborough's children, and of the faces in the *Truant Gamblers*. The barn is as natural as possible. It was painted for Mr. Sturges, the President of the New-York Gallery, and a liberal patron of art.

Mount has been fortunate in his patrons—the late judicious lover and munificent friend of art, Luman Reed, Esq., his successor in the Presidency, James Lenox, Esq., Mrs. Gideon Lee, Mrs. Leupp, Goupil & Co., gentlemen of discrimination and cultivated taste. The prices he is paid are generally higher than those he places upon his productions; and yet, although handsome for this country, he would probably receive double or thrice the amount abroad.

Commonly considered indolent, he is indefatigable in elaborating his productions. Fastidious and full of conscientious integrity, he is accused of slowness by those who are ignorant of the internal, intellectual labor of the artist, who, faithful to his cherished conceptions, seeks to work them out by diligence and pains. Much is going on in the mind, while the artist may not touch his

brush for days or weeks. He is also much censured for his coloring, at one time too cold, again too hot. It is true, expression and character are his fortes, coloring is *not*. Yet he is sometimes highly successful, as in his later works, and almost always his coloring suits his peculiar class of subjects, which, homely and rustic as they are, neither require nor approve vivid tints.

Mr. Mount is now living at Stony Brook, some three miles from Setauket, on the Sound side of Long Island, with his married sister. His studio is as rustic as possible, and nothing could be more appropriate. It is in the upper story or garret of an old-fashioned cottage, a comfortable homestead, with the light artistically let in from the roof.

Mr. Shepherd Mount, well known as a successful portrait painter, for which department of his art he has a fine feeling, and especially for color, is an able and intelligent artist. His drawings and sketches are even better than most of his portraits; and, in pieces of still life, he has done some capital things. He has also a turn for landscape. It is delightful to witness the frank and generous pride of the brothers in each other, and their family connections, an instance of brotherly sympathy and disinterestedness as rare as it is grateful.

The scenery about Stony Brook is not beautiful nor romantic, but has a certain rural charm that confirms local affection, when a more picturesque scene might fade out of the fancy. It has that ever-delicious repose of the country, that air of quiet and seclusion, so full of unobtrusive beauty to the citizen, tired of the turmoil of a town life. It was a favorite resort of the late Henry Inman. The country about here is one of the oldest settlements on the Island. It has some antiquities of its own, the chief of which is the quaint little old Caroline church, an Episcopal church, erected during the reign of George II., and named after his consort. Old farm-houses and aged people are not unfrequently met, and comfort with contentment is the ruling characteristic of the neighborhood. Here, in serenity, and in the enjoyment of social pleasures, practising a genial hospitality, with abundance of good-humor and native courtesy, combining much intelligence and true natural refinement, reside a pleasant society, of which the Mount ly forms the centre of attraction. Pleasant excursions, and little parties at home or in the neighborhood, relieve the toils of the studio, the farm, the manufactory; and more real happiness is found than amid the splendid luxuries of the city.

The place of W. S. Mount, as an artist, may be considered as not easily assignable. He is an original painter, a follower of no school, an imitator of no master. But yet he may be classed generally with English painters, as partaking of certain of their qualities and as possessing similar attributes. Mount is not merely a comic painter, and by no means a caricaturist. At the same time, he is much above the most successful painter of still life. His forte properly is rustic picturesqueness, and heightened by true humorous descriptive power. He is something akin to Wilkie, with traits of the better part of Morland and a good deal of Gainsborough in him. Some of his cabinet pieces with a variety of figures deserve to be ranked in the same category with the admirable pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Of course we would not insult Mount by declaring such an extravagance, as that he equalled Ostade in coloring, or Douner in minute finish. The general characteristics of his paintings, however, are much the same with theirs.

A comic artist without doubt, he is still essentially a rural painter. There is nothing of the town life in his pictures: all are imbued with a feeling of the country—its freshness, its foliage, its sweet airs and soul-calming secret recesses. His best works are, in a word, humorous pastorals, with sweetness and fine-tempered satire, (where there is any at all;) no bitterness, no moral obliquity or personal deformity impair their effect; they present a picture of country life, at once satisfactory for its truth and agreeable in its aspect and general features.

The character of the artist is reflected in his works,—his sweetness of temper, purity of feeling, truthfulness, gayety of heart, humorous observation, and appreciation of homely beauties of nature that are overlooked by the common eye.

He loves to discover the good in others, in artists, especially beginners, in all pictures, and indeed in every thing. He is a practical optimist, in the best meaning of the term. With maturity of judgment and character, he has all the vivacity of youthful feeling and the freshness of the morning of life. A

guileless, generous gentleman, indifferent to the pecuniary rewards of his art, except so far as they insure the essential comforts of life and bring the independence he cherishes with manly spirit.

In common with all the members of his family, who inherit a turn for humor and vivacity of spirits, he is a lover of and skilled in music, plays with spirit on the violin, and is fond of all social and innocent pleasures.

His figure is tall and slight, but graceful; his gait buoyant and springy; his manners cordial, cheery, and full of bonhomie; with a voice uncommonly musical and insinuating. Those who have not met him, may obtain a good idea of his physiognomy and expression, from the admirable head by Elliott, painted for Goupil & Co.'s gallery—a trifle too highly colored perhaps, and making him look more like a bandit than the painter, still a picturesque head of an artist, by one who well deserves that title. His smile and frank expression, both very attractive, give way in the portrait to a more elevated expression, not the habitual look. His eye is remarkably mild and intelligent: the whole profile, in a word, is such as one fancies a painter's face should be.

In conversation he is modest and unassuming; his remarks are direct, full of sense, humor and feeling. He speaks hurriedly at times, and without any pedantic precision; but his expressions are generally as pithy as his ideas are just and true.

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# HUNGARY:

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

The last three years will ever be remembered with the deepest interest by the whole civilized world. Great events have transpired, and in evident preparation for greater still. The voice of the forerunner has been heard, and the multitudes have gone forth to listen to it. The baptism of fire follows. The minds of men are alert and watchful for the opening of the next scene of this fearful and momentous drama.

Thus far, no nation has acted a nobler or a more tragical part than that of the Hungarians. For many years scarcely thought of, and hardly known by any on this side of the water, and not at all understood, this people has surprised the world with an example of heroic devotion to a righteous cause, which, if it has been paralleled, has never been surpassed by any nation of ancient or modern times.

We propose, in three papers of moderate length each, to give an account of the late events in Hungary; commencing, in the present article, with a description of the country, of its position, natural resources, capabilities and relations; proceeding next to a brief summary of Hungarian history, with a statement of the condition of the nation at the opening of the late struggle, and concluding with a detailed history of the struggle itself. Our materials for this work are not so ample as we could wish they were, and yet they are sufficient, we believe, to enable us to present truthfully the great features of this most interesting passage in the recent history of the civilized nations of the earth.

In the description which follows, it has been our endeavor to convey both a distinct and correct general impression of the kingdom of Hungary, and also to give in detail the most important facts illustrative of its physical characteristics. Particular pains have been taken to retain the very language of those who have written from their personal observation, and in most instances this has been done. We hope the reader will put himself to the trouble of reading with a map before him; and we are confident that if he does, he will conclude this article with a clearer idea of the land of the Magyars than he will readily obtain in any other way.

The kingdom of Hungary lies north of Turkey and south of Poland, the great mass of it falling between the 45th and 49th parallels of north latitude. From the best statistics within our reach, we gather that its extent is about equal to that of the States of Ohio and Indiana taken together, or, with

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Transylvania, to the united areas of New-York and Pennsylvania.*

Along the whole line of the northern frontier stretches the rough and wooded region of the Carpathian mountains. On the east is the principality of Transylvania, a beautiful, hilly country, girt about and intersected with elevated ranges, and rather more than equal in extent to the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The great western, central and southern regions consist for the most part of vast and fertile plains, in certain districts well wooded, and watered by four great rivers—the Danube, the Theiss, the Drave and the Save. The Danube, after having passed the outposts of the Carpathians at Presburg, continues in an easterly course for about ninety miles, until, a short distance west of Waitzen, it divides the mountain range of central Hungary, and bends abruptly southward. This range, stretching for more than two hundred and fifty miles from south-west to north-east, separates the western, or the "little Hungarian plain," from that vast central plain which occupies, with its pusztas and its rich marsh lands, nearly all the remainder of Hungary proper.

The north-western and northern portion of the kingdom is rich in mines of gold, silver and copper, which are of great extent, having been worked since the times of the Romans. "Many of the ancient 'levels' still exist, and are easily recognized from having been excavated with hammer and chisel;" and to this day there are not unfrequently found lamps, coins, tools, and articles of dress, evidently of Roman origin. An idea of the vastness of these excavations may be obtained from the fact that in one region the subterraneous caverns communicate with another through passages fifty miles in extent. The climate of this northern mountainous district is cold, and so subject even in the warmer seasons to sudden and severe changes, that it is scarcely ever prudent for the traveller to leave behind his fur cloak. These chilly ridges, however, exert it would seem no unfavorable influence upon the plains below: for Buda-Pesth, though as far north as Quebec, has the average yearly temperature of Philadelphia.

All the productions of our Middle States can be raised with equal facility in Hungary, wheat, maize, tobacco, flax, hemp, and grapes that afford some of the finest wines of the world. It is a land remarkable for the variety as well as the abundance of its products, fruitful of corn and wine, affording pasturage to countless flocks and herds, watered by great rivers, and well supplied with the treasures of the forest and the mine.

As has already been stated, the great mass of Hungary proper consists of two plains, separated by the mountains which are cut through by the Danube near Waitzen. Of these the western is about eighty miles long (from S. W. to N. E.) by sixty broad, and is almost a perfect level throughout its whole extent. The traveller who goes down the Danube from Presburg, for many miles, meets with no object to relieve the eye. The country all around is flat and sandy, sometimes woody, sometimes spread out into rich meadows, and looking every where as if it had at one period formed the bed of the river itself, which, even now, frequently changes its course. The immense arms which the Danube in this part sends off at every half-mile or less, are many of them wider than the parent stream itself, if that term can be applied indeed to any part of it.

At Grau, however, the scene undergoes a delightful change. Instead of the flat plain to which the eye had been accustomed, fine mountains rise on either side, green and precipitous, from the water's edge. These continue to skirt the river upon its right bank for a considerable distance.

Near the western frontier, and some thirty miles S. W. from Presburg, lies the Neusiedler Lake, a shallow body of water, being hardly any where more than ten feet deep, and in general not more than six, but covering an area of two hundred square miles. This lake is surrounded by low meadows and morasses. On its eastern borders sandbanks and islands of peat moss are frequent, which at length become united together, and a wide marshy district commences, which stretches as far as to the neighborhood of the Danube, where the land rises higher and assumes a firmer character. This vast morass covers an area of more than one hundred and fifty square miles, and the greater part of it may be regarded as a floating bog; but here and there trees are growing, and nearly in the centre there is a wood of alders which

* The statistics are strangely contradictory. We ...he more moderate.

does not float. Over the whole surface of the morass lies a bed of moss, usually about six but sometimes as much as nine or even twelve feet thick. Beneath this lies almost every where a stratum of bog earth, resting on a firm bed of clay, covered like the bottom of the lake with stones and gravel. In the spring, when the whole Hansag (the Hungarian name) is overflowed, this moss covering, and sometimes also the stratum of turf, is loosened, and floats on the surface of the water. If the growth of the moss has been more than usually vigorous, it will sometimes cling closely to the lower soil, and become overflowed. Occasionally it happens that large tracts thus submerged are suddenly loosened, so that what the day before was a sheet of water, becomes apparently transformed into dry land. Much the larger part of the Hansag is still marshy and reedy ground, and only a very small portion is arable. The earth shakes under the tread, and it is impossible, in the middle portions of it, to obtain firm footing any where. Kohl, the German traveller, describes it as "stretched out before the eye, a boundless desert of reeds interspersed with marshy meadows, and skirted on the distant horizon by the alder forest which was just visible."

"The whole country between Oedenburg and Raab (the former situated near the S. W. extremity of the Neusiedler and the latter fifty miles to the east, at the junction of the river Raab with the Danube) is as flat as though it had been adjusted by line and level. With the exception of the Hansag, the whole of the little Hungarian plain, containing about four thousand square miles, is exceedingly fertile. This fertility reaches its highest point in the island of Schütt—distinguished for its impregnable fortress of Komorn—which was formerly known by the name of the Golden Gardens."

The Hansag itself, however, is by no means useless, as it affords pasturage to many herds of cattle, reeds which are woven by the shepherds into mats, and large quantities of soda, which in hot summer weather issues from the ground on the eastern margin of the lake, and from the dried-up beds of the little pools that sprinkle over the marsh. In favorable seasons and situations this salt will cover the surface for miles, giving the appearance of snow.

One of the most remarkable natural features of western Hungary is the lake known by the name of the Platten See, or Lake Balaton. Its figure is a parallelogram. It extends fifty miles from N. E. to S. W., with an average breadth of eight or nine miles, and a medium depth of about six fathoms. The shores are nearly straight, with one notable exception however on the western shore, where a considerable peninsula runs so far into the lake, that between its extremity and the opposite side there remains only a channel of two hundred yards in width. The color of the water is generally a clear white, but when storms are approaching, even though no clouds have yet appeared in the heavens, it assumes a dark hue, and forms thus a convenient weather-gauge.

The following extract from Kohl, from whose book most of the above is taken, will not be uninteresting:—

"The whole nature of the Platten See has never been properly examined, and therefore I believe that the few facts related to me on the spot may offer something of novelty. The evening I speak of, when I looked upon its waters, waves were constantly beating against the shore, although the atmosphere was perfectly still. The following morning I went down to the ferry at the extremity of the peninsula. This ferry unites the comitat of Salader, at the north of the lake, to that of Schomoty, at the south. A road leads through the peninsula, over which the people who wish to go '*in's Schomoty*,' pass as over a bridge. On the Schomoty side there is a Hungarian, on the Tihany, a German ferryman. The walk from the convent to the ferryman's cottage is nearly a mile. His name is Dicker, and he has held the ferry over this lake for nearly eighteen years. He assured me that the water was never still, not even when there had been a calm for fourteen days. He also confirmed what had been told me respecting the changes in the weather to be foretold by the appearance of the water. 'Even when the storm is in Germany,' said he, 'the lake has got it in its stomach, and foams and grumbles beforehand.' In the little strait at the extremity of the peninsula, where the lake is only two hundred fathoms wide, the motion is the strongest, and in addition to the agitation of the waves on the surface, there is a strong current, strongest in the middle of the strait, where the water is not more than seven fathoms deep at the utmost. The current flows sometimes from west to east, and sometimes in a contrary direction; the people could not say whether there was a double current as in other straits. The monks thought this current was caused by the superfluous waters of either part of the lake, and that if the wind blew long from the east the water was driven into the western part, and *vice versa;* but the boatman was of opinion that the stream was continual, even when there had long been no wind to impel the waters to one part or the other. After a long continuance of wind the water became troubled, but in

general, even among the reeds, it was as clear 'as aqua fortis.'

"The people employ a curious terminology for the different winds. The north wind, which blows from the Bacony forest, is the *upper* wind; the south, from the Schomotyer plains, the *under* wind; the west wind is the *Saler*, because it blows from the Salader comitat; and the east wind the Calvin wind, probably because it comes over the Hungarian steppes, where there are more Calvinists than in any other part of Hungary. The 'Saler wind' from the Alps, sweeping along the whole length of the lake, is the most violent; it raises the waves mountain high, and brings with it the greatest number of storms. As to the story of the rise and fall of the waters with the moon's changes, no one knew any thing about it.

"The foaming of the water may arise from the quantity of carbonic acid gas carried into it by the springs. The Platten See is so strongly impregnated with this gas, that Professor Schuster thinks the whole lake may be looked upon as one great receptacle of a much diluted acid. Yellow paper becomes pretty quickly of a brown red tint in its waters, and red is changed to blue. The taste is strongly astringent, and the skin, after washing in it, becomes rough and breaks. The eyes, after bathing in the lake, become sensible of great irritation, which sometimes even amounts to inflammation. Horses driven to swim in the lake would lose their hoofs if fat were not rubbed into them. The water may be preserved for a long time without becoming putrid, and it will even preserve meat and other substances completely fresh for several days. The fish found in this lake are said to differ greatly from those of the same species in other waters. The flesh is finer, firmer, and better flavored." (Kohl's Travels, pp. 369, 370.)

The Platten See, like the lakes Constance and Geneva, has one high mountainous, and one level shore. Its mountain side, like that of the Neusiedler Lake, boasts an admirable vine culture; while the low and swampy coasts are brought under the plough, and are used for pasturing cattle.

Behind the town of Tapolza the Bacony forest begins, a thick wood covering a hilly tract of country, and extending nearly from the Danube to Croatia. This forest, from the most ancient times, has been a resort for robbers. Within a few years indeed one *Sobri* has gained himself a reputation which rivals that of Robin Hood. Finer wood scenery than is here presented to the eye of the traveller is probably not to be found in Europe. In many parts of the forest the axe seems never to have been used; and even close by the road-side thousands of fine trees are decaying from age. They are mostly oaks, mixed with a few birches. The mistletoe grows in wonderful luxuriance, the dying tops of the oaks seeming often quite borne down with it. Where the surface is clear of trees for a few yards, a fine turf springs up naturally; though the swine, with which this forest is filled in the winter for the sake of the acorns, root it up most unsparingly. The swine-herds of the Bacony forest have never had a reputation for any extraordinary honesty, and to the present day are esteemed a lawless class. Many legends have gathered around this wild wood, and its name remains, as of old, a name of romance and mystery.

The "great Hungarian plain," lying to the south-east of the Bacony forest and its mountain range, and embracing the whole valley of the Theiss, constitutes the largest and most characteristic portion of the kingdom. It covers an area of nearly or quite 28,000 square miles, stretching from the mountains of Tokay on the north to the Danube, and from the lake Balaton on the west to the borders of Transylvania.

The traveller approaching Tokay along the "Hegyalla" mountain district, which skirts the river Boorog, that at this town pours its waters into the Theiss, journeys by a pleasant route among smiling valleys and by lovely brooks, refreshed by the shade of magnificent woods, and cheered by the prospect of cloud-capped mountains. But the Theiss once crossed, a scene so different opens upon him, that he can scarcely believe himself in the same hemisphere. The vast plain of Hungary stretches before him interminable. He launches forth into its wonderful solitudes. Around on every hand, unto the remote horizon, stretches this immense level, sublime as the ocean itself. There is no hill, nor even a considerable undulation, to break the monotony of the view. Scarcely a solitary tree is visible. The only inanimate objects that relieve the oppressive uniformity, are an occasional shepherd's hut, the tall beam of a well, or a small tumulus erected in ages past, for some now-forgotten use. The Puszta,* however, is neither without inhabitants nor without cultivation. It has cities, towns, and villages; few and far between it is true, but generally large and populous where they do occur. On the great road, or rather track, between Tokay and Debretzin, a village occurs almost every three or four hours; but in some parts,

* *i. e.* Desert, void; equivalent to *steppe*, etc.

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for a whole day no such welcome sight gladdens the eye of the weary traveller. The scene however presents so much that is new and wonderful, that he never for a moment experiences the weariness of monotony. The constant hum of insects, the screams of birds of prey, and the lowing of cattle, remind him through the whole day that the Puszta is no desert. Flocks of sheep may often be seen standing beneath the hot sun at noon-day, shielding their heads from his burning heat in the shade of each other's bodies; and again, vast herds of cattle, looking in the distance like so many regiments of soldiers; for, whether by accident or design it is impossible to say, they commonly feed in a long loose line of three or four deep. Falcons are wheeling and screaming in the air, sometimes a dozen of them in sight at once. Here and there a solitary heron may be detected wading about in the salt marshes, with which the region abounds, and occasionally a flock of noisy plovers flies up before your path; but of game and of small birds of any kind there are very few. In sandy districts the earless marmot, a pretty little animal about the size and color of a squirrel, is a constant source of amusement, always running at the slightest alarm to the mouth of his hole, and then, at the least movement on the part of the intruder, dropping down and remaining hid till his enemy has gone away.

"The feeling of solitude," says the English traveller from whom most of the above has been taken, "which a vast plain impresses on the imagination, is to me more solemn than that produced by the boundless ocean, or the trackless forest; nor is this sentiment ever so strongly felt as during the short moments of twilight which follow the setting of the sun. It is just as the bright orb has disappeared below the level of the horizon, while yet some red tints like glow-worm traces mark the pathway he has followed; just when the busy hum of insects is hushed as by a charm, and stillness fills the air; when the cold chills of night creep over the earth; when comparative darkness has suddenly followed the bright glare of day; it is then that the stranger feels how alone he is, and how awful such loneliness is, where the eye sees no boundary, and the ear detects no sign of living thing.

"I would not for the world have destroyed the illusion of the first sunset I witnessed on the Puszta of Hungary. The close of day found us far from any human habitation, alone in this desert of luxuriance, without a mark that man had established his dominion there, save the wheel tracks which had guided us on our way, and the shepherds' wells which are sparingly scattered over the whole plain. I have seen the sun set behind the mountains of the Rhine, as I lay on the tributary Neckar's banks, and the dark bold towers of Heidelberg stood gloriously out against the deep red sky; as the ripple of the lagoons kissed the prow of the light gondola, I have seen his last rays throw their golden tints over the magnificence of fallen Venice; I have watched the god of day as he sank to rest behind the gorgeous splendors of St. Peter's; yet never with so strong a feeling of his majesty and power as when alone on the Puszta of Hungary."

Occasionally the traveller on these vast plains, when he opens his eyes in the morning upon the landscape which had faded from them with the declining sun on the evening before, finds himself in a wholly different scene. A few miles from him lies, it may be, an extensive lake enveloped in a gray mist. At one end, perhaps, there is a village, and beautiful woods and park-like meadows are spread all around. As he approaches this delightful region, however, new points of view gradually come out, while the objects first observed have vanished away. By-and-by the mist rises from the earth, leaving the view clear along the burning plain, while trees and water are still discernible in the air. It is the mirage.

"Such are some of the most striking pictures presented by the plains; but there are others of a more cheerful and social character. I have already said the Puszta villages are large; they sometimes contain several thousand inhabitants. Nothing can be more simple or uniform than the plan on which they are built. One long, straight, and most preposterously wide street generally forms the whole village; or it may be that this street is traversed at right angles by another equally long, straight, and wide. Smaller streets are rare; but, when they do occur, it is pretty certain they are all parallel or at right angles with each other. All the cottages are built on the same plan: a gable-end with two small windows, shaded by acacias or walnuts, faces the street. The houses are beautifully thatched with reeds, and the fences of the court-yard are often formed of the same material. The long one-storied house, roofed with wooden tiles, the best in the village,—unless the Seigneur's chateau happens to be there,—and behind which towers the odd half-eastern steeple, is the dwell-

ing of the priest; and, should the traveller find himself benighted in the neighborhood, its rich and hospitable occupant would welcome the chance which bestowed on him a guest. A little further, perhaps, stands another house, whose pretensions, if below the priest's, are above those of its neighbors. On the shutters is pasted up some official notice, and before the door stands the stocks. It is the dwelling of the *Biro* or judge of the village. The *Hejség ház*, (town house,) the modest school-room, and the little inn, are the only other exceptions to the peasants' cottages. Besides the avenue of trees on each side, and, in wet weather, sundry pools of water, or rather small lakes, the street is often interrupted by the tall pole of a well, or the shed of a horse-mill. These horse-mills are clumsy contrivances: first, a shed is built to cover the heavy horizontal wheel in which the horse works; and then beside it is a small house containing the mill-works. Why they do not use wind-mills instead, it is difficult to say; except that the others are better understood, and require less care. Running water is so scarce on the Pussta, that water-mills are out of the question.

"In the neighborhood of the villages a certain portion of the land is cultivated,—perhaps one tenth of the whole; and produces rich crops of *Kukurutz*, or Indian corn, wheat, hemp, flax, tobacco, and wine. The gathering in of these products occupies the scanty population without intermission from the beginning of summer to the end of autumn. Our route did not lead us through the richest part of the plains; but I do not remember ever to have seen the kukurutz looking better than here. It was just the middle of September, and every hand was occupied in the harvest. Wagon-loads of the bright yellow cones, drawn by the large white oxen, were passed at every step. And what a trial of patience it was to pass those wagons! There the peasant sits quite composedly in front of his load, probably fast asleep, and often half drunk: until you are close to him, he will not hear you, shout as you may; and when at last he does condescend to be aware of your presence, and commences vociferating to his four oxen, and plying his whip at the same time to induce them to cede the only part of the road on which your carriage can pass, the time taken by the beasts to comprehend the full force of their master's argument, and the sort of consultation they seem to hold as to whether they shall obey it or not, is sufficient to exhaust the most patient of men.

"The part of the plain left for pasture is occupied during the summer months, as we have seen, by immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In winter these are either brought up into the villages, or stabled in those solitary farms which form another striking peculiarity of the Pussta. Far from any beaten track or village the traveller observes a collection of buildings inclosed by a thick wall of mud or straw, with an arched gateway, and containing a large court, surrounded by stables, barns, sheep-houses, and a shepherd's cottage or two. Here the sheep and cattle are wintered, for the sake of saving the draught of fodder; and here their guardians often remain a whole winter without exchanging a word with any other human beings than those composing their own little domestic community, for the trackless snow renders communication extremely difficult. In summer the shepherd's life is even more monotonous. He often remains out for months together, till winter comes on, and obliges him to seek shelter." (Paget's Travels in Hungary and Transylvania, pp. 289–291.)

The soil of this great central plain, formed from the debris of several different kinds of rock, presents a very considerable diversity. A large portion of it is a deep sand, easily worked, and in wet seasons yielding fair crops; a second, found principally in the neighborhood of the rivers, is boggy and much deteriorated in value from the frequent inundations to which it is subject, but capable of the greatest improvement at little cost; and a third is a rich black loam, the fertility of which is almost incredible.

The traveller who sails down the Danube from Pesth finds the river frequently divided by low islands, and the shores on either hand likewise low and flat; that on the left being in great part marshy, and that on the right somewhat higher, and often stretching off in barren patches of sand. In crossing the country from Pesth to Szegedin, a similar contrast is observed, the whole northern and middle portions of the parallelogram between the Danube and Theiss being made up of desert plains and fertile marshes. Near its southern extremity, however, it rises into a low and sterile plateau. Between this and the Danube, still further south, lies a small alluvial plain, watered by small rivers, and extremely fruitful. This is the celebrated Batshka, in the times of the Romans colonized and cultivated with the greatest care, and now, beneath the diligent and skilful hands of German colonists, taught to bloom and bear fruit once more.

The country between the Danube and Lake Balaton is the same, in its general features, with that between the Danube and the Theiss. Both are capable of becoming vastly more productive than they now are, and would certainly do so under a wise and patriotic government.

It only remains now that we take a bird's-eye view of the *Banat*, and the reader will have obtained, probably, a clear idea of the natural capabilities of what is embraced within the kingdom of Hungary proper.

Between the Maros, the Theiss, the Danube, and the Transylvanian mountains, there

is spread out one of the most fertile districts of country that the world can show. The route from Szegedin to Temesvar leads through a flat and often swampy country, but at the same time so overladen with the riches of production, that the prospect is one of surpassing luxuriance. In the season of the harvest, wide fields are waving with yellow grain, often so full in the head as to have sunk under its own weight, and the whole plain seems alive with laborers.

The soil is a rich black loam, and its productive powers, heightened by a climate more nearly tropical than temperate, are truly wonderful. The same crops are repeated year after year, on the same spots; the ground is only once turned up to receive the seed; a fallow is unknown; manure is esteemed injurious; and yet, such abundant produce as ill-treated, unaided Nature here bestows on her children, excites the astonishment of the traveller from western Europe. Except the olive and the orange, there is scarcely a product of Europe which does not thrive in the Banat. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, maize, flax, hemp, rape, sunflowers, (for oil,) tobacco, (of different kinds,) wine, and silk are produced with facility, and even cotton (tried as an experiment) is said to have succeeded. The climate approaches nearly to that of Italy; but the winters are still too severe for the olive and the orange. Even in summer, the nights are often very cool. After the hottest day, the sun no sooner sets than a cool breeze rises, refreshing at first, but which becomes dangerous to those who are unprepared for it. The Hungarian never travels without his fur or sheep-skin coat, and the want of such defense is often the cause of fever to the unsuspecting stranger.

The following description by Kohl will serve to give one a good idea of the appearance of this remarkable country:—

"The appearance of the Banat beyond St. Miklos was very peculiar. The country is, as I have said, a perfect level. Many parts of Prussia and Holland are also quite flat and even, yet there is an immense difference between the flatness of those countries and that of the Banat.

"The neighborhood of Berlin, level as it appears, does yet contain small swellings of the ground, little insignificant hollows and rises, and here and there sandy hillocks six or seven feet high. If we view the country from a church tower, or any other elevated point, there are sure to be visible somewhere in the wide landscape hills thirty or forty feet high. Not so in the Banat, where every landscape is as perfectly level as if marked down with plummet and line. Here are no hills forty feet high; not even the smallest hillock or hollow is to be seen. All is smooth, unruffled, and flat, as the ocean during a dead calm.

"The landscapes of the Banat might be compared to those of Holland, but there is one great difference between them. Holland is full of rivers, canals, ditches, and dikes; all the country is intersected by them, and the boundaries of the fields are every where marked out by water. This feature is entirely wanting in the Banat. From St. Miklos to Szegedin, more than forty miles, we saw, with the exception of a small arm of the Maros, on which Szegedin stands, but one trumpery little brook, which was running about, to what purpose I know not, and in all probability it would have been puzzled itself to assign a reason for its existence. No canals intersect the country; the fields are divided neither by hedges nor ditches; all is one monotonous, dry, unbroken level.

"Holland is richly cultivated, and is thickly sown with populous towns and thriving villages. The whole Torontal province, occupying the north-west, contains not a single town, and but one hundred and sixty villages and hamlets, making on an average about one inhabited spot in every square mile. These villages are very unequally arranged, lying sometimes close together, and sometimes three or four miles apart. Between them, all is one dreary and desolate plain, without bush or tree, without hillock or stone.

"Among the excellent sketches of Hungary, lithographed by the Englishman Hering, which preserve the true character of the country with a remarkable accuracy and fidelity, unlike any other representations of Hungarian scenery which I have ever seen, there is a view of one of the desolate plains of the Banat. The print, although large, represents nothing whatever but one broad expanse of country, with a broad expanse of sky above; the only object of relief being a stork, who stands beside a well in the foreground. In spite of its monotony, the picture is striking, impressive, indeed I may say highly picturesque and poetical, as every genuine representation of nature is sure to be. The sky is covered with light clouds, faintly tinted by the morning sun, which follow one another in long gradual perspective to the distant horizon. The plain lies quite desolate and level in the foreground, and further and further, the long even parallel lines repeat themselves again and again, fainter and fainter, into the boundless distance of the far-off horizon. As the eye follows these lines, it seems to descry continually a further boundless desert, beyond what at first seemed the horizon. The colors change on all sides in the same gradual manner, from the bright green of the foreground to a more bluish green, then to gray, and lastly to a pale distant blue. There is a strange dreary solemnity in the spectacle; not even one little bird is to be seen fluttering through the air. A slight line of shading on the horizon alone indicates the possibility that some solitary herdsmen have kindled a fire at a distance. The lonely stork in the foreground stands motionless, the only living thing in the wilderness, save the frogs hopping about in the

marshy ground around him. The pump at the well is desolate and seldom visited, and the clanking of its handle as the wind moving over the plain raises and stirs it, accompanies the croaking of the busy frogs, and thus forms a dreary concert, which night and day is the only sound that disturbs the perfect silence.

"This excellent picture of Hering is a true representation of a great many scenes in Hungary. Let the reader imagine a great picture-gallery, containing five hundred such pictures, each representing the same objects, sky, plain, pump, and stork, with only this variation, that in one picture the clouds shall be grouped differently from what they are in another; in one the pump-handle is swinging to the right, in another to the left; in one the stork stands on his right leg, in another on his left; in one he is routing among his feathers with his beak, in another he has caught a frog. At every tenth picture, the prospect might be varied by the presence of a solitary herdsman with his herd, and at every twentieth by some distant village steeple on the horizon. The marsh in the foreground might here and there contain a few reeds and rushes, with which variation, however, the painter must by no means be too liberal; and finally, every hundredth picture might represent the interior of a village. Such a gallery would be a perfectly correct representation of the plains of eastern Hungary." (Pp. 327, 328.)

The same author has also given a not uninteresting description of the desert pusztas, which are frequent between Szegedin and Pesth:—

"Immediately after crossing the Theiss, the traveller perceives that he has entered a new kind of country. At Szegedin, the first sand-plain begins, and the ground is no longer as perfectly flat as I have described it in the Banat. The plain is broken by little sand-hillocks; agriculture more and more gives way to grazing. The population consists either entirely of Magyars, or, at least, is thoroughly Magyarized. The sand of this district is very fine, and is mixed with fragments of shells. It extends so deep that nowhere have the inhabitants yet succeeded in boring through it, and reaching its clayey foundation. Large tracts are entirely desolate, without any trace of vegetation. In such places the sand is often raised by the wind into the air, as in the sand-storm of the Sahara. This sand-wind is much dreaded by the Hungarians, for in its course it often destroys the most fertile fields.

"Among the remarkable attributes of these deserts, is the total absence of water. In the two hundred German square miles between Pesth and Szegedin, there is no trace of running water, no single brook, river, or stream, and not even a solitary well, with the exception of one little bubbling stream, which rises in a marsh near Kets-kemet. Another peculiarity of these deserts is the total absence of trees. Every thing is bare, desolate, and naked; nowhere rises a cooling grove, or even a solitary bush or tree.

"Sand-plains with sand-wind, green patches with wild birds, marshes with cranes and storks, soda bogs covered with white powder, and occasionally meadows with fine cattle; such are the only varieties seen when travelling on a Puste. Occasionally a lonely Sallash or Tsharde,* or a solitary herdsman's hut, gives token of human habitation; now and then a far-off pump rears and sways its long arm before us, and sometimes, too, though more rarely, we behold the unfailing token of our approach to a town or village, namely, a handsome, well-kept, large, white — gallows!" (P. 342.)

I know of no better way in which to conclude this account of Hungary, than with the patriotic apostrophe of Baron Joseph Eötvös to her "green plain." It forms the conclusion to his novel, "*The Village Notary*":—

"But before I close this book, let me turn to the boundless plain of my country, and to the scene of the joys and sorrows of my youth, to the banks of the yellow Theiss! There is a beauty in the mountains; there is a charm in the broad waters of the Danube; but to me there is a rapture in the thought of the pride of Hungary—her *green plain!* It extends, boundless as the ocean; it has nothing to fetter our view but the deep blue canopy of heaven. No brown chain of mountains surrounds it; no ice-covered peaks are gilded by the rays of the rising sun!

"Plain of Hungary! Thy luxuriant vegetation withers where it stands; thy rivers flow in silence among their reed-covered banks. Nature has denied thee the grandeur of mountain scenery, the soft beauty of the valley, and the majestic shade of the forest, and the wayfaring man who traverses thee will not, in later years, think of one *single* beauty which reminds him of thee; but he will never forget the awe he felt when he stood admiring thy vastness; when the rising sun poured his golden light on thee; or when, in the sultry hours of noon, the mirage covered thy shadeless expanse with flowery lakes of fresh swelling waters, like the scorched-up land's dream of the sea which covered it, before the waters of the Danube had forced their way through the rocks of the *Iron Gate;* or at night, when darkness was spread over the silent heath, when the stars were bright in the sky, and the herdsmen's fires shone over the plain, and when all was so still that the breese of the evening came to the wanderer's ears, sighing amidst the high grass. And what was the feeling which filled his breast in such moments? It was perhaps less distinct than the sensations which the wonders of Alpine scenery caused in him; but it was grander still, for thou, too, boundless Plain of my country, thou, too, art more grand than the mountains of this earth. A peer art thou of the unmeasured ocean, deep-colored and boundless like the sea, imparting a freer pulsation to the heart, extending onward, and far as the eye can reach.

"Vast Plain, thou art the image of my people. Hopeful, but solitary; thou art made to bless

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* *Tsharde*—a shed by the road-side.

generations by the profuseness of thy wealth. The energies which God gave thee are still slumbering; and the centuries which have passed over thee have departed without seeing the day of thy gladness! But thy genius, though hidden, is mighty within thee! Thy very weeds, in their profusion, proclaim thy fertility; and there is a boding voice in my heart which tells me that the great time is at hand. Plain of my country, mayst thou flourish! and may the people flourish which inhabit thee! Happy he who sees the day of thy glory; and happy those whose present affliction is lightened by the consciousness that they are devoting their energies to prepare the way for that better time which is sure to come!"

It still remains that we give some brief account of Transylvania, and of the Croatian and Servian dependencies of the crown of Hungary.

Transylvania, in shape a somewhat irregular trapezoid, contains about sixteen thousand square miles, or rather more than the united areas of the three southern States of New-England. It is surrounded and intersected by mountain ranges, which are so numerous as to give to the country the appearance of a mass of small mountains, traversed in various directions by rivers that have cut for themselves water-courses from one hundred yards to a mile or two in width, occasionally, where a tributary stream lends its force, widening into small plains. The principal roads are formed along these valleys, so that travelling in Transylvania presents a succession of beautiful scenes rarely to be met with in other lands. The country is divided by two principal ranges into three parts: the southernmost drained by the Aluta; the central, by the Maros; and the northern, by the Szamos. Hermanstadt and Cronstadt are in the first of these, Carlsburg in the second, and Clausenburg just over the border in the third. The traveller in the valley of the Hatszeg, which lies in the extreme south-west portion of Transylvania, finds ample consolation for the badness of the roads in the exceeding loveliness of the landscape. In the autumn, the whole plain from Varhely to Hatszeg, yellow with the ripe maize, and traversed by half-a-dozen streams, broken by low hills, and sprinkled over with cottages and country houses; its mountain boundaries rising through the clouds which hang on their sides, and disclosing their summits whitened by the first fall of the autumn snow; and all heightened by the magic lights and shades of a fitful sky; forms a picture of the most exquisite beauty. From some fortunate elevated position, the tourist often beholds an extensive panorama spreading at his feet—plains, valleys, rivers, and wooded mountains rising over each other as far as the eye can reach. Here and there he comes upon an ancient castle with its massive walls and weather-beaten towers, frowning from its crag over the smiling vale beneath. Frequently, too, he will stumble upon a little mining hamlet, or be surprised by the sudden apparition of blackened furnaces, and tall chimneys vomiting flame and smoke amid the beauties of some secluded mountain retreat.

The valley of the Maros, occupying the central portion of the country, is remarkable for its beauty. From the old castle of Dera, situated about thirty miles from the Hungarian frontier, the view extends for a considerable distance along this beautiful vale, and on the east is bonnded by blue mountains, whose tops in the colder months are white with snow. The western part of this valley is rich, well wooded, and occasionally ornamented with pretty country houses. Upon the borders of Hungary, however, the scenery becomes wild to the last degree—the river bound in its channel by precipitous rocks, and the valley darkened by forests of native oak which have never known the woodman's axe. A distance farther to the east again, at Kapolnas, the valley widens considerably and presents a scene of extraordinary loveliness. For perhaps fifteen miles in length by three or four in width extends a plain covered with white villages, and groaning under the richest crops of grain, surrounded on every side by mountains covered to their summits by forests of oak, and traversed in its whole extent by the river.

The Maros is a wide and wayward stream, and in summer has not more than two feet of water. There is no doubt, however, that it might be made navigable, and probably it will be so soon as increased population on its banks shall demand an outlet for its productions.

The northern portion of Transylvania, in its general features, resembles the others, and need not delay us at present.

Of the country as a whole, then, it may be said, that it is a hilly region surrounded and penetrated with mountains, well watered, of a diversified soil, which is excellently

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adapted in different portions to pasturage and to tillage, much of it formed from strata of a volcanic origin, and notwithstanding the severity of a long winter capable of assuming a high rank as a wine-growing district. Says a German writer: "There is perhaps no country which has not some beauties to exhibit, but I never saw any which like Transylvania is all beauty."

Its population in 1840 was a little more than 2,000,000, and probably has not increased much since. The Magyars occupy the whole central and western portion, the Szeklers (a Magyar tribe with some diversities in language and customs) the northern and eastern districts, while the south is mostly in the hands of the "Saxons," who about the middle of the twelfth century were invited by the Princess Helena to repeople her waste lands.

Clausenburg in the north, and Cronstadt in the south, are the largest towns; the former being the seat of government, and containing about 25,000 inhabitants, and the latter the principal place in the Saxon land, and a centre of considerable trade, with a population of some 36,000. Hermannstadt, lying on a branch of the Áluta, and Carlsburg on the Maros, are likewise places of some importance, the latter dating its origin from the time of the Romans. It is the ancient *Colonia Apulensis*, and has still to exhibit many interesting memorials of antiquity. It seems to have been the mining capital of the Romans in Dacia, the seat of the *Collegium Aurariarum*, and the residence of the Procurator of the Mines. The region in the neighborhood is mountainous and rich in mineral wealth. At Vörös Patak there is a hill, the entire rocky mass of which contains gold; and it has been pierced through and through on every side, and has acquired such a broken, perforated appearance that it is known in the region round about as the *csetatie mike*, or little fortress. In another place the top of a mountain has been so excavated by the miners that the shell has fallen in, and the summit presents now a hollow similar to a volcanic crater.

But the region is full of wonders, and interesting as it would be to describe them here, our plan does not allow us the space.

It will be evident from what has been said that Transylvania is a country of great natural resources, and very strong in a military point of view. Upon the Russian and Turkish side there are only three points where the mountains are penetrable by an army, the Dorna pass on the north-east, the arc south of Cronstadt, and the Rothenthurm pass. The last mentioned is a most beautiful valley, with bold and precipitous cliffs, and rich woods hanging upon the steep mountain sides, while here and there little green glades are discovered, the loveliest that the heart of poet or painter could desire. Through this pass in former days the Moslem hordes poured down upon the valleys of the Saxon land, and by the same road the Russian battalions entered two years ago to aid the Viennese Camarilla in crushing the liberties of Hungary. On the Hungarian side likewise there are only three passes that are practicable for artillery, and these all easily defensible.

Croatia, and Slavonia or Servia, need detain us but a moment. These countries have been dependencies of Hungary since the eleventh century. The soil of the former is inferior on the whole to that of Hungary, and but poorly cultivated.

The peasantry are oppressed by their *Seigneurs*. The nobles and the prelates are rich, but the people are poor. Notwithstanding all this poverty and wretchedness, the traveller sees more large churches and more images of saints in Croatia than in all the rest of Hungary together. The Drave and Save might easily be navigated into Croatia, and on the latter stream a line of steamboats has been established for a number of years.

The soil of Slavonia in the eastern part is exceedingly fertile, but being mostly in the hands of a few great proprietors, the mass of the people are poor. Very few Magyars are to be found in either of these provinces.

A line of military posts stretches along the southern frontier, all the way from Croatia to Transylvania. These border lands are divided into regiments and companies instead of counties and towns, and the adult male inhabitants are all disciplined soldiers, dividing their time between agriculture and arms. These Border Regiments are of course independent of any provincial control, and subject to the commands of the Emperor alone, administered through his military subordinates. This district is a camp, and knows none but martial law.

Viewing now the kingdom of Hungary

all together, we shall see that it is by *nature* one of the richest countries in the world. Possessing as it does a great variety of soil, and large quantities of the richest land in Europe, with a corresponding variety and excellence of climate, filled with an abundance of all the chief staples of human subsistence and civilized life, intersected with navigable streams furnishing to every portion of the country easy and cheap means of communication,—its surface adapted likewise in a rare degree to the construction of railroads and canals,—we should say that nature intended it for a great centre of wealth and of power.

In the first place, there are the mountain districts of the north, and of Transylvania, rich in wines, in timber, and in minerals. It has been stated by Beudant that there is more gold and silver found in Hungary than in all the rest of Europe besides. Copper is obtained in great abundance. Poorly as the mines were worked, they yielded fifteen years ago 2,000 tons annually. Iron abounds through extensive districts, said to be of very superior quality for conversion into steel, but badly wrought. Lead, and indeed every other metal, is obtained, but rather more sparingly. Sulphur occurs in eight different counties. The quantity of salt which this country can produce seems unlimited; and it can be produced as cheaply as in any part of the world. Soda, alum, potash and saltpetre are all abundant, but particularly soda, which occurs in great purity and plenty in the plain near Debretzin, as also in many other parts of the country. Coal is found in several districts, and of the very finest quality. The forests of Hungary are capable of furnishing vast stores of wood, especially of oak. Her hemp was several years ago both cheaper and better than that of Russia. Her broad pastures are fitted to yield an abundance of hides and tallow, of horse hair, of bristles, and of wool; which latter has long been an important staple in her commerce, chiefly because its exportation has been untaxed. The Hungarian wines rival the best in the world, and are produced over very extensive and very fruitful districts. Tobacco is raised easily and in abundance. A still more important article of produce is *grain*. Hitherto but a small portion of the land has been cultivated, and this although much of it is capable of furnishing the richest crops at very slight cost. The wheat of Hungary is allowed to be of excellent quality. Where the land is of little or no value for other purposes, and the rates of labor are low, it is difficult to see how it can be produced any where more cheaply than here. Nor has any other corn-growing region better natural means of communication. The very richest portions of it are those which border upon navigable rivers, viz., the region of the Batshka and the Banat, the plains on either side of the Theiss, and the valleys of the Waas, the Raab, the Drave, the Save, and the Maros.

Such is Hungary in her natural resources. Look now at her *position*. One of the most remarkable features in the continent of Europe, as it is presented to the eye by any good map, is the noble valley of the Danube and its branches. Surrounded on the north, west, and south by high ranges of mountains, the one reaching the sea, and the other coming within one hundred and fifty miles of it, this region is, geographically, a unit. It embraces the whole of the present kingdom of Hungary, with Transylvania and Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, Moldavia, and perhaps Bessarabia. Races and conquerors were not careful however to study physical geography when they divided this fruitful valley among themselves. The sword has assigned the upper part of it, the portion namely north of the Save, and of the southern mountains of Transylvania, to the Hungarians. The remainder has fallen to Turkey, and seems about to be yielded all of it, as a part has been already, to the mighty embrace of the northern Bear.

Now is it not clear that, so far as position and geographical relations are concerned, this great valley of the Danube, if it *must* be divided politically at all, has been divided rightly? Hungary is a unit, marked off by distinct and genuine natural boundaries from all the surrounding countries. The Carpathians divide it from Poland and from Prussia; the Sablunka mountains, with the Styrian and Illyrian Alps, from Germany and Italy. Other mountains and a wide navigable stream serve as its boundary on the side of Turkey; not so good indeed, not so *genuine* as the Balkan range would be, and yet a natural and sufficient boundary. The region thus marked off has all the essential characteristics and resources required by an independent State. It is capable of existing without commerce, upon its own

productions. The several parts are connected with each other by natural means of communication, and the surface and soil afford unusual facilities for those of an artificial kind. In short, this land is evidently marked out by the Hand that made the world for the habitation of a great and prosperous people—*one* people; and sooner or later this design will be fulfilled. Who that people ought to be, in political ethics,—what nation has the best claim to the possession of the country, in the court of right and of expediency,—we shall endeavor to determine hereafter.

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# WINTERSLOW.*

This is exactly the kind of day on which to read an interesting book. The rain is pattering on the leaves; the flowers are inhaling the dewy blessing; the blades of grass are glittering with diamonds. Before the window where I am seated are some magnificent elm trees, spread over a beautiful green. How magnificent they are! There is a quiet, massive dignity about them superior to all others. A few months ago, widely different was the scene. Wintry storms were sweeping through the naked, shuddering branches; and how often in the early morning hours, when the daylight was contending with darkness, have I looked across the green, and beheld the lights moving about in the opposite dwellings. Miss Seward gives a natural view of such a picture, when she used to rise before day on a winter's morning, to sit down to her books. Many a time have I remembered the lines, on similar occasions:—

SONNET.

DECEMBER MORNING, 1782.

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
  Winter's pale dawn, and as warm fires illume,
  And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Thro' misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where round the dusky lawn, the mansions white
  With shutters clos'd peer faintly thro' the gloom,
  That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
  The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To Friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
  Wisdom's rich page. O hours! more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
  From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

These are good, true, sincere verses. A genial critic thinks that Miss Seward ought to have married and had a person superior to herself for her husband. She would have lost her affectation; doubled her good things; and, we doubt not, have made an entertaining companion for all hours, grave or gay. So we think. The daughter of the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher was no mean person, though lost among the egotisms of her native town, and the praises of injudicious friends. To return to Hazlitt. The essays in this volume were written by him at Winterslow, a village in Wiltshire—his favorite residence. He liked it for its quiet, and the delightful change it presented to the great capital. Many of his best books were written there. The woods around Norman Court—Salisbury Plain, stretching away mile after mile in the distance—Stonehenge, that "huge dumb heap"—all in the neighborhood, afforded him sources of never-ending enjoyment, varied by visits from his London friends. There Charles and Mary Lamb were frequent visitors. In an essay entitled "Whether Genius is Conscious of its Powers," written by Hazlitt, occurs the following:—

"I am not in the humor to pursue this argument any farther at present, but to write a digression. If the reader is not already apprised of it, he will please to take notice that I write this at Winterslow. My style there is apt to be redundant and excursive. At other times it may be cramped, dry, abrupt; but here it flows like a river, and overspreads its banks. I have not to seek for thoughts or hunt for images; they come of themselves; I inhale them with the breeze, and the

* Winterslow: Essays and Characters written there by William Hazlitt. Collected by his Son. London: David Bogue. 1851.

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silent groves are vocal with a thousand recollections:

> 'And visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Hang on each leaf, and cling to every bough.'

Here I came fifteen years ago, a willing exile; and as I trod the lengthened greensward by the low wood-side, repeated the old line,

> 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'

I found it so then, before, and since; and shall I faint, now that I have poured out the spirit of that mind with truth, with freedom, and power, because I have been followed with one cry of abuse ever since, *for not being a government tool?* Here I returned a few years after to finish some works I had undertaken, doubtful of the event, but determined to do my best; and wrote that character of Millamant,* which was once transcribed by fingers fairer than Aurora's, but no notice was taken of it, because I was not a government tool, and must be supposed void of taste and elegance by all who aspired to these qualities in their own persons. Here I sketched my account of that old honest Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, which, with its fine, racy, acrid tone, that old crab-apple Gifford would have relished or pretended to relish, had I been a government tool. Here, too, have I written *Table Talks* without number, and as yet without a falling off, till now that they are nearly done, or I should not make this boast, I could swear (were they not mine) the thoughts in many of them are founded as the rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture. What then? Had the style been like polished steel, as firm and as bright, it would have availed me nothing, for I am not a government tool! I had endeavored to guide the taste of the English people to the best old English writers; but I had said that English Kings did not reign by right divine, and that his present Majesty was descended from an Elector of Hanover in a right line; and no loyal subject would, after this, look into Webster or Deckar, because I had pointed them out. I had done something (more than any one except Schlegel) to vindicate the *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays* from the stigma of French criticism; but our anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican writers soon found out that I had said and written that Frenchmen, Englishmen, men, were not slaves by birthright. This was enough to damn the work. Such has been the head and front of my offending. While my friend Leigh Hunt was writing the *Descent of Liberty*, and strewing the march of the allied sovereigns with flowers, I sat by the waters of Babylon, and hung my harp upon the willows. I knew all along there was but one alternative—the cause of kings or of mankind. This I foresaw; this I feared; the world see it now, when it is too late. Therefore I lamented, and would take no comfort when the mighty fell, because we, all men, fell with him, like lightning from heaven, to grovel in the grave of Liberty, in the sty of Legitimacy! *There is but one question in the hearts of monarchs, whether mankind are their property or not. There was but this one question in mine. I had made an abstract, metaphysical principle of this question. I was not the dupe of the voice of the charmers. By my hatred of tyrants, I knew what their hatred of the free-born spirit of man must be, of the semblance, of the very name of Liberty and Humanity.* And while others bowed their heads to the image of the Beast, I spit upon it, and buffeted it, and made mouths at it, and drew aside the veil that then half concealed it, but has since been thrown off, and named it by its right name; and it is not to be supposed that my having penetrated their mystery would go unrequited by those whose delight the idol, half-brute, half-demon was, and who are ashamed to acknowledge the image and superscription as their own! Two half-friends of mine, who would not make a whole one between them, agreed the other day that the indiscriminate, incessant abuse of what I write was mere prejudice and party-spirit, and that what I do in periodicals and without a name does well, pays well, and is 'cried out upon in the top of the compass.' It is this, indeed, that has saved my shallow skiff from quite foundering on Tory spite and rancor; for when people have been reading and approving an article in a miscellaneous journal, it does not do to say, when they discover the author afterwards, (whatever might have been the case before,) it is written by a blockhead; and even Mr. Jerdan recommends the volume of *Characteristics** as an excellent little work, because it has no cabalistic name in the title-page, and swears 'there is a first-rate article of forty pages in the last number of the Edinburgh from Jeffrey's own hand;' though when he learns against his will that it is mine, he devotes three successive numbers of the *Literary Gazette* to abuse 'that *strange* article in the last number of the Edinburgh Review.' Others who had not this advantage have fallen a sacrifice to the obloquy attached to the suspicion of doubting, or of being acquainted with any one who is known to doubt, the divinity of kings. Poor Keats paid the forfeit of this lèze majesté with his health and life. What though his verses were like the breath of Spring, and many of his thoughts like flowers, would this, with the circle of critics that beset a throne, lessen the crime of their having been praised in the *Examiner?* The lively and most agreeable editor of that paper† has in like manner been driven from his country and his friends who delighted in him, for no other reason than having written the 'Story of Rimini,' and asserted ten years ago, 'that the most accomplished prince in Europe was an Adonis of fifty.'

> 'Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
> That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse.'

I look out of my window and see that a shower has just fallen; the fields look green after it, and a rosy cloud hangs over the brow of the hill; a lily expands its petals in the moisture, dressed in its lovely green and white; a shepherd-boy has just brought some pieces of turf with daisies and grass for his young mistress to make a bed for her sky-lark, not doomed to dip his wings in the dap-

* Vide Hazlitt's "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," Lecture 4.

* First edition printed in 1823. A second edition appeared in 1837.

† Leigh Hunt.

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pled dawn. My cloudy thoughts drawn off, the storm of angry politics has blown over. Mr. Blackwood, I am yours. Mr. Croker, my service to you. Mr. T. Moore, I am alive and well. Really, it is wonderful how little the worse I am for fifteen years' wear and tear; how I come upon my legs again on the ground of truth and nature, and 'look abroad into universality,' forgetting that there is any such person as myself in the world!

"I have let this passage stand, (however critical,) because it may serve as a practical illustration to show what authors really think of themselves when put upon the defensive."

Now I like an author to talk in this style. Egotism is not selfishness, and all of us ought to entertain a just opinion of ourselves. Good-heartedness and vanity are often found in company. Egotism for the most is blended with cordiality and contentedness. A person pleased with himself generally pleases others. There is a sociality in it likewise. Selfish and malignant men do not pour out their hearts in conversation or in books. They are shy and sullen.

Addison, in the first number of the *Spectator*, observes that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. Coleridge said, if he could judge of others by himself, he should not hesitate to affirm that the most interesting passages in all writings are those in which the author develops his own feelings. I will make one or two more extracts to show Hazlitt's love for the neighborhood of Winterslow. They are extracted from different volumes of his writings, and to many readers they will be entirely new, and those who have read them will be pleased to read them again. They are intensely personal:—

"What I like best is to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, without any object before me, neither knowing nor caring how time passes, and thus, 'with light-winged toys of feathered idleness,' to melt down hours to moments. Perhaps some such thoughts as I have here set down float before me like motes before my half-shut eyes, or some vivid image of the past by forcible contrast rushes by me—'Diana and her fawn, and all the glories of the antique world;' then I start away to prevent the iron from entering my soul, and let fall some tears into that stream of time which separates me farther and farther from all I once loved. At length I rouse myself from my reverie, and home to dinner, proud of killing time with thought, nay, even without thinking. Somewhat of this idle humor I inherit from my father, though he had not the same freedom from *ennui*, for he was not a metaphysician; and there were stops and vacant intervals in his being which he did not well know how to fill up. He used in these cases, and as an obvious resource, carefully to wind up his watch at night, and, 'with lack-lustre eye,' more than once in the course of the day look to see what o'clock it was. Yet he had nothing else in his character in common with the elder Mr. Shandy. Were I to attempt a sketch of him, for my own or the reader's satisfaction, it would be after the following manner: but now I recollect I have done something of the kind once before, and were I to resume the subject here, some bat or owl of a critic, with spectacled gravity, might swear I had stolen the whole of this essay from myself, or (what is worse) from him! So I had better let it go as it is."

Again:—

"On the road-side between Winchester and Salisbury are some remains of old Roman encampments, with their double lines of circumvallation, (now turned into pasturage for sheep,) which answers exactly to the descriptions of this kind in Cæsar's Commentaries. In a dull and cloudy atmosphere I can conceive that this is the identical spot that the first Cæsar trod; and figure to myself the deliberate movements and scarce perceptible march of close-embodied legions. But if the sun breaks out, making its way through dazzling, fleecy clouds, lights up the blue serene, and gilds the sombre earth, I can no longer persuade myself that it is the same scene as formerly, or transfer the actual image before me so far back. The brightness of nature is not easily reduced to the low, twilight tone of history; and the impressions of sense defeat and dissipate the faint traces of learning and tradition. It is only by an effort of reason, to which fancy is averse, that I bring myself to believe that the sun shone as bright, that the sky was as blue, and the earth as green, two thousand years ago as it is at present. How ridiculous this seems; yet so it is."

The following passage is exquisitely written:—

"I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little pariah church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight, when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the willing quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.' The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death: fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted

on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chaunt, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

Hazlitt wrote his "Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" at Winterslow. In this work occurs the following beautiful passage:—

"There are neither picture galleries nor theatres royal on Salisbury Plain, where I write this; but here, even here, with a few old authors, I can manage to get through the summer or the winter months, without ever knowing what it is to feel *ennui*. They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracts, after starting the hare from the fern, or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's 'stern good night,' as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can 'take mine ease at mine inn,' beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster, and Master Heywood are there; and seated around, discourse the silent hours away. Shakspeare is there himself, not in Cibber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fauns and satyrs. Milton lies on the table, as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's Endymion sleeps with the moon, that shines in at the window; and a breath of wind stirring at a distance seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old. Faustus disputes in one corner of the room with fiendish faces, and reasons of divine astrology. Bellafront soothes Matheo, Vittoria triumphs over her judges, and old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer, in his own fine translation! I should have no objection to pass my life in this manner out of the world, not thinking of it, nor it of me; neither abused by my enemies, nor defended by my friends; careless of the future, but sometimes dreaming of the past, which might as well be forgotten."

"Winterslow" contains some eighteen essays, and opens with that fine one, "My first Acquaintance with Poets." The first poet Hazlitt saw was Coleridge, who came down in the neighborhood to preach; at that time he was an Unitarian. This was in 1798. He visits Hazlitt's father; both father and son were charmed with him; he poured out a stream of rich and fervid eloquence. Hazlitt says he listened for a long time without uttering a word, and the poet was afterwards pleased to say that during two hours "he was conversing with William Hazlitt's forehead." Next morning Hazlitt walks through the mud, on a cold, raw, comfortless day, ten miles—it was in the month of January—to hear Coleridge preach at Shrewsbury. He was charmed, entranced. Coleridge leaves, and gives Hazlitt an invitation to visit him in the spring, at "Nether Stowey." Slowly the winter months pass, but their cloudiness is brightened with the hope of seeing Coleridge in the spring. The time at last arrives, and Hazlitt, with unworn heart and untried feet, proceeds on his journey,—passing through Upton, where he thinks of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff. At Tewkesbury he sits up all night reading "*Paul and Virginia;*" stops two days at Bridgewater, and reads "*Camilla;*" reaches Nether Stowey, a beautiful, green, and hilly country, near the sea-shore. He and Coleridge, in the afternoon, go to All-Foxden, a romantic old mansion, where Wordsworth lived. Wordsworth was not at home, but they had access to the "lyrical ballads," and read them with great satisfaction. The next day Wordsworth returns. They have a fine time of it, talking, reading, and sitting under elm trees, hearing the bees hum, while they drink flip. They decide upon taking a jaunt down the Bristol Channel. A delightful walk it proved to be, cheered by the most interesting conversation, flowing freely. The walk sharpened their appetites, and they enjoy themselves at inns on the road, feasting on rashers of bacon and fried eggs, tea, toast and honey. This trip made a most enduring impression on Hazlitt. He observed one thing, that Coleridge kept continually shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. It struck him at the time as an odd movement, but then he did not connect it with any instability of purpose, or involuntary change of principle, as he afterwards did.

The entire volume is exceedingly entertaining, and the richest gems of Hazlitt's intellectual wealth are scattered about in it with a profuse prodigality. In the essay on "Public Opinion," he again writes about himself:—

"To have all the world against us is trying to a man's temper and philosophy. It unhinges even our opinion of our own motives and intentions. It is like striking the actual world from under our feet: the void that is left, the death-like pause, the chilling suspense, is fearful. The growth of an opinion is like the growth of a limb; it receives its actual support and nourishment from the general body of the opinions, feelings, and practice of the

world; without that, it soon withers, festers, and becomes useless. To what purpose write a good book, if it is sure to be pronounced a bad one? If our thoughts are to be blown stifling back upon ourselves, why utter them at all? It is only exposing what we love most to contumely and insult, and thus depriving ourselves of our own relish and satisfaction in them. Language is only made to communicate our sentiments, and if we can find no one to receive them, we are reduced to the silence of dumbness, we live but in the solitude of a dungeon. If we do not vindicate our opinions, we seem poor creatures who have no right to them; if we speak out, we are involved in continual brawls and controversy. If we contemn what others admire, we make ourselves odious; if we admire what they despise, we are equally ridiculous. We have not the applause of the world nor the support of a party; we can neither enjoy the freedom of social intercourse, nor the calm of privacy. With our respect for others, we lose confidence in ourselves; every thing seems to be a subject of litigation—to want proof or confirmation; we doubt, by degrees, whether we stand on our head or our heels—whether we know our right hand from our left. If I am assured that I never wrote a sentence of common English in my life, how can I know that this is not the case? If I am told at one time that my writings are as heavy as lead, and at another, that they are more light and flimsy than the gossamer, what resource have I but to choose between the two? I could say, if this were the case, what those writings are. 'Make it the place, and never stand upon punctilio!'

"They are not, then, so properly the works of an author by profession, as the thoughts of a metaphysician expressed by a painter. They are subtle and difficult problems translated into hieroglyphics. I thought for several years on the hardest subjects, on Fate, Free Will, Foreknowledge absolute, without ever making use of words or images at all, and that has made them come in such throngs and confused heaps when I burst from that void of abstraction. In proportion to the tenuity to which my ideas had been drawn, and my abstinence from ornament and sensible objects, was the tenaciousness with which actual circumstances and picturesque imagery laid hold on my mind, when I turned my attention to them, or had to look round for illustrations. Till I began to paint, or till I became acquainted with the author of the '*Ancient Mariner*,' I could neither write nor speak. He encouraged me to write a book, which I did according to the original bent of my mind, making it as dry and meagre as I could, so that it fell stillborn from the press, and none of those who abuse me for a shallow *catch-penny* writer have so much as heard of it. Yet, let me say, that the work contains an important metaphysical discovery, supported by a continuous and severe train of reasoning, nearly as subtle and original as any thing in Hume or Berkeley. I am not accustomed to speak of myself in this manner, but impudence may provoke modesty to justify itself. Finding this method did not answer, I despaired for a time; but some trifle I wrote in the '*Morning Chronicle*' meeting the approbation of the editor and the town, I resolved to turn over a new leaf—to take the public at its word, to muster all the tropes and figures I could lay hands on, and though I am a plain man, never to appear abroad but in an embroidered dress. Still, old habits will prevail; and I hardly ever set about a paragraph or a criticism, but there was an under-current of thought, or some generic distinction on which the whole turned. Having got my clue, I had no difficulty in stringing pearls upon it; and the more recondite the point, the more I labored to bring it out and set it off by a variety of ornaments and allusions. This puzzled the scribes whose business it was to crush me. They could not see the meaning: they would not see the coloring, for it hurt their eyes. One cried out, it was dull; another, that it was too fine by half: my friends took up this last alternative as the most favorable; and since then it has been agreed that I am a florid writer, somewhat flighty and paradoxical. Yet, when I wished to unburthen my mind in the 'Edinburgh' by an article on metaphysics, the editor, who echoes this *florid* charge, said he preferred what I wrote for effect, and was afraid of its being thought heavy! I have accounted for the flowers; the paradoxes may be accounted for in the same way. All abstract reasoning is in the extremes, or only takes up one view of a question, or what is called the principle of the thing; and if you want to give this popularity and effect, you are in danger of running into extravagance and hyperbole. I have had to bring out some obscure distinction, or to combat some strong prejudice, and in doing this with all my might, may have overshot the mark. It was easy to correct the excess of truth afterwards. I have been accused of inconsistency, for writing an essay, for instance, on the 'Advantages of Pedantry,' and another on the 'Ignorance of the Learned,' as if ignorance had not its comforts as well as knowledge. The personalities I have fallen into have never been gratuitous. If I have sacrificed my friends, it has always been to a theory. I have been found fault with for repeating myself, and for a narrow range of ideas. To a want of general reading I plead guilty, and am sorry for it; but perhaps if I had read more, I might have thought less. As to my barrenness of invention, I have at least glanced over a number of subjects—painting, poetry, prose, plays, politics, parliamentary speakers, metaphysical lore, books, men and things. There is some point, some fancy, some feeling, some taste shown in treating of these. Which of my conclusions has been reversed? Is what I said ten years ago of the Bourbons, which raised the war-whoop against me? Surely all the world are of that opinion now. I have, then, given proofs of some talent, and of more honesty: if there is haste or want of method, there is no commonplace, nor a line that licks the dust; and if I do not appear to more advantage, I at least appear such as I am. If the editor of the 'Atlas' will do me the favor to look over my 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action,'* will dip into any essay I ever wrote, and will take a sponge and clear the dust

* First printed in 1805. Reprinted in London a few years ago. Bulwer, in his "England and the English," says it is "a work full of original remarks and worthy a diligent perusal."

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from the face of my 'Old Woman,'* I hope he will upon second thoughts, acquit me of an absolute dearth of resources and want of versatility in the direction of my studies."

This last extract was written by Hazlitt about two years before his death. I will copy one more of these personal disclosures of feeling, and then close: it was written in 1827 :—

"It seems, in truth, a hard case to have all the world against us, and to require uncommon fortitude (not to say presumption) to stand out single against such a host. The bare suggestion must 'give us pause,' and has no doubt overturned many an honest conviction. The *opinion of the world*, (as it pompously entitles itself,) if it means any thing more than a set of local and party prejudices, with which only our interest, not truth, is concerned, is a shadow, a bugbear, and a contradiction in terms. *Having all the world against us*, is a phrase without a meaning; for in those points in which all the world agree, no one differs from the world. If all the world were of the same way of thinking, and always kept in the same mind, it would certainly be a little staggering to have them against you. But however widely and angrily they may differ from you, they differ quite as much from one another, and even from themselves. What is gospel at one moment, is heresy the next. Different countries and climates have different notions of things. When you are put on your trial, therefore, for impugning the public opinion, you may subpœna this great body against itself. For example: I have been turtled for somewhere calling Tom Paine a great writer, and no doubt his reputation at present 'does somewhat smack;' yet in 1792 he was so great, or so popular an author, and so much read and admired by numbers who would not now mention his name, that the Government was obliged to suspend the Constitution, and to go to war to counteract the effects of his popularity. His extreme popularity was then the cause (by a common and vulgar *reaction*) of his extreme obnoxiousness. If the opinion of the world then contradicts itself, why may not I contradict it, or choose at what time and to what extent I will agree with it? I have been accused of abusing dissenters, and saying that sectaries, in general, are dry and suspicious; and I believe that all the world will say the same thing except themselves. I have said that the Church people are proud and overbearing, which has given them umbrage, though in this I have all the sectaries on my side. I have laughed at the Methodists, and for this I have been accused of glancing at religion; yet who but a Methodist does not laugh at the Methodists as well as myself? But I also laugh at those who laugh at them. I have pointed out by turns the weak sides and foibles of different sects and parties, and they themselves maintain that they respectively are perfect and infallible; and this is called having all the world against me. I have inveighed all my life against the insolence of the Tories, and for this I have the authority of both Whigs and Radicals; but then I have occasionally spoken against the indecision of the Whigs, and the extravagance of the Radicals, and thus have brought all three on my back, though two out of the three regularly agree with all I say of the third party. Poets do not approve of what I have said of their turning prose-writers; nor do the politicians approve of my tolerating the fooleries of the fanciful tribe at all: so they make common cause to *damn* me between them. People never excuse the drawback from themselves, nor the concessions to an adversary: such is the justice and candor of mankind! Mr. Wordsworth is not satisfied with the praise I have heaped upon himself, and still less, that I have allowed Mr. Moore to be a poet at all. I do not think I have ever set my face against the popular idols of the day; I have been among the foremost in crying up Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Sir Walter Scott, Madame Pasta, and others; and as to the great names of former times, my admiration has been lavish, and sometimes almost mawkish. I have dissented, it is true, in one or two instances; but that only shows that I judge for myself, not that I make a point of contradicting the general taste. I have been more to blame in trying to push certain *Illustrious Obscure* into notice;—they have not forgiven the obligation, nor the world the tacit reproach. As to my personalities, they might quite as well be termed *impersonalities*. I am so intent on the abstact and its elucidation, that I regard every thing else of very subordinate consequence: my friends, I conceive, will not refuse to contribute to so laudable an undertaking, and my enemies *must!* I have found fault with the French, I have found fault with the English; and pray, do they not find great, mutual, and just fault with one another? It may seem a great piece of arrogance in any one, to set up his individual and private judgment against that of ten millions of people; but cross the channel, and you will have thirty milions on your side. Even should the thirty millions come over to the opinions of the ten, (a thing that may happen to-morrow,) still one need not despair. I remember my old friend Peter Finnerty laughing very heartily at something I had written about the Scotch, but it was followed up by a sketch of the Irish, on which he closed the book, looked grave, and said he disapproved entirely of all national reflections. Thus you have all the world on your side, except the party concerned. What any set of people think or say of themselves is hardly a rule for others; yet, if you do not attach yourself to some one set of people and principles, and stick to them through thick and thin, instead of giving your opinion fairly and fully all round, you must expect to have all the world against you, for no other reason than because you express sincerely, and *for their good*, not only what they say of others, but what is said of themselves, which they would fain keep a profound secret, and prevent the divulging of under the severest pains and penalties. When I told Jeffrey that I had composed a work in which I had 'in some sort handled' about a score of leading characters, he said, 'Then you will have one man against you, and the remaining nineteen for you.' I

* Hazlitt's first attempt at painting. See his "Essay on the Pleasure of Painting."

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have not found it so. In fact, these persons would agree pretty nearly to all that I say, and allow that, in nineteen points out of twenty, I am right; but the twentieth, that relates to some imperfection of their own, weighs down all the rest, and produces an unanimous verdict against the author. There is but one thing in which the world agree, a certain bigoted blindness, and conventional hypocrisy, without which, according to Mandeville, (that is, if they really spoke what they thought and knew of one another,) they would fall to cutting each other's throats immediately."

Hazlitt passed many happy hours at Winterslow. Food, warmth, sleep and books were all he wished for. He watched the robin red-breast picking up the crumbs at the door, or listened to the notes of the thrush, startling the ear of winter. He quaffed libations of tea in the morning, viewed the clouds float slowly by, walked on the smooth greensward by the wood-side, sauntering along without book or companion. He thought of the past, or struck out some new train of thought; the shining trunks and branches of the birch trees attracted his attention; or hearing the gale sweeping through the wood, he would fancy he heard the cry of hounds, and the fearful group issuing from it, as in the story of *Theodore* and *Honoria*, and return home and read Dryden's couplets describing them, —a stream of sound,—or mourn over the downfall of Napoleon, his great idol:

> "Fall'n was Glenarty's stately tree!
> Oh, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!"

Or he gazed around the room on some fine prints from Wilson and Claude, or recalled the first time he read Chaucer's "*Flower and Leaf*," that ever fresh and delightful production; and the scene, the cool, vernal landscape again appeared before him apparelled in celestial light, and the notes of the nightingale again sounded in his ear. With Charles Lamb and his sister, he would walk out in the evenings, and view the Claude Lorraine skies, azure, purple and gold, and gather mushrooms to throw into their hashed mutton at supper. Quiet, cheering, happy hours they were.

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## HAYTI AND THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

It is an unfortunate, though perhaps necessary circumstance, resulting from the extreme humanitarian notions somewhat prevalent at the present day in our country, that the moment any political subject is agitated which bears directly or indirectly on the negro question, and consequently appeals especially to the "moral sense" of the nation,—that convenient hobby on which so many, resorting to it by design, or impelled by an inherent proclivity, ride to positions of influence and power,—the real merits of the question in point are apt to be either wholly overlooked, or soon lost sight of; while false issues, such as will best subserve the proposed end, are raised, to which the public attention is diverted by all the arts of sophistry and ingenuity known to those who are accustomed to make the sympathies and prejudices of the people subservient to their view. Thus, frequently a decis[illegible]ed on matters collateral [illegible]bu[illegible]ving the same [illegible]ver[illegible]on the legit[illegible]ul[illegible] never have been effected had the question been presented on its real merits, and the appeal been made to the good practical sense, the wholesome moral sentiment, and manly patriotism of the people. Even did the evil stop at the point of misled public sentiment and perverted sympathy, the effect, in matters relating to our foreign policy, might not perhaps be very serious. But in a popular government like ours, where public sentiment and its organ the press very properly influence its action in a very great degree, the evil cannot stop at that point. And hence, though it must awaken our regret, it cannot excite our wonder, that the action of the Government on questions where public sentiment is most liable to be swayed by sympathy or prejudice, should sometimes be vacillating and hesitating—wanting in that prompt, ener[illegible]htforwardness which results from [illegible]purpose, guided by liberal and [illegible]s of national duty and obliga[illegible]e remarks not irrelevant to

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the subject of this article, particularly in its relation to the Dominican Republic.

The late failure in the attempt at mediation by the agents of the three powers, Great Britain, France and the United States, between the Haytians and Dominicans—or to speak more properly, in the attempt by those powers to induce his *soi-disant* Majesty of Hayti to cease his hostilities towards the Dominicans—and the discussion of the question at issue between them by the daily press, are attracting to it a no small degree of public attention at the present time. And the issues legitimately involved in the question, as well as some irrelevant ones which are sought to be connected with it, are a sufficient guaranty that it will continue, until its final adjustment, to engage, in an intenser degree than ever, the attention of the American people.

By a portion of the press, whose sympathies for the Haytian cause have apparently either blinded their judgment or overcome their scrupulous regard for truth and the claims of justice, this question has been studiously misrepresented, or its merits at least essentially perverted. By raising the alarm cries of "Slavery extension," "More annexation of slave territory," and others of a similar kind, in connection with this subject, popular prejudice is sought to be aroused, to the injury of the Dominican cause, on which an unfavorable prejudgment by the public is thus attempted to be gained, by appealing to passion and sectional prejudices, under the plausible cloak of philanthropy, on issues wholly irrelevant in fact, but none the less, for that reason, adapted to the apparent purpose in view.

We do not wish to speak harshly, nor do we intend to be unjust; but knowing, as we well do, that this course, pursued with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, is directly if not designedly calculated to shut out from the republican sympathies of the American nation a feeble, but brave and resolute people, who are battling manfully for the maintenance of their republican liberties against the unfounded claims of a crushing and cruel despotism,—nay, struggling to preserve themselves from absolute extermination in a war of races, unrelentingly waged against them on account of their white blood,—we feel compelled to step forward in vindication of their cause, which is identified with that of truth, justice, and republican liberty. And, without assuming to be the especial guardians of the Dominican Republic or its interests, we conceive that there is a propriety in our coming forward to take part in the discussion; having been, to speak in our individual capacity, the first, we believe, to present an account of that new State to the American public, which we did in the columns of one of the daily journals, more than three years ago; and having subsequently resumed the topic in the pages of this Review.*

During the interval which has since elapsed, we have watched, with what attention we could, from a far-off position,—one equally distant from our own country and the island people whose fortunes and destiny had once awakened our sympathy while among them,—the course of events affecting the Dominican Republic. We approach this discussion then, we confess, with some small degree of feeling, not a little heightened, it may be, by the fact that, owing to the form of our publication, we have been tied down to a month's silence, while this discussion has been carried on in the manner we have noticed.

A preliminary word further. We modestly believe ourselves to possess as large a share of rational philanthropy, even on the negro question, as those who make much more ostentatious pretensions to it. At the same time, we frankly confess that in any case where the merits of a controversy, as between the white and black races, were equi-balanced, our sympathies—and we are so unsophisticated as to suppose them very natural—would incline us to side with our own blood and color. *A fortiori* are we disposed so to do, where the balance in the scale of right and justice is decidedly in favor of the white race, and it, moreover, is the weaker party—the party not merely destined, if defeated, to lose its inherited civil and political rights, but doomed to the fate we have already indicated. And we confess ourselves deficient in that degree of astuteness requisite to discover the reasons and motives, on the supposition that they are good and proper, which can induce another, being a white man, to decide differently between the two parties in a case of this kind. For the question ultimately re-

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* March and April Nos, 1849.

solves itself into this, of Dominican independence on the one hand, or the extermination of the white race on the other; and it matters little whether this extermination be effected by a single bloody tragedy, like that by which the entire French colony in Hayti proper was swept off near the close of the last century, or—which would be more likely to be the course pursued now when the civilized world is watching the proceedings of the black power—by the slower but no less sure means of political proscription under color of law.

With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to execute the purpose we have in view in this article: First, to discuss the question at issue between Hayti and the Dominican Republic, having reference to the claims of the former to a political supremacy over the latter; and second, after a brief review of the past action of our Government in the matter, to consider the attitude which, in the present circumstances and state of the case, duty and policy require it to assume towards those States, especially the Dominican Republic.

As all our readers have not at hand our former numbers, before alluded to, it is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject to reiterate briefly a few facts and circumstances.*

The Dominican territory is identical in its limits with the ancient Spanish part of the island of St. Domingo, being the eastern portion, and embracing two thirds of its entire area; while Hayti proper includes the remaining, or western portion—the territory of the old French colony. The revolt of the blacks in the latter, near the close of the last century, not having extended to the former, then under the government of the Spanish Crown, the relations of master and slave remained, as they always had been, undisturbed in the Spanish colony after the blacks in the west had established their so-called republics, of which in the beginning there were two.

France, by treaty of cession with Spain obtained and held possession of the Spanish portion from the year 1795 or '96 to 1809, in which latter year the French were expelled by the native inhabitants. This repossession by the [illegible]olonists was afterwards confir[illegible]h Crown by the treaty of Paris. From that time onward, the colony was ruled by Spanish royal governors until the year 1821, when the inhabitants of the capital, Santo Domingo city, revolted against the royal authority, deposed the Governor, and sent him out of the country.

With this expulsion ended the actual possession of Spain, the only European power that had the shadow of a claim to the Dominican territory. And it is in point to remark, that this claim, which was never seriously re-asserted, has been virtually relinquished by the fact that that Government has within the last few years once promised to recognize the Dominican independence, an act which was only left incomplete in form, at the time, by a crisis in the Spanish cabinet.*

On the overthrow of the Spanish royal authority, the inhabitants established a provisional government and hoisted the Colombian flag, wishing to unite themselves to that South American Republic. But that State either not having time, or wanting the inclination to consummate this union, and scenes of disorder and confusion meanwhile occurring to embarass the provisional government, a faction of the colored population communicated to Boyer, who had then recently united under his sway both the black republics in the west, their wish that he would come and take possession of the east also. The Haytian chief, at the head of a numerous and tolerably well-disciplined army, was, we believe, at the time on his march towards the Dominican capital, for the purpose of taking possession of it by force, which, with his appointments and in the state of things existing there at the time, he would have found no great difficulty in doing. Under these circumstances, on his presenting himself with his army before the gates of the capital, they were opened to him; but under the stipulation that the inhabitants should be left in the enjoyment of their ancient rights, laws, usages and customs. Such was the origin of the Dominican union with Hayti in 1822.

Let us now examine how these stipulations were observed by the Haytian chief.

The moment Boyer found himself securely [illegible] within the city gates, and in full [illegible]f the fortress and walls that

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* See March [illegible]pril No., 1849, p. 382—note.

commanded the town and its approaches, he proclaimed the universal emancipation of the slaves, against the remonstrances of the Dominicans, who reminded him of his pledges, and without making any stipulations or provisions for indemnification to their late owners.

We admit that the conduct of Boyer, being a black man and the ruler of a people who had recently wrested from their masters the boon of freedom, was, in this particular, all very natural. Nay, we will even go so far, for the sake of the argument solely, as to admit that his course, though rigorously in violation of legal rights and of solemn faith pledged to respect this right among others, (which inference can be evaded by no sophistry or ingenuity,) was yet excusable as regarded him and his position. Still, in the view of the Dominicans, whose rights of property enjoyed through successive generations were thus trampled under foot, this circumstance in regard to Boyer and his position could afford no plea in extenuation of the act, coupled with the manner of it; nor the slightest valid reason for their submission to a political supremacy yielded on conditions so violated, any longer than while compelled by necessity to submit.

Considering the mild form in which slavery existed at this time in *Spanish* St. Domingo, (we speak in contradistinction to its form in the French portion, before the revolt of the blacks there,) and some other circumstances, it is not improbable that the Dominicans would have voluntarily acquiesced in the emancipation, had an adequate indemnity been given for the loss of this class of their property. But none was ever offered; so that even the act of emancipation, performed in the manner it was, stands glaringly out as one of treachery and bad faith.

Nor can the course pursued on this subject in after years, by the Dominican revolutionists, have the retro-active effect of mitigating this verdict. For then the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century had materially changed the position of affairs in regard to the relations of the races induced by this act; and besides, to put the matter on the ground on which the Congress that framed the Dominican Constitution of 1844 placed it, all classes, the whites, the people of color, (that is, the races of the *mixed* blood,) and the blacks, had indiscriminately united in the successful efforts to regain their country's liberties from the Haytians; and hence it was but just that all, without distinction of color, should be placed on a footing of political equality, as was done by that instrument.*

But the terms of the capitulation of the capital—the possession of which was the consummation of the annexation, inasmuch as the possession of that walled town was virtually the acquisition of the whole country—were not kept in other material respects. For soon after the annexation there followed in quick succession a series of confiscations, with or without color of law: First, of some of the possessions of the Dominican Church, the property of the religious corporations; among the effects of which illegal and unjust measure may be mentioned the ruin of the ancient University of Santo Domingo, an institution of learning which had through a long series of years sent forth numbers of men who, by their learning and talents, adorned, in Church or State, that and the adjacent Spanish countries. Second, the confiscation of the property of individuals. This was effected in several ways. First, indirectly and on a large scale, by a system of policy in flagrant violation of the terms of this compulsory annexation. To have applied directly to real estate in the Dominican territory the principle of the Haytian Constitution, which incapacitated whites from holding such property, would have been too openly outrageous an act of perfidy even for the unscrupulous but cunning and shrewd Boyer. He therefore proceeded indirectly to accomplish to a great extent the same end. We pass lightly over the fact of his requiring the Dominican landholders to naturalize themselves as Haytians as a condition of their continuing to reside in the country as proprietors, though it operated as a confiscation of their property in the case of the many who preferred banishment to the abjuration of their nationality; for the privilege which was allowed them of selling their estates amounted to nothing, inasmuch as the Haytian law excluding European immigration into the island, deprived those who might wish to avail themselves of this poor boon and abandon their country, of their only chance of finding purchasers; the people of the country having already much more land than they could cultivate or make

* See the analysis of this Constitution in the March No., 1849, of this Review.

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any other use of. The concession of this privilege, then, was not only nugatory, but insulting.

The really flagitious part of this indirect system of confiscation, consisted in requiring the Dominican land-owners, mostly whites, to exhibit their title-deeds as a requisite condition of avoiding the forfeiture of their estates. Such a requisition applied to real estate, in a country where for generations titles had, in very many instances, rested notoriously and without being disputed on the authority of oral tradition alone, was in open and gross contempt of every principle of justice, especially as being the act of a foreign, not to say usurping power. And it had the intended effect of confiscating to the State, in other words, to the use of Boyer's minions, very much of the landed property of the Dominicans, which had been in the successive possession of the expelled owners and their ancestors in many instances for hundreds of years. By this process the European race in that part of the island had been diminished in number, as is estimated, about one third; and proportionally with this diminution had disappeared, in the words of the Dominican Manifesto, "wealth, commerce and agriculture."

In the second place, directly, by a measure adopted in reference to the property of those Dominicans of the white blood, who, by boldly advocating the entire independence of their country, and strenuously opposing its absorption by Hayti, had incurred the resentment of the black despot of that part of the island; and, holding in vivid remembrance the terrible example of Haytian mercy towards their race, which had been given in the west thirty years before, had now on the consummation of the annexation sought refuge in foreign lands. This latter class of confiscations was decreed not only against those who were then absentees, at the date of the law, July 8, 1824, but also, by a retro-active effect, against all those who had not returned nearly a year previously thereto, namely, by the first of June, 1823.

Besides, the French language, though a foreign tongue, and wholly unknown to the great mass of the Dominican people, was compulsorily substituted in the place of the native Spanish, in the courts of justice and in all legal proceedings, and in such business transactions as by the usages of the civil are required to be of record. Thus were the Dominicans "deprived," in the words of their Revolutionary Manifesto, "contrary to natural right, of the sole privilege that remained to them as Spaniards, the use of their native tongue."

Other charges made against the Haytians by the Dominican revolutionary government were, of partiality and oppression against the Dominicans, and of their exclusion from offices of trust; and the truth of these charges is corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the opponents as well as friends of the present order of things. All whom we ever heard speak on the subject, concur in representing that the administration of Boyer, arbitrary and absolutely tyrannical as it was even over Hayti proper, was always exercised in a doubly oppressive manner towards the Dominicans, to the ruin of their trade and the harassment and impoverishment of the citizens.

These are among the charges made against the Haytians by the Dominican provisional government, and substantially embodied in their Revolutionary Manifesto of January 16, 1844; and, as we have on a former occasion remarked, "the statements were published to the world on an important and solemn occasion, by a body of intelligent men, as a vindication of the separation from Hayti; and, besides, were of easy refutation had any of the facts been distorted or falsified." They never have been denied nor their force extenuated; and taken especially in connection with the circumstances of the annexation, they present, we submit, a triumphant justification of the Dominicans in their act of throwing off the Haytian yoke. Nor is the force of this justification materially diminished by the fact that, after Boyer's flight and the accession to the Haytian presidency of Gen. Rivière in 1843, some modifications of the oppressive system of the former rule were adopted. For, though the Dominican absentees were now allowed three years in which to return and thus save their property from confiscation, no restitution of past appropriations was offered, no indemnity for the slaves arbitrarily set free; nor was the native language of the Dominicans restored to its place in the courts of justice and halls of record. Nor was the Dominican representation in the Haytian Congress, which they had always nominally enjoyed, still any thing more than a mere nominal privilege; for, composing but

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a small minority, and representing a people who were regarded as foreigners and a conquered race, they never could have exerted a modifying influence on the legislation affecting themselves, even had Haytian legislation ever been any thing more than a solemn farce.

The determination of the Dominicans to throw off the oppressive yoke of Hayti was no sudden impulse of the last moment, either spontaneous or instigated by foreign agency. On the contrary, the design had been long entertained; it had been brooded over for years. But during the continuance of Boyer's iron rule, their capital and other towns filled with his troops, as was always the case, no opportunity had presented itself for carrying their cherished scheme into execution. The first favorable moment occurred on the accession of his successor, as before noticed; when, a large portion of the Haytian garrison in the capital having been withdrawn to meet the requisition of some exigency in the west, the Dominicans rose by preconcert on the small garrison left, took them prisoners and sent them home, and then proclaimed a provisional independent government. This was early in January, 1844, and preliminary to the publication of the Manifesto above spoken of.

And here it may be well to speak briefly of the Dominicans as a race. The population is composed of the pure whites, and the mixed races of all shades of color; bearing about the same relative proportion as do the corresponding races in other Spanish American States. As in those countries, the whites are the intellectually predominant, and consequently the ruling class. All, by the Constitution, are, without distinction of color, citizens and equal before the law.

It is proper, in this place, to continue the history of the leading events which have transpired in the republic, from the point where our last article left it, in 1848. And this we shall do in as concise a manner as possible, and availing ourselves now of information derived from other sources than personal observation or the direct consultation of official documents.*

Santana, the Liberator, as he is deservedly styled, of his country, and its first President, resigned his office in August, 1848, having served out but half of his double term of eight years, which the Constitution in consideration of his services had accorded him. His successor, Jimenez, wholly disappointed whatever favorable opinions had been entertained in regard to his suitableness for the office. Under his administration the army seems to have been soon materially disorganized, and the finances of the country more seriously embarrassed than ever.

Soulouque, ever on the watch for a favorable opportunity for striking a blow, eagerly availed himself of the one presented by the withdrawal of his formidable adversary, Santana, and the confusion and difficulty consequent on the accession of an inefficient successor; and at the head of an overwhelming and well-appointed force, marched for the Dominican frontier. Instead of awaiting his arrival at the defiles which protect the approaches to Santo Domingo city, the Dominican President, who had taken the field in person, committed the error—a great one, considering the disparity of forces—of advancing to meet him nearly to the frontier and into an open and exposed country. Here, at a place called Las Matas, the hostile armies met, the Haytians led by Soulouque in person, and after an engagement of two hours' duration, the Dominicans gave way, falling back on Azua, a town near the southwest Dominican frontier, where Jimenez was posted with the reserve. This battle occurred on the 18th of March, 1849; on the 6th of April, Azua fell into the possession of Soulouque. The Dominican army had abandoned all their artillery, military stores, provisions, and even their wounded. One resource was left, and that was, to have defended a defile through which Soulouque would have to pass. But there was treason

* We avail ourselves of the statements made in an article in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," (of Paris,) for May 1st, 1851. And we adopt them in regard to simple historical facts connected with this particular period, with the more confidence, as its minute details of certain transactions and events of the years 1847 and 1848, we know from personal knowledge, are very accurate, and in fact could have been obtained by the writer from only one source in France,—the official dispatches of the French Consul resident at that time in Santo Domingo city, communicated through the Consul-General of France in Hayti. Some peculiar coloring, however, which he gives to certain political events and circumstances, we may perhaps have occasion to notice at a future time.

in the very air, and the soldiers, whom there was no one to rally, betook themselves in confusion to the woods and thickets.

A terrible panic, augmented every hour by the lamentations of women and children who arrived in troops from the villages of the frontier districts, now reigned in Santo Domingo city.* The imminent danger of famine, owing to this large increase of the population of the capital, heightened the anguish which terror had already inspired. In this critical situation, the eyes of the people and of the Congress then in session were turned once more towards their former liberator and President, Don Pedro Santana, who was now on his estate in one of the provinces. By a decree, Congress recalled him to the capital, and he lost no time in obeying the summons. His preparations detained him there three days, at the end of which time he was ready to set forth to meet the advancing enemy. And what was the force that accompanied him? About *sixty* men! He set out, as may well be conceived, with little hopes. Possessed of an indomitable energy and cool courage, a fertility of resources, and a power of commanding the affections and controlling the will of men, which on a larger field and with better advantages would have distinguished him as a military leader, while, in regard to patriotism, he would not suffer by comparison with the revered names of our own revolutionary history, he did not wholly despair. "I go," he said to his friends on taking leave of them, "I go to endeavor to check the progress of the Haytians until France shall come to our aid; in any event, if I am vanquished, you will never see me more." And he issued forth from the city gates with his sixty men. At a short distance from Santo Domingo, he began to fall in with solitary stragglers from the late routed and dispersed army, between each of whom and himself would occur a conversation somewhat after this sort: "Where are you going?" "I don't know, General; I am going off." "And why?" "Because we are betrayed." "Very well!" Santana would rejoin, as he retired with an air of vexation; "very well, and I am going off to get slain, alone." "Why didn't you say that before!" his interlocutor would exclaim; and thereupon would follow after him, and take his place in the little troop, regarding it as monstrous that Santana should think of dying alone. In this way, at the moment when the long black lines of the Haytians deployed on the horizon, the microscopic army had tripled, and Santana, with a look of re-assurance, already counted around him near two hundred men.

And now he began to take steps seriously to make the attempt of checking the advance of the Haytians through the defiles of the mountains; the last chain of which, towards Santo Domingo, and separating him from that city, Soulouque had neglected to take possession of, having committed the serious error of halting ten days at Azua. Meanwhile the scattered Dominican soldiers continued to flock in as they heard of the arrival of their old and favorite leader, Santana, who at the end of a week saw himself at the head of seven or eight hundred men. The invaders were now brought to a check.

Hard by the spot where the opposing forces lay, runs the small river of Ocoa, the only source from which it was possible for them to obtain water; and the Dominicans were so posted as to command from secure positions, behind huge mahogany trees and thick underbrush, all approach to its banks, and thus to be able to shoot down any Haytian whom parching thirst emboldened to make the attempt. At last the sufferings of the enemy from this cause became intolerable, and Soulouque was reduced to the alternative of retiring before a handful of men, or of attempting to force the pass. He resolved on the latter course; but, on the first demonstration made for that purpose, coupled as it was with a manœuvre to outflank the little band of its defenders, the latter at once changed their attitude from that of assailed to assailants; and adopting the mode of attack which under similar circumstanc[illegible]me of the battles of the revolu[illegible]n victory against an odds o[illegible]y they now fired

* The French Consul-General at Port-au-Prince, (M. Raybaud,) apprehensive of the terrible fate that would await the Dominicans in case their capital should fall before the attack of Soulouque, "wrote repeatedly to the Haytian head-quarters, reminding Soulouque that he would dishonor his victory by any useless cruelties, and how great an interest, on the contrary, he had in effacing the stains which attached to his [illegible] the [illegible]sacres of the preceding [illegible]s own capital, referred

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only one round of musketry, and throwing aside their empty pieces, rushed upon the dense masses of the Haytians with their swords—the terrible *machetes*—and lances. The contest was as short and desperate as it was bloody. It was a combat of demons, to use the words of another: on the part of the Dominicans, the rage of desperation; on that of the Haytians, the rage of thirst. Soulouque himself at last cried out, "Sauve qui peut!" and the Haytian army broke away in utter confusion, abandoning on the field six cannons, more than a thousand muskets, three hundred horses, together with a quantity of military stores and provisions; but no wounded—there were only the dead. In revenge for this signal defeat, the retreating army burnt the towns of Azua, San Juan, and Las Matas; Soulouque arrogating to himself the honor of setting fire to Azua, the principal one, with his own hand, when he had first shot and mutilated some Dominican soldiers who had fallen into his hands. The destruction of fruit-trees, the burning of habitations and other property, the massacre of several isolated families, marked, for an extent of thirty to forty leagues, the precipitate retreat of Soulouque, who expended his rage even on the domestic animals, while the black soldiers *put out the eyes* of those whom they did not kill outright.

Santana now turned his steps towards the capital, at the head of seven or eight thousand men. On his march he was every where received as the deliverer of his country. After some delay, occasioned by the opposition and other measures of President Jimenez, he was received within the city gates, the President retiring on board an English brig. Sailing first to Curaçoa, he afterwards retired to Port-au-Prince, where he repays the hospitality of Soulouque by inciting him to hostilities against his countrymen.*

Thus Santana found himself again, by the force of circumstances, at the head of the government. This post, once voluntarily resigned by him, he now declined filling a second time, deferring the presidency to his friend Baez, while he contented himself with the post of commander-in-chief of the army.

* Santana, it seems, is now convinced that Jimenez, who at the time escaped all suspicion of complicity in the plot we have on another occasion noticed, was really colleagued with the minister who then suffered death for his share in it.

Buenaventura Baez, formerly a deputy, is one of the most wealthy proprietors in the country. He was born in the town of Azua, the ayuntamiento or town-council of which once enjoyed the honor of having for its bailiff the afterwards celebrated conqueror of Peru, Hernando Cortez. He is yet a young man, being only about thirty-eight years of age. He is represented as being a man of ability, and the fast and intimate friend of Santana.

We will now turn for a few moments to a contemporary journal, which has recently been laboring, with a diligence that would have been most commendable in a better cause more intelligently advocated, to obfuscate and distort this whole subject. And to begin, we will quote, in immediate connection with and reference to most of the preceding facts, the following passage:—

"In 1821 [1822] both the Spanish and French parts of the island were united under Boyer; and for twenty-two years they remained together without difficulty. After Boyer had left the government and the island, a Convention was held to form a new Constitution; this was finally completed and published on December 30, 1843. This Constitution, following the example of the United States, guarantied liberty and equal rights to all denominations of religion. To the Spanish prejudices of the eastern part, this was an intolerable thing; and when the article was adopted, several deputies from that section rose and withdrew from the Convention.* They were intolerant Catholics, and

* We never heard of this fact of the Dominican deputies leaving the Convention. We subsequently became acquainted with one of them, but never heard him mention any such circumstance, though it might for all that still have occurred. It is of itself of little importance any way, as will be seen. We heard from the same person, and other sources, of the imprisonment of these delegates by the Haytian authorities, for concerting measures looking to the separation of their territory from Hayti. And on these points our impressions and information are confirmed by the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who says in regard to the first, that the delegates "continued, for form's sake, to sit in the Constituent Assembly."

In regard to this constituent body or Convention, and some of the events that preceded its sitting, the material facts are concisely these: When the Haytians in the west rose against Boyer, the inhabitants of Santo Domingo, and successively the rest of the Dominican territory, followed the example thus set them. But this first movement of the Dominicans did not have for its primary and immediate object a separation from Hayti; at least, not ostensibly. For that ulterior step they did not feel themselves yet fully prepared. And

would not consent to admit other professions to equal privileges. Accordingly, on the 16th of January following, the Dominicans published their Manifesto, declaring themselves separate from and independent of Hayti. That document we have now before us; it alleges many grounds of complaint, but the only one that we can see to be perfectly well founded and indisputable, is that relating to their religion. And the only attack the Haytians made on that, was, in a public convention where all sections were equally represented, to establish it as a constitutional principle that all religions should be equally respected and protected by law."*

We have quoted the whole passage, though the last half of it only concerns our present purpose particularly, in order to give the journal in which it occurs the full benefit of its statements, to whatever extent and in whatever sense they may be true.

The facts we have before adduced prove that the question of religious toleration was *not* the real issue between the Haytians and Dominicans.

During the whole period of the union with Hayti, religious toleration had practically existed in both parts of the island; and the Dominicans *never changed this policy of toleration after the separation*, whatever disposition there may have been

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besides, the opposition which, under General Rivière, had recently overthrown Boyer's power, had shown itself professedly favorable to their cause, and the hope was very generally indulged that their grievances would be removed. But this illusion was soon dispelled. When the Haytian provisional government was established, on the expulsion of Boyer, not a single Dominican was called into the administration; and besides, Rivière, who very soon after at the head of a division of the army advanced into the Dominican territory, for the purpose of proclaiming and establishing the revolution in that part, seized and threw into prison all whom his suspicions marked out as ill-disposed towards Hayti or favorable to a movement for independence, removed the provisionary functionaries whom the people had substituted in place of Boyer's, replacing them with others of his own choice, generally Haytians who had followed him from Port-au-Prince, and perpetrated other acts of tyranny which indicated for the future the same course of policy which had rendered the administration of Boyer odious and intolerable. Still the Dominicans sent their quota of deputies to the Constituent Congress or Convention which was now appointed to convene at Port-au Prince, for the purpose of revising the Constitution. Why did they do this? We reply, because they were not yet ready to act openly. The time was not yet fully come for striking the blow. They had been led to expect aid from the French fleet, then lying in the Haytian waters; and the expected co-operative measures were not as yet arranged. And being the weaker party, as regarded their oppressors, they were obliged to temporize and dissemble, as such parties often must. Ultimately, it is true, the separation occurred without this French intervention, but this was due to circumstances connected with the revolutionary movement at the capital. Once assembled in Convention with the Haytian delegates, the Dominican representatives proposed, as a necessary preliminary condition to a conciliation, to their own abandonment of the idea of independence, that the prohibition of the immigration of whites, which then existed as a law of Hayti, should be abrogated so far as re[illegible]t of the island, whose sparsely [illegible]rtially cultivated territory demanded, for the development of its resources and the prosperity of its people, the adoption of a system of immigration. Had the Haytians, who were of course largely in the majority, been willing to make this concession, which would have assured the future safety of the Dominicans, the latter would not in all probability have persisted in their scheme of separation. But this concession was obstinately refused, a fact that afforded the clearest demonstration that the old policy of gradually reducing the absolute number, and consequently in a still more rapid progression the relative proportion of the whites, which could only end in their final extinction as a race, was still to be persisted in. Surely, if any circumstances and prospects could have afforded adequate and justifiable cause for reverting to their old cherished ideas of independence, these and the facts before stated were amply sufficient. To all these there was still added the innovation of destroying the nationality of the Catholic religion. We have as little intention of justifying as we have of concealing the somewhat bigoted religious notions of the Dominicans, as manifested on this occasion. But we mean to do them justice. If bigoted, according to Protestant ideas, they were *not* intolerant, as will be fully shown in the sequel. It is to be borne in mind that the Haytians have, as a nation, very little real respect for any religion. This is notorious to all who know any thing about them. The atheistic notions of the French revolutionary times took too deep root in their character at the moment of their national birth, to be easily or speedily eradicated; and they have borne the fruits that were to have been expected from such seeds, planted in a more than demi-savage soil. When, therefore, the Dominican revolutionary authorities say in their Manifesto, "If, when Catholicism was the religion of the State, its ministers had been scorned and vilified, what would its situation now be, surrounded by sectaries and enemies?" the interrogation is evidently pointed mainly to this state of public sentiment among the Haytians, as is shown by the fact that this same Manifesto declares, that "though the Roman Catholic religion would be protected as that of the State, no one [illegible] be persecuted or punished for his relig[illegible]" At all events, this latter clause de[illegible] explicitly the limits to be pl[illegible]ction of the former.

* New-York Daily T[illegible] 1851.

in some quarters, as we have shown on a previous occasion, to do so. But further, and more directly to the point, as regards the journal from which we have quoted, this very revolutionary Manifesto, which the writer of the passage quoted states lay before him as he wrote, contains a clause explanatory of the views of the revolutionary government on the subject of religious toleration; but which clause the writer, for reasons, it would seem, sufficiently transparent, has seen fit to suppress. It is to this effect, that "the Roman Catholic religion would be protected as that of the State; but that no one would be persecuted or punished for his religious opinions."* Now this Dominican Manifesto, it is to be borne in mind, was published but a few days after the promulgation of the new Haytian Constitution referred to in the passage before quoted from our journalist. And in full view of the preceding facts in the case spread out on the face of that Manifesto, and this last one promulgating the views of the revolutionary government on the subject of religious toleration, contained in the same paper, and bearing directly on the point of the material allegation made against the Dominicans by this writer, how, we ask, is his substantial charge, that opposition to religious toleration on the part of the Dominicans was the real cause of their separation from Hayti, to be reconciled with any recognized code or principles of candor, justice, or truth? especially when the charge is contradicted by every specification, every declaration,—by the whole scope and tenor of the very instrument from the ostensibly careful, candid, and thorough examination of which, the writer, with an air of judicial impartiality and fairness, draws the above conclusion, and spreads it out before the public, who have no means of testing its fairness or legitimacy, as the only one deducible from that document? We speak of the public having no means of testing the fairness or legitimacy of his conclusion, because we hardly suppose, now that our own copy of the document is lost, two others can be found in the country. Fortunately our translation of the clause on religious toleration, contained in a note to a previous article, has enabled us to tear the veil from this flimsy sophistry —to expose this unwarrantable perversion of the record.

We should be sorry to allow ourselves to be betrayed into any expressions of unbecoming harshness or severity. We think we have not. The attempt was so palpable, by putting an unfair and wholly unsubstantiable construction (to give it a no harsher designation) on an important document, and one of difficult access, to bolster up the iniquitous pretensions of Hayti, and to justify her past and present attitude towards the Dominicans, while inflicting a serious wound on the cause of the latter by misrepresenting the real issue between them and the Haytians, and assigning one that would tend to excite against them the Protestant feelings of our countrymen, as being intolerant Catholics, and contending especially in vindication of their intolerant principles, instead of for

* We quote from our previous publication in the March No., 1849, page 246, note; not having the Manifesto at the present time lying before us. It, together with the other Dominican documents referred to in those articles, and lying before us at that time of writing, were lost during our absence from this country, in the confusion occasioned by a fire in the vicinity of the office where they were deposited.

For the reasons why the whole of the above clause on the subject of religion was not incorporated into the constitutional provision on the subject, instead of silence being observed in regard to toleration, see the number last referred to, page 245–6, note. That the spirit of the declaration of the Manifesto was practically adopted, we have there shown; and we might have added that the place of worship of these Protestants (Methodists) was a house owned by the Government, and its use furnished them, we are quite sure, free of rent. The Dominicans have simply continued the policy established in 1824 towards the American colored immigrant citizens. We are far from claiming for them any peculiar credit on the score of religious toleration; Spanish Catholics are not apt to be pioneers in that line. But on the other hand, we have no intention that they shall be misrepresented and unfairly dealt with, in this respect, to answer designing purposes, without exposing and rebuking the attempt. As their constitutional article stands, providing for the Roman Catholic religion as that of the State, and stopping short there, they took a step in advance of all or nearly all Spanish States. Even in Chile—the most advanced of all the South American Republics—the Constitution contains a similar provision to the above in the Dominican, but adds a clause excluding (or forbidding) "the public exercise of any other religion whatever;" "*con exclusion del ejercicio publico de cualquiera otra*," [*relijion*,]*a* are its words; though, as is generally known, toleration does practically exist there also.

*a* Constitucion de la Republica de Chile, Art. 5. Santiago, 1845.

liberty and their just rights, that we could not permit ourselves to pass it lightly over. We knew that a gross wrong had been done; we distrusted—with good reason, we believe—the motives that had induced its perpetration; and so we have deliberately exposed and characterized the proceeding, in the manner we think it deserved.

We will now pass in review some other passages in the article before quoted from.

"When this event happened," it proceeds in the paragraph immediately following the one already quoted, "our country enjoyed the glory of having Messrs. Tyler and Calhoun at the head of the Government. Mr. Calhoun lost no time in sending out an agent to foment and confirm the split between the two parts of the island. The opportunity was a good one for a stroke of Southern policy, and the Secretary improved it." * * "His [the agent's] report no doubt lies among the dusty papers of the State Department."

We suppose the writer refers to the agent and report we have alluded to on a previous occasion.* The circumstances of that mission are there explained, and fully vindicate the propriety of the course pursued by Mr. Calhoun. Our Government very properly took the necessary steps, before committing itself towards the Dominicans, to inform itself as to the condition of affairs in Spanish St. Domingo, about which so very little was known at that time. It was a similar proceeding to that which, in imitation of Mr. Calhoun's example, though with less occasion, and (at so late a day, when a step much farther in advance ought to have been taken) with less propriety, Mr. Clayton sent out *his* agent, in regard to whose mission and acts the public have been recently treated to so much unnecessary mystification and misrepresentation. As to Mr. Calhoun's agent being sent out to foment and confirm the split between the two parts of the island, every reliable fact in relation to the separation, deduced from any quarter, thus far goes to show that this "split" was brought about and confirmed solely by intrinsic causes, and not by foreign agencies. The assertion, though made with the air of straight-forward historical narrative, is as yet simply unsupported assertion. And in regard to this mission to which we suppose the journal quoted from alludes, or any other, (for it seems not to be fully posted up on the subject of these early missions to St. Domingo,) we challenge it to adduce, we will not say from the files of the State Department at Washington, but from *any* reliable source, the evidence requisite to support the charge it makes against Mr. Calhoun's administration in this matter, in the offensive sense in which it is brought forward.

We are tempted, though at the risk of incurring the charge of lifting up a prostrated and disabled adversary, for the sheer purpose and malicious pleasure of knocking him down again, to follow our contemporary into some of the deductions, political and moral, at which he arrives from the purview of his array of historical facts. "It is to Hayti a matter of great consequence," are the words of a subsequent paragraph, "that the entire island should be under one government;" and, after stating the reasons why,—such as the danger of dissensions from foreign interference, especially from "Slavery Propagandists" of the South,—it is remarked, apparently to give direction and point to the whole, as a sort of logical clencher, that "that lovely island seems allotted by Providence to the development of the black race."

Now we are not at all disposed to deny that it *is* a matter of great consequence to Hayti to possess the whole island of St. Domingo. Indeed, since Soulouque has set up for an Emperor, it would show a mean, unroyal spirit not to be ambitious that his empire should be laved on all sides by the waves of the isle-encircling ocean. As an *empire*, his dominions would not even then be over-extensive. His ambition is therefore a very natural, and, abstractly considered, perhaps even a commendable one; and is undoubtedly a necessary concomitant of the transition state of his gradually unfolding imperial ideas. But that he has *therefore*, and in the absence of all other valid claims, a just right and title to the republican Dominican territory, which never formed any part of his *empire*, we beg leave very modestly to suggest, is, as the logicians say, a *non sequitur*, or in plain English, a wholly irrelevant conclusion, though backed by the pious presumption that Providence has allotted that island to the development of the black race.

* April No., 1849, of this Review, page 382.

Away with this silly, nonsensical cant about the supposed designs of Providence, in derogation of natural right and plain justice; this prostitution of holy names to most unholy uses! and which sounds most singularly hollow, to say the least of it, coming from the quarter it does. It is insufferable that Providence should be thus *lugged in* to bolster up an unfounded, unprincipled claim on the one hand, while it is made to ignore the rights of thousands of its creatures of the white blood, equally with the blacks the object of its care, it may be presumed, who derive their rights, civil and political, in the Dominican territory, from their ancestors, the early Spanish settlers; which rights, to the extent they are now claimed and enjoyed, it is directly and emphatically in point to remark, are not in the least degree called in question by the only parties who, on any supposable plan of Divine allotment, can have a shadow of right to interfere with them; we mean, the *descendants of their ancestors' slaves, with whom, as fellow-citizens, they live on terms of perfect political equality, and who unite with the whites in resolutely defending their common homes, their common and co-equal rights against the pretensions of this foreign despot of Hayti.*

Truly, if we wished to be satirical on our contemporary, which however is not our object, limited as that has been to an exposition of his fallacies, by a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, we should have need only to quote, after the exposition we have made, as a cutting satire on the article referred to, one of its own concluding paragraphs. "*Our only purpose,*" are its words, the italics being our own, "in the present discussion of this matter, *has been to put the public in possession of some facts not generally known,* and to call to the subject a degree of popular attention it has not hitherto received."

Having thus brushed away some of the cobweb mists in which this subject has been studiously enveloped, we will now proceed to the next point proposed—the early policy of our Government towards Hayti; premising, however, that the question as to whether that policy was justifiable and proper, or not; whether the non-recognition of that republic was or was not a right position for our Government to assume in the first instance and maintain afterwards, has no bearing whatever on the question of the pretensions of either republican or imperial Hayti to the Dominican territory, nor can it in any manner influence or modify our duty and obligations as they now exist towards the latter republic. Still, as this topic has been mixed up in the discussion, let us give it a passing notice.

The first attempt made by the black goverment, we believe, to obtain its recognition by the United States, was indirectly, by its efforts to obtain a representation in the Congress of Panama.

France had recently, (in 1825,) in consideration of a stipulated sum of money to be paid by Hayti, and of certain peculiar commercial privileges, recognized the black republic. This was a compromise on both sides. France could not reconquer her lost colony nor avenge her slaughtered subjects; she had tried that already, in vain. She needed the trade of the island to help revive her then prostrate commerce; and besides, it may charitably be supposed that the French Government had a becoming solicitude that the few expatriated colonists who had escaped the exterminating butcheries of the blacks, should be indemnified for the loss of their property and country, in the enjoyment of which the parent State, after drawing a large revenue from that quarter, through a series of years, had been unable to secure them in their time of need. The conditions, therefore, on which the recognition was made, were an ample inducement in the eyes of Charles the Tenth and his ministers for their act. And on the side of the blacks, this act of condescension and regard on the part of the countrymen of their recently murdered masters, was well worth to them the price they agreed to pay for it.

But to the Government of the United States—the pioneer Republic among the young American States,—the question presented itself at that era under very different aspects. Hence President Adams, in view of the proposed representative family meeting of the American Republics at Panama, says in his special message of the 15th of March, 1826:—

"Whether the political condition of the island of Hayti shall be brought at all into discussion at that meeting, may be a question for preliminary advisement. There are in the political constitution of government of that people circumstances which have hitherto forbidden the acknowledgment of them by the Government of the United States as sovereign and independent. Additional reasons for withholding that acknowledgment have

been seen in their acceptance of a nominal sovereignty by the *grant* of a foreign prince, under conditions equivalent to the concession by them of exclusive commercial advantages to one nation, adapted altogether to the state of commercial vassalage, and retaining little of independence but the name. Our plenipotentiaries will be instructed to present these views to the assembly at Panama; and should they not be concurred in, to decline acceding to any arrangement which may be proposed upon different principles."*

These circumstances are alleged to be petty and insufficient grounds on which to base a refusal to recognize Hayti;† and Mr. Adams is charged, in putting forth these reasons, with having resorted to a "poor specimen of special pleading."

Now, we conceive that our Government acted at that time very properly, as it had previously done, in refusing to recognize Hayti, and that Mr. Adams put the question of the admission or rather refusal of a representation to Hayti in the Congress of Panama on good and sufficient grounds. That was to be a Congress of independent Republics—Republics in character and not merely in name. It then seriously behooved the Government of the United States, as the head of the great family of American States, to look well to it that no State was allowed a representation on the ground of political kindred and on a footing of political equality, which did not essentially sustain the character claimed. And as to the recognition of Hayti at that early day at all, when that question was presented to a republican government like ours, it was a circumstance not only deserving of reflection, but of carrying with it great weight, that the black race had always been an inferior and servile one.

The presumption, therefore, was at that time against their capacity for administering a regular, stable, and especially a republican government. Nor had this presumption been materially weakened, much less removed, by the events of the thirty years of the black ascendency in the west, a period whose history is made up of an almost uninterrupted series of scenes of tumult, confusion, and bloodshed, resulting from the assertion of the conflicting claims of the rival and hostile chiefs—the Christophes, Toussaints, and Dessalines of that day, whose very names are suggestive of scarce aught else than treachery, brutality, and barbaric cruelty. During this period of thirty years there had not been a single principle of rational liberty or genuine republicanism wrought out and reduced to practice in either of the so-called republics into which the west was then divided. Boyer had recently united both these petty States under his sole rule; and had then added, as we have seen, the larger territory in the east to his dominions. Such was the new aspect of affairs in Hayti at the era of the proposed Congress of Panama. After the scenes of indiscriminate butchery by which this African liberty had been inaugurated, and the developments of its subsequent history, what proof had the Haytians yet practically given of their claim to a position of political equality among republics, or even of a title to a position among civilized nations, on any footing? What position or rank the black government and nation would take under the new auspices of Boyer's recent accession and more extended sway, was not then known. Sufficient time had not then elapsed for the development of even the germ of a new and better political and national character, if any such was ever to be.

To the honor, then, of the younger Adams's administration, the United States Government sternly refused to admit the unconditional representation of the Haytian so-called republic in the Congress of Panama; and by so doing, saved the cause of republican liberty, then in its infancy, from the disgrace of leaguing itself with treachery, barbarity and military despotism. As appropriately might the despotic chiefs of the islands of the Pacific, or of Africa, have claimed a representation on the score of the patriarchal character of their governments.

How stood the question on its merits during the long administration of Boyer? It must be admitted that his was a somewhat strong and vigorous rule. But apart from the mere name and semblance of a republic, the government under that chief was virtually an

* "Presidents' Messages," vol. I. p. 63.

† N. Y. Tribune, as before quoted. We know not where that journal gets its authority for saying, as it does, that "when the Congress of Panama was proposed by the Republic of Colombia, the propriety of admitting Hayti to a representation was insisted on." Certainly not from Mr. Adams's special message, which simply states that "the consideration of the light in which the political condition of the island of Hayti is to be regarded" was "among the subjects mentioned by the Minister from the Republic of Colombia as believed to be ...le for deliberation at the Congress."

arbitrary, irresponsible despotism. The will of the chief, though sometimes expressed in the form of legislative enactments, was the sole law.* True, had any great interest of our country been materially concerned in the question of the recognition of Hayti, and that act on our part been sought as simply towards a government *de facto*, and not as a republic, such a recognition might not have been altogether impolitic or improper. But to have made the recognition on the basis of the political equality of Hayti as a republic, we hold would have been both undignified in itself, and not less discreditable than unjust to ourselves.

How does the question present itself, now that the form of government of Hayti is changed from pseudo-republican to quasi-imperial? And, apart from the fact of this change, what new and improved phase has Haytian civilization assumed of late years, to entitle that people to the more favorable regard of our government and nation?

After the flight of Boyer, the jealousy and inveterate hatred of the blacks not only towards the pure white blood, but all shades of color that reminded them of their ancient masters,—which had lain comparatively dormant during the strong and secure rule of that black chief, supported as he was by a large army blindly devoted to his interests, because it shared to some extent with him in the plunder of the country,—again manifested themselves, now that the master-spirit was gone, and the strong bonds of military discipline which had held the discordant elements of society together in repose, were to some extent weakened, and the secure ascendency of the blacks was consequently, in their jealous apprehension, in the same degree endangered. This sentiment of jealous hate assumed an active form in the early part of the presidency of Gen. Soulouque, now Faustin the First; who, it may be remarked in passing, had reached the presidency not without suspicions of foul practice.*

It is within the recollection of all who are in the habit of watching the course of events in that island, that no longer ago than 1848, on some frivolous pretext, unsupported by a shadow of evidence, Soulouque commenced at his capital a cold-blooded, indiscriminate massacre of the people of color, and only stayed the further execution of what is well known to have always been his favorite scheme of policy, the utter annihilation of all traces of the white blood among the subjects of his dominion, when compelled to do so by the energetic and direct interference of the French Consul, backed by a naval force placed in position for summary action.

That Soulouque did not include the white foreign residents in the number of his intended victims, was owing, not to the absence of inclination to do so, but simply to the fact that he did not dare to do it. That this portion of the resident population were apprehensive of outrage, is well known; and that the respective governments whose duty it was to protect them considered their apprehensions not unfounded, is evidenced by the fact that some of them, ours we believe among the number, dispatched vessels of war thither to protect their citizens and subjects.

Such is the character and policy of the man and of the government, of which he is the absolute head and the sole source of power, as he is the fair representative, the true type of the national disposition and character, in whose favor such studied pains are taken to awaken the sympathies of the American people, to whom he and his nation are virtually held up as the objects of a long-continued course of political persecution and proscription at the hands of our Government on account of their African blood. This is the nation towards which it has long been and is still doing the outrageous injustice of

* For years no accounts were rendered to the Congress of the disbursements or appropriations made of the public moneys; and whenever that body called upon the Minister of Finance for his accounts, Boyer would interpose, stating that *he* would render them. This suggestion was always understood and prudently acquiesced in. At times he would stop on their way to the capital, and send back home, such members of the Congress as he apprehended would be refractory or in any way troublesome to him. We state these facts on the authority of an intelligent Dominican citizen, who for several years held a civil office under Boyer's government. The *finale* of Boyer's administration tallies with them; for it is well known that on leaving the island, he carried with him to Europe, or had sent beforehand, an immense fortune, said to have amounted to several millions of dollars.

* At the time of his accession on the death of his predecessor Riché, it was a very general rumor in Santo Domingo that the latter had been put out of the way by poison through the agency of Soulouque, then a general in the Haytian army.

not acknowledging as our political equals and receiving to our fraternal embrace.

First let his Imperial Majesty Faustin the First bring himself and his subjects within the pale of civilization,—we will not say, doff his harlequin crown and robes, for on that we do not insist;—let him demonstrate to the world that he and his people are advancing in the scale of humanity, by showing a *disposition* to respect its most ordinary requirements, and not by exhibiting the mere fact of refraining for the moment from outraging them, under the constraint of foreign compulsion. When he does this, but not before, will the proper time have arrived for our Government to take into consideration the question of the propriety of recognizing his government and nation, and that of establishing the international footing on which they shall be placed.

And here it is proper to notice, partly as illustrating the character and policy, or craft, of Soulouque, and partly as being a suitable introduction to the discussion of the last division of our subject, a recent curious and to us significant proclamation issued by his Imperial Majesty, and addressed *ostensibly* to the Dominicans. It is the more deserving of notice at our hands, as its character and purport seem to have been quite generally misunderstood; its plausibility being likely to impose on the judgment of those who are not well acquainted with the character and policy of the man. As any analysis we could give of it would dull its point and mar its uniqueness, we present it entire, as we find it translated (not having the original by us) in the *Tribune* of May 31 :—

"To the Inhabitants of the East.

"Faustin I, Emperor of Hayti:

"For a long time, discord has waved his torch over unhappy Hayti, and kept us divided contrary to sound reason, and to our interests, which are the same in all things. We lament this separation; *and often, fulfilling our duty, we have called upon you as brothers, as children of the same family, to terminate* it by a reconciliation, for our happiness, for the benefit of our common country. *We regret and deplore the continuance of a state of things* which is, we confess, the greatest calamity that can fall upon a young nation which has need of peace, union and concord, in order to increase and occupy the station designed for it by Providence. Think calmly on all the sacrifices, on both sides, which the deplorable war existing between us has already cost, and let r inate them. Humanity demands that cir- culates in our veins s duty. *Who can doubt the desire with which we are animated, the prayers of our hearts for this reconciliation?*

"*Has not the truce* proposed by the mediating powers*, under date of the 18th of June last, *already been long in existence, and does it not still exist?* The good effects which it has produced *cannot escape your appreciation. It is an established mark; let us look to the same end*, extending our hands to each other, and accomplish that reconciliation so earnestly desired by those civilized nations who are interested in our welfare, and in our social and political progress.

"It is time, dear countrymen, to put an end to our differences. We, therefore, propose to you a plan of negotiation. We will name deputies; you will name an equal number on your side. They will be empowered to treat freely of some agreement which will terminate this disastrous situation, the burden of which we both feel, and guaranty to each the benefits of peace and repose.

"In the mean time, come in all security to transact your commerce, and exchange with us the relations of good friendship. Come; an outlet is opened to your products. From our reciprocal exchange will spring advantages without number, which cannot fail to spread joy and prosperity around all our hearths. *Let us cast a veil over the past*, and fulfil by our reconciliation the hope of all friends of humanity.

"On all our military lines we have given order that persons and property shall be respected, and that the most cordial reception shall be given to you. We venture to trust that the same measures will be taken on your part. Respond to our desires, *and receive this overture as brothers* to whom the name of Country is dear.

"And you who hold authority in the East, think on the incalculable evils which this system of separation will draw upon us. The interests of Humanity, of Civilization, and our common future, demand peace. Do not remain deaf to the voice that invites you to union. In neglecting that voice, you will have assumed a terrible responsibility, for which posterity will demand a reckoning of you and your descendants.

"Given at our Imperial Palace, in Port-au-Prince, May 14, 1851, in the 48th year of Independence and the 2d of our reign. Faustin."

This language is certainly very affectionate and right royally gracious. And mark, reader, as indeed you cannot fail to do, with what a rhythmical smoothness and musical cadence its periods float along, falling on the ear like the seductive strains of some sweet melody that leaves a lingering echo behind it. For ourself, it carries us back to other days, evoking the slumbering memories connected with the enchanting island which his Majesty fondly wishes to make all his own; memories

* T[illegible]rt, as we understand, that two mor be given before the renewal of ' r party.

of the times when, after the heat of the tropical summer day was past and the night was lit up with the hazy light of the stars,—not there twinkling brightly, but shining with a softened, half-veiled light, like the liquid eye of a tropical beauty,—we were wont to wander forth and listen to the eternal sound of the shore-kissing billows, borne from the distance to our ear in strains of deep, subdued melody by the soft and gentle breezes from those summer seas. It was evidently under the influence of such scenes and associations as these that the above proclamation was written. And of this striking illustration of the subduing and humanizing influence of association, in moulding the expression of sentiment though perverted to a base purpose, let his Majesty have the full benefit. Or, who shall say that he may not for the moment have been really softened and humanized by these associations, and thought himself sincere; just as the greatest story-tellers are said sometimes to melt at the recital of their own inventions, told so oft that they at last believe them to be true?

But the siren has seduced even us far away from our purpose; and arousing ourselves with an effort, we shake off the spell, and return to our matter-of-fact business.

The first thing that strikes us on re-reading the document, under the influence of calm judgment, is the cool, impudent (and we were about to add, unblushing, but that is excusable) effrontery that characterizes it from beginning to end. Indeed, it is inimitably beautiful, so to speak, in that regard. The next circumstance that challenges our admiration, is the skilful manner in which, without expressly making the allegation,—for his princely heart was too overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and too replete with royal magnanimity to do that,—Soulouque throws on the Dominicans the whole blame and responsibility for the continuance hitherto of their international troubles and open hostilities. And, reader, would you not naturally suppose, from the light afforded by the mere reading of that address, that the Dominicans had been generally, if not always, the aggressors, the assailing party, the one by whom the peace and repose of the two parts of the island had been constantly disturbed, to the injury of both parties?

We shall examine this matter, and endeavor to set your misled judgment right, by dissecting some of these honeyed sentences. "We lament this separation, [undoubtedly he does; there he speaks the truth,] and often, fulfilling our duty, we have called upon you as brothers, as children of the same family, [on the theory of the unity of the human race, we presume,] to terminate it by a reconciliation." But we will not take up space in requoting particular paragraphs, for dissection. Our italics shall indicate the particular passages to which our criticisms will be more particularly pointed.

We are reluctant to characterize such gentle language, such sweet and commendable expressions, with any thing so discordant as harsh and ugly epithets. But we are nevertheless compelled to do so, and to say that the whole paper, and especially the passages noticed, convey directly and by implication a tissue of broad, bare-faced, and, were the address really and primarily meant for the Dominicans, we should have to add, stupid and senseless falsehoods. How stand the facts? On separating from the Haytians, for the causes and in the manner we have seen, the Dominicans sent, with a copy of their Manifesto, a respectful address to the Haytian government, in which they deprecated any hostile collision on account of their act, and inviting them to conciliation and amity. And to show still more strongly the kindly feeling that mingled with their resolute determination to be free and independent, they went so far—and it was a great way for them to go under the circumstances—as publicly to invite the Haytian residents to remain in the country, guarantying to them perfect security of person and property on their conforming to the laws; a guaranty which, as we have said on a previous occasion, "has never, we believe, in any instance been violated," in the case of those who availed themselves of the permission thus granted.

From the moment of the separation, the Dominicans have stood and acted solely on the defensive. All the battles of the revolution were fought on the lines, or on the Dominican side of them; and on the part of the latter people they were purely defensive acts—the repulsion of Haytian invasions or attacks. They were fought with great numerical odds in favor of the Haytians, but

still with the same result in every important instance—the signal defeat of the latter; the Dominicans, meanwhile, following up their victories no farther than simply to resume their defensive attitude along the line of the frontier.

On the other hand, scarcely a year, if indeed *one*, has passed by since the separation, in the course of which a hostile expedition, by land or sea, has not been set on foot, or the design of one industriously rumored by the Haytians, having for its object the invasion of the Dominican territory and the subjugation of its people. Such of these expeditions as have been really projected have failed in the execution, generally from the fact that no sooner was the military force withdrawn from any point at home, or the army put on the march for the frontier, than the turbulence or rising of the "most easily governed" people on earth has, fortunately, necessitated the recall of the troops to preserve domestic quiet. Still, these and the feigned expeditions have all answered one purpose,—the *sole* purpose of those of the latter kind,—that of keeping the Dominicans in a state of constant alarm, obliging them to maintain a large military force on foot, thus exhausting the resources of the country by withdrawing a large portion of the effective population from agricultural and other industrial pursuits, and thereby producing, as the shrewd chief designed, and knew it must produce, a state of general embarrassment and difficulty, by which he has hoped, all other more direct means failing, to finally destroy the present government, and bring the coveted prey within his grasp. And this is the way the truce has hitherto been kept, so far as he is concerned. Such has been the manner, and the only one, in which he has frequeutly called on the Dominicans *as brothers* to terminate their differences.

What then is the object, the real purport of this invitation to the Dominicans to a reconciliation, that is, to a reunion with Hayti, which is so affectionately and pathetically urged? As we have before intimated, it was never designed in its primary intent for the Dominicans. It was really addressed to the civilized world, outside the island, especially to the late mediating powers. Nor do we believe that Soulouque, o[illegible] of his ministers, was the author [illegible] the general plan of [illegible] was intended to *tell* particularly in the United States, and had, if we are not much mistaken, a resident-foreign origin. Soulouque is too sagacious not to know that its shallow plausibility, its palpable insincerity, and its slavering tone of affection, can never for a moment impose upon the credulity of the least intelligent rustic among the Dominicans. They know him too well, and he is fully aware of it. But abroad, where he is not so thoroughly known and justly appreciated, there was a chance that the imposition would not be detected. And the real, primary design in putting forth the address, was to place himself *rectus in curiâ*—in a defensible and justifiable attitude—at the bar of the civilized world; an attitude which, none better than he himself knows, neither he nor his people have ever yet occupied; while by means of it, the Dominicans, if they refuse his proffered terms of peace,—that is, refuse to abjure their nationality and to throw themselves into the clutches of a cold-blooded, relentless and arbitrary despot—for the question, be it marked, is not of returning even to the confederated republic of Boyer,—the Dominicans, we say, will, to the same extent, be ostensibly placed in the wrong; and whether they fall in, or survive the struggle which assuredly awaits them at the expiration of the truce, if they refuse compliance, they will, as he calculates, lose the sympathy of mankind, and be allowed to fall a prey to his designs. We say the struggle that awaits them; for Soulouque has no intention of relinquishing either his hopes or attempts to add, in some way, the Dominican territory to his dominions. There is nothing in his address that indicates the slightest change in his long-cherished designs in this respect. With this further piece of duplicity, at least, he is not chargeable in the address. Like some of his white friends and apologists, he is evidently of opinion that the island of St. Domingo, in its entire extent, "is allotted by Providence," (in other words, by "manifest destiny") "to the development of the black race." And to fulfil this destiny, the war, when renewed, will be prosecuted in a spirit of fell revenge, only to be stayed or checked in its exterminating purposes by the limits which the desperate resistance of the intended victims may haply be able to offer successfully, or by the interference of oth[illegible]ons in defense of outraged human[illegible]

But let us for a moment suppose that this address was dictated in all sincerity, as regards Soulouque's future plans and purposes; —as regards his *past* course of policy, the mere supposition of its truthfulness is wholly inadmissible. He might, then, well afford for once to adopt a conciliatory and even affectionate tone, when the object to be attained was the addition to his dominions of a territory twice as extensive and equally fertile as that which he now possesses; a territory from which, when so annexed, he would be enabled to draw a revenue that would materially assist in defraying the ex-extravagant expenditures of his harlequin royalty.

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Since preparing our article for the press, information has been received from Santo Domingo city, which fully confirms our construction of Soulouque's address to the Dominicans. The *Gaceta* of June 15th, the Government organ published in that capital, announces officially, as we find by the *Herald* of July 4th, that, on the 29th of May, —that is, just two weeks after the date of the address, and before it could much more than barely have had time to reach the Dominican capital,—the Haytian troops, cavalry and foot, passed the Dominican post at Caleta, on the southern frontier, and forced their way across the lines. The next day, however, the Dominicans having been meanwhile reinforced, the enemy, after sustaining a considerable loss, were driven back to their own side; the former thereupon resuming their defensive attitude, as we have represented them to have always done on previous occasions of a similar kind. It would seem, however, that they are preparing to act on the offensive, as it is full time they should do, if circumstances warrant a hope of success.

This act of combined insolence and perfidy on the part of Soulouque, after having agreed to a truce, thus broken by him the next moment after re-assenting to it by the words of his address, and after the assurance understood to have been given him by the agents of the mediating powers, that the renewal of hostilities by him against the Dominicans would be regarded as an act of hostility towards their governments,—will doubtless astonish most persons. We confess ourselves taken somewhat by surprise, though knowing him to be capable of almost any thing.

We thought that motives of policy—and we gave him credit for no other restraining ones—would hold him to the literal terms of the truce, whatever they were, though we had no doubt of his predetermination to renew hostilities the moment it expired. We hardly thought his effrontery would go to the extent of setting at defiance and outraging the sentiment of the civilized world to the full extent he has now done. But after all, why should policy restrain him from thus acting out his nature? He, and an army with him, could, if the three powers were to combine against him, subsist for years in the mountain fastnesses of Hayti, without one resource from commerce, *or even from agriculture.*

President Baez, in his proclamation to the Dominicans, congratulating them on the victory achieved by their arms, says, in a tone that contrasts nobly with this Haytian perfidy:—

"Our arms, protected by Providence, will be, as they have been on this occasion, always victorious in the repression of all invaders, and in opposing the occupation of our territory by the Haytians. The actual aggression of the enemy is a manifest violation of the stipulated treaty. We have fulfilled our duty in repelling them, and till the treaty has ceased by fair means, we will faithfully follow it as the usage of civilized nations."

Well did the ancients say: "Whom the gods purpose to destroy, they first bereave of their senses." And if Soulouque obstinately persists in his mad schemes and purposes, both he and his people may exhibit in themselves, ere another lustrum is past, a terrible example of the significancy of the aphorism.

We shall conclude our proposed view of this subject in a subsequent number.

S. A. E.

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# INTERPOLATIONS.

I.

PEDANTRY is not confined to men of books. It shows itself in every man who makes much of his own pursuits. There is a pedantry of the shop and the ledger equally ridiculous with that of the closet; and it is hard to tell which is the more intolerable, affectation of commercial or scholastic technicalities.

II.

The virtue of filial gratitude is overwhelmed with much well-meant nonsense. Gratitude only begins with the child when obligation ceases with the parent.

III.

It is sometimes lamented that learning is becoming superficial by being made common. But it may be doubted if that learning is worth having which cannot be popularized without being degraded—which loses its attractions for the scholar as soon as it becomes accessible to the mass.

IV.

If Dickens and Thackeray become classics, the English vocabulary must be enlarged. Many lady readers have been sadly puzzled to share the furtive episodes of the Artful Dodger, or the resolute march of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

V.

The wisest social philosophers have done little more than start themselves on their proposed courses, and their followers have rarely come up with them. A philosopher who is equal to his theory may not despair of re-creating the world; but we must find our philosopher. The health-doctor who for a dollar offers to put you into a way of living for ever is subject to bilious attacks, and shudders as much as yourself at the undertaker.

VI.

It is no sin against our mother tongue to use words not to be found in the dictionaries, provided they are necessary, and are not manufactured barbarously. Every word must have had a beginning, and if our fathers had had no inventive genius we should have had no language.

VII.

Judging of the French by the specimens we daily meet, we very naturally wonder how they are ever brought to committing a desperate or a momentous action. It is easier to imagine an Englishman cultivating transcendental philosophy on a crust and water, or an American neglecting his business to patronize the fine arts, than a Frenchman heading an insurrection or dying for his country. And yet of all others he is the man to do both.

VIII.

Our poetical literature is just now in a critical position. Our laureates are growing old, and the public does not seem to recognize the right of younger candidates to fill their places.

IX.

In reading the thousand and one criticisms of Tennyson's poems, it is curious to note the contradictory conclusions at which critics arrive. By some Tennyson is styled an infidel; others rank him among benevolent hermits; and others are sure that he is an active moral reformer: whereas he is very careless of the world, and although warm-hearted, too lazy to be any thing but a *poco-curante*.

X.

The arrogance of English journalists is certainly amusing. But some apology may be offered for men who have not got beyond the Greeks in believing all the world barbarous except Attica.

XI.

Monsieur Jourdan talked prose all his life without knowing it, but certain modern writers cannot even do that. Witness Gilfillan, and our own very noisy H———.

XII.

The ancients must have been very dull without novels. To a nation that made much of Gellius and Apuleius we could very well have spared the hero of the "Two Horsemen."

XIII.

Virgil is the only great poet who has not given us characters. Æneas is a walking gentleman, and beside him who but "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem!" The genius of Virgil is remarkable in having made amends for the tameness of his characters, and his frightful plagiarisms.

REINHOLD.

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# BENVENUTO CELLINI:

## A TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE INTRUDER.

THE day was near its close, the sun was sinking beneath the horizon in a sea of fire, and at the moment of his setting, the king of day cast the most brilliant colors over the surrounding landscape. In the heavens there shone a bright blending of hues, from the deepest crimson to the lightest rose; and upon the earth, the tops of the forests and the surface of the streams were tinged with gold, purple and azure—a vast and wonderful mirror, in which was seen the all-powerful hand of the Creator!

At a distance of four leagues from Florence, on the summit of a mountain, from which the eye could embrace this marvellous spectacle, a young horseman, mounted upon a glossy, jet-black steed, had paused, motionless and dreamy, to contemplate this sublime picture; and to judge from his ample forehead, his strongly-marked features, the gloomy and ardent fire which burned in the depths of his dark eyes, it seemed that this man was well able to comprehend the grandeur and magnificence of the scene which lay outspread to his view.

Unconsciously he himself added something mysterious and fantastical to this vast picture. Perched on the very summit of this wild mountain, with his black steed, his doublet and cap of velvet, whose deep crimson hue seemed a reflection of the horizon, from his immobility, as well as from the nobleness of his attitude, he might have been taken for some rare equestrian statue.

He remained in this attitude of contemplation until the sun was completely engulfed in the waves of flame that surrounded it; until he had seen the magnificent colors which tinged the sky and the earth grow pale and fade away; then, when gray twilight had cast its uniform, indistinct, and dreamy tint over the landscape, he shook off his revery, and horse and horseman disappeared, like the phantoms of a dream.

After having spurred about a league's distance, with fantastic rapidity, leaping hedges, ravines, ditches, as if secure of the protection of some all-powerful genius, to shield him from the death which he braved at every step, he suddenly checked his steed before a castle, the approach to which was defended by a broad moat and a formidable drawbridge.

This structure was formerly a strong fortress, and had been transformed into a villa, such as the gay and brilliant fancy of Boccaccio alone would have imagined. The young man rode slowly around it, and at the sight of the lengthening vista and admirable points of view which were developed beneath his eyes, he murmured involuntarily those beautiful verses in which Tasso describes the gardens of Armida, (for this immortal poem of the sublime and unhappy Torquato was already in every mouth;) and while he recited these lines, he asked himself if he should believe his senses, or if it were not the power of poetry which called up imaginary pictures to his glances.

And, in truth, it seemed as if the wand of a fairy alone could have combined in the same spot views so diverse and enchanting. On the one hand lay outspread, like a dazzling carpet, a meadow, enamelled with red and blue flowers, and beyond the meadow extended a broad sheet of water, interspersed with little islands, like emeralds upon a ground of white satin. Beyond this prospect, which recalled to the young man's mind the cool, calm landscapes of the north, appeared suddenly a broad torrent, bordered by a pile of calcined rocks, from which here and there rose plantains, larches, palm and aloe trees, and many other of those rich and vigorous plants which flourish only on the

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soil of America. The arid nakedness of these picturesque rocks, which the sun had checkered with brown and gilded tints, stirred in the youth's soul the full, warm poetry with which it overflowed; for there existed an intimate and mysterious affinity between his organization and the wild grandeur of this rude and vigorous scene, between the passions that devoured his heart and this luxuriant vegetation. He gazed long, lost in thought, at that solitary torrent, and when he left the spot he often turned his head to view it yet again.

But a new and fascinating picture soon riveted his attention, and then indeed he felt convinced that he had been transported to the garden of some enchantress, so strange, and, as it were, so marvellous was the spectacle offered to his glances.

In the centre of a wide lawn, which was intersected by a verdant arbor, a fountain cast its waters into the air, which fell in cascades into a basin of white marble. Tall trees environed this lawn on every side, and through various openings, skilfully contrived between their long files of green and waving boughs, was seen, here and there, an old dilapidated turret, or on the summit of some ascending labyrinth a Belvidere, concealing its antiquity beneath garlands of flowers and luxuriant herbage. Here and there tame deer darted from the depths of these woods, and came to sport upon the lawn; beautiful birds, with hooked beaks, discordant notes, and dazzling plumage, rocked on the tops of the trees, pursued from branch to branch by marmosets, whose shrill cries re-echoed through the wood as often as they saw the former take to flight at their approach.

About a score of persons of both sexes, elegantly attired, were assembled around the fountain. The most joyous liberty, the most familiar intimacy seemed to prevail among this group. Some chased the deer, which suffered them to approach and caress them; others were walking to and fro, arm in arm, laughing and discoursing together. The greater number were reclining upon the herbage, some partaking, amid the flowers, of a rural repast, others playing at dice, or singing to the accords of the mandolin. Pure and unmingled joy seemed to prevail among them; their radiant brows, their expanded and smiling lips betrayed no regret for the past, no care for the present or the future. It was a fair sight, in truth, to see them sporting thus with the careless ingenuousness of childhood, beneath the bright blue sky, under the shade of those tall green trees, and amid the cool vapors of that magnificent cascade, whose murmurs fell with such melody upon the ear.

A single person formed a remarkable contrast to this joyous assemblage, casting by her presence something strange and mysterious upon this charming scene. It was a young maiden, younger and more beautiful than any of those who surrounded her. Her step was at times abrupt and irregular, at times slow and melancholy, and her glance now wandered careless and wild, and was now fixed in gloom upon the ground. She displayed all the symptoms of madness, and still no one seemed to sympathize in her condition, no one seemed to perceive her presence. The games, the laughter, the songs were still prolonged, and not a person present appeared to remark the movements of the poor maniac.

An indifference so profound to a misfortune so touching, above all, at such an age; a joy so natural and so unrestrained in the presence of madness, was something singular and inexplicable, and it appeared to produce a violent impression upon the imagination of the young horseman who witnessed this scene, for he deeply sympathized with the young maiden; still he remained rooted to his place by some irresistible emotion.

The poor maniac had approached the basin, where she kneeled, collected the daisies and butter-cups that grew around her, arranged them into a nosegay, and having dipped them in the water, rose, walked slowly towards those who, extended upon the grass, were enjoying a rustic meal, and scattered the flowers upon the viands, murmuring at the same time a few notes of a sad and serious melody.

The persons who composed the group did not even raise their heads; they cast aside the daisies and butter-cups, and continued their repast as if nothing had interrupted it. Then the young girl collected one by one her poor slighted flowers. As she stooped to raise them from the ground, she addressed to each some words, bathing it with her tears; and when she had gathered them all, she carried them to a young fawn, which ate them from her hand. When not a single one remained, she untied a cord of silk and gold which encircled her waist, fastened it about

the fawn's neck, and disappeared with the animal in the forest.

Scarcely had she vanished when those whom she had left started suddenly from the ground, and then stood motionless and stupefied as if a thunderbolt had burst above their heads. The young horseman, who had watched all the maniac's gestures with such interest, had just leaped his steed across the wide ditch which surrounded the castle, and with a single bound was in the midst of the gay throng. For some moments they stood confounded at this act of audacity. When the first feeling of surprise had passed, every man rushed indignantly towards the bold intruder, and one of them, grasping him by the throat, dragged him rudely from his horse.

The young man leaped up so suddenly, that it seemed as if he had scarcely touched the ground, and confronting the one who had just forced him from the saddle, he cast a fierce glance upon him, and half drew his poignard from its sheath. Still he did not attempt to execute the significant menace intimated by this energetic gesture.

The man from whom he had suffered this indignity was of lofty stature, and so vigorously formed, that he seemed endowed with strength sufficient to crush him in his hands. His temples, worn by the chafing of his casque, his lofty, calm, and intrepid brow, the large mustachios, which covered half his face, together with his cold and sarcastic air, his imperturbable attitude as he faced that poignard which was raised against his breast, all gave him an aspect singularly imposing. Whether it were that his adversary was daunted by an exterior so intimidating, or whether another thought, flashing across his mind, had changed his resolution, he restored his poignard to its sheath, and calmly picking up his cap, which had rolled to a distance, and returning to the man from whom he had received so serious an affront, he said:

"Your name, Sir?"

"I am very willing to tell it to you," replied the other, "but I will first give you a little piece of information, which will probably cool your curiosity."

"Let me hear it."

"About a year since, a personage, whom I had treated somewhat roughly—as I have you—demanded my name—like you—and, on the following day, the poor fool suffered my sword to pass through his body; and this was the eighth that I had cured of the sin of curiosity. Do you still wish to learn my name?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, then, my poor friend, know that I am Captain Hector Fiaramonti."

"I shall not forget it."

"The d—l is in it, if you do not forget it within twenty-four hours. I am in the habit of acting generously with my adversaries; I always allow them twenty-four hours of existence, before I send them to the shades."

"It is a display of generosity that I am willing to recognize, by giving you a piece of information in my turn."

"It must be something curious."

"You shall judge. Do you see this, and this?"

He pointed with his finger to two deep scars that he had received, the one upon the temple, the other above the left eyebrow.

"A man almost as robust as you," he continued, "and perhaps as skilful in the use of his weapons, grossly insulted me one day; it is now two years since. I challenged him, and he came upon the ground, scoffing at my youth and weakness, for I was then even more slender and delicate than I am to-day; but I calculated neither my strength nor my skill in the art of fence. The result was such as might have been expected. I was stretched upon the meadow, with this wound upon my temple, a wound which brought me to the verge of the grave, and confined me for eight months to my bed. As soon as I was healed, my first thought was to seek out my victorious adversary; and after having roamed over all Italy, I encountered him at Milan. We fought a second time, and I received another wound, which, like the first, was almost mortal, and the scar of which you see here, above my eyebrow. This double failure, the result of which had, in both cases, so nearly proved fatal to me, had not yet appeased the thirst for vengeance that devoured me; and as soon as I had recovered health and strength, I hastened to Rome, where I learned that my enemy was passing the summer. He laughed in my face when I challenged him to a third combat; but an hour after he laughed no longer."

"You wounded him?"

"I slew him. Captain Hector Fiaramonti, remember this narrative; I shall soon remind you of it. And now, gentlemen, is the Prince Vivaldi present among you?"

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"He is before you," replied an old man, whose white beard, whose sad and serious features, were well adapted to inspire respect.

"Prince, will you consent to grant me a moment's interview?"

"The manner in which you have introduced yourself here, Signor, might well justify me in refusing your request; still I deem you already too severely punished, by the lesson which the Captain Hector has given you; therefore I will not treat you rigorously. I will listen to you, but in the presence of these knights and dames, who are my friends, and when you have told me your name."

"My name is Fiorentino."

"And you are a soldier, doubtless, if I may judge by your exterior?"

"No; I follow another calling."

"And what have you to communicate to me, that is of such importance? What has brought you hither?"

"I have come to heal your daughter, if you will confide her to my care."

"You!" cried the Prince, casting a glance of astonishment upon the young man, whose exterior promised none of those qualifications that in all ages are required of a physician.

He whispered a few words in the ear of another old man, of an austere and imposing visage. The latter replied by an incredulous smile, and cast upon Fiorentino a glance of the most profound contempt.

"I thank you," replied the Prince at last; "but here is Messire Pezzolini, whose reputation is widely spread throughout Italy, and it is to him that I have intrusted my daughter's recovery."

With these words he pointed to the old man with whom he had just spoken.

"And during the year that Messire Pezzolini has been engaged in this task, what has been his progress? Scarcely such as to promise great hopes of his success. Since the first day of his attendance he has not advanced a step towards the desired result. Well, if you are willing to trust to my skill, I engage to heal her in three days."

"This young man is mad!" said Messire Pezzolini, disdainfully.

"Decidedly mad!" re-echoed Captain Fiaramonti, turning his back upon the stranger.

The Prince cast a glance of compassion upon Fiorentino, and departed, followed by all present.

But the young man hastened after him, and barring his passage, said:

"Prince, pardon me for still insisting; but I feel a profound conviction that I shall be successful in the cure that I wish to undertake. I cannot offer my life as a guarantee, since I am to venture it against Captain Fiaramonti, but I offer you my good steed, Uzelino, which I value more than life."

The Prince Vivaldi cast an irresolute glance upon those who stood around him; so tenacious a resolution moved him in his own despite.

"Remember," resumed Fiorentino, "that during the year that she has been a maniac, your daughter's condition has remained unaltered, and that the more inveterate her malady, the more difficult will be the cure. Let her madness endure yet for a year, and without wishing to question the skill of Messire Pezzolini, I declare that it will be incurable."

"And you aspire to do that which is beyond the science of Signor Pezzolini?"

"I do; and I demand three days to give the proof."

"What say you to this self-confidence, Signor?" said the Prince, turning to the old man.

"I say, Prince, that it will be the first time that I have ever seen a madman cure madness. If you are inclined to make the trial, however, I confess I am not less curious than you to see the result."

"So, then, it is agreed," said Fiorentino; "your daughter's health is, from this moment, intrusted to my care; and for three days I assume the responsibility of her cure."

"Well, be it so! I consent."

"And if within three days I do not fulfil my engagement, my poor Uzelino is yours. A word more. Every means which it shall please me to employ, in order to reach my aim, shall be left at my disposal, provided Signor Pezzolini acknowledges them to be without danger?"

"Certainly."

"In addition, I will act always beneath your eyes, and those of the persons here present. And now that you have accepted my proposal, Prince Vivaldi, I wish to be informed on many points. It would be well that I should learn the cause of this madness, and the means that have been employed to heal it."

"Let us sit upon this greensward, my young Signor, and I will relate all to you."

All the assembly, both men and women,

seated themselves upon the grass. Fiorentino took a place in their midst, enduring with imperturbable calmness the scoffing glances which were cast upon him from all sides.

"Signor, I listen!" he said to the Prince.

The Prince began. "When I lost my wife, the Princess," he said, stifling a sigh, "I sent this poor child to my sister, who dwelt near the little village of W——, wishing to remove Vanina for a while from the spot where her mother had just breathed her last. I left her there for six months, at the expiration of which time I wrote to my sister to send her back to me, as I had resolved to conclude her marriage with Captain Fiaramonti; a marriage which had been agreed upon before her departure. The domestic whom I dispatched with this letter returned in a few days with an answer from my sister, in which she prayed me to leave Vanina with her for some time, as she was ill, and found in the society of her niece a great relief to the sufferings that she endured. I could not refuse without harshness. I left my daughter with her, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Captain, who was vexed at this new delay, and I waited patiently for my sister's recovery, that she might send her back to me.

"Still, as after an interval of two months she did not return, I resolved to go for her, and I set out with the Captain, who persisted in accompanying me, in order that he might, a few days earlier, see her who was soon to be his wife. But we were both far from anticipating the misfortune that awaited us at the end of our journey. We reached my sister's mansion, after a ride of two days. She was dead! I advanced to embrace my daughter. She uttered a piercing shriek when she beheld us, and fell senseless to the floor. When we raised her, she was a maniac! Was this sad event to be attributed to grief at her aunt's death, or to our sudden appearance? Alas, I cannot say. I questioned all those among whom she had lived, as to her pleasures, her habits, the persons whom she visited, collecting the slightest particulars, in the hope of discovering some fact that could enlighten me. I learned nothing, except that during her aunt's malady, she often went to pass part of her days in a neighboring castle, in which dwelt a young maiden, an intimate friend, of about her own age. I repaired to this castle; its occupants had left it several days before.

"Overwhelmed with grief, we returned hither with my poor child, and I at once dispatched a messenger to Messire Pezzolini, begging him to come upon the instant, and to employ for my daughter's cure all the means that lay in his power, let the cost be what it might. Messire Pezzolini informed me that it was necessary that Vanina should have, incessantly, charming scenes before her eyes, and gay society continually around her; that she should often receive novel and always agreeable impressions. It was of great importance, above all, he said, that she should enjoy the utmost liberty, and that no one should appear to regard her movements, however singular and senseless they might be. All these instructions have been scrupulously followed. I have so arranged every thing within and about this mansion that the eyes of my poor Vanina can always repose upon a beautiful and varied landscape. I have gathered around her a circle of devoted friends, who aid my efforts with all their power; and, in fine, no one appears to hear her incoherent words, or see her unmeaning glances. This is all that we have thus far tried, and, until now, these means have remained without result. She has not yet displayed a ray of reason."

"Well, Signor Fiorentino," said Messire Pezzolini, in a tone of irony, "do you approve of these measures?"

"I approve of them much; but this will not prevent me from pursuing a course directly opposite. I have conceived a plan that I have formed from my observations upon nature and the human mind."

"We are about to see something rare, I think."

"You will see a cure effected, which you have looked upon as hopeless. I do not think that there is any thing rare in that."

"That which I see most clearly in this arrangement," said Captain Fiaramonti, "is that the Signor Fiorentino gains thereby two days of existence, upon which he had no right to count; and this proves that he is a skilful man, to say the least."

"You have no farther particulars to tell me concerning your daughter?" said Fiorentino to the Prince, without replying to this insolent speech.

"You remind me of one thing that I had forgotten; one thing rather singular indeed. Among the friends who have been willing to seclude themselves with me in this mansion is a young sculptor, the Signor Gabuzzi,

who is now seated at your side. As he could not renounce his art, he has arranged for himself a studio in my castle; my daughter often repairs thither, and seems to take the greatest pleasure in examining, one by one, the productions of his chisel. Chief of all, there is a vase of bronze there, for which she has shown such decided partiality, that my young friend has consented to have it placed in her chamber, and she often passes long hours in admiring it, conversing with it, and sometimes kissing it, or bathing it with her tears."

"And is there any person here for whom she seems to display a marked attachment?"

"Yes; she manifests an evident predilection for Captain Fiaramonti."

"Very well; all this suits admirably with my plan. I need but one thing, and your daughter's recovery is certain. It is necessary that one of these charming Signoras should consent to consider me, for an hour only, as a favored lover. Beautiful Signorina," said Fiorentino, turning to a pretty maiden, who was seated a few paces from him, "will you refuse to assist me in this little comedy?"

"On the contrary, I will do so very willingly, Signor."

"The sacrifice that I have to demand of Signor Gabuzzi and the Captain Fiaramonti is somewhat more difficult, but I do not doubt that both will be sufficiently generous to accord it to me."

"What can I do to serve you?" said the artist.

"I need your vase of bronze."

"And I?" said the Captain.

"I need your life. When I shall have broken both, the Princess will no longer be a maniac, and in three days, Captain Hector Fiaramonti, she will have recovered her reason."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST TRIAL.

On the following morning, at break of day, all the guests of the villa Juliana, except Fiorentino, were assembled around the fountain. They were discoursing of this strange personage, and the conversation was very animated, for in the bold engagement which he had taken upon himself, and the trial of which he was now about to he found as many partisans as opponents. The women, especially, always fond of the marvellous, warmly defended him against the attacks of Captain Fiaramonti, who represented him as a contemptible adventurer.

"If he were a man of courage," said the Captain, "would he have coldly borne, as he did yesterday, the most deadly insult that a man can suffer?"

"But did you not remark, Captain," observed the sculptor Gabuzzi, "the rage that sparkled in the glance that he cast at you on rising, and the rapidity with which he placed his hand upon his poignard to avenge the affront?"

"Most certainly," replied the Captain, "I remarked all that very plainly; but I saw also, and you saw it as well as I, that this great rage disappeared as soon as he saw with whom he had to deal."

"It may be so, but I cannot believe that this man is a coward. There is that about him which too completely contradicts this opinion."

"You think, then, that he will not try to escape, in order to avoid the combat?"

"I believe so, firmly."

"And have you the same confidence in his science as in his courage?"

"No; and still I do not deny that he possesses it. I cannot resolve to pass judgment upon this matter before the issue of the first trial, which we are about to witness."

"If he ventures to attempt it, indeed; for I do not see him approach."

"Here he is, Captain."

Fiorentino, in truth, now joined those who expected him so impatiently, and with sentiments so diverse. His air was firm and decided, but grave and thoughtful.

"Prince, and you, Signorina," he said, addressing Vivaldi and the young maiden who was to aid him in his attempt, "the Princess Vanina is at this moment in this meadow, on the borders of the large sheet of water. Be so good as to accompany me."

The three went, and the rest followed them at some distance, as far as the middle of the meadow.

When there, Fiorentino begged them to pause, the Prince Vivaldi with the rest, and advancing alone with the young Signorina, they took their seats upon the grass, at a few steps' distance from the poor maniac, who was gazing at the water that murmured at her feet.

"Your name, beautiful Signorina?" said Fiorentino to the young maiden, "or that which it pleases you to adopt?"

"My name is Giulia."

"Well then, my charming Giulia, be so kind as to imagine for a moment that you have given me all your soul, and, without anger, suffer me to take those slight favors that are granted to a happy lover."

"Well, Signor," said Giulia, smiling, "I will not refuse you."

"And bear well in mind, divine Signorina, that it is very important for the success of our enterprise that you should do all that I demand of you with the most rigorous punctuality."

"Command! I will obey."

"In the first place, it is necessary that I should sit somewhat lower than you do—so! that is very well; then my head must rest partly upon your lap, and my lips must touch your hand as I speak to you."

"This is all, I suppose?"

"This is all, as regards the pantomime, O divine Giulia! But I must address words of love to you, and it is necessary for you to answer."

"That appears to me a little singular."

"It is nothing but a jest; and then have you not promised to obey me with the docility of a child?"

"Well, then, be it so! Murmur in my ear your words of love, and I will do my best to suit you in my answers."

"I commence then, for here comes the Princess."

The poor girl, in truth, had just perceived the young pair, in the attitude indicated by Fiorentino, and she seemed to feel a sudden agitation at the sight; then she advanced slowly towards them, her lips smiling, her brow radiant. As soon as he saw her approach, Fiorentino half leaned his head upon the lap of the beautiful Giulia, and spoke to her in the language agreed upon between them.

At this decisive moment no one thought longer of jesting; the most vivid anxiety seized upon every mind, and the Prince Vivaldi, his heart palpitating, his eyes fixed upon his child, almost swooned beneath the violence of his emotions.

Vanina approached close to Fiorentino, and bent her head aside, the more distinctly to hear the words that he addressed to Giulia.

"Do you see, beloved Giulia," said the young man, "do you see these waters so calm, these islands so verdant, that horizon of a blue so delicate and soft? Do you see below yonder those tall poplars almost hidden in the mists of the stream? Do you see yonder b rk, that glides so slowly by that bank, which is almost concealed by flowers? Well, then, my Giulia, if you will come with me to France, with me, who love you more than I love myself, more than I love my brothers and my sisters, such are the lovely views that we shall have incessantly beneath our eyes, and we shall enjoy them together, for there we shall be united."

"Ah, but why, my Fiorentino," replied Giulia, resigning her hand to the young man's lips, "why should we go so far to seek the pleasures that we can find here in this fair Italy, where we were both born?"

"But do you not know, Giulia, that if we remain here we shall never be united? Do you not know that another spouse is already chosen for you? Can you live happy far from Fiorentino? Do you wish that, seeing you in the power of my rival, I should die with grief at your feet? Oh, my Giulia, your heart is pure and calm as the waves of this quiet lake, but mine is agitated and stormy as the sea in its fury. Do not arouse the tempest which now scarcely sleeps in my bosom."

"Is it true, then, that you love me, Fiorentino?"

"Love you?"

He was interrupted by Vanina, who, placing her hand upon Giulia's shoulder, said, with a glance that was veiled with tears:

"Good morrow, Vanina!"

Giulia started.

"This is the first time that she has uttered her name," she said, whispering in Fiorentino's ear.

"I will not carry the trial farther at present," he said, in a low voice; "it is enough for one day."

"You have returned to me then, Vanina?" said the maniac. "I thought that you were dead, it is so long since I have seen you."

"You remember me, then?" said Giulia.

"Ah, yes, I well remember having seen you long since in a lovely meadow with your betrothed."

"My betrothed?"

"Yes, your betrothed, the Signor ——"

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She passed her hand across her brow, as if to recall her remembrances.

"The Signor Fiorentino?" said Giulia.

"No, no, it was the Captain—the Captain Hector Fiaramonti; you were married, and you were very unhappy—yes, very unhappy!" she murmured in a dreamy tone.

And she sank into a profound revery.

"Let us leave her," said Fiorentino, addressing Giulia.

They rose and walked away, but the young girl did not perceive their departure. She remained seated in the same spot, motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Well!" said the Prince to Fiorentino.

"Inquire of Signorina Giulia," replied the young man; "she will inform you that I have made more progress in one hour than the Signor Pezzolini has made in a year."

"I know not what to think of it," said the beautiful Giulia, "but your daughter has pronounced her name, and although her words were incoherent, as usual, yet her mind has succeeded in seizing some remembrance of the past."

This slight success transported the unhappy father with joy, who, from this moment, looked upon his daughter as restored to him.

"Do not yield to joy so prematurely," said the Signor Pezzolini; "hope too early cherished adds cruel stings to disappointment."

"But have you not yourself told me," replied the Prince, "that on the day when my daughter should pronounce her name, and recall past remembrances, her cure would be almost certain?"

"Yes, Prince, but in the case that I alone guided the progress of her cure, because then I should have been convinced that this result was due to my cares, and not to chance. But let us wait, and witness Signor Fiorentino's second trial, which he has promised on the morrow, I believe."

"Yes, Signor, on the morrow; and I can answer for it in advance, that to-morrow, as to-day, chance will ever be favorable to me."

"Ever?" said Captain Fiaramonti, casting a glance of irony upon Fiorentino.

"I hope so," replied the latter, measuring him with a calm, cold gaze.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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## UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

We hear its low and dreamy tone,
Like some sweet angel-spell,
Among the wood-haunts, wild and lone,
Where the young violets dwell;
Where the deep sunset-flush hath thrown
Its glory on the sea,
We linger for its ceaseless moan,
That wordless minstrelsy!

The primal world its echoes woke
When first the ardent Sun,
In all his fresh'ning day-spring, broke,
His regal race to run:
It floated through those lonely skies,
Each immemorial hill,
Where now such countless cities rise,
The might of human will!

The cavern'd depths of the wild sea,
That gather in their lair
Such shrieks of mortal agony,
Such pleadings of despair!
Upon their turgid billows wreathed,
Such lulling strains have sped,
As if their charnel-waters breathed
No requiem for the dead!

Oh! earth hath not a lonely plain
Unblest by mystic song;
The diapason of the main,
Its anthem to prolong!

The seaman, in his home-fraught dream,
Upon the moonlit waves,
Hears, in its undulating stream,
The music of sea-caves!

Through Hippocrene's violet fount
The haunting Spirit rung;
To every old Thessalian mount
Its storied legends clung!
It filled the wild Bœotian hills,
With fabled visions blent,
And murmured through the Pythian rills—
A melody unspent!

An incense-breath upon the wind,
For morning's glorious dower;
A fairy-spell, the heart to bind
At noontide's languid hour:
A voice the forest-child hath sought
By every glade and stream,
But most, at twilight's hour of thought,
Half-shadow and half-dream!

A song upon the summer-prime,
Of gladness and of praise;
A voice that bids the vintage-time
Its choral tribute raise:
A tone ubiquitous and free,
A deathless music given;
A strain of immortality,
An attribute of Heaven!

C.

*Brooklyn, July 8th, 1851.*

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# DAVID A. BOKEE.

ONE of the most glorious results of a free Government is the kindly influence it exerts in the development of Intellect. Under its institutions the want of rank, fortune, or early scholastic training, opposes no insurmountable obstacles to advancement. The ardent soul and the energetic mind may gaze upward, and move onward in the pathway of hope and honorable ambition, unfettered by prejudices, and unimpeded by social distinctions. Man, with virtuous purposes, may avail himself of all his faculties to become great, honored, and useful, with every thing to excite his action, and no conventional barriers to check him in his noble career! The blessings of living under such a Government cannot be too deeply impressed upon those who enjoy them; more particularly the rising generation, into whose hands its guardianship must fall, and whose sacred duty it will become to transmit the institutions of their country unimpaired to their successors—an inviolalable legacy.

We know of no means better calculated to enhance the respect and affection of a citizen for his Government than by pointing out the incentives to virtuous ambition which its institutions offer, especially as illustrated in the career of those who have attained an honorable distinction, under disadvantages which in a less favored country would be deemed insurmountable. It is the biography of SELF-MADE MEN which affords the most useful lessons to the youth of a country like ours. They are thus taught the rewards of perseverance and merit, and the vanity of mere social position and adventitious aids in the struggle for honor and distinction. It is, therefore, with undisguised pleasure that we present to our readers the subject of this brief memoir, as emphatically a SELF-MADE MAN, and one who is destined, we hope, to a long career of public usefulness.

DAVID A. BOKEE was born in the city of New-York, in October, 1805. He is descended from the old Knickerbockers, a race too well known for their deep energy of character, their strong minds, their honesty and patriotism, to need any eulogium here His paternal ancestors, ABRAHAM BOCKEE. and WOLFERT WEBBER, were among the earliest settlers in New-York, and were among the nine grantees of a large tract of land in Dutchess and the adjoining counties, called the "Nine Partners' Grant." WOLFERT WEBBER was an alderman of the outer ward of New-York as early as 1668, and was considered one of the most substantial and useful citizens of his time.

The subject of this sketch had the misfortune to lose his father before he was *five* years old, and the care of him devolving upon relatives, he obtained only the advantages of a common school education. While at school he was distinguished for his aptness, especially in mathematics, in which science his attainments soon reached the extent of his teacher's capacity to instruct him. At the early age of twelve years he left school to battle with the world alone, without the aid of friends or fortune. Entirely through his own exertions he obtained a situation in a counting-house, and, sustained by the indomitable perseverence of his character, and a proud spirit of independence, he was soon enabled, by his industry, integrity, and intelligence, to win the confidence and esteem of his employers. Since the time of entering their service, a period of about thirty-three years, Mr. Bokee has been connected with the mercantile interests of New-York, and has been universally known and respected among that honorable and important class of citizens who are engaged in commercial pursuits.

At eighteen years old Mr. Bokee's mercantile acquirements were of a nature to fit him for a better position than it was in the power of his employers to afford him; and an opportuuity offering to establish himself in business, he removed to Georgetown, South Carolina, where his mercantile knowledge, his integrity of character, and habits of industry, won him popularity and esteem, so that he was early elected, and frequently served, as an alderman of the town. During

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his residence in Georgetown, Mr. Bokee enjoyed the first opportunity of distinguishing himself for patriotic attachment to the Union. The sheriff of the county being in ill-health, it devolved upon Mr. Bokee as deputy to fill his place, during the hottest of the nullification strife in South Carolina; and his prompt, fearless, and considerate discharge of his duties made such an impression upon the friends of the Union, that *he was nominated as their candidate for the office of sheriff at the ensuing election*, and, notwithstanding the excitement which existed, and the prejudices arrayed against him as a Northern man, he was only beaten by some *fifty* votes!

Mr. Bokee was married in Georgetown, S. C., and has six children. In the year 1834 he returned to this State, and took up his residence in the city of Brooklyn. He immediately formed a connection with one of the largest and most respectable mercantile houses in Pearl street, New-York, with which he remained until he was induced to take a situation as an Under-writer in Wall street, in which position he has formed an extensive and favorable acquaintance among the leading merchants of the city.

In 1839 Mr. Bokee was elected an Alderman of the City of Brooklyn, and remained in the Board until he became senior member and President thereof. He also served, for successive terms, with much credit to himself, and efficiency for the party, as Chairman of the Young Men's Whig Committee, and of the Whig General Committee of Brooklyn. On the adoption of the new Constitution, when Kings county became a senatorial district, he was nominated by the Whig party as their candidate, and elected to the State Senate by *fourteen hundred* majority, notwithstanding that the Whigs of his county had been defeated but a few months before in the Judicial elections.

As a Senator, Mr. Bokee was distinguished for his industry, perseverance, and business trlents, and for his fearless and manly advocacy of whatever he thought to be right. For these qualities he was selected as chairman of several important special committees, and particularly of the Committee of Investigation on the affairs of the Canal Bank, in which capacity he made an able report, exposing so completely the monstrous frauds of that institution as to excite public indignation against it to the highest degree, while he won enviable applause for his honesty and independence.

Ere he had closed his senatorial career, his well-deserved popularity, and the high order of talents he had evinced, pointed out Mr. Bokee to the Whigs of his district as their most eligible candidate for Congress. He accordingly received the nomination, and was elected triumphantly, over two opponents, by a majority of between *two* and *three thousand* votes! The first session of his attendance in the National Legislature was one of the stormiest through which our country has ever passed, and will be remembered as long as the history of the Republic shall exist. The long-smouldering embers of dissension on the question of African slavery burst into a flame which threatened the dissolution of the Union and the destruction of our glorious Institutions. The wisest statesmen, and the purest patriots of the age, aroused by a sense of the imminent danger to American liberty, threw their mightiest energies into the conflict, and, forgetful of previous differences, of personal ambition and of party strife, labored nobly together, with hearts united as one by the holiest sentiments of patriotic devotion, to rescue their beloved country from the impending peril! Side by side with these, with all his energies bent to useful ends, and disdaining, in the frankness and fearlessness of his nature, the slightest concealment of his opinions, was DAVID A. BOKEE, always a patriot, and friend of the Union!

In the protracted debates of the session Mr. Bokee took no prominent part: a natural diffidence of his abilities as a public speaker, for which his previous career was not such as to have qualified him, and an appreciable modesty, deterred him from attempts at rhetorical display in an arena where the first orators of the age were pitted together; but his talents, his judgment, his industry, and his business habits soon gained him the respect and appreciation of his fellow members; and his services in the passage of the Compromise measures through the House of Representatives were as essential as those of any member thereof. It was in great part through his exertions that the New-York delegation cast so large a number of votes for those measures, and had the emergency demanded it, through his perseverance and tact two more notes were ready to have been given in their favor.

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Mr. Bokee's energy of character, business qualifications, and untiring industry were sensibly and favorably felt, during his labors as a Representative, especially where the interests of his immediate constituents or his own State were concerned; and his frank manners, generous disposition, and gentlemanly deportment made him a universal favorite with his compeers and associates. During the last session of Congress Mr. Bokee on more than one occasion gave evidence of a readiness and power in debate entirely unlooked for even by his warmest friends and admirers, who were aware of the absence of all pretension on his part as a public speaker, and which afford promise of extended usefulness in his rising career as a statesman. In connection with this subject it will not be inappropriate for us to refer to an oration delivered on the Fourth of July last by Mr. Bokee in Brooklyn, which ranks in our estimation among the most eloquent and patriotic ever delivered on that glorious occasion, and a few extracts from which our readers will readily excuse.

The exordium of Mr. Bokee is classic, and in good taste:—

"There are times and seasons when it is proper for men, in travelling the journey of life, to pause and take a retrospect of the past, that they may see what progress they have made, and whether they have deviated from the right course; and that they may also look forward and take as extensive a survey of their future route, as their own vision and the surrounding objects will permit. No wise man, indeed, will allow himself to neglect these proper occasions of self-examination in regard to the past, and serious contemplation of the future.

"The same may be said of nations. With them there are recurrences of important epochs, when the people are emphatically called upon to pause and reflect; to contemplate the past and survey the future. Can there be a more fitting occasion for such a pause and for such examination than upon the arrival of another national birthday? This is an annual resting-place, and it will be well for us to seize the opportunity it offers to deepen the impression and refresh our recollections of the events with which it is in every mind associated Circumstances of a momentous character that have lately transpired, and are now agitating the public mind, give additional interest to these events, and add greatly to the duty of the American people rightly to appreciate the blessings which flow from them, and which have made us a great and happy nation."

The orator then gives a brief but comprehensive view of the first settlement of the American colonies; refers to the diversity of feelings and sentiments among the colonists, and paints forcibly the powerful causes which brought them, through compromise and mutual concession, into one harmonious and united *nation*.

"The colonies which were planted in North America, and which at the commencement of that noble struggle which resulted so gloriously to them, were commenced at different periods, by different persons, and for different purposes. They were distant from each other, separated by an unexplored wilderness filled with wild beasts, and wild men, much more to be dreaded than the most savage and dangerous animals, and had little communication or sympathy for each other. They were neither all of one race or language, nor was there a community of interest or religion to bind them together as one people. So far from this, there existed among some of them strong feelings of hostility, growing out of those embittered religious contests that had disturbed the peace of England before they had left their parent land, for these then western wilds. The Cavalier of Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, saw in the New-Englander the same sturdy, bigoted Puritan, who had kindled his ire, and against whom he had drawn his sword in the conflicts between Puritanism and Prelacy, or Protestantism and Papistry in Old England. And the Puritan beheld his old enemies settled upon the same continent, but at such a distance, and beyond such intervening obstacles, that there was little prospect of their ever being brought into proximity or association with each other.

"Between these, and the staid, cool, and imperturbable settlers of New-Amsterdam, there was little affinity or intercourse, and sometimes even hostilities. Such were the disjointed members of that confederacy which was afterwards formed, and which eventually became a well-cemented Union.

"And what, let me ask you, fellow-citizens, were those causes—powerful, indeed, they must have been—which overcame the repulsive force of these scattered members, and united them in a firm, fraternal, national band? What were the causes which brought the Cavalier, the Roundhead, and the sturdy Dutchman to forget former antipathies, to embrace as brothers, and to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to stand by each other in the deadly conflict they had embarked in?

"It was the love of Liberty; it was a firm resolve never to be deprived of the rights of freemen."

Of the difficulties which the early revolutionists encountered, especially those who were in favor of declaring the colonies independent, he speaks eloquently and feelingly, and accords to John Adams, from whose autobiography he quotes some extracts not generally known, all the credit which is so eminently due him, as one of the fathers of the Revolution. Mr. Adams was for independence, and the following

fine passage from Mr. Bokee's oration throws light upon that period of his career, and tends still more to consecrate his memory in the hearts of his countrymen:—

"But there were those who were faithful to the cause, that were unprepared for the great step which was taken in the Revolution, declaring the Colonies independent, and were even shocked at the suggestion of such a procedure! Will you believe it, fellow-citizens, that when this idea first got out through a private letter which had been intercepted, and published by order of General Gage, the author was shunned, even by members of the Congress of '76, as a dangerous person! Mr. Adams was the writer of that letter, and after its publication, he says, 'I was avoided like a man having the leprosy. I walked the streets of Philadelphia in solitude, borne down by the weight of care and unpopularity.' And this account is confirmed by Dr. Rush, who says, 'I saw this gentleman (Mr. Adams) walk the streets of Philadelphia alone, after the publication of his intercepted letter in our newspapers, in 1775, an object of nearly universal scorn and detestation!' Such, fellow-citizens, was the odium which in Philadelphia fell upon those who dared even to hint at independence, as late as the fall of 1775, some months after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and after General Washington had taken command of the American army! Am I not then borne out, in saying that the labor of those great men who prepared the public mind for separation from the mother country—who led the way to independence, and who toiled in Congress to sustain the army and the conflict in the long years of a doubtful struggle, and of gloomy prospects—was no holiday labor, no drawing-room amusement? Nothing less than the most sacred conviction of the justness of their cause, the inborn love of liberty which belongs to freemen, and a firm reliance on the goodness and justice of that Providence who had ever watched over the destinies of North America, could have sustained and encouraged them in those times that literally and emphatically 'tried men's souls.'

"But they were borne up through all trials, hardships, and difficulties, and had the satisfaction of seeing their country take her place among the nations of the earth, as their acknowledged equal. And here a reflection is forced upon us. John Adams was the first Minister who represented the United States at the Court of St. James, after the peace of '83, and the acknowledgment by Great Britain of our independence; and what a contrast must there have been in his feelings when he stood before George the Third, the proud representative of a nation of freemen, and when he walked the streets of Philadelphia, 'an object of nearly universal scorn and detestation,' because he had in a private letter dared to hint at independence! Amply was he then repaid for all the odium that had been attempted to be cast upon him for being six months in advance of some other members of Congress, and well might he afford to forget their scorn and contumely."

The want of space prevents us from quoting as fully as we could wish from this admirable address. Briefly, but clearly, and in eloquent and energetic terms, Mr. Bokee describes the difficulties which surrounded the framers of the Constitution:—

"The Constitution was brought into existence by compromise. Had each member of the Convention, and each section of the country adhered pertinaciously and unyieldingly to its own views and wishes, the delegates must have separated without accomplishing the glorious work which stands as an everlasting monument of their forbearance, conciliatory spirit and wisdom. What the condition of this country would now have been had they thus separated, and what the contrast between what it would have been and what it now is, I must leave to the imagination of those who may reflect upon the subject. May our own and all future generations prove themselves not less wise, patriotic and conciliatory than those who left us the inestimable legacy of the Constitution and the Union."

The following passage is exceedingly fine, and will be read with feelings of admiration and pleasure by every friend of the Union:

"Could the genius of America then have taken our fathers up into an exceeding high mountain, and showed them the United States as the country then was, almost entirely covered with boundless forests through which the wild beasts and the red man roamed undisturbed; and then, by shifting the scene, exhibited the United States as they now are, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the St. John's to the Rio del Norte, covered with splendid cities and flourishing towns; our lakes, rivers and canals teeming with commerce; our railroads running in every direction, through valleys, over rivers, ascending mountains, creeping along frightful precipices, and leaping fearful chasms; our boundless fields of wheat, corn, cotton and other productions of the earth; the three or four millions of people multiplied into twenty-four, among whom intelligence is communicated from one extremity to the other, not only with the speed of lightning, but by lightning itself; what would have been their wonder and amazement? Surely they would have thought that what they saw was not reality, but a vision, a dream, a hallucination, conjured up by spirits of the air, by some Prospero and his tricksy Ariel. But we, fellow-citizens, find the vision sober reality. Never, in any part of the globe, since the earth was given to man for his habitation, have there been such astonishing changes, improvements, and increase in the physical comforts of man, as have been witnessed in this country within the sixty-two years that have passed away since the ratification, by the people, of the Constitution of the United States. I wish I could say that there had been a corresponding increase in the patriotic attachment of the people to the simplicity of republican institutions, and an equal improvement in the moral and religious character of the country; but I fear, that if we greatly excel our fathers in physical

comforts, we fall behind them in some of those moral qualities which are essential to form a truly and permanently great nation.

"And now, let me ask, my friends, if we are prepared to tear to pieces that Constitution which was formed with so much labor and with such a patriotic surrender of prejudices and sectional feelings, under whose protection the American people have run so splendid a career of national prosperity? Are we prepared to rend that Union asunder, and scatter its fragments to the winds of heaven, which our fathers made such efforts to establish? Are we prepared to condemn that noble work which they looked upon with so much pride and exultation, and pronounced *good?* Are we ready to destroy that which has caused the forests of the West to disappear like the mist before the morning sun, and the tide of population to flow on, like the irresistible sweep of the ocean, driving before it the wilderness, the buffalo and the red man, and carrying with it industry, agriculture and the arts, intelligence, education and religion?—that which has whitened every ocean and sea and river with our commerce, and brought the products of the whole world to our doors?—that which has made us a great, a prosperous, a brave and powerful people? Look around you: what do you now see, standing where you are, or upon the beautiful heights of our own city? Every ship and steamer of the thousands in view,—every warehouse and dock of our own and the adjoining city,—every spire of the hundreds that point like so many fingers up to heaven,—all, indeed, that goes to make up 'the great emporium of commerce,' is a monument to the wisdom of those who formed the Constitution and established the Union, and a cogent argument in favor of their faithful maintenance. Palsied be the hand that would touch the first stone of that noble edifice to remove it from its place, and nerveless the arm that is outstretched to do it harm! Let him who would destroy our reverence and attachment for the Union, and persuade us to do aught that should weaken its foundations, be *anathema maranatha;* let him walk an object of scorn and detestation in our midst, and be shunned by every good citizen as one infected with moral leprosy,—a loathed lump of living corruption, whose touch is pollution, and whose breath is pestilence!"

And in conclusion of our extracts, we commend the succeeding to the earnest attention of our countrymen:—

"And now, what is the remedy for the evils which threaten the integrity of the Union, and what are our duties as good citizens and Americans? The remedy is in faithfully adhering to and carrying out every requirement of the Constitution, and the execution of all and every law enacted by Congress, and especially those Compromise laws, one and all, entitled 'the adjustment measures,'—for if these are not faithfully observed and executed, no one having seen what it has been my lot to see within the last two years, and who is not utterly incapable of judging of coming events by the shadows they cast before, can for a moment doubt that the secession of the entire South, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy, would be the consequence. Our duties, then, are plain and palpable; listen to them from the lips of Washington himself, who speaks to us as a father in his ever memorable Farewell Address: 'It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity—watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety—discountenancing whatever may suggest a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.' These are the words of wisdom; they are words uttered from the tomb; let us take heed that we obey their solemn injunctions. And, my friends, while we 'cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to the Union,' we must also cherish and cultivate a cordial respect, and kindly fraternal feeling for our brother Americans, to whatever section of the Union they may belong. We must indulge in no jealousies, no prejudices, no heart-burnings towards any one, and especially of a sectional character. 'The name of *American* which belongs to you in your national capacity,' says the same warning voice of Washington, 'must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.' Without this respect and kindly feeling mutually maintained and cherished by Americans, there may be a union of the States, but there cannot be a cordial sympathy and brotherly union among the people; and they will be like man and wife, when all love is fled, bound together by the bonds—no longer silken bonds—of matrimony, but becoming more and more averse to each other, and more and more restive under the restraints which those bonds impose."

In looking around for a suitable person to fill the important office of Naval Officer of the port of New-York, vacant by the death of the late and lamented Philip Hone, Esq., Mr. Fillmore fixed upon David A. Bokee, a selection creditable to the discrimination and judgment of the President, and an honor well deserved by the recipient thereof, and an appointment which cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

Mr. Bokee is under the middle stature, a man of nervous, sanguine temperament, quick perceptions, clear, sound judgment, fine reasoning faculties, untiring industry, and indomitable perseverance; his disposition is open, frank, and generous. In the prime of life, with many warmly-attached friends, and a rising reputation, it is not hazarding too much to say that his career as a public man is destined to be both useful and brilliant.

# THE APPROACHING PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

THERE is at present an unusual calm in the political atmosphere of the country, but during the coming fall the elements will be again in agitation. It will be well, whilst the passions are asleep, to take a survey of the field of conflict from a distance, and endeavor to settle the principles which should govern our actions when the day of battle arrives.

It is obvious to the most casual observer that there are many who are determined to fight the battle of the coming Presidential campaign upon the ground of sectional differences, the North against the South. Relying upon that unconquerable faith in the abstract principles of universal freedom which undoubtedly underlie our system of government, pervading as its very political atmosphere the entire mind of the North, there are those who are calculating upon the excitement always attendant upon political strife, to destroy the influence of that reason and those considerations of honor and expediency which must in all things so generally modify our actions, even when they spring from the purest dictates of our highest conscience. Whilst in the South, those who would make a local institution a political power, will endeavor to keep alive the animosity of sections to accomplish their ends, either of real separation, if there can be any so mad, or personal notoriety.

We are then to expect that some candidates will be pertinaciously insisted upon by no insignificant factions, North and South, who must be considered the express representatives of those ideas which are essentially sectional in their character. Now, however desirable to either section the enthronement in the presidency of their own exclusive ideas may be, it must be obvious to all reflecting minds that the nature of the Constitution by which these States are confederated is utterly inconsistent with such an idea. If a difference arise between these States purely and entirely sectional in its character, such difference must in all cases be adjusted by compromises and concessions within all reasonable limits; must be settled by discussion and arrangement, and not by arbitrary force. Whatever imperfection in our system this may discover to some minds, there are no arguments that can show that it is not essentially the nature of the case.

The Constitution adopted by these States, and under which they were to be united as one nation, was nevertheless in one sense a limited one. It was made sovereign over certain matters of government, while in certain other matters of government no sovereignty was granted. Nay, so far from any sovereignty being given, it was not even permitted, as in the power of the English government over its colonial legislation, to have any controlling influence. The States reserved a large field of legislation entirely and exclusively to themselves, and made provision for all new States thereafter to be formed to enter into the bonds of the Union and to assume the nationality of the great Republic, possessing, and for ever to possess, the same freedom to regulate their domestic concerns, in all things not affecting the interests of the whole. This peculiarity, the highest reach of political wisdom, that has now stood the test of seventy years' experiment, and which we believe to be the grand discovery of political science, which the *world must* imitate if it is ever to be blest at large with true freedom, is at stake in this controversy, and

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therefore we may be earnest in its defense. However wrong *to us* may appear any thing in another State than our own, we must never be tempted to encroach upon that freedom, to make or mend it, which guarantees us the very rights by which we may defend *ourselves* against its encroachments or influence. This great principle, we say, factions both North and South are about to put at stake, in the next Presidential canvass. They are about to make nominations which, on the question of the unfortunate sectional difference, will represent the one or the other side of the question. Now, that no man, who does not maintain a strictly national attitude in rela tion to all questions, is qualified for the office of President in the present crisis, will, we think, be evident to the thinking men of all parties and sections.

During the last Presidential canvass, viz., in the August No. of this Review for 1848, (to which we beg to refer the reader,) we stated and enforced the principle which should govern the Whig or Constitutional party in their choice of a candidate, to wit: That a candidate should never be put forward as a representative of, or pledged to, any one idea or measure, but should merely be a representative of the general principles on which the government ought to be administered, without being a special champion pledged to exert himself, or use any undue influence in carrying measures. Otherwise, you violate the very spirit of our Constitutional Republicanism, under which the President is intended to act only in a *judicial*, an executive, and an advisory capacity. The immediate representatives from the people alone in Congress assembled, have the power and the right to originate and enact those measures which are to govern. The simple statement of this view we should think sufficient to establish it. For in a nation jealous of all power in the hands of governors, it must be instantly perceived that the opposite idea is of the very essence of monarchy. The flagrant case of the violation of this principle in the nomination of Mr. Polk is, we admit, a strong temptation for the other party to follow the bad example. This gentleman was put forward by his party solely to carry their then prominent purpose of the "Annexation of Texas." The "Whole of Oregon" was included; but merely as a deception to help the main purpose, as its ultimate abandonment proves. But if this case is a temptation to partyism, it is a serious warning to patriotism; for through it came *discord* and "all our (present) woes." Now, if these principles to which we have referred are sound as applicable to any subject on which serious differences of opinion exist, how much more must they be true when those differences are sectional in their character, and not to be enforced either way without alienating one part of the nation from the other?

If, then, in any of the local nominations that have yet been made, the parties making them have fondly hoped to create a dictator of their sectional views, they must abandon them, or the persons they have named must distinctly aver that they will be the President, if elected, of the whole Union, and not the President of one section and the tyrant of the other; that they cannot do otherwise than the Constitution which they must swear to will allow; and that their private judgment is not to be the sole interpreter of what the Constitution is. General Scott or any other man must do this, or he cannot receive the nomination of the Constitutional party. But in a time like the present, no man must receive it, who has on the eve of such nomination to make his declaration of principles. It must be some one who has been well tried, and during a long career conspicuously the champion of an all-embracing nationality. There are at least two men in this position, eminent to the country, and to the world, as the representatives not only of this patriotic nationality, but of all the beneficent principles which constitute the creed of the Whig party.

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# CRITICAL · NOTICES.

*American Archæological Researches. No. I. The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America.* By E. G. SQUIER, A.M., &c. &c. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

This contribution of Mr. Squier to the archæology of the American continent will add to the well-earned fame of the author in this department of investigation. The work is an exceedingly curious and interesting one. Some of the conclusions arrived at by the author we are by no means prepared to admit, especially the one as to the diversity of the human race. The question as yet must be considered an open one. As it is our purpose to present an extended review, we will reserve further comment on the work at present, commending it as well worth the attention of the scholar and thinker.

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*Travels in the United States, &c., during* 1849 *and* 1850. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This very pleasant book, full of life and amiability, and "the gossip of travel," will surely be among the favorite reading of the season. We may heartily commend it, too, as a set-off to the books of Trollope, Dickens, &c., on this country; as the lady has the good sense to appreciate not only its grand and beautiful features, but the characteristics of our people.

The current of English opinion will certainly begin to turn in the other direction, as the weight of evidence in our favor is certainly on the increase. The names of those already on our side should far counterbalance those on the other. We shall be glad, for their own sakes, when they get over their prejudices, and are able to appreciate the remarkable phenomena of this Republic. Any book that contributes to that end deserves well of them. The following description of Mr. Webster's residence will give a fair specimen of the style and manner of the book:—

"We have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbor, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster. It is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvellous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid, hard, floor-like sand; and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves almost come up to the neighboring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them.

"There is a very agreeable party in the house, including Mr. and Miss Everett, &c.; and in addition to the guests here, those staying at Mr. F. Webster's (Mr. Webster's son) generally assemble here in the evening. Among them was Miss S——. She was an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable young lady, full of life, spirits, information, and good humor. * * *

"This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms, opening into one another, which is always a judicious arrangement, I think. It makes a party agreeable and unformal, I think. There are a variety of pictures and busts, by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing-room of Mr. Webster's gallant son who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statesmen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. W. himself, which, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago, but I really think it is not so handsome as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty. * * * The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house; and a most enchanting place of residence it is. All the domestics of the house are colored persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented, and grateful; and he added, he would 'fearlessly trust them with untold gold.' They certainly must be good ones, to judge by the exquisite neatness of every thing in the establishment. Mr. Webster's farm here consists of fifteen hundred acres; he has a hundred head of cattle."

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*The Heir of Wast-Wayland.* By MARY HOWITT. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This novel will be read with great interest by the numerous admirers and friends of Mary Howitt, and well will it repay an attentive perusal. It is an unexceptionable book, written with true Christian feeling. *Honour Mildmay*, the heroine, gains our love by the simple discharge of her duties; mild, affectionate, and heroic, she overcomes "the worldly strong and worldly wise, by being simply meek." *Mrs. Dutton* is a well-drawn character of the unpleasant kind. She is a crusty batch of nature, a core of envy; and we can't help rejoicing in her final disappointment in not receiving a portion of the Wast-Wayland estate. The work is enriched by the manly, frank, free, and generous William Elworthy and Christie o' Lilygarth, "on hospitable thoughts intent."

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

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## UNITY OF THE WHIGS:

### THEIR PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES.

Owing to the fact of the last Whig Convention of the State of New-York occurring so soon after the passage of the great compromise measures of the last session of Congress, that the heats engendered by the debate on those measures had not had time to cool, there occurred a division in that body touching the compromise, which led to the appointment of two Whig State Central Committees holding hostile opinions on the policy in question. Since that time it has been obvious to all reflecting politicians that the smoke of the conflict has been gradually clearing away, and the landmarks of duty and principle have become more or less distinct to the minds of all but those who are constitutionally incapable of seeing. The steady light of the Constitution—that beacon of all true American statesmen—is again being recognized as the guide through the difficulties that surrounded us. Under the influence of these facts, the Whig Committee of the State Legislature invited the two Committees above mentioned to meet in Albany, "with a view to harmonize the Whig party in this State." They accepted the invitation, and met about the first of the present month; and after a conference of three days, agreed to a call of a Convention for September next, to be held at Syracuse; and also agreed to a statement of the principles and measures of the party, on which all could reunite and harmonize.

We congratulate the country on this result. The following is the statement of principles which they have agreed, after discussion, to set forth:—

"Believing that an expression of the views and principles of the Whigs of this State, as they are understood by us, in relation particularly to questions which now agitate the country, should be made, in order to induce an intelligent, honest, and cordial co-operation among ourselves and with the Whigs of the other States of the Union, the State Committees, appointed at the respective Conventions held in 1850 at Syracuse and at Utica, and the Committee appointed by the Whigs of the Legislature at its recent session, have agreed upon the following, as presenting what they believe to be the sentiments of the great body of the Whigs of the State of New-York:—

"An Economical Administration of the Government:

"The strict accountability of public officers, and their rigid adherence to the limitations of power prescribed by the Constitution and the laws; an honest and faithful performance of all obligations made with foreign nations, with a scrupulous regard for their rights, and a firm and steady defense of our own:

"The Improvement of the important Rivers and Harbors of the country, so as to render them navigable and accessible, by prudent and systematic appropriations, founded upon examinations made by competent and disinterested public officers:

"Such a discrimination in the Duties necessarily laid upon Imports for the support of Government,



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as shall secure to the Industry of our countrymen a just remuneration, and shall stimulate Mechanical and Manufacturing Enterprise, and thus provide a home consumption for the products of Agriculture, which may control and counteract the unsteady demands of foreign markets, and as shall promote that healthy interchange among ourselves of the fruits of our own skill and labor, which is so well calculated to cement our Union, and maintain the spirit of national independence:

"That the Whigs of the State, as a body, are inflexibly opposed to the subjection of any territory of the United States, now free, to laws imposing involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, and they rejoice that no proposition to that effect is now pending, or is likely to be presented; while, at the same time, they unqualifiedly acknowledge the right of every sovereign State to regulate its own municipal institutions, in such manner as its people may deem most conducive to their safety and happiness, without interference, directly or indirectly, by citizens of other States, or subjects of other countries:

"That the Whigs of this State will abide by the Constitution of the United States, in all its parts, and that they will receive its true meaning and construction from the judicial tribunals it has created for that purpose, and will always sustain and defend such decisions, as the law of the land, until they are reversed by the same tribunals:

"That the laws of Congress and of the State Legislatures, pronounced constitutional by the judicial tribunals, must be enforced, and implicitly obeyed; and that while this is cheerfully recognized as the duty of all, as subjects of the laws, yet that the right of citizens, as voters, is equally undeniable to discuss, with a full and mutual regard for the rights and interests of all parts of the confederacy, (which is as necessary now to maintain, as it was indispensable to achieve the blessed Union of these States,) the expediency of such laws, and the propriety of any of their provisions, and to seek, by constitutional means, their repeal or modification:

"That all who are animated by a sincere desire to preserve the Union unimpaired, and the free institutions which it sustains and guarantees, by which alone individual security and national peace and prosperity can be perpetuated, must condemn all attempts to resist, defeat, or render ineffectual any laws passed by constitutional majorities of legislative bodies, in either the Federal or State Governments; and that the Whigs of New-York will ever be found prompt to render a patriotic acquiescence in all such laws:

"That the National Administration is entitled to the confidence and support of the Whigs of New-York, for the eminent ability and patriotism which have characterized its measures; for its successful management of our foreign affairs; the generous sympathy it has exhibited toward an oppressed people struggling for freedom; the force and dignity with which it has maintained the right to indulge such sympathy, and with which it has rebuked the threats of an imperious Government to violate the immunities of an accredited public agent; and the determination it has evinced to repress and defeat all movements tending to impair the public faith, and all unlawful enterprises calculated to disturb the public peace and provoke civil war, or to sever or weaken the relations of any State with the Union:

"That the Administration of this State has fully justified the confidence in its capacity, intelligence and integrity, which called it into being; that the public interests in the various departments of Education, Finance, and Jurisprudence, and in the extension of the means of intercourse and of cheap transportation, have been vigorously and prudently sustained and promoted; Constitutional Government by legal majorities has been vindicated, and the general prosperity of the State has been sedulously and successfully maintained; and by employing the means which previous expenditures, guided by enlightened forecast, had placed within our reach, to consummate the great work of the age, has presented a vivid contrast to the narrow, unjust, and wasteful policy of those who would scatter those means by such an impotent application of them as would postpone to a very distant posterity, if not indefinitely, the enjoyment of an inestimable heritage of wealth and prosperity:

"That for the purpose of sustaining these views and principles in the election of State officers entertaining them at the ensuing general election, the Committee above mentioned recommend that a Convention, consisting of one delegate from each Assembly District of the State, be held at Syracuse, on the 17th day of September next, at 12 o'clock at noon."

It will be seen that reflection and patriotism have combined to produce a reconciliation of the conflicting elements. There must in all questions be some absolute principles, which are ascertainable by reason and candor combining to discover them. In this case we believe these principles have been ascertained and set forth. On the practical application of them there may still differences of opinion arise; but in the mean time a great gain has been made, inasmuch as the party can act together under them, and await the issue of events for their application, when the same reason, patriotism and candor will, we have good reason to hope, prevail, should occasions arise when they have to be acted on. In this statement we conceive each division has conceded to the other the abstract principles that lay at the foundation of their opinions. The *right* of objection and *constitutional* resistance has been conceded, whilst on the other hand the policy and necessity of *acquiescence*, submission to and maintenance of existing law, has been admitted and enforced. This is in perfect accordance with the very genius of our political institutions, and must command the approval of all candid minds.

There has undoubtedly been, as we have

already intimated, a reaction in the public mind; and it has become generally apparent to all, that no practical good can result from the agitation of any of those questions which were intended to be settled by the compromise measures. Parties, it has at last become perfectly plain, can accomplish nothing towards their ascendency as such, by incorporating into their legitimate creeds any thing sectional. Very properly, therefore, these Committees have repudiated for the Whigs any such idea, and have prominently set forth those doctrines which have distinguished them heretofore, and which have animated those known by this name in every part of the Union, North and South.

The action of the Whigs of the great State of New-York on this subject has been watched with great interest and anxiety by its friends in other sections of the country, and the proceeding on which we are commenting will be hailed by them as an auspicious omen of a return to that harmony which will enable them, as heretofore, to labor together for those great principles of national beneficence for which they have ever contended.

Those principles are, it will be perceived, very properly put forth prominently in this call. They are such as the country cannot do without and prosper. They are essential to the independence and the vigor of the nation. Its true progress is involved in them, as is demonstrated by every page of our history.

An essential feature in the administration of a republican government is *economy;* an economy that has no merely technical signification, but that also embraces the idea of obtaining real value and service for the money expended; discouraging by its pos itive requirements that bane and canker of our political life, *office-seeking*, by retaining all who have conscientiously qualified themselves to serve the country, and appointing none but those who have the character and ability to do the same. To the victors do not belong the spoils, for there are no spoils, unless parties confess themselves thieves and plunderers of the public purse.

Under a republican government there are no irresponsible public officers. The Constitution and laws of the land confer and limit all powers and proceedings, define all duties and privileges; the judiciary explains and settles all questions. No officer, however high, can administer "*as he understands*," or make his will the law. He must be held strictly accountable to the nation—the people. Not their will of to-day or to-morrow as he may conceive it is, or will be, but their will as it has been enacted into constitutions and laws.

Honesty and good faith (for we must divide this paragraph of the "platform") are the very soul of the Republic. Our agreements and obligations with and to other nations must be preserved inviolate by the administrators of the government, if they would not create a moral atmosphere in which the nation will sicken and die. Without this how can we assert, maintain and defend our own rights from encroachment? Without this, instead of going forth to fight for them, when the occasion may arrive, in the bright armor of right, we shall be covered but with the shirt of Nessus, that will poison and destroy; happy if, like Hercules, we have but the spirit left to make our own funeral pyre, and become immortalized for what we have done in our more heroic and virtuous youth.

So far these propositions may appear to some to be undeniable abstractions, not properly belonging to the creed of any party as such; but whoever so considers them has taken little note of the last twenty years of our political history. During that time they have been openly and palpably violated by our opponents. Some of their great men have avowedly acted in opposition to them. They have been the apologists for State delinquencies to them, and they have encouraged irresponsible combinations for the infraction of some of the most important by the desperate and reckless "fellows of the baser sort" amongst them. If not openly incorporated into their creeds, "Baltimore platforms," and so forth, opposition to these principles has become part of the common or unwritten law of the party.

Among the passages of recent history which crowd upon us in illustration of this, there is one which covers so much ground, and illustrates and confirms in so striking a manner these observations, that we will fortify our position by quoting it.

In Mr. Calhoun's speech *against the Conquest of Mexico*, delivered in the Senate, January 4th, 1848,* occurs the following

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* See American Review, March, 1848.

significant, we had almost said terrible passage:—

"Sir, there is no solicitude now for liberty. Who talks of liberty when any great question comes up? Here is a question of the first magnitude as to the conduct of this war; do you hear any body talk about its effects upon our liberties and our free institutions? No, sir. That was not the case formerly. In the early stages of our government the great anxiety was, how to preserve liberty. The great anxiety now is for the attainment of mere military glory. In the one we are forgetting the other. The maxim of former times was, that power is always stealing from the many to the few; the price of liberty was perpetual vigilance. They were constantly looking out and watching for danger. Not so now. Is it because there has been any decay of liberty among the people? Not at all. I believe the love of liberty was never more ardent, but they have forgotton the tenure of liberty by which alone it is preserved.

"We think we may now indulge in every thing with impunity, as if we held our charter of liberty by 'right divine'—from Heaven itself. Under these impressions we plunge into war, we contract heavy debts, we increase the patronage of the Executive, and we talk of a crusade to force our institutions of liberty upon all people. There is no species of extravagance which our people imagine will endanger their liberty in any degree. Sir, the hour is approaching—the day of retribution will come. It will come as certainly as I am now addressing the Senate, and when it does come, awful will be the reckoning; heavy the responsibility somewhere."

Such is the tone and purpose of that unscrupulous party; as plainly exhibited at this day as it was when this warning was uttered by this great and experienced statesman. It has not, it is true, made as yet a new field of action such as it had then; but it is rapidly preparing to do so, and thus strike another blow at the Union and existence of these States, which if it is permitted to do we have no doubt will be its death-blow. How necessary then for the Whigs to reiterate and claim as belonging to the party the doctrine of Administrative Economy; the accountability and limitation of the powers of public officers; the faithful performance in letter and spirit of our obligations to other nations; a scrupulous regard for their rights, and firm maintenance of our own. What reliance can any section of the country have, for the observance of their constitutional rights, upon a party that practically consider nothing as *law* but the demagogue-excited fanaticism of the hour? madness in the South, for instance, to ꝛe in any degree this spirit so utterly fatal to those constitutional guarantees on which they rely for the security of their rights against such fanaticism. If our treaty obligations with other nations, and the laws enacted by ourselves to carry them into effect, are to be thus infamously trifled with, who can tell what other laws, no less sacred, will share the same fate? Resistance to such a spirit, in any and all its forms, is the most sacred political obligation that can rest upon a republican citizen, be he of what party or what section he may.

It will easily be perceived that these last sentences have been penned in view of the new hydra head that is just making itself apparent in the *Cuban* attempt to repeat the Texan abomination. It bids fair to be a monster more hideous than the last—a much more illegitimate progeny of the lawless party of the Republic. Those desperadoes who engage in it, without the honor, heroism, or courage to regard it as a purely personal adventure, but desire to tarnish the honor of this nation by involving it in the scheme, will (there is no alternative) either meet their own destruction, or bring destruction upon this Union. From the questions growing out of the Texan scheme we have barely escaped this result. This, following so closely upon it, would inevitably effect it.

But passing these principles, let us proceed to the *measures* set forth by the Committees. That the Federal Government should undertake a judicious system of improvements of the rivers and harbors of the country, is, we believe, a universally admitted doctrine by Whigs of all sections.

The miserable fallacies which the other party have opposed to this beneficent measure are utterly unworthy of refutation. They have in fact already failed to prevent its passage through Congress; and the arbitrary tyranny of the veto had to be resorted to to destroy the bill. The internal commerce and facility of communication between almost any *two* States of this Union, is of more consequence than our whole external relations, if we except one or two nations. The party that opposes this measure has no objection to spending thousands of dollars through chargés and ambassadors in obtaining commercial arrangements with the most insignificant nations—arrangements many of which only benefit two or three mercantile firms—such is the force of traditional, technical politics; whilst they stren-

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uously oppose expenditures by the Government, which in a single year might save from absolute destruction property beyond the whole amount required, and through all time facilitate the flow of that "vital current" of prosperity—the internal trade between the various States of the Union—that of all other things most tends to cement our nationality, and insure prosperity and independence.

Following this, we have a statement of the doctrine of Protection to our native industry, at the present time the most pressing necessity of all. We write in the midst of a threatened commercial crisis and convulsion, when money is commanding on the best mercantile paper fifteen per cent. per annum; and that in the midst of the unexampled influx of gold from our Pacific possessions. It is notorious that this alarming fact is owing to the excessive purchases of foreign goods, *induced* by a most senseless and undiscriminating ad-valorem tariff; a tariff that is throwing into the hands of other nations all the pecuniary advantages we expected to reap from that amazing enterprise of our countrymen, by which they have opened to the world the vast riches so long hidden in the streams and mountains of California. We are taking all the risk and they all the profit. Whilst we are making these excessive purchases abroad, and thus contributing to pay the grinding taxations of monarchical powers required for their senseless splendors and excessive debts, —debts contracted, in many cases, to put down the liberties of man,—our own mills, mines and furnaces are to an alarming extent idle and useless, the capital invested in them utterly unproductive. Our farmers are obliged to expend most of their labor in cultivating the most unprofitable products, in consequence of the limitation of the home market, and to sell them at the most unremunerating rates, in order to compete, in a market three or four thousand miles off, with products grown on the spot, or only brought across the British channel, or from the shores of the Baltic sea. Our republican system demands and requires protection to our republican laborers. Of what avail is it, so far as their material well-being is concerned, that these classes have the franchise of freemen and a voice in all the affairs of state, if they are obliged to compete with those who, having no voice in the legislation of their country, are bound hand and foot and must labor for whatever the avarice of their master pleases to pay them? The false political systems of the European nations reach and enslave us, to a greater or less degree, as long as this state of affairs lasts. The British system of "free trade" pharisaically demands that we should consider our "brethren in bonds as bound with them;" but we would rather invite the bondmen to leave their shackles behind, and join us in the establishment of a nation, that in its political, social and economical equality and perfection, will by its peaceful progress shame those nations into the adoption of a like system of freedom, equality and justice. Such are the wide, important, world-embracing views with which we would advocate protection to American industry and American freedom. A freedom thus secured and thus protected appears to us to go beyond the mere political idea usually attached to the term, and, if thoroughly understood and carried out, to be the solution for most of the social enigmas that perplex and distract the age—so far at least as that solution is to be sought for, or expected, outside of the individual regeneration.

Other results there are of this measure of protection to our native industry, that reach beyond the mere economic, (this, too, we also claim as has so often been demonstrated in these pages,) calculated, with that we have referred to, to inspire the party that maintains it with a unity of devotion and an enthusiasm of action, before which the theorists for a mere material national wealth, however *unequally* distributed, should be swept away as *chaff* before the wind.

One of these is diversity of labor and enterprise. Looking at the gigantic and horrible evils resulting from the competition among laborers for the same employment, as recently exhibited in such books as "London Labor and the London Poor," "Alton Locke," &c.,—undeniable representations of facts,—every thoughtful statesman must be led to the conclusion, that here is discovered the pit-fall of modern civilization, the inevitable doom of unrestricted or *unadjusted* competition; and that unless this *gulf* be avoided, his labor for his country or mankind is in vain, and there can be no continuous progress for the race. Modern civilization, like the ancient, must fall into ruin. The human intellect must return to

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barbarism and anarchy, and again lie fallow through "dark ages," to renew its strength for another contest with Fate. Now this diversity of industrial occupations, in which it would appear that the very safety of civilization itself rests, can only be obtained by us in the present condition of the world by Protection. Besides this *vital* result involved in the proper establishment of diversity of occupations, there are others of the greatest importance. Nations are educated, refined, and invigorated by their pursuits more than by any other causes. Intellect is thus developed in all directions. Thus only can be acquired that combination of scientific discovery and mechanical skill, in which almost the entire strength of modern nations consists. From whence have come those inventions and improvements that indicate the existence of a living energy in nations? Where, but from the centres of diversified industry, where minds, clashing together, communicate to each other those various ideas which, combined by excited genius, produce those great results that constitute real national glory?

They come not from the necessarily isolated condition of an exclusively rural population. This kind of population is undoubtedly the most important of all—the great underlying foundations of the social edifice; but remaining a dead level of mere material comfort, unless it be surrounded and interpenetrated, by centres of more varied industry and enterprise: places where the genius for other pursuits, which will inevitably appear in almost every family among this population, may find its legitimate field of action, instead of chafing in uncongenial pursuits, or rusting in inactivity. The English doctrines of free trade, so industriously promulgated among our farmers, may tempt their adherence by some of their plausibilities. But should they not consider to what a dead level it must consign them—what a restricted freedom they would have, if they must be confined to the one round, no matter what desires, genius, or ambition their sons may possess?

Yes, this great foundation of society must be so laid and so cemented, that from out it and incorporated with it, may arise those structures of mechanical and manufacturing ingenuity, those domes of science and temples of art, that not only educate, dignify, perpetuate the fame of a people; but reacting upon agriculture itself, make of it also a science and an art, infinitely more efficient and refined.

Such are the doctrines of internal improvement and protection to our native industry in their more enlarged aspects, and in those results of them, that appeal to the deeper principles of our nature, demanding from us by all the motives of patriotism and humanity an enthusiasm and a self-sacrifice that should induce us to bear and forbear every thing to the last point of honor, with all who are with us in the sacred cause, that we may present an unbroken front to its enemies. Contrast these beneficent principles with the barren negations that constitute the creed of our opponents, and say which should be considered the party of progress and action?

Responding to the call of these Committees of the Whigs of the great State of New-York, we have thus endeavored to present in bold, though rude outlines the principles and measures that have heretofore bound together the great constitutional party of the Union and the laws. We have done this that we may show the imperative reasons for a universal acquiescence in the principles upon which they have agreed to forego all action upon sectional issues; holding each to their own opinions and rights, yielding only, but implicitly, to the Constitution and the laws, respecting the rights and opinions of others, but demanding the like obedience.

The opinions that divided the party were upon matters that have been settled after the most thorough discussion. These committees express no desire to disturb that settlement, but, on the contrary, yield an unqualified submission to the laws that have been passed to effect it. They recognize the right, without any reservation, of every State to regulate its own municipal institutions without any interference, directly or indirectly. Any action tending to resist, defeat, or *render ineffectual* any laws passed by Congress, they unqualifiedly condemn. They have unreservedly expressed their confidence in, and demanded the support of, the party for the administration of President Fillmore; an administration whose principles in reference to that subject are emphatically summed up in the following sentiments:—

"The series of measures to which I have alluded are regarded by me as a settlement, in principle and substance—a final settlement—of the

dangerous and exciting subjects which they embraced." * * * * * * *

"By that adjustment we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct, and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me IN EXHORTING MY COUNTRYMEN TO RALLY UPON AND MAINTAIN THAT GROUND as the best, if not the only means, of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union."—*President Fillmore's Message.*

"The President's Message, at the opening of the present session of Congress, expresses fully and plainly his own and the unanimous opinion of all those associated with him in the Executive administration of the Government, in regard to what are called the Adjustment or Compromise measures of last session. That opinion is, that those measures should be regarded in principle as a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace; that though they were not free from imperfections, yet, in their mutual dependence and connection, they formed a system of compromise the most conciliatory and best for the entire country that could be obtained from conflicting sectional interests and opinions, and that therefore they should be adhered to, until time and experience should demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against evasion or abuse. That opinion, so far as I know, remains entirely unchanged, and will be acted upon steadily and decisively. The peace of the country requires this; the security of the Constitution requires this; and every consideration of the public good demands this. If the Administration cannot stand upon the principles of the message, it does not expect to stand at all."—*Daniel Webster's Letter to the Union Meeting at Westchester.*

Such we believe have become, or are rapidly becoming, the universal sentiments of the Whigs of this State, and of the whole country. The election of ex-Governor Fish to the Senate of the United States last winter, was deemed by many as an evidence of a contrary tendency. But this was a conclusion without data. How false it was, may be seen by the following extracts from a speech delivered by him on the 4th of July last, before the Cincinnati Society:—

"[A member present put the question, 'Are you in favor of the compromise measures of the last Congress?']—Gov. Fish would answer that question. He had been for several years in various public positions, and in none had he ever attempted to conceal his opinions upon any public question upon which it became his duty to express them. He challenged the closest examination of his whole life, both public and private, for any evidence of desire to evade the expression of his sentiments upon any question of public interest, or for the slightest evidence of any action or sentiment to justify a suspicion of the want of respect and deference to the laws of the land, or of devotion and loyalty to Union and the Government under which we live. And at the same time he wished the scrutiny into his past life to be extended so as to detect if possible any instance in which he had manifested a disposition to agitate any sectional or exciting question whereby any parts of the country, or any classes of the community, might be arrayed against others, or which might tend in any degree to disturb the mutual confidence and attachment between all sections and all classes, which is essential to the preservation of the government which has been transmitted to us. He had always endeavored to avoid and discountenance the unnecessary discussion of all sectional questions. In the high office which he had lately held he had felt it his duty to refer to questions which then disturbed the public mind; those questions were then *present;* their decision was to be made, and it was necessary that the voice of the great State, at the head of whose government he had the honor to be placed, should be heard. It was due to her—it was due to her sister States—it was due to the General Government—that the views, the feelings, and the determination of New-York with regard to those most embarrassing questions, should be declared. In two annual messages to the Legislature he had endeavored calmly, but truthfully and faithfully, to present what he believed to be the sincere and abiding conviction, upon the then pending issues, of the large mass of the people of this State, without reference to their party predilections. And in so doing, he gave utterance to his own honestly entertained views. Those views are before the public and upon record, and from the almost unanimous expression of the Press at the time, and from other indications of public sentiment, he had reason to believe that they met a general, an almost universal response from the people who had placed him in the position from which he had felt bound to give utterance to those opinions. He thanked God that he was an American citizen—a citizen of the Union of thirty-one States. He prayed that that Union should never lose any one of its members. He was, too, a Northern man, with all the love of Northern men for universal freedom; he found in that, however, nothing inconsistent with his duty as a member of a confederacy consisting of Southern as well as Northern men. Strong and ardent as were his attachments to all the cherished principles of the North, much as he might deplore the existence of human slavery, he felt that it was an institution wholly within the jurisdiction of those States which see fit to allow it. He respected their rights to regulate their internal policy according to their own convictions, and no act of his would interfere with those rights. *He respected too, and would abide by, all compromises of the Constitution, in the spirit in which they were framed. He considered that their adoption had been essential to the formation of the Constitution under which we had become a free, a great and a happy nation; and he considered also that their faithful observance was necessary to the perpetuity of that Constitution, and the preservation of the Union which it has blessed.*

"Such had ever been his sentiments. When the compromise measures of the last Congress were

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under consideration, they did not meet his approval. In several particulars he thought them liable to objection. One, particularly, he thought open to exception as well on the ground of omission as of enactment. He recognized the rights which the Constitution had guaranteed to the South, and he believed the South to be entitled to the enactment of laws which should be efficient to the enjoyment of those rights. He thought that those laws (the compromise measures) might have been made equally effective as a measure of relief and protection to the South, while they might have been deprived of some features which tend to irritate and excite the North, and at the same time, by possibility, unnecessarily to jeopard the rights of the free citizen. He thought that without impairing any principle they might have been improved so as to afford the country *substantial* repose, and to silence clamor and opposition from any section.

"But these measures passed into laws in the spirit of compromise and of mutual concession. It was not to be expected that they should embody, exclusively, such enactments as any one section would have preferred. They were enacted, as he believed, constitutionally, and in conformity with all the requirements and forms necessary to secure obedience, and to demand submission to their provisions. If, in any respect, either of them was liable to any constitutional objection, the Constitution itself provided the tribunal which was to adjudge the question. He believed that they did not, in all respects, meet the views of the President of the United States, but they received his official sanction and signature; and in his opinion the President could not have done otherwise than give that sanction. As President of the United States, his responsibilities were very different from those of a representative in Congress from the Erie District.

"*From the moment that the compromise measures became laws, he* (Gov. F.) *had unhesitatingly, at all times, avowed his acquiescence in them. He would not allow his private judgment as to some of their provisions to interfere with his duty, either as a citizen or as a magistrate,* to uphold the supremacy of the laws, to submit to its provisions, to let it be enforced; and he would add, while he could not sacrifice the right to maintain his own opinions with regard to the impolicy of some of the details of those laws, he would not here, or in any position, or at any time, press those objections for the purpose of agitation, or to the risk of producing or reviving sectional controversies or embittered geographical divisions. *Believing that the Constitution entitled the South to laws, efficient to secure the rights which were guaranteed to it, he could not look with favor upon a proposition for repeal;* and while he earnestly hoped for a modification and amendment of some of the provisions of these laws, the time of excitement was not, in his opinion, the time for wise and prudent action. He did not desire, at present, to discuss these questions. He hoped and believed that the time would soon come, when the excitement of the late agitation should be only a matter of history, and should, from its remembrance, serve to draw more closely the bonds which had united, and will again for long years unite in friendly, harmonious, and confiding affection and sympathy and brotherhood, the remotest portions of our common country; and when, he confidently believed, the justice of our brethren in one section of the country will not deny the reasonable demands of those in another. He earnestly and anxiously hoped for the arrival of that day."

We have not thought proper to curtail these remarks, as they appear to us to exhibit the true temper and feeling of the Whigs of the State of New-York, and to be calculated to allay all fears that have been entertained of a re-opening of the issues to which they refer. They confirm and strengthen the inferences and hopes we have drawn from the action of the Albany Committees; and we may confidently invite the Whigs of the whole Union to a candid consideration of the views presented. On the liberal, conciliatory, constitutional, and conservative grounds thus set forth and agreed to, there need be no further contrariety of action among any who are actuated by disinterested desires for the stability of the Union, and its highest purposes. It appears to be conceded by all, that nothing but mischief can come from the further agitation of those abstract points on which those differences, now happily harmonized, arose. No man, we think, dare again, in the present temper of the country, open anew the unprofitable and dangerous theme. All sides must see that nothing practical could come from it; whilst it is inevitable that all those measures essential to the business, the strength, and the progress of the Nation must be left untouched. Parties must become utterly disintegrated or dead, the soul of their principles being gone, whilst demagogues and other harpies prey upon the lifeless bodies that in their living energy and generous strife for their legitimate principle, animated the body politic with a wholesome antagonism.

Yes, there has been enough discussion and excitement to show the temper of all. Those principles which *cannot* be yielded on either side, have been clearly brought into view. The rights of all have been clearly defined in the intense discussions already had, and the duties of all have been made plain; so that "he that runs may read."

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# THE ANGLO-SAXONS AND THE AMERICANS:

## EUROPEAN RACES IN THE UNITED STATES.*

We are glad to learn that a new edition of Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons is about to be published in London. The American edition of 1841 of this excellent and authentic work is, we believe, nearly out of print. The sixth London edition was published in 1836, the first edition having been issued in successive parts between the years 1799 and 1805. In his preface to the edition of 1836, the author remarks: "That he should live to revise its sixth edition was more than he expected; for it is now thirty-seven years since he published its first volume. This is pleasing; but it is still a greater gratification to observe, that so much of the attention of the public continues to be directed to the transactions and remains of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and that so many able men still apply themselves to illustrate this truly national subject by various and valuable publications."

An American edition of the History of Normandy is also announced; the first volume only having as yet appeared in England. The author, Sir Francis Palgrave, is favorably known for his large work on "The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," and a smaller work on the "History of the Anglo-Saxons." In his History of Normandy, and the effects of the Norman Conquest on the English nation, he elucidates a most important portion of English history, the particulars of which have heretofore been much neglected by historians, as well as general readers. The origin and character of the Normans, and the manner in which nearly all the lands in the kingdom were transferred from their Saxon possessors to the conquerors; also the way in which the families that under the Anglo-Saxon dynasty had been distinguished by their opulence and power successively disappeared, to give place to a proud Norman nobility, are among the subjects of the history undertaken by Sir Francis Palgrave. We shall expect to see these and other topics connected with the Norman Conquest fully detailed in the volumes, of which the first is mainly introductory.

The "English in America" is a work of a different character than we might have expected from Judge Haliburton, whose happy delineations of American character in his "Sam Slick," and other humorous works, have gained him much celebrity. In the two volumes of his new work, the English in America are described principally as uncouth, disingenuous and repulsive Puritans, who emigrated to America in the early part of the seventeenth century, for the sake of an envied indulgence in disloyalty and schism. In his introductory chapter the author states in effect that one of the principal objects in writing the volumes has been to inform Englishmen that Democracy did not appear for the first time in America during the war of Independence; and that the peculiar form of religion that prevailed at an early period in the New-England States exerted a very powerful effect over their politics and modes of government. The author of "Sam Slick" cannot surely claim any originality for this idea. Doctor Robertson, in his posthumous History, George Chalmers, in his various works on the Colonies, Burke, in his speeches and writings, and other British statesmen, politicians and historians of the last century have fully developed, not only all the facts, but most of the philosophy which is contained in the present volumes. The circumstances connected with the early history of the British settlements

* The History of the Anglo-Saxons, from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest. By Sharon Turner. In 2 vols. London and Philadelphia.

The History of Normandy, and of England. By Sir Francis Palgrave. Vol. I. London: John Murray.

The English in America. By Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia. London: Colburn.

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in America are too well known to permit any attempt at systematic and unscrupulous disparagement of the early Puritan colonists to be successful. Judge Haliburton confines himself almost wholly to the events which took place in the colony of Massachusetts, and on that basis has written a book, half declamation and half treatise, against Democracy and dissent to the Church of England. Still, this publication possesses very great merit, so far as the mere composition is concerned. It is written with the usual ability of the author; the style is vigorous, lively, and sometimes eloquent. The narrative parts are extremely pleasing, and where the peculiar opinions of the writer on the subjects referred to are not prominent, the reader is delighted with the acute observation and good sense which distinguish the work. But the unfair statements of the learned Judge respecting the early settlers of New-England, and his attempt to unsettle the verdict which an impartial age has long ago pronounced on questions relating to the character of the pilgrim fathers and the Puritan colonies, will not be likely to be received with favor by the unprejudiced at the present day, or to add to the popularity the author enjoys as a delineator of traits of human character.

Those who would obtain an accurate knowledge of the people of the United States, and look to the internal moving forces of human affairs as developed on this continent, cannot but attach great importance to the consideration of races. To understand the national character of our government and the spirit of our laws, we must go back to the earliest ages of the history of England, and study the character of the various races that from early times have settled on the island of Great Britain. Of the great influence of race in the production of national character, no reasonable inquirer can now doubt. "As far as history and social circumstances generally are concerned," says a late British writer, "how little resemblance can be traced between the French and the Celtic Irish!—in national character, how much! The same ready excitability; the same impetuosity when excited, yet the same readiness under excitement to submit to the severest discipline—a quality which at first might seem to contradict impetuosity, but which arises from that very vehemence character with which it appears to conflict, and is equally conspicuous in revolutions of three days, temperance movements, and meetings on the hill of Tara; the same sociability and demonstrativeness; the same natural refinement of manners, down to the lowest rank; in both, the characteristic weakness of an inordinate vanity, and their ready susceptibility to influences in a degree to which the more obstinate races are strangers;—to what, except their Gaelic blood, can we ascribe all this similarity between populations, the whole course of whose national history has been so different? We say Gaelic, not Celtic, because the Cymri of Wales and Brittany, though also called Celts, have evinced throughout history in many respects an opposite type of character, more like the Spanish Iberians than either the French or Irish;—individual, instead of gregarious; obstinate, instead of impressible; instead of the most disciplinable, one of the most intractable races among mankind."

Historians who preceded Michelet had seen chiefly the Frankish or the Roman element in the formation of modern France; Michelet in his History of France calls attention to the Gaelic element. "The foundation of the French people," he says, "is the youthful, soft, and mobile race of the Gaels, *bruyante*, sensual, and *legère*,—prompt to learn, prompt to despise, greedy of new things." To the ready impressibility of this race, and the easy reception it gave to foreign influences, he attributes the progress made by France. It is certain that no people in a semi-barbarous state ever received a foreign civilization more rapidly than the French Celts. In a century after Julius Cæsar, not only the south, but the whole east of Gaul, was already almost as Roman as Italy itself. The Roman institutions and ideas took a deeper root in Gaul than in any other province of the Roman empire, and remained long predominant, wherever no great change was effected in the population by the ravages of the invaders. But, along with this capacity of improvement, M. Michelet does not find in the Gauls that voluntary loyalty of man to man, that free adherence, founded on confiding attachment, which was characteristic of the Germanic tribes, and of which, in his view, the feudal relation was the natural result. It is to these qualities, to personal devotedness and faith in one another, that he ascribes the universal success of the Germanic tribes in overpowering the Celts. He finds already

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in the latter the root of that passion for equality which distinguishes modern France; and which, when unbalanced by a strong principle of sympathetic union, has always, he says, prevented the Celts from becoming a nation.

Although it is impossible at this time to estimate the full effect produced on the character of the British people by the Roman occupation and dominion of four centuries, yet it is certain that the influence of Roman institutions and ideas was far less in Great Britain than in Gaul and in other provinces. The Britons retained their language and many of their manners and customs, modified by the early introduction of Christianity.

It is generally admitted that the numerous population which the Romans found in the occupation of the southern part of the island of Britain, about half a century before the commencement of the Christian era, was principally a wild race called Cymri, who had in all probability been immediately derived from the neighboring country of France, then known by the name of Gallia. Julius Cæsar, the first of the ancient writers who saw the people, or who has described them, informs us that their buildings were almost similar to those of the Gauls, and that their religion was the same; and it appears also that a close political alliance existed between Britain and Gaul, and that the Gauls were all along aided by the Britons in their contests with the Romans.

Cæsar makes a marked distinction between the inhabitants of the coast of Britain and those of the interior, not only describing the latter as much more rude in their manners, and less advanced in civilization than the former, but also expressly declaring them to be of a different race. Cæsar could speak from personal knowledge only of the tribes that dwelt near the mouth of the Thames. These he informs us were of Belgic descent. Their ancestors had, at no very distant period, invaded the island, expelled the original inhabitants from the coast, and in their new settlements still retained the names of the parent states. The number of the inhabitants in the districts which fell under his observation astonished the Roman general, and there is reason to believe that many other districts were equally well peopled. The population of the whole island comprised above forty tribes, of which several, while they retained their appellations, had been deprived of their independence, at the same time that others, amid the revolutions of two or three centuries, had risen to a high pre-eminence of power.

It has been a much controverted question to which of the two great races from whom the population of the principal part of Europe appears to be derived—the Celts or Goths—the ancient Belgæ or maritime Britons are to be considered as belonging. It must be admitted that the point is an exceedingly doubtful one. The distinction, in respect both of language and of lineage, between the Celtic and the Teutonic, Germanic or Gothic races, may be said to be the fundamental canon of the modern philosophy of the origin and connection of nations, but it is not very long since its importance came to be understood. The most elaborate discussion the subject has met with, is that which it received from the late John Pinkerton, a most learned and acute Scottish antiquary, in all whose historical investigations the radical distinction between the Celtic and the Gothic races, and the inherent inferiority of the former, are maintained with as much zeal and vehemence as if the writer had a personal interest in the establishment of the point. The correctness of the new views, in so far as respects the general position of the non-identity of the Celtic and Germanic nations, and also their importance to the elucidation of the whole subject of the original population of Europe, are now universally admitted.

Mr. Pinkerton, after long and laborious investigation, thinks he has established the fact, that the Belgæ, who were a German or Gothic people, and did not speak the Celtic but the Gothic tongue, came into Britain about three centuries before the Christian era. Their descendants were those Britons whom Cæsar saw, and who resisted the Roman army with such remarkable and continued bravery. The people of the interior were, says Pinkerton, palpably the Welsh, afterwards called Britons, as the most ancient inhabitants, for all memory of the Gael or Celts who are supposed to have preceded the Cymri in their emigration to Britain, was unknown to the Roman and Saxon writers.

It is also contended by Pinkerton, that the Picts or Caledonians were Gothic or Scythian race, and

from Scandinavia, settled in Scotland about the same period as the Belgæ—a kindred Gothic tribe from Belgic Gaul—settled in South Britain, or about three centuries before the Christian era. The Picts, it is asserted, are the ancestors of the Lowland Scotch, while the Highlanders of Scotland, it is well known, are Celts. We may here add that many antiquaries consider the Lowlanders as of Anglo-Saxon descent. The proportion of real Gael or Celts in Scotland and its isles, was estimated by Pinkerton, who wrote over sixty years since, at four hundred thousand, or about one quarter of the inhabitants of that part of the British isles. The north of Ireland, it is well known, is mainly peopled with the descendants of the Lowland Scotch, who emigrated to that quarter principally during the seventeenth century. It is from the stock of Lowland Scotch, it should be remembered, that most of the Scotch and Irish emigrants to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries came, and but few were of the Celtic race.

The Anglo-Saxons were the people who transported themselves from the Cimbric peninsula (now Denmark) and its vicinity, in the fifth and sixth centuries, into England. They were branches of the great Saxon confederation, which, from the Elbe, extended itself at last to the Rhine. According to Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxons, Lowland Scotch, Normans, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Dutch, Belgians, Lombards and Franks, have all sprung from that great fountain of the human race, distinguished by the terms Scythian, German, or Gothic. The first appearance of the Scythian tribes in Europe may be placed, according to Strabo and Homer, about the eighth, or, according to Herodotus, in the seventh century before the Christian era. The first scenes of their civil existence and of their progressive power were in Asia, to the east of the Araxes. Here they multiplied and extended their territorial limits, for some centuries, unknown to Europe. Their general appellation among themselves was Scoloti, but the Greeks called them Scythians, Scuthoi, or Nomades. They have become better known to us in recent periods under the name of Getæ or Goths, the most celebrated of their branches. In the days of Cæsar, the most advanced tribes of the Scythian or Gothic race were known to the Romans under the name of Germans. They occupied all the continent but the Cimbric peninsula, and had reached and even passed the Rhine. One of their divisions, the Belgæ, had for some time established themselves in Flanders and part of France, then Gaul. It is most probable, says Sharon Turner, that the Belgæ in Britain were descendants of colonists or invaders from the Belgæ in Flanders (now Belgium) and Gaul. On this point, it will be observed, Turner agrees with Pinkerton.

Although classed under one general head as Saxons, there were three tribes of Anglo-Saxons which composed the adventurers who conquered England. These tribes were the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons. Bands of adventurers from the Frisians and other German tribes joined the invaders, and also settled in Britain. These promiscuous conquerors have been since known in history by the common appellation of Anglo-Saxons. When Beda wrote, in A. D. 731, or nearly three centuries after the first appearance of the Saxons in England, he informs us that there were four languages spoken in Britain, namely, English, Pictish, British or Cumraig, and Scottish or Irish. Hence, Pinkerton infers that as the name of Angli was given to all the possessors of South Britain except the Welsh, this speech, which Beda calls Anglic, (or English,) was in fact the Belgic, with a new name. Pinkerton also thinks that the Latin language was very little used by either Belgians or Welsh. Tacitus, in Agricola, tells us indeed that the *filii principum* of Britain used the Latin; and it seems to have been always confined to the upper ranks, for all Roman Britain did not produce one Latin author, although Spain and Gaul did many: as Mela, Lucan, Seneca, Martial, Sidonius, Ausonius, and others.

The most important conclusion arrived at by Pinkerton is, that at the conquest of England by the Anglo-Saxons, the Belgic Britons were not exterminated. While the Cymri were driven into Wales and Brittany, the Belgæ, he supposes, having been so lost in the luxuries of Rome during the dominion of that power, that they seem to have totally abandoned their character of the bravest of the Gauls, could not exist without Roman protection, submitted to their Saxon conquerors, and became their serfs and vassals. The Jutes, Saxons and Angli were really the Gothic brethren of the Belgæ, but

finding them so defenseless, usurped their power, and became their masters. Admitting the Belgæ only to the ranks of *coloni* and *villani*, their natural enmity to the Cymri induced them to give them no quarter, till driven to the highlands of Wales and the rocks of Cornwall, after an extermination of nearly a third, and expulsion to France (Brittany) and Ireland of nearly another third. The Belgæ Pinkerton rather extravagantly estimates to have amounted at that time to three millions, whereas, he says, their Anglo-Saxon conquerors never appear to have exceeded one hundred thousand. The numerous coloni and slaves of the Saxons, even down to the Norman invasion in 1066, surprise historians who know that the Cymri or Welsh were expelled, but forget that such a people as the Belgæ existed. No traces of Welsh names being found among the Saxons, these numerous coloni must all have been Belgæ, who, by intermarriages, &c., gradually changed their fortunes, so that before the Norman times the Saxons and Belgæ had nearly coalesced into one people; though even then Domesday Book shows that the coloni and villani possessed the far greater part of the lands in England. "When the English history becomes studied by English writers," Pinkerton sarcastically remarks, "and it is universally perceived that the Belgæ, a Gothic people, who fought in this isle against Julius Cæsar, are the real ancestors of three quarters of the present English, it may prove a national question whether the Belgæ or Picts were the first Goths who took possession of Britain. This question might be agitated for ever, for it is absolutely impossible to decide it. All authorities, facts and reason warrant us to believe that the Belgæ entered the south and the Picts the north of Britain, about one and the same time."

Admitting the probability of Mr. Pinkerton's conclusion, we have the interesting fact, that what are now by general consent termed Anglo-Saxons, at the time of the Norman conquest included not only the descendants of the Saxon conquerors of the fifth and sixth centuries, but those of the ancient Belgic inhabitants, besides the Danes and other Scandinavians who made inroads in Britain, in the ninth and tenth centuries; and among all these were few or none of Celtic blood. The term Anglo-Saxon applied to such a people, even after the Norman graft on the original stock, may seem a misnomer; but it should be recollected that names are often arbitrary or accidental, and applied incorrectly, of which we have abundant instances on this continent; but long-continued custom sanctions what cannot be strictly approved by the rules of criticism or abstract propriety.

We have thus endeavored to give our views of what races and people composed the Anglo-Saxons or English, at the time of the Norman Conquest, since when Scotland and Ireland, with the colonies, have been added to the British empire. From that period until the seventeenth century, when the settlement of the British colonies in America commenced, no change of importance occurred to affect the relative position of the different races inhabiting the British Isles. Probably very little amalgamation took place between the descendants of the Gothic and Celtic races. The Welsh, who we have seen are the descendants of the Cymri, have doubtless mixed more with their English neighbors than have the Scotch and Irish; and of the emigrants to America, particularly to New-England, it was often difficult to distinguish between the Welsh and English who came over together. There were, however, a few Welsh colonies in the United States in the last century, where the emigrants retained their language, manners and customs. Such is the county of Cambria in Pennsylvania, and some smaller settlements in New-York and other States.

The British colonies in America forming the original thirteen States were settled by colonists, a large proportion of whom were natives of Great Britain. No considerable emigration of Celtic Irish, or other people of Celtic origin, took place to this country, until after the commencement of the present century. The New-England States, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were mainly settled by Englishmen, as is well known. New-York, the only Dutch colony, passed under English dominion, with a small population, partly Dutch and partly English, in 1674. The Dutch records of 1678 say: "They, and as many of the Dutch nation as are yet residing under this Government, are calculated to amount, women and children included, to about six thousand." In 1698, the total number of inhabitants in the colony was 18,067, and

in 1723, the whites had increased to 34,393, and the blacks to 6,171; total, 40,564. This was under the English Government. A few Dutch and Poles settled in New-Jersey, a few Swedes in Delaware, many Germans in Pennsylvania, where they afterwards became one third of the population, and some French Protestants, called Huguenots, in New-York and South Carolina. Settlements of Lowland Scotch and Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland were made in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, and a small number of Irish Protestants settled the town of Londonderry, in New-Hampshire. With the exception of a few Scottish Highlanders who settled in North and South Carolina, and Georgia, we believe no Celtic colony is to be found among the American settlements of either the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. At the revolution in England in 1688, that is, eighty-one years after the first settlement in Virginia, and sixty-eight after that of Plymouth in New-England, the population of the colonies, then twelve in number, Georgia being a subsequent settlement, was estimated at about two hundred thousand, of which 75,000 were in New-England, and 50,000 in Virginia.

We thus see that the British North American colonies were settled almost exclusively by Anglo-Saxons, and their rapid progress was owing in a great degree to the energy and vigor peculiar to the race to which they belonged. The Rev. Dr. Baird, in his work entitled "Religion in America," has some appropriate remarks on this subject:—

"The Anglo-Saxon race possessed qualities peculiarly adapted to successful colonization. The characteristic perseverance, the spirit of personal freedom and independence that have ever distinguished that race, admirably fit a man for the labor and isolation necessarily to be endured before he can be a successful colonist. Now, New-England, New-Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, with the exception of Dutch and Swedish elements, which were too inconsiderable to affect the general result, were all colonized by people of Anglo-Saxon origin. And assuredly they have displayed qualities fitting them for their task such as the world has never witnessed before."

But how did the people of the colonies themselves view the question with regard to their common origin? The documents the patriots of the American Revolution issued to the world, abundantly show that they sidered themselves as Anglo-Saxons, their possessions *British* colonies, and the English people their kindred and of the same origin.

We need only quote as an example, the paragraph from the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, who surely was not remarkable for his Anglo-Saxon attachments:—

"Nor have we been wanting in our attention to our British *brethren*. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our *common kindred* to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and *consanguinity*. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends."

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, thirty-six are believed to have been of Anglo-Saxon origin; five Pictish or Lowland Scotch; seven Welsh or Cymbric; four Anglo-Irish; one Scotch-Irish; one Austro-Irish; one Swedish; and one Spanish. On examining the list of delegates from the various States to the Continental Congress, from 1774 to 1788, we find that two hundred and forty-eight were of Anglo-Saxon, three of Anglo-Norman, thirty-one of Scotch, ten of Irish, twenty-four of Welsh, seventeen of Huguenot or French, eleven Dutch, three German, one Swedish, and one of Spanish origin. Total, 349. The Anglo-Saxons represented the States in the following proportions, viz.: New-Hampshire, 17; Massachusetts, 20; Rhode Island, 12; Connecticut, 23; New-York, 12; New-Jersey, 17; Pennsylvania, 27; Delaware, 13; Maryland, 27; Virginia, 25; North Carolina, 19; South Carolina, 19; Georgia, 17.

An examination of the names of the leading officers of the Revolutionary army would doubtless show a similar result to that of the Congressional list, but we do not deem it important to enter into the examination. If our Revolutionary fathers, when signing the Magna Charta of Independence, did not hesitate to recognize the ties of kindred in those from whom they were separating, there is no occasion at this day to deny the truths of history, and refuse to acknowledge our common origin as a nation with that Anglo-

Saxon people, against whom we have contended in two wars for independence, but who still hold us in commercial subjection, in consequence of our false system of legislation; which, contrary to the spirit of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, refuses to protect our own industry.

The effect of the mighty stream of imigration which Europe is now pouring upon our shores is yet to be determined by the events of the future. But our former experience as a nation in receiving the people of various races who have sought this favored land as an asylum, and the ready adoption by the various masses of the Anglo-Saxon language, laws, manners and customs, induces us to believe that our national character will not be materially changed by the effects of imigration. It should be the duty of all true Americans to discourage the separate action and trans-atlantic attachments and associations of the foreigners who come to reside among us; and to impress upon them the truth, that as all meet here on equal ground, so all distinctions of race should here be lost sight of, and all denizens, from whatever land or clime, should be anxious to be known in this republic only by the common name of AMERICANS.

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## NOTES.

I. Sir William Betham, a distinguished British antiquary, in a recent work expresses the opinion, founded on his investigations, that the Welsh and the Gael must have been a totally distinct and separate people; that the Welsh language differs totally from the Gaelic, and has not in fact the slightest affinity, unless it could be considered an affinity that a few words are to be found in each tongue which have the same or similar meaning. Lhuyd and Rowland, two of the most eminent Welsh writers, admit that a people who spoke the Irish language were the predecessors of the Welsh in Wales, and gave names to most of the places in that country; and that Welsh names of rivers and places were only to be found in the eastern and southern parts of Scotland. "Therefore," says Betham, "it appears clear that the Picts who inhabited that country must have been the ancestors of the Welsh, and that they conquered Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, on the fall of the Roman empire; and calling themselves Cymbri, they were a colony of the Cimbri, a people who once inhabited the neighboring coasts of Jutland, (Denmark,) the ancient Cimbric Chersonesus, the country opposite the land of the Picts." Sir William Betham concludes, that the Irish, the Gael of Scotland, (Highlanders,) and the Manks, (of the Isle of Man,) are now the only descendants of that ancient people, of Phœnician origin, who speak their language.

II. The following are the names and origin of the twenty signers of the Declaration of Independence, who are not considered of Anglo-Saxon origin:—

*Lowland Scotch.*—William Hooper, Philip Livingston, George Ross, James Wilson, John Witherspoon.

*Irish.*—Charles Carroll, Thomas Lynch, jr., Thomas McKean, James Smith, Matthew Thornton, George Taylor.

*Welsh.*—William Floyd, Francis Lewis, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Jefferson, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, William Williams.

*Swedish.*—John Morton.

*Spanish.*—William Paca.

The name of Paca, we believe, is only to be found in the Spanish and Portuguese. William Paca, of Maryland, whom we consider of Spanish descent, was of a highly respectable family; but his origin is not mentioned in his biography.

Thomas Lynch, jr., of South Carolina, one of the signers, was of a distinguished family of Connaught, Ireland. His biographer says that the South Carolina branch of the Lynch family, from which he was descended, was originally of Austria, where it was called Lince or Lintz. They removed to England, and from Kent to Ireland.

The names of Thornton, Smith, Taylor, and Carroll, in Ireland, we believe to have been originally of Anglo-Saxon origin. We have some doubt of the latter. It may be Celtic; but we think it is either Saxon or Norman. The ancestor of the family, Charles Carroll, grandfather of the signer, came to Maryland with the early English Catholic colonists, sent out by Lord Baltimore. He was a native of King's County, Ireland, and was a clerk in the office of Lord Powis, in the reign of James the Second.

Among the names of the delegates to the Continental Congress, besides the signers of the Declaration, are Sullivan, Burke, Duane, and Kearney, which it is well known are Irish.

The Sullivans (O'Sullivan originally) are a distinguished ancient Celtic family in Ireland. The Burkes are descended from an Anglo-Norman, named De Burgh, who accompanied Strongbow in his expedition to Ireland in the reign of Henry the Second. (*See Burke's Landed Gentry.*)

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# THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

I.

Hell's gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the Night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon.

II.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and Chiliarchi;
Thou burning Angel of the Pit, Abaddon!
Charioteers from Hades, land of Gloom,
Gigantic thrones, and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden.

III.

Lo! Night's barbaric Khans,
Lo! the waste Gulf's wild clans
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!
Lo! flaming Sultanas, infernal Czars,
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering Idols.

IV.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see the swift dragoons,
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline,
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign,
Which to the streams of Ocean never leaneth.*

V.

Whose yonder dragon-crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?
Chieftain Satanas! Emp'ror of the Furnace!
What bright centurions, what blazing Earls,
In mail of Hell's hot ores and burnished pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness?

VI.

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges,
Follow the Kings in wav'ring multitude;
While savage giants of the Night's old brood,
In pagan mirth, toss high their crackling torches.

VII.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones,
Ruling Earth's southern zones,
Mark ye the wrathful archers of Gehenna;
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?
Go bid your Prophets watch the troubled skies!
"Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances?
Why, ye pale Wizards, do those portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?"

VIII.

Still o'er the silent Pole
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery;
Still girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots, and their crimson shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

IX.

On, Lords of dark Despair!
Prince of the Powers of Air,
Bear your broad banners through the constellations!
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes,
Through the black sky your swords;
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations.
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep;
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep.
Dare ye again, fierce Thrones and scarlet Powers,
Assail with Hell's wild host those crystal towers?
Tempt ye again the angels' shining blades,
Ithuriel's spear, and Michael's circling truncheon,
The seraph-cavalier, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

O. H. M.

* . . . . Ἄρκτον . . . . Ἄμαξαν . . . .
Οἵη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.
ILIAD, xviii. 489.

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# EARTH AND MAN.*

This is one of a class of subjects which of latter years has grown out of and been laid open by the growth of other sciences. As the visible world has been mapped out, explored, and defined, and the harlequinism of the youthful sciences has given place to the greater marvels of the truth, every form in which nature manifests herself to us shows an increasing mutual dependence, and a convergence to one centre—man. From this connection and newly-discovered unity, the whole range of human knowledge has received an increased and increasing impulse, while on some of its paths a most unexpected blaze of light has been shed. Among others, Geography—or Geology, as it should rightly be called, were not the term already appropriated to a portion of it—is no longer the dry, unmeaning science it once was held to be, involving no great principle and tending to no great purpose; but it is at last felt to be, in its growth and perfection, a foreshadowing of the physical destinies of mankind. Astronomy and Geography, as Laplace and Herschel, Humboldt and Ritter have unfolded them, are now history—the history of the material universe and of created life; covering, not thousands of years, but thousands of cycles; and not stopping with the present, but prophesying of futurity.

Let us go back to those far-off scenes which their latest and most brilliant discoveries have laid open. "The earth was without form and void." Vaporiform, shapeless, glowing with combustion, a thousand times more rarefied than the atmosphere around us, huge volumes of the ultimate particles of matter filled the firmament, fleeting though space before the breath of the Almighty. As the billows of this fire-mist rolled on to their common centre, huge whirlpools would be formed from its approaching currents, and thus, from the well-known law in physics that, when streams of fluid matter converge in their course or meet in a centre, they establish a rotary motion' was formed our planetary system, rough hewn and formless, but with all its magnificent purposes fully engermed within it. The same law of matter that drives the little eddy of dust and straw along the highway, or covers the bosom of the streamlet with dimples, guides the course of suns and planets and astral systems, and, we have every reason to believe, of the whole material universe. The nebulous sphere thus formed, filling up the space inclosed within what is now the orbit of the outermost planet, was a vast heated furnace, torn with the flaming tornadoes that raged and howled through its depths, but still following the same path that its chaotic materials pursued while yet a fire-cloud. Its rotary motion, a product of the conflict between this original movement and the mutual attraction of its particles, marks the natal hour of our planetary system. In the struggle between the contending centrifugal and centripetal forces, the outlying portions of the mass have become cooled, partly by radiation of their heat into space, and partly in consequence of their condensation. The least excess of the centrifugal over the attractive force would now suffice to detach this ring from the central body, preserving, however, its rotary motion, as well as the primary onward movement of the whole mass. The condensation of the inner nebulous matter still goes on; the space between the ring and the sphere becomes a vast abyss; the ring, of varying proportions and materials, breaks up and becomes itself a sphere; its rotary motion becomes its orbitual, and we at last behold the eldest-born of the planets careering through the ether, and hailing, as the ages float by, the successive births of its younger brethren.

And now, in its turn and due time, our own globe takes its place in the winged phalanx. Its satellite is thrown off by the

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same laws to which it owed its own existence. At this period the mass of the earth was upwards of 482,000 miles in diameter, and its time of rotation about twenty-nine and a half days. This rate of speed—the day and night of those primeval years—its satellite still preserves in its revolutionary period; while the parent globe, by continued condensation, is reduced to the sixtieth of that diameter, and its rotation accelerated to its present fixed rate of twenty-four hours. It now assumes its three most marked natural appearances, the gaseous envelope or atmosphere, the liquid or the waters of the ocean, and the cooled and hardened crust. Within this mighty caldron still roars the original and central heat, intensified by its narrowed limits, and ever straining against the rock walls of its dungeon.

And now we come to that era in this great history which shows more immediate marks of the preparation of the earth for the home of man; a time inconceivably remote, but which seems but as yesterday when compared with those immense cycles through which its previous course must have run. The newly-formed crust must have been in great part, perhaps wholly, covered by the seas. The waters themselves were probably at a temperature nearly approaching the boiling-point. We have no reason to think that the solid parts were otherwise than irregular in their contour and groupings, nearly as much so, in fact, as at the present hour, though not possessing the same elevation. The marine currents doubtless existed. The sharp outlines of these submarine mountains and continents must thus have been subjected to a violent chemical and mechanical action, and must have been worn away with a rapidity unknown since. The turbid seas would hold these materials in suspension or chemical solution. A deposit would then take place of the heavier particles first and the lighter afterwards, while those substances held in solution would be precipitated according to their chemical combinations. Each successive layer, which, when first deposited, would be protected from the effects of the internal heat by rapidly radiating it into the superincumbent ocean, would, in its turn, when covered by new strata, be exposed to the full intensity of its fires. Thus were formed the aqueous rocks. At this period, and even at later [illegible]ving from the uniformity of their fossiliferous remains, there must have been a remarkable sameness and tranquillity of climate over the whole surface of the earth. The heat of the almost seething waters must have gone far to counteract the climatic inequalities. There was no dry land to disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere, by producing different degrees of rarefaction, or deflecting from their regular and gentle course the great wind-currents; while the marine currents swept equally unobstructed around the earth's circumference. The great density of the atmosphere must also have contributed to this effect. This was the period of the earlier sedimentary rocks, and the hour before the dawn of animated creation. "And darkness was on the face of the deep." The sun's rays struggled feebly through the thick, murky atmosphere. The gloomy sea was undisturbed by storms, and in silence the rains were gathered and returned to its bosom. No life breathed, no voice was heard in those dreadful solitudes. But far and near, wheresoever the eye could rest, was the vague, illimitable main.

As the cooling of the planet continued, new changes took place. Slowly upheaving, the sunken continents reared their crests, and dry land appears. The earth, the air, and the waters, now act and react on each other, and become prolific under the life-giving rays of the sun. The rains, which before fell in the barren lap of the ocean, now pour down on the peaks and jagged sides of the mountains. Disintegration rapidly goes on. Soils and alluvial deposits are formed, and marine and land vegetation is now seen. At first, animal life is found in a few types, but little varied, and belonging to the lowest grade in the scale of animated creation; but in the succeeding epochs, the traces of life become more abundant, and the number of species extended. Before, however, nature has put forth all her strength, and given to land, and sky, and ocean their thousand forms of life, let us look at the map of the globe of those early years, as the earth has preserved it for us in the rock-tablets of her autobiography.

"The largest domain above the surface of the water, in the regions of the future continent of Europe, was Scandinavia and a part of Russia. England and Scotland are only marked by a few islands along the existing western coast; Ireland, by a few others placed at the corners of the present island. All

France is represented merely by an island corresponding to the central land of Auvergne, and by some strips of land in Vendée, in Brittany, and in Calvados. In Germany, Bohemia, forming a great island, the Harg, and the plateau of the Lower Rhine; small portions of the Vosges, and of the Black Forest, and some low lands on the spot occupied by the Alps, between Toulon, Milan, and Tyrol, compose an archipelago which is to become the centre of the continent. All the regions of the south, except, perhaps, a few small portions of Spain and of Turkey, do not yet exist. North America, at the coal epoch, which, though a little more recent, belongs almost to the same age, is in like manner made up of a few islands only, analogous to Scandinavia, but less numerous, less parcelled out than we find them in Europe at the same period. A large island occupies all the present north-east of the continent, with the region of the Alleghanies and the Apalachian, and all the region north-west of the Valley of the Mississippi, and forms a species of small continent, in the interior of which are three inland seas, or three large swamps, where the plants are vegetating that compose the great coal deposits of the present day. A similar sea doubtless lay between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, bordered perhaps by lands which have disappeared beneath the waves. All the great belt of low lands along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico, including Florida, did not exist; the ocean formed a deep gulf, running up the Valley of the Mississippi one half its length. The vast plains west of the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the table-lands, and the high snow-capped chains from California to the Frozen Ocean, were still at the bottom of the sea."

The coal epoch, or the era of the carboniferous formation, was the triumph of vegetable nature. The insular forms of the newly-created continents, the ocean permeating and encompassing them in every direction, and the consequent universal humidity of climate; the large proportion of morasses and low-lying lands, hardly raised above the surface of the waters; and, above all, the heated atmosphere, surcharged with the peculiar food of plants—carbon—gave birth to a Titanic vegetation, of a low rank indeed in the vegetable kingdom, but surpassing in luxuriance and extent any thing that is found at the present day, even in the most favored of the tropical latitudes. Plants that now hardly raise their humble heads above the ground, then attained the size of our forest trees. Such was the *lycopodium*, or club-moss family, seeking, even at this day, hot, humid situations at the tropics, and especially in small, low islands, but never exceeding the height of two or three feet, and of flimsy and weak structure. But in the ultra-tropical climate of those far-off years, and under their watery skies, this lowly plant reached the imposing growth of seventy or eighty feet, and spread to such an immense extent that it is thought to have composed a larger proportion of the entire coal formation than any other of its vegetable compeers. Almost rivalling these in size and importance was the *equisetum*, or common horsetail, a plant which is now found in ditches and rivers in most parts of the world, within and without the tropics. From the researches of M. Brongniart, it appears indisputable that plants, very nearly the same as these in their organization, formed a considerable part of the original vegetation of the globe; not the diminutive species of the present day, but towering vegetables, many yards in length; and indeed, if certain striated fossils of the coal fields should be referable to this family, it will be found that some of them must have been vast trees. The ferns too played an important part in this early flora. From these facts, less disputable than aught recorded by the pen of human historian, we can form a tolerably accurate idea of the appearance of nature—the nature whose gentler face now fills the heart of man with delight, then sorrowful, sombre, pale, with the agonies of her mighty travail. Archipelagos, the germ of continents, almost lost in the immensity of ocean, and darkened by perpetual mist; mountain ranges, of no great height or extent, but dangerous with gorges and precipices and jutting cliffs; rivers, swollen with floods and surcharged with detritus, heaving mournfully through the silence of primeval forests; endless fens, where the children of nature stand in ranks so close and impenetrable, that no bird could pierce the net-work of their branches, nor reptile move through the stockade of their trunks. But neither bird nor quadruped had yet started into being, for no living creature could breathe for a moment the noxious air, from which vege-

tation drew in safety the sustenance of its gigantic development. The leafy Titans waved over a world that was yet their own; from the reservoirs of the sky they drank in the liquid carbon; they drained off the poison and locked it in the bowels of the earth; they filled the estuaries and water-courses and shallow seas with their prostrate forms; the purification of nature was the purpose of their creation, and for unbroken ages the work went on. This was the twilight of the morning.

Succeeding epochs present a continuous upheaving of the bed of the ocean, and a nearer approach of the dry land to the present forms of the continents. Animal life at last appears in shapes fitted to the gradual preparation of the earth for the reception of the highest types. Heretofore, fishes and mollusks had found protection in their proper element from the deadly impregnation of the atmosphere. But now, reptiles are found—a class of animals, from their slow respiration, peculiarly fitted for a medium yet wanting its due proportion of oxygen. Each era of the world's history seems to have brought its especial form of life to its maximum size, and we accordingly find these animals to assume a magnitude and variety of attributes no longer possessed by the similar species of the present day.

"It does not seem unphilosophical to infer that the bays, creeks, estuaries, rivers, and dry land were tenanted by animals, each fitted to the situations where it could feed, breed, and defend itself from the attacks of its enemies. That strange reptile, the Icthyosaurus, (one species of which, *I. platyodon*, was of large size, the jaws being strong, and occasionally eight feet in length,) may, from its form, have braved the waves of the sea, dashing through them as the porpoise now does; but the Plesiosaurus, at least the species with the long neck, (*P. dolichodeirus*,) would be better suited to have fished in shallow creeks and bays, defended from heavy breakers. The crocodiles were probably, as their congeners of the present day are, lovers of rivers and estuaries, and, like them, destructive and voracious. Of the various reptiles of this period, the Icthyosaurus, particularly the *I. platyodon*, seems to have been best suited to have ruled in the waters, its powerful and capacious jaws being an over-match for those of the crocodiles and plesauri. Nor are we unacquainted with some of the food upon which these creatures lived; their fossil fæces, named *coprolites*, having afforded evidence not only that they devoured fish, but each other; the smaller becoming the prey of the larger, as is abundantly testified by the undigested remains of vertebræ and other bones contained in coprolites. Amid such voracity, it seems that so many escaped to be imbedded in rocks, and, after the lapse of ages on ages, to tell the tale of their existence as former inhabitants of our planet. And strange inhabitants they undoubtedly were; for, as Cuvier says, the Ichthyosaurus has the snout of a dolphin, the teeth of a crocodile, the head and sternum of a lizard, the extremities of cetacea, (being, however, four in number,) and the vertebræ of fish; while the Plesiosaurus has, with the same cetaceous extremities, the head of a lizard, and a neck resembling the body of a serpent."*

In the tertiary formation, the continents have assumed very nearly their present outlines, while the superior class of animals—the mammifers—have become abundant. Spain, France, Central Europe, the British Isles, are well defined; Scandinavia has reached almost its present limits. Italy, the Morea, Barbary, the Levant are there; while, from the north, Russia already hangs like a cloud over the future realms of civilization. With the increase of dry land and the continued diminishment of the surface-heat of the earth, is lost the uniformity of temperature that has hitherto prevailed through the whole course of these elementary wars. From these two changes follow the most momentous results. Climates are established somewhat as they exist at the present day, and the various forms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms become localized. Living nature is henceforth parcelled out according to its natural affinities, and individualized by geographical and climatic barriers. Each type finds itself in the sphere in which alone it can reach perfection. Nature becomes more prodigal of creative power, and more avaricious of space. Animals analogous to existing species are now found in the greatest abundance. The Saurian still possessed the muddy margins of the seas, and the early vegetation still continued under the equatorial sun. But, in more temperate latitudes, a nobler and higher life bursts forth tumultuously. On the hill-slopes it basks and sports; in the wooded valleys it flutters, and sings the morning-song of creation. The uplands tremble beneath the tramp of bovine myriads; and in the desert prowl the felinæ.

Thus, step by step, from its earliest baptism of flame, through convulsions when the central fire fought for its ancient dominion, through alternate cycles of rest and agitation, we come to the final chapter in this wonder-

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ful history, the submersion of the continents, and the subsequent withdrawal of the waters. The geological appearances of Europe and North America render it probable that those regions were at a late period swept by powerful currents of water, which rounded off the forms of the mountains, scooped out the valleys into gentler shapes, filled up with the transported débris the fissures and breaks in the superficial strata, in a manner which no atmospheric influence could possibly have effected, and smoothed and softened the whole in its final preparation as the abode of the human race.

Let us now look at the surface of the earth, perfected and fitted for a new day, and seek for the connection which we cannot doubt must exist between its physical conditions and the past history of man. And thereby we may obtain a clue to his terrestrial destinies. For if we can see an evident fitting of the powers of nature to the purposes of individual existence, we may rest assured that there is an equal parallelism between the great features of nature and the past and future fortunes of the race.

The outline of a continent, depending as it does on the height of the surrounding seas, and liable to assume a most complete change of appearance with the elevation or depression of those seas, even with the slight variation of a few hundred feet, would seem a matter altogether accidental and devoid of significance. But as there is nothing accidental in nature, but every thing the result of physical laws fixed in fate, by observing closely these sinuosities of shape, together with their associated natural phenomena, we may be enabled to detect, in the apparent confusion, a system and design world-wide as the materials out of which it is wrought. And first we will refer to the work with which we have headed this paper, for some of the coincidences and contrasts, the resemblances and irregularities in the vertical and horizontal forms of the different bodies of dry land which compose the habitable earth.

A glance at the map of the globe will show us the continents surrounding the northern pole, and springing out from it like an opened fan, jutting into the great southern ocean in pyramidal forms. The points of these pyramids are invariably the extremities of mountain belts, which proceed from the interior and break off abruptly, forming bold and precipitous promontories. Thus we see America terminate in the rugged heights of Cape Horn, Africa in the Cape of Good Hope, Asia in Cape Comorin, the extremity of the chain of the Ghauts, and Australia in Cape Southeast, of Van Diemen's Land. This tendency of the continents to group together in the north, and to become attenuated and narrow towards the south, is carried out in all the separate and minor forms in which they present themselves. For instance, Greenland, California, Florida, in America; Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, and Greece, in Europe; the two Indies, Corea, Kamtschatka, in Asia, all point to the south. The next series of resemblances is found by grouping the continents in three double worlds: the two Americas, Europe-Africa, and Asia-Australia. Each pair we find to be united together by an isthmus or chain of islands. On one side of the isthmus is an archipelago, on the other a peninsula. Thus, in America, on one side of the connecting isthmus is the archipelago of the Antilles, on the other is the peninsula of California. In Europe-Africa, (considering Italy and Sicily as the true isthmus, since they almost touch by Cape Bon the Barbary shore, and the sea between being shallow and full of ledges of rock,) we have on the east the Grecian archipelago, and the peninsula, Spain, on the west. In Asia-Australia, there is the continuous chain of islands, stretching from the peninsula of Malacca, by Sumatra and Java, up to New-Holland, presenting thus the appearance of an isthmus in embryo; and on one side is the archipelago of Borneo, Celebes, and of the Moluccas, and on the other the peninsula of India. Another fact worth noticing, with regard to the disposition of land and sea, is that the surface of the globe is found to be divided into two hemispheres, the one containing all the principal terrestrial masses, the other, only vast oceans; forming, in this way, a continental hemisphere and an oceanic hemisphere.

Again, instead of the great masses of dry land rising at irregular and hap-hazard elevations above the surface of the oceans, and interspersed with depressions below that surface, as can be witnessed in the isolated cases of the Caspian and Dead Seas, the valley of the Jordan and the beds of a few of the Italian lakes, we observe a gradual and steady rise in each of the continents towards a range of highlands constituting its crest. These apices are never in the cen-

tre, but always on one of the sides, presenting thus two slopes of unequal length and inclination. Of these, the long slopes tend invariably towards the Atlantic or the Frozen Ocean, which is only a portion of it; while the short slopes descend to the Pacific, or its continuation, the Indian Ocean. Incidentally, we can find from these facts a clue to the manner in which the continents emerged from the bed of the ocean. Lifted up by the internal volcanic forces, the crust of the earth would seem to have been raised either way, from a line following the centre of the Atlantic, by successive diverging upheavals, until it attained the height of its loftiest mountain barricades. That this was effected by a series of convulsions, and not by a single one, is proved by the comparative geological appearances. The Grampians of Great Britain, and the Scandinavian mountains, are far more ancient than the Alps, Carpathians, and Himalaya; while, in America, the Rocky Mountains and the Andes are of much later origin than the more moderate ranges along the Atlantic coast; the general elevation of the uplands and plains corresponding also very closely with that of the mountains. The same tilting motion, we may observe, which raised the outer or Pacific margins, would be likely to cause a proportionate depression on the inner line of junction; and to this cause may be owing the existence of the Atlantic Ocean, which has more the character of an inland sea than the Pacific, resembling in its form a *trough* between the opposite continents. Strengthening the above view is the fact that the greater part of the volcanoes of the globe are strung along the shores of the Pacific, while the Atlantic is comparatively free in this respect; pointing thus to the latest theatre of elemental strife. In addition to this main system of slopes, there is a system of counter-slopes, commencing in both the eastern and western hemispheres at the poles, and reaching their greatest altitudes at the tropics.

These are a few of the points of resemblance or intimate connection between the two great divisions of the globe. There are others of contrast, however, equally striking, and not to be forgotten in a view of the influence exerted by the forms of the continents upon the physical destinies of mankind.

Whilst the mountain systems have presented the most attractive field for the labors of the geologist, and have in fact, until of late years, almost engrossed the attention of scientific men, it is nevertheless not there that we must look for the solution of the momentous questions to which their labors have been but the prelude. It is in the low, level stretches of land, or *plains*, and in the high and level table-lands, or *plateaus*, that men build their homes, and make the scene of their labors and hopes, of their trials and rewards. The first to point out the importance in physical geography of these divisions of the earth's surface, was Humboldt; and later geographers have followed closely in the track that his great intelligence opened for them, whilst their moral bearings upon human fortunes have hardly yet had bestowed upon them a due share of attention.

"The Old World is that of table-lands and mountains. No continent exhibits plateaus so elevated, so numerous, so extensive, as Asia and Africa. Instead of one or two chains of mountains, like the Andes, Central Asia is traversed by four immense chains, supporting vast table-lands of from five thousand to fourteen thousand feet in elevation, and the loftiest mountains of the globe. The extent of this elevated region is more than two thousand four hundred miles in length, by one thousand five hundred miles in breadth. The principal mass of Western Asia is nothing but a plateau, from three to six thousand feet in height. Africa, south of Sahara, seems to be only an enormous pile of uplifted loads. It has been calculated that the mountains and plateaus of Asia cover five sevenths of its surface, while the plains occupy only two sevenths. In Africa, the high regions form two thirds of the continent, the plains only one third. But although the Old World may be called the world of plateaus, it is not because great plains are wanting there. The whole north of Europe and Asia is nearly a boundless plain. In Africa, also, the plains of Sahara extend two thousand five hundred miles in length, by one thousand in breadth. But the situation of these plains of the Old World, under the frozen sky of the north, and under the fires of the tropics, together with the nature of their soil, takes from them all their importance. The one is a frozen waste, a Siberia; the other a burning desert; and neither the one nor the other is called to play an essential part, nor do they impress upon their respective continents their essential character. The New World, on the other hand, is the world of plains. They form two thirds of its surface; the plateaus and the mountains, only one third. The high lands form only a narrow band, crowded upon the western coasts of the two continents. Almost the whole east runs into immense plains, covering it, one might say, from pole to pole. From the Frozen Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, over an extent of nearly two thousand four [illegible]les, we cross only insignificant heights.

From the 'llanos of the Orinoco to the banks of La Plata, we traverse more than three thousand miles of low plains, slightly interrupted by the somewhat more elevated regions of western Brazil; they are prolonged even to the Pampas of Patagonia, six hundred miles further south, to the southern extremity of America. The length of the rich plains watered by the Maranon, in the direction of the current, is nearly one thousand six hundred miles. . . . . Finally, if we were seeking for a continent where the form of mountains, without plateaus at their base, should be the characteristic feature, it would be necessary to name Europe, comprehending in it only Western Europe, without Russia; that is, historical Europe, the true Europe, after all. Traverse Europe from one end to the other, whether over its central mass or its peninsulas, you will find every where its soil modified, cut in all directions by chains of mountains intersecting each other. In all this part of the Continent, the largest existing plain, that of northern Germany and Poland, is only six hundred miles long by two hundred broad. It is the extremity of the great Asiatic plains in the north. The other plains, as those of France, of Hungary, of Lombardy, are smaller in extent, and do not deprive this part of the Continent of the mountainous character essentially belonging to it."

In connection with these varying shapes of the earth's surface, and essentially modified by them, is the question of climate. The great zones of the astronomical climate are due, it is true, to the spherical form of our globe, causing the unequal distribution of the sun's rays. But these are modified to such a degree by the great divisions of land and sea, that in the same latitudes we will find at one point the freshness and verdure of a perpetual spring, and at another, winters almost arctic in their severity, followed by summers where the sun beats down with equatorial fervor. For instance, at the Faroe Islands, situated in the midst of the Atlantic, the thermometer falls, during the coldest month of the year, ts 36.8° Fahr., while in the hottest month it only rises to 55°. In the same latitude, in the wilds of Siberia, stands the city of Yakutsk. Here the thermometer ranges from 40.9° below zero, during the coldest month, to 68.5° of Fahr., during the summer heats, making an annual variation of 109.4° On the southern shores of Great Britain, delicate shrubs suffer no injury from the mild winters, while the summer sun has not power to bring to its full ripeness the grape. On the northern shore of the Caspian, wines are grown of equal richness with those of Spain, while in the same latitude at the mouth of the Loire, the vine can hardly be raised. These extreme variations are due not alone to the mere contour of the confines of ocean and dry land, but to the extent of the continents and the varying altitudes and depressions of their surfaces. And whether the ocean breezes are met by inhospitable mountain barricades, robbing them of their humid treasures, and sending them inland dry and sterile, or whether they pass for thousands of leagues over low-lying plains, are matters involving not only climate, but civilization and barbarism, and place and precedence of the continents in the preparation of the earth for the universal home of the human family. But before we consider these great physical features, so important in their moral results, we must call to mind the various atmospheric phenomena by which land and sea are enabled to act and react on each other. And first the general theory of the winds.

Among the causes of atmospheric disturbance, the chief is the unequal rarefaction by the sun's rays of the different levels and sections of the atmosphere, the more heated layers of air rising, in consequence of their lessened density, and the adjacent colder and heavier volumes rushing into the comparative vacuum thus formed. What is true incidentally and on a small scale, it is clear must also be the case in the regular and grander operations of nature, and more especially with respect to the two great reservoirs of heat and cold, the poles and the tropics. From these causes we would conclude an uninterrupted march or progression of the winds, from the arctic and antarctic regions, in the direction of the equator. This hypothesis observation has rendered certain, modifying it, however, by antagonistic phenomena sufficiently numerous to leave this element its character as the type of all change and uncertainty. As the waves of air roll from the poles to the tropics, they are affected by the rotary motion of the earth. The speed of the earth's rotation on its axis is of course almost nothing at the poles, and obtains its maximum at the equator. The polar winds, as they sweep towards the equator, do not acquire this increased velocity at once, but, as the earth rolls from west to east, lag behind, presenting thus the appearance of a current of air from east to west. This tendency to the west increases, the nearer the approach to the tropics, and at last assumes a due westerly direction, and

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becomes what navigators term the trade-winds. These winds are found on either side of the equator, and are separated by a zone of calms, where the ascending current seems to neutralize the horizontal. In this region the breezes are variable and shifting, and calms alternate with the most terrific tornadoes. But on the north and on the south, the trades pursue their stately and gentle march, gathering the vapors from the surface of the ocean, to enrich the far-off continents. For as the tropical sun forces the heated strata upwards, they become cooled in those frigid heights, and are drawn into the upper return current to either pole, to run again on the endless round of nature. The temperature of these upper currents steadily decreases, and their greater density forces them slowly but surely to the earth, which they reach at about 30° north latitude. Their superabundant humidity is condensed, and their course is marked by copious showers, the warm and genial rain of southern winds, which brings to the lap of the earth germination and increase. The existence of these upper return currents is well established, as is also the fact that they are affected by the rotary motion of the earth equally with the surface currents, but in a reversed order. For, starting with the full velocity of the earth's rotation at the equator, they do not immediately lose it as they proceed on their northward travel, but find themselves at every step a little in advance of their original longitude, forming thus, between the two propelling forces, a current from the south-west, as the corresponding surface current runs from the north-east. This on our side of the equator. In the southern hemisphere, the upper current tends from the north-west, and the lower from the south-east. Accordingly, in the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere, where the upper and lower currents come into contact, we have but two normal winds, the north-east and the south-west wind. Both bring clouds and rain, but the south-west alone bears with it the prolific warmth of its native climate. The north-east, cold, and from its density comparatively dry, especially if its course is overland, meets the vapors rising from lakes and rivers and morasses, and condenses them into chilling rain-storms. Where it crosses lofty plateaus, such as the steppes of northern Siberia, it adds a deeper gloom to their desolation. Where it gains warmth and moisture from the open sea, and is subsequently checked by the forests and mountain ranges of the main land, as in eastern India, China, and the Atlantic coast of America, it deposits its temperate rains on their slopes and recesses. Where it sweeps over extensive tracts of depressed and parched-up plains, such as the deserts of Arabia, their dry heat melts away its small modicum of moisture, and we behold the singular phenomenon of a country doomed to perpetual sterility by the joint action of a tropical sun and polar winds. A more striking instance of this may be found in the humid breezes that are wafted over the Mediterranean into the depths of Sahara. The burning breath of the desert dries up the humid airs, the mists are dissolved into invisible vapor, the clouds disappear, and southward rolls the northern blast, until, condensed on the mountain slopes and snowy peaks of central Africa, clouds, and rain, and mist, once more appear. Here they swell those mysterious floods whose fountains, long sought for, must thus, in the vast economoy of God, be found in the waters of Europe and Asia, and even in the ice of arctic seas. On the south of the equator, from the great preponderance of ocean over dry land, the trades blow with greater regularity than in the northern hemisphere. But even here, the Indian Ocean, from its land-locked character, breaks in upon the course of this great aerial system, and establishes one of its own. On the north of this huge mediterranean sea we find India, with its towering mountain ranges, and the elevated regions of middle Asia. On the south are the table-lands of southern Africa. These lie in opposite hemispheres; and while it is summer in India, the plateaus of Africa are covered with snow; and when winter passes over to the Himalayas, the African uplands glow and quiver with furnace-heat. Thus, alternately, for six months of the year, there is a strong wind setting in from either quarter, forming the north-east and south-west monsoons. To the east and south is New-Holland, with its minor monsoons, while the great Australian archipelago, feeling the influence of these double systems, and at the same time of the great Pacific trade-wind, to which it is the barrier, is constantly the scene of the most terrific tempests.

Equally with the atmosphere, are the oceanic waters affected by the shape of the

earth, and the unequal distribution of the sun's heat. Driven from the poles by the eternal laws of matter, they hurry on to the tropics, washing their burning shores, to return in their great round of compensation with borrowed warmth to mitigate the rigor of arctic winters. But the continents, which present obstacles only partially insurmountable by the winds, break up the marine movements into a more complex system; and instead of the general form of upper and lower strata, we have numberless lateral currents, whirling furiously around the continental promontories, foaming along the coasts that hem them in, seeking as eagerly for outlets to the west as did Columbus for the great western world, and finally taking the course which their original impulse, the outlines of the masses of dry land, and the varying depth and form of the bottom of the ocean, unite in giving them. In the gulf-stream we behold an ocean current corresponding to the upper return trade-wind of the northern hemisphere; in the uniform movement to the west of the equatorial seas, we have the counterpart of the trade-winds of commerce; and in the fact of the annual progress to the south of numbers of icebergs, moved directly against the set of the gulf-stream by the submarine current which envelopes their base, we have a beautiful proof of the general correctness of this theory.

Let us now observe the manner and extent to which the earth is affected by the influences of sea and sky, and in what degree these combine to impel the growth, not of the individual, but of the tribes of men whom history finds planted on its surface. As we have seen, the two Americas, from their long and narrow form, and the comparative nearness of their opposite coasts, are permeable in every direction by the ocean vapors, and possess what may be called a *maritime* climate. The old world, on the other hand, heaped up in a compact mass between the pole and the equator, presenting a region of such immense extent as to drain the winds of the eastern and western oceans of every vestige of their humidity, affords an instance of a climate essentially *continental.* In the latter, dry, free, and open, animal life finds the best materials of its growth and early development, while vegetation is dwindling and imperfect. In the new world, on the contrary, the vegetable kingdom is triumphant, and aboriginal man sinks overpowered beneath its magnificence. But in these contrasts lies the fitness of these two great continents to produce their mutual ends. The superabundant natural wealth of the new world, too vast for the unassisted energies of infant humanity, is reserved as the field of the labors of its manhood; while in Asia, where stinted nature cradles the young Hercules, we may clearly see the design by which her powers are merely chained and not entirely destroyed. From the valley of the Atlantic, the land of Europe and America rises by a succession of long and gentle slopes to the Rocky Mountains in America, and to the Himalayas in Asia. Had the Atlantic shores been fringed by high mountain ranges, the whole expanse of either continent would have been a howling wilderness, leafless, a grave to all organized life. An instance of this may be seen in the eastern coasts of North and South America, where the Andes and Rocky Mountains arrest and condense the moisture of the sea-winds, pour it down in prolific floods on the short eastern slope, while the winds, thus rendered parched and thirsty, sweep down on the western slopes, leaving waste and ruin in their track, and forming the deserts which may be found from Cape Horn to the Frozen Ocean. Not so in the old world. The Pacific winds are, it is true, prevented from penetrating far inland by the mountains of Eastern Asia; but to the Atlantic winds no such obstacles are presented. The south-west, or upper return trade-wind of the northern hemisphere, losing its caloric in the upper regions of the atmosphere, strikes the earth again at about 30° north latitude. Beating along the Atlantic coasts of Europe, it drenches these shores with the first-fruits of its rains. But the easterly tendency, gained from the rotation speed of the earth at the equator, increases with every step northward, and finally these winds, rich with the distillation from nature's laboratory, sail landward, over central and northern Europe, over the grassy plains of Asia, until checked in Siberian deserts by the polar currents. Thus there are but two normal winds in the temperate regions of each hemisphere, constituting in their alternations the variations of weather, of cold or warm rains, of soft or chilling winds, characteristic of those latitudes. But under the pluviose skies of western Europe, vegetation almost equalled American luxuriance; and we ac-

cordingly find the early tribes that spread over these countries to be but a grade above the red savage of the opposite continent,—solitary hunters, and unable to subdue nature to their will.

But in Asiatic steppes, on the prairies of the old world, began the solution of the question of man's advancement. For thousands of miles spread out the grassy wilds; league upon league was the pure sky overhead dotted with the small breezy clouds peculiar to a great champaign country; and as the shadows of these clouds floated over the verdure, so coursed across the horizon the pastoral cohorts of the young world. In this facility of communication and of intercourse with his fellows, man found the first secret of strength, union and congregated numbers; and a terrible power it was in the hands of an inexperienced, unthinking age. It spread to the east and south, and surged against the billows of the Pacific and Indian Oceans; and there it remains to this day, stamped and stereotyped in the peculiarities of the Chinese and Hindoo races, as the *boy era* of history. It spread to the south-west, and culminated and fell in oriental dynasties. It spread towards the west, and there its purpose becomes manifest. By uniting their strength, and held up by the grasp of despotic authority, men have thrown off the slough of their embryo state, and become fitted to take possession of their great inheritance, the powers and fertility of nature. But despotism is lethargic, unthinking, uninventive, and no great progress can be made, except by free individual thought and action. But free thought and action need the protection of nature herself against overgrown power; and in Europe, more than in all the world beside, are found these natural safeguards of freedom in double and triple strength. Mountain, lake, and stream, morass and precipice, Alpine snows and wintry sierras, are the broken ground on which the vanguards of absolute power are thrown into confusion. Within these natural geographical divisions, not only the flora and the brute creation, but humanity become localized and individualized. Each tribe developed its type, and the individual man began to put forth powers and energies which hitherto had belonged alone to numbers. History was no longer the mere chronicler of the movements of armies or devastating hordes, but received a new and portentous element—*opinion*, or, in other words, the sum of individual thought and will.

This was first apparent in Greece. Greece, indeed, is microscopic Europe, and its germ. As the living tide of population rolled westward out of Asia, one stream of the current flowed into this nook between the continents. The rude voyagers cared but little for its loveliness, but their axes soon resounded in its ancient forests, and their skiffs crept cautiously along the shores. Here, protected by mountains and the boundless Mediterranean, and nursed by the sweet breath of the sea, mankind grew strong. In their sheltered cove and diamond isles, their cities were built, the token of a new day for humanity. In Arcadian glades walked men, bold, thoughtful, and vigorous. Power, as before, was with the numbers, but it was in their own hands, and not in those of a master; for their orators were only great when they spoke the thoughts that had stirred, without utterance, the breasts of the multitude, and their great captains were only successful as they marshalled the valor of their citizen soldiers. The state was but the concurrence of popular thought,—the *sana mens* of a whole people, reared under similar auspices. As the peopling of the west of Europe went on, Greece sent forth, by her colonies, arts and science, the power by which the Titan Nature was to be subdued; and, above all, she sent forth *individuality*,—the thought and deed of the unit, man. With the changing of the equipoise of population, the centres of trade shifted, and Greece fell; but each successive nationality into whose hand the sceptre of trade has passed, and with it wealth and power, has been built up by the field which these conditions offered for individual exertion and individual thought, and with their loss has fallen.

And now the scales of commerce stand quivering over the Atlantic. Here nature hitherto has been completely and terribly triumphant. This proud young world has strangled empires that have sprung into premature birth. Their ruins she has mantled with woods gray with years. The red man alone is left, flitting in silence through the unharvested forests, and saddened by the wealth that nature mocks him with. But now the day cometh. Caucasian tribes, whose horses once cropped the herbage of Bactrian plains and the uplands of Iran, and who watered their herds in the freshness of the

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Gihon and Sihon, have grown to adolescence amid the mountains of Europe and along the borders of her sheltered inland seas. Step by step they have acquired the mastery of the powers and the wider realms of nature, which, seized too soon, would have destroyed them, either by stimulating their growth to a precocious and faulty development, as in the case of the kingdoms of Eastern Asia and the buried empires of Central America, or would have chilled them to death, as with the painted savages of early Europe. More than this, they have become masters of themselves.

In the training afforded by the great natural features of two continents, we have seen the progress of the conservative principle of free individual action. On this side of the Atlantic we now see it in a still fuller development. In the beginning, Asia poured out its hordes to fill up the waste earth. They were organized and led on by absolute power, for in no other way, in the infancy of mankind, could these great replenishments be effected. Wave after wave succeeded each other, and the path of emigration and its history were marked by terrible scenes of human misery. Truly did the Sclavonian poet say of the dark days of the infancy of those nations, that their soil was "cut up by the tramp of horses, fertilized by human blood, and white with bones, where sorrow grew abundantly."

And still the current sets westward. The yearly migration across the Atlantic is as great as that of the armed horsemen that once periodically filled Europe with despair. But they come singly. One by one they spread through the land, and the last of the wave is spent beyond the Mississippi. And here is the truly wonderful change. On the skirts of civilization, unnoticed and in silence as the leaves grow at night, young States yearly germinate into life. Without strife, unconvulsed, almost without thought, quietly and naturally as the sap ascends the tree, these principalities, that yesterday were not, to-day take their seats in the world's councils. This is a link in the chain of events which began in Asia, and for which, through cycles of time, the earth's surface had been fitted. Distinct, yet homogeneous, wherever a handful of men of the nineteenth century meet, society instantly *crystallizes* into government. This great thing is not done by the mass, but by the units; not by consolidated power, but by free wills and judgments, working with the precision of fate. The world has never seen so strange a spectacle as is to-day witnessed in California; a kingdom built up in an hour by the free hands and bold hearts and thoughtful brains of *un*organized, not disorganized, men. Asia colonized with fire and sword; the colonies of Rome, and Greece, and Tyre, were sent out with pomp and divination, and long tenderly nursed by the mother State; but this Minerva-kingdom of the Pacific created itself, and has at this moment, in spite of adverse influences, a securer government than two thirds of the European monarchies. Descret, too, hemmed in by deserts and savages, and dragged back by its fantastic faith, thrives—a new Palmyra in the desert.

Thus, then, in Asia man subdues nature by union, in Europe he subdues and perfects himself by isolation, and in America the two principles conjoin to enable him fully to enter upon his birthright. For in this new world we behold a continent that is little else than one illimitable plain, traversed in every direction by magnificent water-courses, spotted with lakes that are really mediterranean seas, washed on all sides by the great highway of nations—the ocean—and crossed by every zone of the earth's surface. Never before was there such a field for the labor and intercourse of men, when the purification of centuries had rendered their hands safe to hold it. For in the vastness of these plains lies the very danger to civilization. Cloud after cloud of savages would sweep from the Frozen Ocean to the Cordilleras, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. Wherever industry had made the faintest mark, in the teeming distance would swarm the destroyer to restore the ancient chaos. In Europe, nature provides defenses in her mountains and her narrow indented shores. These protect her nationalities from barbarian invasion and from each other. The confines of her kingdoms are marked out by great natural land-marks and lines. In America there is no alternative between a hunting-ground for wandering tribes and a wide-spread and strongly-cemented *Union*, for unity is stamped on the face of the continent by the hand of God.

Sectional union, then, and individual distinctness, are the great features of this century, for which have been all the convulsions of the moral and material world,

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and which have first met on this side of the Atlantic. And now mark the difference. In oriental civilization there was union, too, but it was the union of banded men. Their trade was led on by armed caravans, in perilous overland journeyings. Their external commerce cut its way through seas clouded with pirates, the sabre was their tax-gatherer, and the balance of trade was tribute. In occidental development we behold an incessant, tumultuous, commercial intercourse; armies of peaceful men, greater than the levies of Xerxes, daily and hourly ascend and descend the trade-veins of the country, self-sustaining and self-generalled. The circulation is atomic, each atom gyrating and whirling onward, self-propelled; but the great heart of the nation beats for ever with a strong, steady, immortal throb.

But the end is not yet. The centres of power, civilization, commerce, are determined by the geographical position of countries with reference to the great masses of the inhabitants of the earth's surface. If we look at the mass of the globe, we will find one portion of it where all these conditions meet in a singular degree. Central America sits at the apex of the scales,—a continent on either hand, and to the west and the east the oppo-ite shores of the old world. Here must arise the seat of a vast dominion—an eternal city, before which the splendor of old Rome was but the gray light preceding the dawn. This country, scarcely one hundred and fifty miles in width, unites within itself the most opposite features of soil and climate, giving intrinsic evidence of the future in store for it. Although tropical in situation, its elevation is so great that it may be classed among temperate countries; and in fact there is no vegetable production that is raised from Labrador to the equator, that cannot be here grown in equal perfection. Within its coasts, half way from sea to sea, are calm and deep lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce. The gold of California and the silver mines of South America are on either side. On the west is the barbaric luxury of Asia, on the east the sybarite refinements of Europe. Above are the men of North America, the nurse of republics; below is the souther continent, with what futurity has reserved f it. The Pacific too is the ocean of stea calm waters being well fitted for that s cies of navigation. Australia lies beyond, with its rapidly increasing emigration, and southern Africa, whose population of Caucasian descent may renovate the whole of that least favored of the continents.

Still not yet is the end. In the northeast of Europe, a few centuries since, appeared a little cloud no larger than a man's hand. It came down on the polar winds, and now darkens half the sky. Russia in Europe—death in life—is the Asia of the nineteenth century. There is nothing European in it but the arbitrary classification of geographers. Its civilization is entirely Asiatic;—its passive but enthusiastic people, its stern national policy, its ferocious warfare, the summary mode in which it changes its rulers and dynasties, the fact that you may cross through Germany—which is its outpost—through the whole extent of Russia, through the steppes of the Caspian and Siberia to the Pacific ocean, a distance of more than six thousand miles, without meeting an eminence more than a few hundred feet in height, —these show that in Russia we have to deal with the old antagonism that more than once has overwhelmed Europe. And now once more the hordes gather; no longer in scattered swarms arrayed against each other, but in grim consolidated barbarism, that wonderful Sclavonian race, the concubine of tyrants and the mother of freemen, for ages hiding its face in the dust, but ever, when the hour and the man come, springing up young and bold and buoyant—Panslavism, the destroyer and restorer—again and for the last time rages around the defenses of European civilization. Europe has performed her special task. Her mountains and peninsular outlines no longer divide or protect. Her people are impatient for a new day, but the lifeless forms of the past encumber the present and cloud the future, and, to be regenerated, Europe must pass through death. We hear much said of the unfitness of European nationalities to enjoy the developed institutions of the new world; but the fact that, when her inhabitants are transferred to this side of the Atlantic, they sit down under those very institutions with as much steadiness as if to the manor born, leads us to suspect the existence of other obstacles. And m in the infatuation with which o the husk of social and polit- have ded into ; an d divi-

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ons and rivalries, which once nourished and ow oppress. Her mountains have done eir work, and now no longer present, before ie science of the nineteenth century, the ime forbidding and impenetrable fronts. If urope possessed the same accessibility in very section as does our continent, had she ie same wide natural channels by which ie wave of population could roll freely rough all her shores and find its natural vel, filling up the waste places and possessig every forgotten nook, then surely the ath of the future is as open for them as for s. These great channels nature does at ast provide *through science*, but the shalows of the past yet obscure the future,—the ong shadows of the setting sun. And for his the Russian bear still advances, and his ug is fate. His tread crushes the life out of he nations, and with them die their feuds and nutual exasperation, their baneful political orms and still more odious social castes,—nd all is enveloped in the pall of a barbarous oriental monarchy. Does such a foreboding seem idle dreaming before the glories of that cluster of kingdoms whose power is felt to the antipodes? Have we then forgotten the fears that oppressed society when the star of Bonaparte was in the ascendant? when the wisest saw and shrunk from the coming night of a universal despotism? Bonaparte passed away, for he was but the forerunner of the scourge of God, which has ever come from the east and not from the west. The great northern Czar sits in his judgment-seat, and will interpret to Europe the handwriting on the wall. The spirit of humanity is eager and hopeful, but the miseries of men are greater than they can bear, and the iron grasp of the Kalmuck conqueror, with the chill of death in it, is preferable to the chronic horrors of European misrule.

But this is the fallow of the Great Husbandman. The stubble and weedy growth of the old year must be passed under the ploughshare, for thus only will the good seed bear fruit. Europe is reproduced in America, and has found in union the secret of Asiatic strength. Asia crouches on the eastern shore of the Atlantic, sullen, threatening, wary;—America stands before her, daring, and lavish of her young strength. Again they meet on the opposing Pacific coasts. If ever the horoscope of nations was so plainly cast that even the most incredulous must have faith, it is in the fact of the absorption of European civilization by the fast-growing power of Russia. But along with this, we read the twin fact, that the race that now inhabits the temperate regions of North America must also absorb and spread over the whole of the new world, from the Cape of Storms to the Frozen Ocean. This globe is too narrow for two such mighty antagonisms. We of to-day are darkened by a shadow from the spectral twentieth century. There is a murmur, too, as of arms—*clamorque virum*—a monstrous Titan-war, which shall chill the flaming heart of the old Earth, lest her children perish utterly. Then the primeval Saturnian desolation, which has for so long devoured its own offspring, will be met by its last and mightiest. Front, flank, and rear,—over the placid Pacific,—out of the typhoon-swept Southern Ocean,—across the hardy Atlantic,—the stream of emigration and invasion pours back towards its fountains. Through the wreck of kingdoms the columns of the new world hold their steady march, revivifying and raising the nations from their trance, tramping out narrow patriotisms and lingering national traditions, and bringing back the light of a new day to the ancient homes of the human family.

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# BENVENUTO CELLINI:

## A TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND TRIAL.

On the following day Gabuzzi was in his studio, when he saw Fiorentino enter. The two young men at once began to converse in a friendly tone; a secret sympathy attracted them towards each other.

"Are you aware," said the artist, "that you have excited the hatred of many here against you?"

"That disturbs me but little," said Fiorentino; "my aim and only wish is to relieve this young maiden from her fearful malady."

"Stay, there is one thing which grieves me; it is the thought that you are to meet this Captain Fiaramonti in single combat, for, I swear to you, he is a very dangerous adversary."

"You do not think me able to contend against him, then?"

"To speak frankly, no. Besides his physical superiority, he has this advantage over you, to wit: he handles the sword with unequalled address. I have every reason, therefore, to fear that the result of this combat may prove untoward for you, and I shall deem you very fortunate if you escape with but a single wound, even though it may be as serious as your two former ones."

"I hope to escape with less. But enough of myself: let us speak a little of your own affairs, Signor. You have consecrated your life to the art of sculpture, it appears, and so far as an ignorant person like myself can judge, you are very skilful; for here is an admirable torso, and your vase of bronze that I have just seen in the Princess's chamber seemed to me a most exquisite piece of workmanship."

By my life, S ou have a quick eye. Do you know who executed these two works of art?"

"Yourself, I suppose."

"Ah! I would gladly give ten years of my life to have sculptured them."

"By whom were they sculptured, then?"

"The torso by Michael Angelo, the vase by Benvenuto Cellini."

"I am no longer astonished that they attracted my attention."

"Ah, there lives not a man, whether an artist or not, who could gaze coldly upon the works of such men."

"You appear to feel a very ardent enthusiasm for them."

"Next to God and Nature, there is nothing that excites my admiration like Genius."

"You have been their friend or pupil, perhaps?"

"Would to God it were so! it has ever been my dearest wish, my cherished dream, but I have been compelled to renounce it."

"Ah! and wherefore?"

"Michael Angelo is a gloomy spirit, who delights only in solitude and seclusion. As to Benvenuto Cellini, he leads too wandering a life to find leisure to instruct a pupil. I am obliged, therefore, to renounce the hope of studying under either of these great men, and I confess to you, it is a never-ceasing source of vexation to me; for I doubt not but under their guidance, and daily inhaling their genius, I should make rapid progress; while, abandoned to my own inspirations, I shall not rise above mediocrity, and my name will always remain buried in obscurity."

"With all this admiration for these two men, you must attach great value to their productions."

"[redacted]ter than you could believe, Sign and that vase are in my eye asure, and it is with great

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pain that I resign a part of it to you; but you assert that this sacrifice is necessary to restore reason to the daughter of my aged and unhappy friend, and I submit."

"You have a noble heart," said Fiorentino, with an expression that deeply moved the young artist; "and I shall be proud of your friendship, if you will grant it to me."

"With all my heart," said the artist; "for, I know not wherefore, I felt attracted towards you at the first moment, and while you excited anger and hatred in all these hearts, I felt impelled to hasten towards you, and to clasp your hand."

"It is still time," said Fiorentino.

With these words he reached his open hand to the artist, with an air of the most cordial friendship.

"And now," said Fiorentino, with the energy which he infused into his actions as well as into his words, "now, Signor Gabuzzi, it is for life and death between us. Whether you are rich or poor, whether your name remain unknown or shines above the crowd, my hand has clasped your hand, and henceforth you will find me always ready to devote myself to your service; my poignard and my purse are at your disposal."

At this moment a domestic entered, with Signor Gabuzzi's vase, which he placed in a corner of the studio.

"It was I who ordered this vase to be brought here," said Fiorentino, "for it is here, Signor Gabuzzi, that the sacrifice must be accomplished."

"And when?" said the artist.

"As soon as the Princess shall have entered this studio."

"But how will you contrive to guide her steps in this direction?"

"Nothing is easier. Since yesterday the Princess has been smitten with a sudden friendship for the beautiful Giulia; she follows her every where, and she will accompany her of her own accord, when the charming Signorina repairs hither, as has been agreed."

"And when will she come?"

"In a few moments."

"So soon!" said Gabuzzi, casting a troubled glance at his vase.

"Poor youth!" murmured Fiorentino.

"Stay, Signor," cried the artist suddenly; "I must go hence, for I confess I could not witness this spectacle, without feeling my heart break within my bosom. When all is over, come and join me on the lawn; but be silent, do not speak to me of it."

He left the apartment, and a few moments after his departure, Fiorentino saw the Princess and Signorina Giulia enter the studio, followed by Vivaldi and all his guests.

Fiorentino permitted no one to enter, but Giulia and the maniac.

"Place yourself yonder near that window," he said in a low voice to the Signorina, "and contrive it so that not one of my movements may escape Vanina's notice."

He then took Gabuzzi's hammer and chisel, approached the vase of bronze, gazed upon it long, motionless and dreamy, and at last, applying the chisel to one of the figures of the vase, he struck it with a slight blow, as if employed in carving it. He then recoiled suddenly, and began to pace back and forth in the studio, striking his forehead with every sign of despair, and pausing often, with a gloomy and thoughtful air, before the work upon which he appeared to be engaged.

At first, wrapped entirely in Giulia, in whom since the scene upon the meadow she seemed strangely interested, Vanina at last began to pay some attention to Fiorentino, and by degrees her interest increased to such a pitch, that soon he alone appeared to occupy her entire thoughts. When he approached the chisel to the vase, she started, and when he gazed upon it, motionless and gloomy, her glance became sad, and she imitated the expression of his features, and the attitude in which he stood. But suddenly, seeing his despair, she began to tremble, and grasping Giulia's arm, she said in a brief, affrighted tone:

"Vanina, are you not afraid?"

"Why should I be afraid?" replied Giulia.

"Do you not remark his grief? do you not forbode some misfortune?"

"What misfortune?"

Vanina appeared to question her memory.

"What misfortune?" she said; "ah! you know, indeed—he wishes to die at your feet; he wishes to descend the stream with you, to the flowery banks. I know not what more he wishes. Come, my Vanina, we will repair to France, where there are sweet blue lakes and fair green isles; come!"

She was silent, and her eyes were turned again upon Fiorentino.

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"Vanina!" she resumed, "who is this man? Is it not the Captain, Hector Fiaramonti?"

"Yes," replied Giulia, "it is he."

"I know him well, but he is greatly changed. Despair is in his glance. What can have happened to him?"

At this moment Fiorentino approached the vase, with a gesture repleto with anger, and Vanina began to tremble.

"Be silent!" she said, whispering in Giulia's ear; "restrain even your breathing. Do you not see how wretched he is? Some misfortune is about to happen to us; be silent!"

She pushed Giulia to the wall, nestled close against her, and followed every movement of Fiorentino, pallid, dejected, scarcely venturing to breathe.

After remaining for some moments silent and motionless, she suddenly uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless in Giulia's arms.

"He has broken it!" she murmured in a languid voice; "I knew that he would break it!"

Fiorentino, in truth, had just dashed Gabuzzi's beautiful vase in pieces.

At the cry uttered by his daughter, Prince Vivaldi rushed into the studio, followed by all his friends, who had assembled to witness the result of this second trial. When he beheld his daughter swooning in Giulia's arms, turning to Fiorentino, he exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! what have you done?"

"What have I done?" replied Fiorentino. "I have restored your daughter to perception and emotion. Instead, therefore, of despairing, rejoice to see her thus, for it is a certain prelude to her recovery. I had not hoped so much. She has understood what has just passed beneath her eyes, since she is so deeply affected by it: is not this a most convincing proof that order and clearness are beginning to awake in her intellect? I repeat it, fear nothing; to-morrow a more violent shock will cast her into a more prolonged swoon, and when she recovers from it, her reason, at present still disordered, will be as clear and lucid as your own."

"You prophesy with the conviction of an apostle, Signor Fiorentino," said Captain Fiaramonti, with a laugh.

"Captain," replied Fiorentino, with the steadfast calmness which never forsook him, "when I undertook to heal this young maiden, I said that it would be necessary for me break this vase and your life. You see by these fragments that I have already accomplished one of the conditions which I imposed upon myself; to-morrow at this hour the other will be accomplished also."

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE THIRD TRIAL.

THE Captain Hector Fiaramonti had scarcely finished dressing, when Fiorentino entered his apartment, bearing beneath his arm one of those long basket-hilted swords which were at that time commonly used in single combat.

"Hail to the bravest of captains!" said Fiorentino, bowing profoundly.

"My young Signor," said the Captain, without returning his salutation, "do you know how the gladiators formerly saluted the Roman Emperor, at the moment when they were about to butcher each other for his pleasure?"

"I do not precisely remember, Captain: how did they salute them?"

"*Cæsar Imperator, morituri, te salutant!* If you properly understood your position, this is the manner in which you would have saluted me."

"Pardon my forgetfulness; I will not delay to repair it. Captain, I have come to request your opinion, upon a subject that you should comprehend better than any one else, perhaps."

"I am perfectly at your service, my poor Signor; express to me your last wishes."

Fiorentino drew his sword from its sheath.

"You see this blade, Captain; the sculptor Gabuzzi has lent it to me, assuring me that it is of excellent temper: what say you to it?"

Fiaramonti took the sword, and bent the blade in his muscular fingers.

"In a strong and skilful hand," he said, "this weapon would be of inestimable value."

"Do you think that it could strike a breast like yours, for example, without breaking?"

Fiaramonti laughed.

"As to that," he said, "have no fear; your sword will never reach so far."

"If, by chance, this little blade should reach so far," said Fiorentino, showing his unsheathed poignard, "do you think that it is of a length sufficient to touch the heart?"

"It would be a pity to stain its lustre,"

replied the Captain, "for it is very beautiful; the hilt, above all, is of admirable workmanship; therefore, my young Signor, we will manage matters so that it shall remain innocent of all blood, for I presume it has nothing as yet upon its conscience."

"You judge it too favorably, Captain; there are already a few trifles with which it may be reproached."

"Your weapons are magnificent, Signor," said Fiaramonti, "but tell me, do you think them sufficiently vigorous to contend against these?"

He now displayed to Fiorentino a sword and a poignard, of nearly the same dimensions as his own, except that the blades were much broader and thicker.

"You find these weapons somewhat weighty for your arm, ha, Signor?" said Fiaramonti haughtily.

"I find them coarse and fit for a common hireling," replied Fiorentino, glancing at them with contempt.

For the first time the Captain was stung by Fiorentino's words, and he was unable to repress his fury. This affront to his arms robbed him of all his coolness, and tearing them roughly from the hands of him who dared to asperse them, he cried, his face purple with rage:

"Miserable adventurer! know that these arms which you despise, you are not worthy to touch, for I have dipped them in the blood of twenty enemies, while yours have never been aught but a ridiculous bauble in your hands."

"You jest admirably when you choose, Captain," said Fiorentino, in a tone of calm disdain; "but you will not jest long; it is a pity."

"In this I confess you have the advantage over me," replied the Captain, striving to resume a tone of irony; "you have given me a striking proof that there is no affront, however galling, which you cannot endure without wincing, and I own I cannot push my meekness to such a pitch."

"My poor Captain, you have not understood one thing, then; to wit, that I have but one way of replying to him who insults me: I slay him, or he slays me; that is all."

The Captain did not reply; he gazed at his sword, and remained long in contemplation before the weapon, which recalled to him all that composed his life, all that composed his joy in the past, the present, and the future; in short, all that intoxicated his soul, and inflamed his imagination—combats and blood.

"When do we fight?" he said, turning suddenly to Fiorentino, and casting upon him a glance that seemed to thirst for vengeance.

"On the instant, for all are awaiting us near the great torrent to the south. If we but stand face to face, with weapon in hand, what matters the place? Are you ready?"

"I am!"

"Follow me, then."

"You will confess, Captain," said Fiorentino, as he struck into one of the narrow forest paths which led to the lawn, "you will confess that the plan which I have adopted to heal the Princess is much more simple, more rapid, and less troublesome than that employed by Signor Pezzolini."

"By my life, your assurance confounds me," said the Captain; "you speak of this cure as accomplished, and yet the Princess is still a maniac."

"True; but the clouds which obscure her reason have receded at each trial; you cannot deny this, and I announced it in advance. You see then, in truth, that I am not a lying prophet, and if you were not destined to play so important a part in the third trial, you might judge that my prediction will be verified throughout."

"Is it then absolutely necessary for the Princess's recovery that I should be the one to fall?" said the Captain, in a tone of raillery. "Would not the result be the same, if I should have the misfortune to pass my sword through your body?"

"Alas, my brave Captain! it would not be the same in any manner; it is absolutely necessary, therefore, that you should play your proper part on this occasion."

"You have but little time left to jest, my young Signor; you do well to profit by it. But by what road are you leading me? We are advancing in a direction exactly opposite to that of the torrent."

"It is true, Captain; but a few steps, and we are upon the lawn."

"Wherefore have you led me hither?"

"I will tell you, now that we are here."

"Proceed!"

"Captain," said Fiorentino, whose countenance suddenly put off its expression of mockery, to assume the gravity and energy habitual to it, "do you recognize this spot?"



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"Perfectly; but I am astonished that you should take the trouble to lead me hither to-day; for it was here that you fell, when I hurled you to the ground."

"Yes, Captain, and it was here that I told you, as I showed you these two scars, that the man who imprinted them upon my face fell by my hand. At the moment of venturing our lives against each other, I wished to bring you to this spot, which still preserves the tokens of my shame and of your triumph; for this print that you see here is the print of my spur; I wished to bring you hither, to convince you that within the hour one of us will have ceased to live. I do not know the lot which fortune has this day reserved for me; but I have always lived, and until the event falsifies my confidence, I always shall live in the conviction, that I am destined, inevitably, to triumph over my enemies. I have been insulted thrice, Captain, and I have left three lifeless bodies upon the earth. It is true, I have never encountered an adversary as formidable as you; I confess it; but not the less do I feel the certainty, that the one of us two who is to lose his life in this combat is yourself. If I were not destined to be avenged of the most shameful affront that I have ever received from man, should I feel the boundless joy which at this moment overflows my heart?"

"But why speak after this fashion, my poor Signor Fiorentino? Do you not see that your head just reaches to my breast, and that I can clasp your body with my two hands? But enough of words; let us repair to the torrent, and we shall soon know what to think of your presentiments."

As they walked onward, they perceived Gabuzzi, who made a sign to Fiorentino that he wished to speak with him.

"Pass on," said the latter to the Captain; "I will overtake you in a moment.—What brings you here," he said, turning to the artist, "and why are you not with the rest at the place of combat?"

"My dear Fiorentino," said the artist, with emotion, "all are convinced, and I with the rest, that you will fall before the sword of Captain Fiaramonti; it is for this reason that they are at the torrent, and that I am here."

"Do not be alarmed too soon," said Fiorentino; "the Captain, I confess, is a dangerous antagonist, but he is not invincible."

"If you will follow my counsel," said Gabuzzi, in a tone of the warmest interest, "you will hold yourself, at first, upon the defensive, without venturing the slightest attack: you will wait prudently until the Captain shall lay himself open to your thrusts, whether in consequence of fatigue, or from the fury which will not fail to seize him, when he finds the combat prolonged without result; in this way, perhaps, you will avoid the fate which, I fear, awaits you."

"I will do my best to draw myself from the encounter with honor," said Fiorentino; "but I wish, and if necessary, I demand, in the name of that friendship which we have solemnly plighted to each other, that you should witness this combat; let me at least feel myself supported by the presence and the wishes of a friend."

"I will be there, since you desire it," said Gabuzzi; "and I need not tell you that you can count upon my prayers, since, unhappily, I can do nothing further for you in this emergency."

"Let us go then; we must not keep them waiting."

In the course of a few moments they had reached the torrent of which we have spoken at the commencement of this narrative. The Prince Vivaldi and all his male guests were already collected here beneath a palm-tree; but none of the females had been willing to be present at the sanguinary spectacle which was in preparation except Giulia, and Vanina the poor maniac, who had come hither ignorant of that which was to pass before her eyes; but by a mechanical instinct she perpetually followed the beautiful Signorina Giulia, who awaited, not without great terror, the commencement of the combat.

The Prince pressed Fiorentino's hand in silence, and his eyes were turned sadly towards his daughter, who was seated upon a stone a few paces distant from him. Fiorentino understood his thought.

"Prince," he said, "when, three days ago, I implored you to intrust me with the difficult task which I have undertaken, I might then have harbored some doubts, although even then success appeared to me infallible; but to-day, after that which I have already accomplished, I would stake my existence that, at the moment when this contest is ended, the Princess will entirely recover her reason. But she is seated at much too great a distance; it is indispensable that she should not be more than a few paces from us."

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"So near!" said the Prince; "do you not fear that she may experience an emotion too violent?"

"It is the contrary rather that I fear."

"Do you know, Signor Fiorentino," said Pezzolini, "that you are a rare genius; you, who to-day give lessons to a physician and to a soldier, although you are neither a soldier nor a physician? It will be a glorious triumph, and I wait impatiently until you have vanquished both myself and Captain Fiaramonti, to pay you my compliments on the occasion."

"Signor Pezzolini," replied Fiorentino, "admitting that my method is a good one, and that I shall presently give you a proof of it, do you feel yourself capable of practising it in all its parts?"

"Why not, Signor Fiorentino?"

"Why, without intending to question your courage, it seems to me that were you to measure swords with a man like Captain Fiaramonti, his blade would soon traverse your body."

Fiorentino left the Prince to request the Signorina Giulia to follow him with the maniac, and having called to the Captain, the four advanced toward the most elevated rock on the borders of the torrent.

"You see this fair, smooth platform," said Fiorentino, turning to the Captain; "you will confess that no place could be better arranged for the little interview which we are about to have together; the very sight is enough to move a man to draw a blade, even had he no ground for quarrel. It is precisely twice the length of our swords, and this will prevent me from retreating, as you might fear; here, too, we combat in the view of all, and this dispenses us from taking seconds; and finally, it rises like a promontory over this beautiful and picturesque torrent, which will serve as a tomb ready made for him who falls. Come, then, Captain, let us commence the game."

He signed to Giulia to direct the Princess's glances towards them, who was seated a few paces distant, near a gentle slope close to the verge of the platform; then he grasped his sword in his right hand and his poignard in his left, and the combat began.

Every eye was turned towards them with breathless anxiety, except the eyes of the Prince, which were fastened upon the face of his daughter.

Fiorentino did not follow the counsel given him by his friend Gabuzzi; he assailed the Captain with such fury, and harassed him with such rapidity and pertinacity, that the latter, who had expected to see him bear himself with more prudence, was as it were dazzled by his impetuosity. Still, as he was a most skilful swordsman, he soon recovered the coolness which had for a moment forsaken him, and, ashamed at having suffered himself to be anticipated by an adversary whom he deemed so little worthy of his arms, although this adversary was fast acquiring importance in his eyes, he resolved to take the offensive in his turn. But a sword-thrust from Fiorentino, which grazed his cheek, forced him to renounce this course.

Then Fiaramonti decided to accept the defensive, although he felt humiliated by acting this part. He was convinced that the furious ardor which his antagonist had thus far displayed would soon exhaust his strength, and place him at his mercy. But it seemed as if Fiorentino was endowed with a frame of iron and sinews of steel; the more rapid his thrusts the greater seemed his vigor and agility, and to his great surprise, Captain Fiaramonti found that it required all his skill and strength to parry the rapid blows which menaced his breast at every assault.

Vanina followed at first with an attentive eye, but without the slightest manifestation of alarm, the rapid movements of the two combatants. The Signorina Giulia had fled as soon as she had seen them cross blades. The maniac remained for some time indifferent to the spectacle, smiling at times upon that deadly encounter, or gazing upon it with dry eyes. But this calmness was not of long duration; by degrees her glance grew animated, her face turned pale, her brow was knitted, and the poor maniac, kneeling upon the stone on which she had been seated, clasped her hands upon her breast, and with her eyes still fixed upon the combatants, her lips murmured some words in a low, inaudible tone.

Prince Vivaldi, who had not turned his eyes from his daughter for a single instant, felt his strength fail him, for he saw that the critical moment had arrived.

"O my God!" he murmured in a trembling voice, "protect my poor child!"

At this moment he cast a glance upon the combat, on the issue of which depended, perhaps, the destiny of his daughter.

The Captain Fiaramonti was pushed to extremity; he felt his strength desert him, while Fiorentino's freshness and vigor seemed unabated. He saw that he was infallibly lost if he prolonged the strife in this manner, and that nothing remained to him but to grasp his enemy in his Herculean arms, and to poignard him or stifle him in his clutch. Convinced then that this was his only means of safety, he collected all his remaining strength for a last and desperate effort, and violently dashing aside Fiorentino's sword, he rushed upon him and grasped him in his arms.

"Thine be the torrent!" he cried, raising his poignard.

"*Morituri salutant!*" replied Fiorentino.

And dexterously extricating himself from the Captain's grasp, he plunged his poignard to the hilt in his bosom.

The Captain Fiaramonti fell without uttering a moan—he was dead!

Then a fearful cry re-echoed in Fiorentino's ears; he turned, and beheld the Princess Vanina standing erect before him, pale as a spectre.

"O Heaven!" exclaimed the young girl, "I am not deceived; it is indeed he!"

She approached the young man, and placing her hand upon his shoulder, as if she feared she were deluded by a dream—

"Oh, speak to me," she said; "tell me that it is thou, Cellini!"

"Great God!" exclaimed the Prince, who had hastened up with his friends to aid the Captain, "she is still a maniac!"

"No," said Fiorentino, "no, your daughter is no longer a maniac, for she recognizes me."

"What! you are——"

"Benvenuto Cellini."

At the same moment the Princess fell swooning into the arms of her father, who at once bore her to the castle.

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## CHAPTER V.

### CONCLUSION.

No sooner had the great artist revealed his name than a complete revolution took place in the feelings of those who, until now, had displayed such animosity towards him. All at once thronged around him with an air of respect and admiration; for at each the liberal arts excited enthusiasm in every mind. Benvenuto appeared sensible to the flattering testimonials which were showered upon him; but amid all these distinguished personages, his glance sought out the youngest and most obscure, the sculptor Gabuzzi. He alone had not intruded himself upon the artist; far from endeavoring to attract his attention, he had retired behind the crowd, gazing upon him stealthily, and feeling confused at the thought of the familiarity with which he had treated this great genius. Benvenuto approached the young man, and clapping him with a friendly air upon the shoulder, he said:

"What, Signor Gabuzzi, one would think that you wished to avoid me; have you already forgotten our pact of friendship?"

"Signor," said Gabuzzi, "when I thought that I was addressing Signor Fiorentino, I could treat you without ceremony and as an equal, as I have done, indeed; but——"

"But now you refuse to look upon me as a friend?"

"Ah, Signor!"

"Let us see, Signor Gabuzzi; you told me yesterday that it was your most ardent wish to study under Benvenuto Cellini; well, this is an excellent occasion to speak with him of the matter, if you are still of the same mind."

"What, Signor! you would consent——"

"I receive as a pupil the man whom I have judged worthy of my friendship; what is there strange in that? Come, then, your hand, or I shall think that you have changed your purpose."

"With all my heart," said Gabuzzi, clasping with transport the hand which Cellini reached to him.

"And now let us go and inquire after the Princess."

The two directed their steps towards the castle. All present followed the artist with as much respect as if he had been the Grand Duke di Medici himself.

On the way they encounterad the Prince Vivaldi.

"Well?" said Cellini.

"Ah, my preserver!" cried the old man, his face bathed in tears of joy, "my daughter has just returned to consciousness; she recognized me, she cast herself into my arms; she is saved!"

"I was convinced of it; and now that all fears are banished, perhaps you are curious to know the cause which led me to adopt

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the singular means that I have employed to restore the Princess to her reason."

"To speak truth, Signor, I have been far from comprehending them; I have left all blindly to you."

"And you see, Prince, that I have not made an ill use of your confidence. But I will in a few words reveal the secret of my system.

"When you informed me that the Princess Vanina had dwelt for some months in the village of V——, I already knew this; for at that time I inhabited the castle adjacent to your sister's, where she often came to pass the day. Your daughter, Prince, possesses every attaction—the charms of the mind and the graces of the body. I could not, therefore, steel my bosom against her attractions, and I soon saw, as I thought, that she did not look upon me with indifference. I resorted to the following means to acquire certainty on this point. One day when in the park with the daughter of my host, I saw the Princess Vanina approaching at a distance; I then said to Marie, who loved me as a brother, for we had been friends since childhood, 'Here is Vanina coming towards us; let us mislead and perplex her.' I persuaded her to sit near me, and began to speak to her of love, in the language of a man who was passionately enamored of her; she lent herself admirably to this jest, which I prolonged for some time after I had heard the light steps of the Princess behind us. At last I turned towards her to observe the effect which the spectacle of this imaginary passion had produced upon her: judge of my alarm when I beheld the Princess lying in a swoon at the foot of a tree.

"While Marie had gone to seek assistance from the castle, your daughter recovered her senses, and I confessed the stratagem which I had employed to discover if I were loved. She did not reply, but from the glance that she cast upon me I felt that I was not indifferent to her.

"Some time after this, being unable to succeed to my wish in carving a figure upon a vase which the Duke di Medici had been long expecting from me, I was seized with anger, and with a single stroke I dashed my work in pieces. At the same moment a cry resounded upon my ear; it came from the Princess, who, at the sight of this disaster, stood for some moments pale and cold as a corpse.

"On another occasion, a man, imagining that he enjoyed the privilege of insolence because he was of illustrious birth, insulted me in the presence of several persons, among whom was your daughter. Unhappily for him, this man was wanting in coolness, and on the following day, after a combat which lasted two minutes, I stretched him dead upon the meadow.

"As I turned my eyes from the body, I perceived the Princess behind me, dumb with horror and affright. Having reached the spot at the moment when we crossed blades, she had had the courage to control herself and to repress the cry which was about to escape her lips, fearing that, aware of her presence, I might lose the calmness of which in that moment I stood in such need. But this effort, combined with the terror which had seized upon her, completely overcame her, and the first words that she addressed to me were so strange and incoherent that I thought her mad. She soon returned to herself, however, but she then confessed to me, and repeated it several times, that after the three shocks that she had successively experienced in so short a time, she felt that the slightest emotion would suffice to impair her reason.

"Now, Prince, you know the secret of my conduct. I have some wrongs wherewith to reproach myself towards you, but I think that I have repaired them in restoring to you a child, who but for me was lost to you for ever. If I did not come hither sooner, it was because I was ignorant of the misfortune which had befallen the Princess; it was because, having learned her departure, without knowing its cause, without receiving from her a word of counsel or of consolation, I attributed this conduct to disdain; and listening only to the promptings of offended pride, far from seeking to approach her, I accompanied my host on a journey which he undertook at that time to Romagna. It was only on my return to Florence, that is to say, three days ago, that chance informed me of all that had happened, and two hours after, I was here."

"Signor Cellini," said the old man, clasping the artist's hand, "I will be frank with you. I would willingly have offered you half my fortune, did I not know the nobleness of your character, but under other circumstances I would never have consented to give you my daughter's hand; not but

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that I esteem the alliance very honorable for my house, but your turbulent character seems little calculated to secure the happiness of a wife. I give my daughter to you, however, for, I will not conceal it from you, the first name that she uttered after mine, on recovering her senses, was the name of Benvenuto Cellini."

"I can take no offense at fears that proceed from the heart of a father," replied the artist; "but be assured, in receiving her from your hands, I take a solemn engagement to render your daughter happy, and you know that I do not pledge myself presumptuously."

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A year after the events that we have just recounted, two horsemen, the one mounted upon a handsome sorrel courser, the other upon a steed black as yet, rode from the Villa Juliana on a fine summer evening. The one was the sculptor Gabuzzi, the other his master, the great Benvenuto Cellini.

When they had crossed the drawbridge, the latter turned, and casting upon the castle a glance marked with profound sadness, he murmured:

"Alas! who would have said, when I restored to the unhappy Vanina the reason that she had lost, when her unfortunate father rendered me the arbiter of her destiny, who would have said, that in the space of a short year I should leave this castle, with a soul racked with despair, and a heart crushed by misfortune! for in this castle, where I hoped to pass so many happy years, I leave two graves, in one of which reposes the old man, in the other sleeps the young wife."

He rode onward, for a long while, absorbed in these sad thoughts; then, raising to the heavens, in which already shone some scattered stars, a glance glowing with the fire of inspiration, he said:

"There is but one consolation for me now —it is fame."

And turning to the young artist, he added:

"And thou, Gabuzzi, my friend, my pupil, art thou ready to follow me, whithersoever caprice may lead me?"

"Every where," said Gabuzzi, "were it to the end of the world."

"Well then, let us depart for France! It is there that noble hearts do breathe, that intellect exists in its vigor, that the halo of genius shines in all its splendor. To France! I have renounced happiness, and I must have fame, ay, fame!"

He pressed his horse with the spur, and both disappeared like the flashing lightning.

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# EVENINGS WITH SOME FEMALE POETS.

## FIRST EVENING.

We were sitting alone the other evening, taking a quiet and meditative solace from our meerschaum, thinking and dreaming over the past as usual, and building up towers of happiness and misery, by turns, over our frosted pate with the weed-o'ergrown and mouldered ruins of our youth. The pleasures of such memories and such fabrics are delightful unto the mind of Johannes; but the reaction of later misfortunes, like the full charge of a reserve battalion on a battle plain, cry havoc on his dreams, and route, annihilate and render miserable the previously buoyant and glorious cavalcade which passed through, or tournamented on the pleasant plains of memory.

We shook ourself out of the dismals caused by the reaction of thought, puffed mightily at the consoling meerschaum, and by degrees weaned our thoughts into another sphere. As we gazed on the beautiful and fantastic shapes into which the smoke curled and wound itself, attracting by its grotesqueness for a while, then vanishing into the imperceptible atmosphere, we thought on the men whose representatives stood around us, on our desk and book-shelves. Most of them had been brilliant in their day. They wrote poetry, started theories, propounded philosophies, painted pictures, chiselled statues, navigated the waters, spanned the heavens, shook the earth, defied the skies—laughed, scorned, hated, wrote, sung. Some of them attracted attention; some, notoriety; some, reputation; some, homage; and all, died. All passed that mystic portal, and found in their graves the "true tranquillizer." All knocked, and it was opened unto them.

How many of them died for ever! How few underwent the metempsychosis, and came back to us and lived with us as 'household gods!' How few!

"Am *I* not here," cries Shakspeare. "Do I not cast into the caldron of your brain, like one of my own witches, the ingredients whereof to make this life enchantment? Do I not bend to suit your every mood—your sorrow, your joy, your moments of hatred, or your transfigured hours of love? Did I not give you an Ariel and a Robin Goodfellow to lighten your cares; a Miranda, Juliet, Beatrice, and a Portia to love; a Hamlet to philosophize with; a Lear to reverence; a Shylock to hate; a Falstaff to tipple with; jesters to laugh with, and heroes to gird your swords on? and——"

"Bravo! Master Shakspeare. For the love of Titania, whom does the heart of Johannes worship, speak thy speech, I pri' thee, in thy own blank verse."

Shakspeare.—For thy audacious tongue and addled pate,
I hate thee, Johann—what shall old Will swear?
May ev'ry tear that fair Ophelia shed
Be turned to senna, or some purgative drug,
To cleanse earth of such scruff. May Falstaff join
Old Mathew's rebel crew, and make hydraulic engine
Of his throat, experimenting like the vasty deep
In water-spouts, Johannes, if I love thee!
May Launcelot's dog know manners, and the hail
Stay its fierce pelting in the pitiless storm—
Which, on each decent and dramatic stage,
Should shiver Lear to madness—if I love thee!
May Caliban attune Apollo's lyre,
And Prospero's wand be made a fiddlestick,
(Which, by the way, gave Franklin wise the cue
Which like Prometheus stole the fire from heav'n;)
May Slender grow like Barnum's o'er-fat boy,
And all the witches, like the Broadway ones,
Parade in Bloomer kirtles—if I love thee!
Go to, and seek in Blackwell's storied isle—
Where lately Tupper of Proverbial cant,
And lazy city fathers, held carousal—
And seek within its mansion's granite walls
The cool asylum for the dread insane.

"Oh! Master Shakspeare, in the language of the nursery rhyme, 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,' for Johannes loves thee. Think of good Lear's gray hairs, and look at mine."

Shakspeare.—Ah, forsooth, the word hangs heavy on me too.
I did but spleen in sickness; but my gall

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Doth rise to see those Bunyan footmarks on the
Broadway stage,
Where erst I trod majestic; and the town
Made up of guns, drums, blunderblus', and thun-
der,
Where Denmark's ghost was used to stalk at
night.
Forgive me, Johann, if I, heated, hurl'd
On thee the soda-water of my mind.
But think of me, and mine, my pretty ones,
Rasped for domestic use, like bakers' rusks,
By ev'ry canting editorial cur,
Who seeks to solve my true men into knaves,
And blushing wenches, who in secret chinks
Prison their "Juan," and "Tom Little's" rhymes.
Ah! it makes me mad, and I myself may seek
From welcome Blackwell a congenial cell.

"Alas! poor ghost! Old Johannes joins thee in thy misery. Still, is it not true that few indeed of all this glorious circle live in our midst again?"

"Am I not with you in your melancholy?" said the sweet voice of MILTON, which once on a time charmed the ear of Mary Powell. "Do I not weep over the bier of your friend? Who is there that had not a Lycidas? Do I not take you back through the snows of six thousand years to the palpitating and sinless bosoms of your primal parents?"

"Dear old Sir, Johannes, professor of laughter, laws and literature, has long wished this interview. By the way, who sat for your portrait of Lucifer?"

"Sat for Lucifer? Thank Heaven I am blind, that I may not see the caitiff who thus insults my omnipotence. Immortal Lucifer was born armed of *my* brain, as Pallas Athena sprang cap-a-pie from the brain of Jupiter."

Johannes S. was humbled, but still whispered to himself, "How few immortals!"

"Am I not here?" cried SHELLEY, his beautiful eyes deep as a twilight in Italy. "Did I not lift you from the wretched earth, 'unbar the golden gates' of Imagination, and vouchsafe unto your aching soul the Gilead of the spirit-sphere?"

"And I!" sneered SWIFT—"did I not make you powerful with malignity, and steep your hate in scorn? Did I not crush your enemies with mind when steel refused its office? *Do* I not make you feared and respected? Do I not make you ruler, if not loved, beseeched when not caressed, as I was myself, and envied even when hated? Did I not unveil hypocrisy—show the world its false delicacy—scourge ministers, and act a Plato? Let the world lose me if they can. They fear me too much to despise me."

"And have I not soothed you at all times! Come, move on, Jonathan Swift," said the good Vicar of Wakefield, who evidently thought the Dean of St. Patrick's far too coarse for our acquaintance.

"And I!" blustered GOLDSMITH, whose cherry-colored coat was visible immediately beside the Vicar. "I'll give you my life in a cherry-stone. Have I not borne the slurs of all the upstart scribblers of London to make you happy? Hasn't Garrick imitated me, Jos Reynolds painted me, Johnson begged for me, Dr. Milner's school-boys pulled my hair, Mrs. Griffiths starved me, Boswell and Hawkins ridiculed me, bailiffs arrested me, Dr. Sleigh taken me out of jail—all for your sake? Hasn't all the world laughed at Tony Lumpkin? And sure, man alive, 'twas I that wrote the *Deserted Village* and *Citizen of the World—I'm Noll Goldsmith!* And if I wasn't rich, 'twas because I had no money save what I gave away. Besides, I died two thousand pounds in debt, and Sam Johnson wrote my epitaph."

"My dear Dr. Goldsmith——"

"Sir—Mr. Johannes—you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you should care about me. Sam Johnson said in his epitaph that I could *draw tears*, and he was right, sir; for if I had my cane here I'd soon have you spouting as freely as Evans of the London Packet, the ignorant fellow who abused my comedy; but he felt my cane—yes—oh! if you were to see Higgins, *Captain* Higgins, how he enjoyed it——"

"My dear *Doctor*."

"*Mister* Goldsmith, sir, at your service. I discarded the *Doctor* a year before I died."

"If you had not discarded the *Doctor* so soon, you might have lived *longer*, *Mister* Goldsmith."

"No joking, Mr. Johannes, on *my* death; it is a serious subject, and a date, sir, that the world *will not, cannot* let die."

"Johannes S., dear *Mister* Goldsmith, has the honor to agree with the world then, sir. J. S. never said any thing to the contrary, and if you will just look around, you will perceive the esteem you are held in here—how ardent an admirer of you J. S. is, sir. There is a copy of the very picture Jos Reynolds painted of you."

"My dear, good fellow! I am sorry I did not know you ninety years ago in London—

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made thirteen hundred pounds by my two comedies—you *must* want money—you are a scribbler—bad business, sir. You put me in mind of Green Arbor Court, only you are much snugger—bad business. Stay—[and here Goldy tried his pockets]—no ——I have *not one* blessed image of the King in my fob. Publishers are great scoundrels, Mister Johannes. Did you ever hear my joke about fame? I'll tell you. Well, sir, at the Royal Academy I remarked to Reynolds, when I was given the chair of History, (but no emolument,) that it was like, sir, a shirt without ruffles.—Oh! no—no—that wasn't it, but like ruffles to a man that had no shirt. That's it—that's it, sir; ha! ha!"

A great noise just at this moment interrupted Goldsmith, who laughed heartily, thinking his joke had produced a "thunder of applause;" but presently loud shouts of "Halloo, halloo, let me in," so vividly reminded him of his landlady scenes that he instantly decamped. A continuation of the noise had the effect of making us jump up, (in the act of which the patella of Johannes' knee-pan very nearly underwent the unpleasant performance of dislocation,) when we found we must have been enjoying a "Midsummer Night's (or rather evening's) Dream."

"Let me in," again broke on our ear, to which we duly answered, "Come in," but recollecting that the door of our sanctum was locked on the inside, we arose and admitted the visitor. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, but with a certain air of uncertainty about him, which is remarkably perceptible in those unwise young men who listlessly swing on the slack rope of manhood without having will or sense enough to walk steadily some one path of life. Young men at this state of existence think they are above the earth, and enjoy their swing with much self-satisfaction, until grim Starvation, also in search of something to do, mounts the rope with them, and threatens to make the pleasure-cord a noose, or sever with its clasp of steel the hemp, so that the youth is in momentary danger of being flung, and dashed to fragments upon the earth he had disdained. The young man who had entered our sanctum was enjoying his aërial excursion, swinging lazily, scarcely agitating the air which was pressing him, but fancying, deluded individual, that he should yet even dare to mount the clouds, and reform, if not revolutionize, the realms of Imagination. In fact, he believed himself to be a born Genius. His manner, naturally respectable, had fledged itself with the sickliness and sentiment which literary aspirants, without literary ability, assume; and the cadence of his voice in making the merest remark, through sympathy with nature we suppose, was slow, and beginning in a pert spring measure, so to speak, worked its seasonable movement into a summer*ily* tone of approbation, thence into an autumnal sombreness of shakeheadativeness and critical omnipotence, finishing appropriately with a wintry bareness, leaving the impression on his hearers that he was remarkably cool in taking such a long time to prove that his tree of literary knowledge bore no fruit, and was even destitute of a decent bunch of leaves—"point of fact," that he was a sort of fashioned board such as we see at booksellers' doors, whereon the announcements of new books are pasted. If titles were *en*titled to a position, then would our poor friend take no mediocre stand in the world, for he possessed more titles than the English Book of Heraldry, and, catalogue makers excepted, he was the greatest walking *hearsay* we have ever met.

Our reading friends will say, as our personal ones have often said, "Why does Dr. Johannes, a man of years and experience, tolerate such a ream of soiled foolscap to lumber his studio?" Well, the reason is, we believe him, apart from his literary ideas, to be a young man of parts. The airs he has taken has blown his nature out, and he is too great a genius to think of filling the vacuum by the study of the great masters, believing that he is a great master himself. If he had read Emerson's "Representative Men," especially the paper on Shakspeare, (whose great rival he allows himself to be,) he might be changed in his opinion; for Emerson clearly shows, we never doubted it, that the greatest geniuses are the greatest appropriators; they are great collectors and amassers, for they cannot build a pyramid without large stones and long labor. Morton Bellows was not without sense on other topics than literary ones, and being a comely, respectable youth, we rather encouraged his visits in the hope that we might be able to dissuade him from becoming a martyr for the sake of the reading world. It is a strange truth that our boy, J. S., junior, never could

relish poor Morton, although the latter was markedly kind to the boy, and once or twice brought him some volumes of Peter Parley. J. S., junior, who is a wag in his way, made a discovery one evening which our visitor did not relish. It was rather true to be well received. The boy was bent over a book by the stove last winter, and Bellows patronizingly asked him what was he studying? "Johnson's Dictionary," answered the young J. S. "Ha!" resumed Bellows, "great book—great man Johnson, very fond of tea." "Did he take milk and sugar in it?" asked the boy archly. "Can't say, my little wit, but he was a great man—a very great man; I'm exceedingly fond of Johnson." "You oughtn't to be," said the boy. "Why so?" quoth Bellows. "Because he calls you a *Blower*, Mr. Bellows." Morton's chin fell. But to resume.

"Why, Doctor, what in the name of Heaven were you thinking about? I have been rapping considerable," said Morton Bellows as he entered.

"Well, my dear Morton, I—sit down, you will find a glass empty—fill it, boy." (And as we are getting *dramatic*, our readers will allow us to get into a dialogue.) "I might say with poor Poe,

'The fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.'

However, now that you *are* in, make yourself at home. Ha! what's the volume, 'the ponderous volume,' I trust of not 'forgotten lore,' under your arm?"

Bellows.—The Female Poets of America. (And he threw carelessly that volume on the desk.)

Johannes.—The Female *Humbugs*, boy, of America.

Bellows.—Oh, Doc——

Johannes.—Don't get into a *fume* in a minute; here's a cigar, get in the clouds as soon as you like, boy, but don't fume about the fair *paper stainers*. I beg the ladies' pardon, all round—I did not mean *humbugs*, but you know I do not like such verses.

Bellows.—Did—you—Doctor, read Miss ——'s new poem in the Milliner's Magazine? —'t—was—beautiful.

Johannes.—No, Morton—no, sir—balderdash—I never read waste paper. I would not light my pipe with such verses, lest I might imbibe any such d——n nonsense into my head.

Bellows.—But, sir, the Home Journal which no fashionable parlor could possibly be fragrant without, praises her lyrical contributions to the poesie of the age exceedingly. The editors, poets themselves, Doctor, consider her destined to add another star to the literary flag of our glorious Union.

Johannes.—Literary fiddlestick! But you are the only literary fiddlestick I know; you are a great bow, (beau,) though I must say producing rather inharmonious sounds. And as to a woman writing lyrics—sheer nonsense, Morton! If we want true, great songs, we must give up the inspiration of the Bloomers and such like swaddling clothes before we can produce a poet worthy of America—a great poet; and to be the greatest poet of the greatest Republic on the earth will be a proud position. A song is to poetry what a well-chosen bouquet is to the flower garden—a culling and concentrating of the most perfect and refreshing fragrance of the entire in a small space. And so you must choose the component parts according to the theme, be it of love, war, Bacchus, or hate. Yes, sir, and no woman that I wot of can do this. Your lady scribblers may be great poets, but, by the perfumed kerchief and affected frontispiece of Satan Montgomery, they have not shown it as yet. Morton, my friend, you must think for yourself; don't take your opinions from newspaper puffs, and above all, read the books you introduce as subjects of conversation. None but a looker-on can see how exceedingly ridiculous it is for a person to talk on what he knows not of, save from the publisher's announcement and the collection of "opinions of the press" on the fly-leaf, which nefarious habit is, I see, getting fashionable. I have in *my eye* several young men—*one I am certain of*—who have been spoiled and rendered the bores of society and gibe of their friends by such a course. It's lamentable, and as for your Female Poets, it's a phantasmagoria—now, boy, be quiet—I know what you would say—gallantry and so forth. All exceedingly good in its place. But look you, look at them books—books that Tom Carlyle would bow to! Allah il Allah! true *Books*.

Bellows.—I will admit that we have no women who can write *such* books; still shall

I believe that in this volume you will find some poems of excellent merit, and as good in their way as can be met with. I think it is Tom Moore, that glorious fellow, who says in one of his "melodies,"

"'Twere ill, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there."

And, by the same rule, I think we must not despise those simple daisies and primroses in the fields of poesy because we have not the aromatic rose in their midst.

JOHANNES.—True; but poetry is poetry, whether conveyed by the eye, the ear, or the pen. We can think poetry; see it in the mountains, rivers and trees; write it from the soul; but unless I can judge of it in the works given to me, I know not how. I cannot listen to every sentimental school-girl or childish old woman in the land, or walk with them, or boat with them, one after another, to give the one or the other a chance of talking her thoughts to me. They may be all poets, but I want the proof; and I believe, further, that if there is any of the "divinity" in the soul, it must come out, be it in rough chunks, like Mrs. Barrett's, or in polished groups, like Alfred Tennyson's. You can no more stay the sunshine than the poetic fire. Every poet is a sort of Stromboli, Cotopaxi, or Mount Hecla; and if his or her soul does not burn externally all the time as the one, it rages interiorly, and flames at intervals like the other. You might as well strive to put out Vesuvius with a wet blanket as put down *the poet*. And as to your quotation about liking all flowers because the rose is not present, it is folly. If the rose is your *idea* of a flower, never be satisfied with any thing less. So in poetry; toil after the first class of it. It is such ridiculous and unmanly patronage as you would bestow, that brings all those bardlings about us like mosquitoes in August. True genius discards your "grim patronage," as Douglas Jerrold truly characterized it; for it is grim even in its smiles. You say there are some excellent poems in that book. I should like to see them; for, with the exception of one or two of Anne Lynch's, a couple by Alice Carey, and some few by Mrs. Osgood, I don't know where to find any thing even tolerable by our American poetesses.

BELLOWS.—And yet, Doctor, I don't know why they should not write, and well too.

JOHANNES.—Women should *not* write; only, indeed, such women as Elizabeth Barrett Browning or Mary Shelley, or perhaps Maria Edgeworth, who have something to write. Women ought to mend their fathers', brothers' and husbands' stockings, and look after the *domestic*, instead of the POETIC fire. Longfellow, though sometimes a wrong-fellow, was pretty right when he said:

"What we admire most in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect."

I think a little of both good. Lyttleton's advice to a lady may be, as he himself says,

"Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;"

but ne'ertheless it contains much that a lady of *sense* (which, by the way, is no great acquaintance of our American *poetesses*) ought to be glad to profit by. One passage just suits our talk; advising a lady—a Belinda, too—he says:

"Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light."

BELLOWS.—But there is Eliza Cook and Mrs. Partington and the Women's Rights Convention.

JOHANNES.—Eliza Cook? She is no more a poet than Cardinal Wiseman is a Mussulman—not but there are many wise-men Mussulmen; but her rhymes are mere sermons and humanitarian speeches, cut up into set lines of syllables beginning with a capital letter, and ending with a jingle. Now, Mrs. Partington is a sensible old lady, and much after my own mind; but the Convention is a conspiracy on the part of some ill-satisfied and jealous husbands, to drive their wives into the Lunatic Asylum. Put all the district fire-bells into a lecture-room, Hope Chapel or Clinton Hall, and have them all rung together, and you may have some idea of a senate of women. Oh, horrible! Poe evidently had them in his mind when he sung:

'Oh, the belles—brazen belles!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night,
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek—shriek,
Out of tune!"

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And again—what a prophet he was:

"What a tale their terror tells of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!"

Carlyle, too, who anticipated the American women's movement, knew well its dire effect. In his French Revolution, Vol. I., if you recollect, he says: "Might there not be a female Parliament, too, with 'screams from the opposition benches,' and 'the honorable member borne out in hysterics?'" No, no; such is not true womanhood. Push that decanter this way.

BELLOWS.—Doctor, I find you are as testy as ever on this subject.

JOHANNES.—Oh! if all your lady scribblers were obliged by law, as a license for their literary aspirations, to send with every contribution to a magazine half a dozen shirts, and the same quantity of knitted stockings, (the work of their own hands,) to be delivered over to some public hospital by the editor of said magazine, you would see what a pleasant change would come over society.

BELLOWS.—Won't you listen, sir, while I read you a few lines?

JOHANNES.—Of what?

BELLOWS.—A poem by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. I claim a hearing now—it is my turn, Doctor.

JOHANNES (*sarcastically*).—Mrs. Hale! who is Mrs. Hale? You had better make a biographical oration concerning each feminine too——

BELLOWS.—I beg you won't interrupt now, Doctor; 'pon my life, it's only fair—my turn now.

JOHANNES.—Stay, Morton, like a good youth; just hand me that pillow—ha, thank you. I know I shall be asleep ere the second stanza is closed.

BELLOWS (*rather impatiently*).—Listen, sir; it is from a poem entitled "Iron," and which I think you will say is vigorous and musical.

JOHANNES (*settling his head on the pillow*).—Go ahead; I'm all ready; cool as an ice-cream, but presently shall be drowsy as a dose of laudanum.

BELLOWS (*reads*).

"As in lonely thought I pondered—"

JOHANNES (*parenthetically*).—I wish t heavens you were pondering alone!

BELLOWS.—Ungallant, by the umbrella Halleck—ungallant! What, not give a la a hearing?

JOHANNES.—Well, I really apologize—go on.

BELLOWS.—If you interrupt again, Doctor, I shall impose a penalty, and that is, that *you* read every thing I mark in this volume.

JOHANNES.—Enough said—read.

BELLOWS (*reads*).

"As, in lonely thought, I ponder'd
On the marv'lous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wonder'd
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the Spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all his works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

"Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate and lone,
Their scarred heads were threat'ning o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice from out the mountains
As an earthquake shook the ground,
*And like frighten'd fawns the fountains,*
*Leaping, fled before the sound;*
And the Anak oaks bow'd lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear;
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crush'd mine ear:

"'Iron! Iron! Iron!'—crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield;
Or the sword on hemlet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
'Iron! Iron! Iron!'—rolling
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!
'Iron! Iron! Iron!'—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest Millennial Day!

* * * * *

"As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth;
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by Iron's aid pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing,
Here, as angels do above."

JOHANNES (*patronizingly*).—Well, that

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is rather a *Hale* production; there are some capital lines, especially,

"And like frighten'd fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound,"

in that chant.

BELLOWS.—What, not asleep yet? Doctor, (*sarcastically,*) perhaps this verse will have the effect; it is from the poems of the same *Iron* hand. It is a verse from "Alice Ray," which I believe, with Miss Caroline May, "contains several exquisite touches of nature." Mrs. Hale's poetry has much strength, vivacity and chasteness, and, my dear Doctor, you only need to read her to be her admirer. Here is a sweet stanza:

"An only child was Alice,
And, like the blest above,
The gentle maid had ever breathed
An atmosphere of love;
Her father's smile like sunshine came,
Like dew her mother's kiss,
Their love and goodness made her home
Like heaven, the place of bliss."

Here is a fine passage; speaking, in the poem entitled *The Mississippi*, of the clouds breaking on the mountain tops, she says:

"The jagged rocks, * * *
Whose splinter'd summits seize the warring clouds
And roll them, broken, like a host o'erthrown,
Adown the mountain's side."

And tracing the course of the river, a fine passage occurs thus:

"But now it deepens, struggles, rushes on;
Like goaded war-horse, bounding o'er the foe,
It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,
Leaping, as Curtius leap'd adown the gulf,
And rising, like Antæus, from the fall,
Its course majestic through the land pursues."

JOHANNES.—That is really a fine passage. The course of the noble river is told with noble force and vigor. It is very expressive, full, though condensed, and the impetuous characteristic in the line,

"It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,"

is but the more admirably carried out by the simile to Curtius leaping "adown the gulf," to which the application is very perfect.

BELLOWS.—One more passage from the same poem, and I'll warrant you won't desire to sleep to-night, sir, at least, while I cull passages for you; but truth to say, many may be found of equal vigor to those which I have read—listen:

"Great Source of Being, Beauty, Light and Love!
Creator! Lord! the waters worship thee!
*Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers;*
*Ere the glad hills leap'd upward, or the earth,*
*With swelling bosom, waited for her child;*
*Before eternal Love had lit the sun,*
*Or Time had traced his dial-plate in stars,*
*The joyful anthem of the waters flowed;*
*And Chaos like a frighten'd felon fled,*
*While on the deep the Holy Spirit moved.*"

JOHANNES.—Mrs. Hale's similes are not seldom *frightened* into a position. That is a very good passage.

BELLOWS.—Yes. I think her works are remarkable for a healthiness of style, which would be an acquisition to many of your male writers of the day. You will admire Mrs. Hale's motives, Doctor Johannes, for writing, when you learn that she first became an authoress in 1822, when the death of her husband, a lawyer, placed her the sole guardian and support of her children, without the necessary means to procure them that education which her own early culture prompted her to seek for them. A gifted woman, the daughter of an intelligent and gifted mother, she the more strongly felt the onerous charge Providence allotted her, and then it was she cast her talents before the public, and, I am happy to say, with some effect, and has the double happiness of benefiting it and herself. She has published several works, including *Northwood*, a novel, *Sketches of American Character*, *Traits of American Life*, *The Ladies' Wreath*, edited the *Ladies' Magazine*, and at present is the discriminating editor of the *Ladies' Book*. A volume entitled *The Vigil of Love and other Poems* was published in 1848, and since then, *Henry Guy, a Tale of the Sea*. Mrs. Hale has also published a Tragedy entitled *Ormond Grosvenor*, founded on the life of Colonel Isaac Hayne, the revolutionary martyr of South Carolina. Caroline May, in her edition of the Female Poets, justly remarks: "In all, there is some good lesson inculcated; showing a healthiness of sentiment and a soundness of heart—more valuable than the most brilliant imagination." And Griswold, in his biographical preface to a selection of Mrs. Hale's poems, says that all her miscellaneous criticisms, essays and sketches are "indicative of sound principles, and of kindness, knowledge, and judgment."

JOHANNES.—Bellows, you should have told me the motives which actuated Mrs. Hale before you read me her poems; but perhaps it is as well. There is one thing evident: the lady, if she never wrote a line, must be allied to a poet in action. There is nothing so grand as a woman conquering difficulties; I honor such persons. I have made it the rule of my life to love those upon whom misfortune hath left its mark, or attempted to do. Turn to that book again, Morton, and open it at the Miss Carey *division*, as Captain Cuttle would say. Do you know that I think Miss Alice Carey has perhaps the strongest imagination among the lady minds of the land. It is sometimes heavy in expressiveness, from the very fact of its being rich. She seems as if she did not or could not say all she thought. I have no doubt, in the words of Keats,

"But to her heart, her heart was voluble."

And that like Madeleine her side was "paining with eloquence,"

"As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell."

But Miss Carey will not "die heart-stifled;" we shall have some grand things from her yet. Her *Pictures of Memory* is very beautiful. When I have done reading it, the cadence of the rhythm is running through my head. "I am haunted by the tune," as Griffin says. The ballad, entitled "An Evening Tale," which begins:

"Come, thou of the drooping eyelid,
And cheek that is meekly pale,
Give over thy pensive musing,
And list to a lonesome tale;
For hearts that are torn and bleeding,
Or heavy as thine, and lone,
May find in another's sorrow
Forgetfulness of their own," &c.,

has three or four capital pictures in it. I can't recollect poetry as well as I used to—Morton, boy, fill your glass. Female poetry needs ardent spirits to make a man a Lothario against his will. By the way, did you read "Lyra, a Lament," by Alice Carey—one of her latest poems? It is crisp and quaint as an old dirge, and possesses much beautiful appreciation.

BELLOWS.—Yes, I have read it, and I wondered much that Savage did not allude to it in his essay on "Death-Verses" in the late *American Review*.

JOHANNES.—True, boy. I must ask the editor why he did not suggest that to "*le bon Sauvage*."

BELLOWS.—Are you acquainted there—writer for the Review?

JOHANNES.—Yes. I am thinking very seriously of a paper on some Female American Poets—good subject, by Jove! I have it—I'll write down our conversation to-night—a sort of *noctes*. Capital! you will find a magazine on the shelf yon, with that poem in it—*there*—a little to the right—not that one—ah! now you have it. Read it for me. I like it very much.

BELLOWS (*reads*).

## LYRA.—A LAMENT.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Maidens, whose tresses shine,
Crowned with daffodil and eglantine,
Or, from their stringéd buds of brier-roses,
Bright as the vermeil closes
Of April twilights, after sobbing rains,
Fall down in rippled skeins
And golden tangles, low
About your bosoms, dainty as new snow;
While the warm shadows blow in softest gales
Fair hawthorn flowers and cherry blossoms white
Against your kirtles, like the froth from pails
O'er-brimmed with milk at night,
When lowing heifers bury their sleek flanks
In winrows of sweet hay, or clover banks—
Come near and hear, I pray,
My plainéd roundelay:
Where creeping vines o'errun the sunny leas,
Sadly, sweet souls, I watch your shining bands
Filling with stainéd hands
Your leafy cups with lush red strawberries;
Or deep in murmurous glooms,
In yellow mosses full of starry blooms,
Sunken at ease—each busied as she likes,
Or stripping from the grass the beaded dews,
Or picking jagged leaves from the slim spikes
Of tender pinks—with warbled interfuse
Of poesy divine,
That haply long ago
Some wretched borderer of the realm of woe
Wrought to a dulcet line:
If in your lovely years
There be a sorrow that may touch with tears
The eyelids piteously, they must be shed
For LYRA, DEAD.
The mantle of the May
Was blown almost within the summer's reach,
And all the orchard trees,
Apple, and pear, and peach,
Were full of yellow bees,
Flown from their hives away.
The callow dove upon the dusty beam
Fluttered its little wings in streaks of light,
And the gray swallow twittered full in sight—
Harmless the unyoked team
Browsed from the budding elms, and thrilling lays
Made musical prophecies of brighter days;

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And all went jocundly; I could but say,
Ah! well-a-day!
What time spring thaws the wold,
And in the dead leaves come up sprouts of gold,
And green and ribby blue, that after hours
Encrown with flowers;
Heavily lies my heart
From all delights apart,
Even as an echo hungry for the wind,
When fail the silver-kissing waves to unbind
The music bedded in the drowsy strings
Of the sea's golden shells—
That sometimes, with their honeyed murmurings,
Fill all its underswells:
For o'er the sunshine fell a shadow wide
When Lyra died.
When sober Autumn, with his mist-bound brows,
Sits drearily beneath the fading boughs,
And the rain, chilly cold,
Wrings from his beard of gold,
And as some comfort for his lonesome hours,
Hides in his bosom stalks of withered flowers,
I think about what leaves are drooping round
A smoothly-shapen mound;
And if the wild wind cries
Where Lyra lies,
Sweet shepherds, softly blow
Ditties most sad and low—
Piping on hollow reeds to your pent sheep—
Calm be my Lyra's sleep,
Unvexed with dream of the rough briers that pull
From his strayed lambs the wool!
O star, that tremblest dim
Upon the welkin's rim,
Send with thy milky shadows from above
Tidings about my love;
If that some envious wave
Made his untimely grave,
Or if, so softening half my wild regrets,
Some coverlid of bluest violets
Was softly put aside,
What time he died!
Nay, come not, piteous maids,
Out of the murmurous shades;
But keep your tresses crownéd as you may
With eglantine and daffodillies gay,
And with the dews of myrtles wash your cheeks,
When flamy streaks,
Unpruning the gray orient, tell of morn—
While I, forlorn,
Pour all my heart in tears and plaints, instead,
For LYRA, DEAD.

BELLOWS.—It is beautiful; but does it not strike you that the language is Miltonic, like his—what d'ye call it—poems about Allegories and Penserosos?

JOHANNES.—You had better call them Alley-Careys and Pensive-Rosas—you *mean* L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and so forth. Well, what of it? Her language *is* Miltonic in his pastoral mood, and for that very reason we should most admire her. *I do*—as I admire Mrs. Browning for her Miltonisms (though often crude) in his more imaginative and sombre moods. You might as well say that soldiers in a battle should not follow their chief, as that the young poets should not follow in the paths of the chiefs of poetry. It does not harm or crush the originality out of one to do so. Follow the best spirits of song in the spirit of loving rivalry, not as servile echoes, and when you have learned to be led, you may be able to take the lead and lead others. There is a poem by her sister, some stanzas of which I have always felt refreshing: show me the book; I will read those I allude to. They are in a poem entitled "Bearing Life's Troubles," by Phœbe Carey, and run thus:—

"Oh, there are moments for us here, when, seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

"For there are ills that come without foreboding,
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
And there are festering cares, that by corroding,
Eat silently their way into the soul."

And again:

"Nor yet to him are strength and wisdom given,
Whose days with profitless scourge and fast are spent.

"*But him whose heart is as a temple holy,*
*Whose prayer in every act of right is said—*
*He shall be strong*, whether life's ills wear slowly,
Or come like lightning down upon his head.

"He who for his own good or for another
Ready to pray, and strive, and labor, stands;
*Who loves his God by loving well his brother,*
And worships him by keeping his commands."

Did you ever meet the Miss Careys?

BELLOWS.—Yes; I have had that pleasure. There are several sisters, three of whom write poetry.

JOHANNES.—Why, they are a flock of poetic Mother Carey's chickens, quite as aërial as those mystic little birds who never touch land, but who, as it were, find in "airy nothing" a local habitation. I myself met two of the sisters at Miss Lynch's, which by the way, puts me in mind of *her* poetry. She has written some fine poems. You must be acquainted with those so often admired—the "Ideal" and the "Ideal Found." Poe thought exceedingly well of them. He told me so one day we had a delightful stroll at Fordham, poor fellow. Every body now is looking for his failings, and never think of the enjoyment his writings have given them. There is a strength and a soldier-like sincer-

ity (to use an expressive term of Miss May's) about Miss Anne Lynch's poetry which is exceedingly pleasurable in this day of cant and whine. There is a poem of hers which has ever excited my sympathy, because it embodies my ideas and recollections of my misfortunes;—it is entitled,

A THOUGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE.

Bury me by the sea.
When on my heart the hand of Death is prest,
If the soul lingereth ere she join the blest,
And haunts awhile her clay,
Then mid the forest shades I would not lie,
For the green leaves like me would droop and die.

Nor mid the homes of men,
The haunts of busy life, would I be laid:
There ever was I lone, and my vexed shade
Would sleep unquiet there;
The surging tide of life might overwhelm
The shadowy boundaries of the silent realm.

No sculptured marble pile
To bear my name be reared upon my breast;
Beneath its weight my free soul would not rest.
But let the blue sky smile,
The changeless stars look lovingly on me,
And let me sleep beside this sounding sea:

This ever-beating heart
Of the Great Universe! here would the soul
Plume her soiled pinions for the final goal,
Ere she should thence depart;
Here would she fit her for the high abode;
Here, by the sea, she would be nearer God.

I feel his presence now:
Thou mightiest of his vassals, as I stand
And watch beside thee on the sparkling sand,
Thy crested billows bow;
And as thy solemn chant swells through the air,
My spirit, awed, joins in thy ceaseless prayer.

Life's fitful fever o'er,
Here then would I repose, majestic sea;
E'en now faint glimpses of eternity
Come o'er me on thy shore:
My thoughts from thee to highest themes are given,
As thy deep distant blue is lost in Heaven.

That is a poem which it will do you good to peruse often. I never read it without feeling a cooling but ennobling sympathy float o'er me, and then I sink into a thoughtfulness which I love. It makes me think of the sea; the sea, of circumstances connected with it, and so on a chain of memories are unlinked, and I live over again, until, in the words of the poet, I am lost in the "deep distant blue of Heaven." Ah, I am getting into my thoughtful mood—and I had much to say; but some other evening we shall have a chat on——

BELLOWS.—The Miss Mays, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Hewit, and—oh—on many others.

JOHANNES.—Well, leave me the volume of Dr. Griswold, that I may read it over. I think he has done a great deal more for the so-called poets, male and female, than ever they could do for themselves. Let us have a refreshing smoke before we part. Morton, boy, fill your glass—and "push round the bowl," as that little devil Moore says.

BELLOWS.—Or, as a distinguished poet remarks:

"Fill the cup, and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn;
Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born."

JOHANNES.—Good, boy—you are improving; but who was the distinguished poet who sung thus?

BELLOWS.—It was—um—I just now disremember.

JOHANNES.—Caught again. The lines are by Tennyson, sir. Did you read Tennyson, Morton—his "Princess?"

BELLOWS.—I have heard it is an exquisite melody.

JOHANNES.—"Medley," you jackanapes! I'll get mad with you, you good-for-nothing young book-cover establishment—why don't you drink, sir? If you don't read, I really must hand you over to J. S., junior, and Johnson's Dictionary.

BELLOWS.—I'm going, sir. My dear Doctor, it's all hours.

JOHANNES.—Well, mark what I have said. Good night.

BELLOWS (already on the stairs).—Good night—*au revoir*.

J. S.

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# TOUCHING THE LIGHTNING GENIUS OF THE AGE.

"Primus philosophiam devocavit è cœlo, et in urbibus collocavit, et in domos etiam introduxit."
CICERO (of Socrates).

*Science* first summoned electricity from heaven, established it in cities, and even introduced it into households.—(Free translation.)

"Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude *bonâ* gentibus intulit."—ANTI-HORATIUS.

"Carry them here and there—jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many days
Into an hour-glass."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Titanic forces, taking birth
In divers seasons, divers climes."—TENNYSON.

ONCE upon a time, as we may read in old Lydgate's "Bochas," there were set up in the Pantheon, at Rome, statues, bearing the names of the various provinces of the empire; and before each of these was a bell, on which the figure struck to give the alarm whenever the dependency it represented was in revolt or in peril of barbaric invasion. So that when the woad streaked Britons grew restless beside the Trent or the Severn; or the Picts were storming the great wall; or the kilted Gauls made wild work on the Rhine; or the Danube—*conjuratus Ister*—overflowed its rebellious banks once more; or the Parthians, the quivered Gelonians,—*pharetrati Geloni*,—the Scythians, or the Getæ flung their periodical defiance against the S. P. Q. R., the grim *eidolon* from his niche would let fall his truncheon on the sounding brass. And sometimes half a dozen of these giants would be hammering away—ding, dong—all together, like the Cyclops, "Brontes and Steropes and the naked-limbed Pyracmon!" For, Rome being somewhat in its decline about that time, and the outside barbarians incessantly rushing on the failing barriers of the empire, these bell-ringers had a very great amount of business on their hands—or, *under* them. This was a very curious and striking old Gothic legend, certainly, and carried an imperial air of grim romance with it—taking the fancy wonderfully. But it was only a foreshadowing of what was to come in our own days—a prophecy of the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—that modern miracle of iron wires, whereon Intelligence moves, from land to land, as on a highway, charioted by the Lightnings of Heaven!

The fancy of that strange mediæval tradition is apparently destined to become a fulfilment in the nineteenth century. The marvel of it is ready to become a familiar fact in more than one empire of the world. Look at England. She is preparing to make a Pantheon of her Horse Guards, or some other centre of military power in London, where she may gather instant news of her wide-spread dependencies. She is about laying down wires to Ireland, and has laid them down to France and the continent of Europe, on their way to "the farthest steep of India;" while the thought of laying them under the bed of the ocean to Canada is busy in her brain. So that, whether poor Ireland shall theorize another hopeless insurrection; or Gibraltar, standing sentinel by the Pillars of Hercules, shall see the Russians coming to thunder-strike the rock; or the Lion-Singhs of Lahore shall come out of their jungles and shake the dew-drops from their angry manes once more; or whether Jonathan shall go to take Quebec, or vex the Bermoöthes with his jolly propagandists—cast his shoe, in fine, over all the continent and the isles—the news shall be literally struck upon the bells arranged round what shall represent the temple of British dominion, and the whole island shall instantly ring of it! In the same way this subtle machinery of despotic alarm is

calculated to operate in Germany, France, and other lands where impious men bear sway, as yet, and Science, like Samsom, may still be compelled to work for the Philistines.

But it is here, in America, that the story of the bells will be most auspiciously retold. We shall yet have our capital fixed somewhere in the centre of this continent, though, in his last great Washington oration on the extension of the Capitol, Mr. Webster wished to pronounce an *esto perpetua* over it where it stands, and seemed to think no place so fit for it as beside the Potomac. But all things change; the fashion of all things passeth away. And the metropolis of American empire, the *umbilicus terrarum*, will probably, in time, be where the lordly Missouri—

"Corniger Hesperidum fluvis, regnator aquarum"—

surrenders his name and honors to the sea-like Mississippi; and there, about midway between all the fraternal divisions of the Union, will the "Central Telegraph Station" be the Pantheon of this great democracy of ours; receiving intelligence, not of revolts, nor, we should hope, of foreign invasions, but of the peaceful doings of all the brotherly States; of their achievements on the broad fields of commerce, and in the arts that brighten and benefit social life; and interchanging their signals as they march simultaneously, one Grand Army of the future, along the highways of progress.

Quitting our Gothic fancies for facts, we find Electricity exercising and promising to exercise upon our times an influence not less than those of printing and the discovery of America in the days that have gone by. Steam seems feeble compared with it, and is, in fact, likely to be supplanted by it. Electricity is now doing a great many things, simultaneously—opening wonderful vistas into the coming time. It is still in its infancy; but, like Hercules, it is performing prodigies in its cradle, so to speak. What its "twelve labors" are yet to be, the most sanguine minds cannot venture to prophesy.

This electric principle was not unknown to the ancients. Existing, as we now know it does, as a universal element of nature, it could not escape the observation of the earlier generations; and it has received its Greek name from the means by which it was detected. Thales of Miletus is said to have first found that amber (*electron*) when rubbed receives the property of drawing certain particles of matter. Hence the amber-science of which we speak—Electricity. The philosopher went about with his stick of amber, capturing bits of feather and other light matters; as foolishly employed, in the eyes of his neighbors, as was Sir Isaac Newton with his pipe and bubbles; Franklin with his kite; Galvani over the deceased frog; or Plantagenet (Marquis of Worcester) watching the cover of his boiling kettle in the Tower of London. Thales was much struck with his discovery, and thought there must be a soul in matter; like Miranda, when she first saw Ferdinand, he said: "'Tis a spirit." And, indeed, with all our science, we have not got far beyond the old Greek in our comprehension of this principle. In process of time, the world found out that electricity belonged to other matters, such as sulphur, glass, resins, and so forth. Glass was made use of in machines to produce frictional electricity, and many persons and things were in the habit of being *shocked*. It was also found that glass, oils, metallic oxides, &c., were non-conductors; and, arguing from these facts, Muschenbrock of Leyden, over a century ago, made a successful attempt to arrest and gather quantities of electric power, in what has been termed the "Leyden Jar." This was a wonder and a wonder-worker for a time; and a crowd of high names are connected with its operations and improvements in it. But a better order of electricity was to be discovered. About 1790, Galvani, the Italian, observed the effect of two dissimilar metals touching a dead frog, which the cook was making soup of for an invalid. This was the germ of the idea which Volta matured into Chemical Electricity, such as we now have it, racing round the world on wires. By means of the battery that bears his name, he was enabled to generate a steady current of electricity, and pour it to any distance along the wires connecting the poles of the battery. Frictional electricity had been found impulsive and unmanageable. But this chemical article proved as tractable as it was potent and easy of generation. Experimentalists who had been in the habit of making distant signals with the frictional machine, now telegraphed more effectively than before. The battery was made to *decompose water* at a distance and show air-bubbles as signals, and

by several other means to communicate distant intelligence.

About thirty years ago, another great electric stride in advance was made. Philosophers had found that wires charged with electricity were magnetic. They knew, at the same time, that magnets exerted a power of attraction and repulsion on each other—the north pole of one drawing the south pole of the other, and *vice versâ*. Following this course of thought, they brought a charged wire close to a magnet, and found that something like magnetic action was developed; for the wire, passing parallel to the magnet, threw it from its northern allegiance and made it lie east and west. The discovery of this deflecting power was a signal achievement in telegraphic science. Œrsted, the Danish philosopher, was the first to cry "Heureka!" in 1818 or 1819. But Ampere, Arago, Sir Humphrey Davy, and others, had also discovered the power of the charged wire upon the magnet, much about the same time; and Ampere had expressly indicated its applicability to the purposes of the telegraph.

It is curious indeed—turning aside, for a moment, from the subject—to consider that in the cases of the many great discoveries or things done in the world, there were others who thought of them either before or at the same time with those whose names are chiefly identified with them, and to feel that no great innovatory fact comes so sharply out from the average knowledge of its age as we should suppose, at first sight. When we look close, we find that the performances which stand for dates and celebrities, were only raised a very little way from the level of their era; that none of them is isolated in the midst of unequal circumstances. There was Franklin. One half of the noble legend which Turgot made for him—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"—

belongs equally to D'Alibard, the Frenchman, who found that electricity was lightning something before that truth came down from the Philadelphia kite. Adams, in England, would have found out the planet Neptune on Wednesday, if Leverrier had not discovered it on Tuesday. The steam-engine was thought of and used before Watts's time. Blasco de Garay paddled a ship with it at Barcelona, in the middle of the sixteenth century. The origin of it, in fact, is as unsettled as that of the mariner's compass. If Copernicus had not put forth his great truth when he did, another would have taken the honor of it. The circulation of the blood was known and talked of before Harvey wrote. Francisco de la Reyna spoke of it in 1564, in a book published at Burgos; and Warner, a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, is said to have suggested it to Harvey. Columbus but acted upon a belief—not to say a certainty—which was floating about the seaports of the northern seas before 1492. So of other great things done. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi.* If we consider the Delphic Shakspeare, we find he was no light in a dark age; he stood upon a platform, not a pedestal; just taller by the head than a crowd of noble and brilliant wits, the divines, soldiers, poets, dramatists of that vigorous era. A close inspection generally shows the gradations by which great feats or facts are accomplished. As Longfellow so happily says, in his "Ladder of St. Augustine:"

"The mighty pyramids of stone
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Perhaps, indeed, it may be safely concluded that all instances of original greatness are more the expression of the age than the glory of individuals.

To return. The magnet, which had for ages been doing the world such service upon the solitary fields of ocean, was destined to perform another, and others yet, as wonderful and as important to the progress of civilization. The two principles that have united to accomplish the telegraph have a strong family likeness, and are recognized to be kindred manifestations of the same universal element. These are Electricity and Magnetism. Of the two, Electricity seems the paramount power.

"They are two lions littered in one day,
But this the elder and more terrible."

It is seen how electricity can transform a piece of dead soft iron into a living magnet, and make the needle lie prostrate as it passes, overthrowing the polarity of it. Both are electricities; but they exhibit a marked antagonism, like that known to exist in the mass of the magnet, and also in the electric wire

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and termed their *polarity*. This *dualistic* working seems the agency of all electric phenomena; and the acutest philosophers are anxiously endeavoring to reach the secret of it. We can as little comprehend electricity as the cause of light and heat; but it seems to be ceaselessly exercising its forces in the clouds, the atmosphere, the rocks, the clays of the earth, and the waves of the ocean. The more generally received opinion is, that it is derived from the rays of the sun. Hansteen, Sir David Brewster, and others, hold that the sun is a magnetic centre; and Ampere has put forth a theory that electrical currents, by a great cosmical law, are continually traversing our globe from east to west, and that the *repulsion of currents*, which is the nature of this principle, is that which *forces* the needle to point always to the north, and *not any independent virtue* in the pole itself.

In the beginning of the last century, men of science began to suspect some resemblance between electricity and lightning. While D'Alibard in France was coming to the conclusion they were one and the same, Franklin sent up his silk handkerchief and brought out of a dark cloud this most brilliant truth of the age. His own sensations must also have electrified him at that moment. After this—as in the case of Francesca and Paulo, when the memorable kiss was given—we may conclude

"The silken kite was flown no more that day."

We must here observe that this drawing lightning from the atmosphere would not seem to be solely a modern achievement. Livy and Pliny speak of bringing it down. It may not, in fact, be too much to suppose that some philosopher, following Thales, may have anticipated Franklin in theorizing from what he knew of the shocks and sparks of electricity, and suggesting its likeness to the free element. Be this as it may, the ancients knew that lightning could be conducted from the clouds—at least, conducted aside after it had left them. Dr. Lardner states that the ancient Temple of Jerusalem was guarded by lightning-rods, terminating in the ground. Thus the philosophers of Mount Moriah could protect its sacred pinnacles from the thunder-stone, though not against the catapults of Titus.

"——— Heaven's flashes
[illegible] or smite rarely; man's make millions ashes."

Numa is said to have brought fire from heaven. Living in retirement, he combined statesmanship with philosophy, like Franklin, and probably amused his leisure in the Egerian Grotto with scientific experiments, which he would shrewdly make use of, after the fashion of all great lawgivers of the olden days, in practising wholesome impositions upon the ignorant vulgar, as a matter of state policy. He probably knew the use of the lightning-rod, and was as awfully looked on as Friar Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, and Albert de Groot were in after times. Ovid tells us how Numa and Egeria captured a pair of sylvan gods in the forest, Faunus and Picus, and, having made them tipsy with a perfumed, pleasant wine, drew from them the secret of *bringing down and warding off lightning*. It is recorded that Tullus Hostilius, king of Rome—if Niebuhr will permit us to call him so—was killed by lightning, as he attempted to bring it out of the clouds. Concerning Prometheus and his theft of fire, it is remarkable that he was said by certain traditions to have brought it from above, *on the point of a rod or ferula*. A good deal of what is considered new in modern science may doubtless be traced among the fables, mythologies, and superstitions of the elder generations of men.

However this may be, as regards the electric principle, Magnetism was certainly known to the ancients. Pliny, Aristotle, and others, mention the lode-stone, and Lucretius thus speaks of it:

"Quem magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graii
Magnetum, quia sit patriis in finibus ortus."

The stone was first found in Magnesia. It is on record that the Chinese and Arabians knew the use of the magnet so far back as the beginning of the Christian era. A thousand years later, the Scandinavian Vikings used to steer their piratical dragons by the mariner's compass, as we are informed by the old Icelandic writers. Vasco de Gama used the compass when he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, in 1427. And its well-known property happily strengthened the assurance of Columbus, when he dared his immortal voyage to a distant and traditionary land, in a small, frail caravel, through the billows of a broad and unexplored ocean.

The civilization of the modern world is

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destined to be largely indebted to the magnet, whether we consider it as pointing to the north with steadiness, or falling fitfully to the east and west. After Œrsted had discovered the deflection of the magnet by the electric wire, the telegraph, which had been more a curious experiment than any thing else, began to be contemplated as a thing practicable on a large scale. The men of science and the experimentalists went to work every where, and after the attempts and improvements of thirty years, the electric telegraph seems to be in satisfactory operation, in the principal civilized nations. Batteries on the Voltaic principle are used to generate electricity for telegraphing purposes; and metals and sulphuric acids make that powerful chemistry which could send the mild lightning a thousand miles in a second—

"To speed swift intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a thought from Indus to the Pole."

Thales would be curiously astonished to see how his old amber-principle is brought to life in a timber or gutta-percha tub, from a few pieces of dissimilar metal—copper and zinc—arranged alternately in sulphuric acid. From the extreme copper plate to the extreme zinc plate is carried a copper wire. When the communication between the two *poles* is thus complete, the circuit is formed; and electricity, rising from the chemistry of the metals and the acid, flashes through the wire—whether this last be ten feet or one thousand miles long. Electricity lives in a circle, and will not begin to move till it has the circle to travel in! The law of this principle is a mystery. Some suppose it runs like a current along the wire. In using the phraseology of a current, we can best speak of it. Two currents are said to run along the curved wire, from the opposite poles, and may be supposed to pass each other in the wire. This property of the electric wire has been called, in the language of another theory, *polarity*. According to this latter theory, it is thought all the molecules of the wire are stirred into alternate electro-positive and electro-negative conditions. So that we may be made to understand that *nothing actually runs* along the wire, but that each particle of it, remaining in its place, stirs the adjacent particles with a duplicate impulse, exhibited at last at the poles. The force shows itself along the whole line, but does not change place. It

"Runs the great circle, and is still at home."

Thus, instinct with its double power, the wire is carried from the copper and the zinc ends to the distance of hundreds of miles, where the magnetic discovery of Œrsted enables the wonderful errand to be satisfactorily performed. All telegraphs are worked on that principle of electro-magnetism. On lines where intelligence is communicated by means of the deflections of the needle, the wire is so arranged that it shall run either above or below the former and parallel to it. The result is, that the needle is made to courtesy right and left on its pivot, and in this way indicate letters of the alphabet and arbitraries. Another mode of telegraphing exhibits a soft iron horse-shoe involved in a coil of wire. When electricity is excited in this last, the shoe, from a piece of dead metal, becomes a living magnet, and catches up an armature, or bar, lying across its poles. When the operator breaks the circuit, the iron shoe becomes no better than a leathern one, and the armature falls. In this way an apparatus is set going, and a pencil made to impress intermittent marks on paper carried under it by a cylinder; these marks being interpreted, the news is told. Another plan is more complicated and ingenious still. By means of magnets, the dædal machinery actually prints the intelligence of itself!

These plans, of which we can only speak in a rapid and general way, are receiving gradual improvements, and more changes for the better may be confidently looked for. As it is, innovators are treading on each other's heels, and patents are put in peril by the hasty genius of the age. House has eluded Morse, and gone ahead with his printing machine; and it is not at all unlikely that somebody else will turn House's flank by some unheard-of mode of telegraphing. The electro-magnetic principle is common property, and no power or patent can justify any man in putting a cosmical element of the universe in his pocket. Patentholders stand as bad a chance of being able to repress the invasions of inventive men, as Knute did in trying to stop the waves of the English channel.

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The electric principle seems to be only in

the beginning of its developments. It is found that wires are not the only conductors of electric intelligence. They may be dispensed with, for hundreds of miles, while the elements of earth and water supply their place, and carry the marvellous matter! Electricity is communicated from one city to another on a wire, but it will come back by itself. It is found necessary to insure its going the required distance, lest any thing should thwart it on its outward way. But once at the place proposed, it seems to return like the carrier-pigeon. In this manner: The wire from the positive pole stretches round the magnetic apparatus at the end of the long way, and is there bent back, bent home to the zinc in the distant tub. But instead of being carried home on poles, it is broken short, and put, there, *into the ground*, pointing to its destination. A short piece of wire is carried from the home battery a short way into the ground, whereupon the moist earth *fills the gap and completes the circuit*. Instead of wandering out of the way in the dark, the lightning darts straight to its mark. Animated nature cannot furnish such a curious piece of instinct as that!

Water is found to be a conductor as well as earth. A wire is carried from a distant battery to the bank of a river, broken off, and the end sunk in the water pointing to the further bank. There another end of wire is set in the stream, pointing to the first, and the rest of it drawn away to the distant place at which it bends back. Bending back, it is led to the stream, and laid in it, with its point to the opposite bank, where another wire from the battery is sunk and pointed to meet the returning wire. Here are two large *water-gaps* left in the circuit. But the electricity flows all round.

> "Swift thro' the turbulent profound
> Shoots Xiphias to his aim!"

But swifter is the sure flash of that amazing chemistry. The rolling stream bridges the way for that incomprehensible lightning-traveller! From this striking fact people have concluded that *seas may become conductors*, and that the Atlantic ocean may be made, like a stupendous messenger, to carry to and fro the intelligence of its bounding continents! It has been demonstrated, [illegible]t the distance from the battery [illegible]ter than the water-space to be cleared. Still there is no knowing how soon this difficulty in the way of ocean-telegraphing may be obviated. It has been suggested that the wire from the battery may be so coiled as to be long enough to compel the current through the ocean.

In the mean time, the nations seem bent on having ocean telegraphs, one way or the other. They are laying a set of wires across the Straits of Dover, to bring Paris and London within speaking distance, and ignore, so to speak, that "perilous narrow ocean" which has witnessed so many hostile armaments of the two nations in days gone by. Another is intended to run underneath St. George's Channel to Ireland. Speculators of grander views have thought of laying down wires from the bay of Galway to Halifax. Mr. Stuart, of New-York, set forth the details of the business some time ago, in a letter to the *Scientific American*. There is nothing of impossibility in his calculations. Besides, we are beginning to think that this word *impossible* is not to be classed among the vocables of the American language. Another great lightning project—no less than a line of telegraph wires (on a railway) from the English Channel to India and the Golden Chersonese—has been much talked of in England. The length of the course would be three thousand eight hundred miles—a thousand miles more than the space between Liverpool and New-York. The route proposed is through Vienna, Belgrade, the Balkan range, the Hellespont, eastward between the Euphrates and the Tigris, by the ruins of Nineveh and Persepolis, and so on, through Beloochistan and over the Indus, into the city of Meanee.

Such are among the facts and tendencies connected with one phase of Electricity—the Telegraph—effecting in our matter-of-fact days much of the incredible romance of the superstitious ages. But there are other electric developments, "born or to be born," the offspring of that mother-principle. Utilitarian hands are laid upon the Protean element; and it shall be made to perform the offices of Caliban as well as those of Ariel. We are treating it as Diagoras of Mantinea (we believe) treated his wooden Hercules, when the irreverent old fellow threw the figure into the fire and bade him perform his thirteenth labor—that is, boil the philosopher's pot! Modern science is indeed bringing electricity from heaven, giving it [illegible]

in cities and avocations in the household. Witness the generation of inflammable gas from water—a fact that promises to revolutionize the age in the most radical manner, beginning with men's homes, and operating in a circle over all the conditions of society.

The Voltaic Battery employs its lightning energy in the delicate task of resolving water into what are considered its elements, oxygen and hydrogen. When the charged wires from the poles are inserted in the water that completes the circuit, oxygen is liberated at the positive pole, and hydrogen at the negative. Magnetism brings about the same result in another way. If a magnetic bar be put into the centre of a coil of wire, the coils grow electric and the ends of it are two poles, capable of doing the business of a battery! Water is thus decomposed, and hydrogen gas produced, which burns with a feeble flame. This, however, being carbonized, or catalyzed, gives out a vivid and powerful light. This light is in its first uncertain stage. The chemists of America, England, France and Germany are trying to make it *cheaply* and generally available to the world. Among the many who have already been employing this new light, Mr. Allman, of London, has produced a very cheap voltaic flame, with which he has illuminated the Polytechnic Institution of that metropolis. He uses helices and magnets, and deflagrates a piece of carbon which tips his electrodes. In Paris, M. Gillard has been doing some very successful things with his hydrogen. He makes his gas in a simple and cheap way, and carries it into a retort, at the bottom of which is a layer of charcoal. He heats the retort red-hot, and thus generates carbonic acid and hydrogen. These are passed into another vessel containing lime, which last takes up the acid and leaves hydrogen to go off alone and appear at the burner in a blaze. A piece of platinum net-work inserted in this blaze gives it astonishing brilliancy. M. Gillard has a complete kitchen apparatus, and does his cooking pleasantly with hydrogen. He has a gridiron with tubular bars, perforated, and letting the gas into these, he broils and produces a mutton chop in the most dramatic and delightful manner. He then places his gridiron in a standing attitude, puts a goose in a tin-kitchen before it, and in due time the fowl is deftly roasted. With his apparatus and his flame, which makes no smoke, a young lady could, with perfect ease and *nonchalance*, do a cook's business; arrange her fire on an ornamental centre table, and fixing the viands at it, go on with the latest thrilling tale, and divide her attention equally between the cookery and the catastrophe.

Mr. Paine, of Worcester, has been making similar experiments and crying out "Heureka" a great many times. We hope he will be able to do something important with his magnets and helices. From his late announcements we perceive he employs a couple of horse-shoe magnets, works his helices with a wheel, and, instead of having solid copper wires, uses them in a tubular shape, with water in them. A power of electricity seems to be thus generated which evolves hydrogen gas in torrents. These water-conductors constitute a remarkable peculiarity. Water contains electricity in enormous quantities. Faraday says a single drop of it holds the lightning of a thunderstorm! Mr. Paine asserts that water is a *simple* substance; that oxygen and hydrogen are *not* the constituents of it; but that water can be *converted* into each. And he says that he can evolve hydrogen *alone* from water. All this may seem strange enough. But, as Montaigne would say, *Que scai-je?* What know we? This is not an age to be astonished at any thing; and Science now-a-days asks as large a faith as Superstition did formerly.

The restless inquiry of chemists is such that we believe the grosser supporters of combustion will be superseded before long, and a time will arrive when wood and coal will become as obsolete as war with bows and arrows, or travelling about in stage-coaches. Our descendants will yet speak of this period as the rude time when men cooked their victuals with turf, timber and coal. The change we thus contemplate would certainly be a sweeping one. If by an apparatus of magnets and helices, large enough for the largest factory and small enough for the cookery of a small family, flame could be evolved from water, intense enough and cheap enough for the common purposes of life, the coal mines would be no longer burrowed, and the forests no longer corded for fuel. While the abrogation of the coal mines, which give England such exclusive commercial advantages, would strike a levelling blow at her high suprem-

acy, "the rest of mankind" would be rejoicing in the blessings of this wonderful revolution. And then, how our social ideas of things would be turned topsy-turvy to see Betty bringing the anthracite and pine-logs from the pipe or the pump—setting her magnets and helices in order, with something of the dignity of a scientific professor, to boil the kettle for breakfast or roast a shoulder of mutton! Fancy a china jug doing duty for a coal-scuttle, and a man warming his feet, before stepping into bed, at a pint of cold water! But the benefits to machinery would be more effective than any others. Let us imagine large steam-ships dispensing with their loads of coal, and therefore running with a larger freight of men and merchandise. What a triumph of mind over matter, to see the *fuel* of the engine drawn over the side in buckets, and water turning its heated energy to vanquish the ocean; reminding us of the image in one of the old Lybian fables spoken of by Eschylus—the eagle conquered by an arrow fledged with one of his own feathers! Vessels being thus more cheaply constructed and impelled from shore to shore, the intercourse of nations would be increased and cheapened, and the best interests of civilization rapidly promoted.

But Electricity is about to do more than this. While it proposes to use hydrogen to make steam, it entertains the *arrière pensée* of abolishing steam altogether as a motive power! Professor Henry has already rendered a magnet powerful enough to support a ton weight; and Professor Page of Washington entertains good hopes of producing strong electro-magnetic machinery. He has been enabled to set an engine in motion, at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. When this magnetic principle shall be sufficiently powerful for all purposes of locomotion, people will go "up and down on the earth and to and fro in it" with a great deal of sublimity and satisfaction. The dangerous and expensive agency of steam, with the snorting and the smoke, will be done away with; and the lightnings of heaven will be almost literally broken in, harnessed, and drawing a mighty train along the land, as astonishingly and beautifully as ever those Coursers of the Sun, immortalized by Guido, drew the chariot of Phœbus-Apollo through the firmament!

are among the developments of Electricity, and others equally potent and happy are, as it were, waiting on the threshold, to be brought within the circle of world's facts. Electricity, so variously appropriated by the wit and ingenuity of mortals, seems to pervade all nature in some mysterious connection with the light and heat of the sun, in the direction of whose apparent course Ampere and others conclude that it carries the currents across the earth. This lightning-spirit may not alone be termed the missive of angry Jupiter, flashing from Olympus; but the Gnome doing business in the veins of the earth, and fashioning the crystal palaces underground; the Undine of the lakes and rivers; the Proteus of the ocean, and the universal Pan of the forests and mountains; the cosmical spirit that, as potent in a drop of water as a thunder-storm,

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Since writing the foregoing, we have seen a suggestion concerning one more use of the electric agency which brings us back to the fancy with which we set out. It is, that the Telegraph shall be employed, all over the federation, to give a general notice and alarm of storms; the wires from each city of the States striking upon its bell in the Capitol, and warning all men of the insurrection of the Elements in any locality, and of the road by which they are marching! This idea as much transcends the Gothic romance, as the tornadoes and clouds of heaven,

> "When Thunder flings out his red banner of Lightning,"

are more sublime objects than men in rebellion; though the poet Akenside holds a contrary opinion. It would be a striking achievement to erect in some central locality (Washington would do for the present) a building which may be called, after the earliest raised by the ancient Greeks, the Temple of the Winds, round the walls of which the atmospheric history of our northern continent should be recorded from day to day. Here the wires of the nation should converge so that "Libs, Notus, Auster," and the rest of that turbulent family, would have their whereabouts and doings prated of all over the country; for the warnings received at the centre would be instantly radiated in all

directions. Thus, a Warder of the Winds at Buffalo would give notice of a hurricane on the Lakes, with a south-eastern tendency. Instantly, the ships of New-York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, New-Orleans, &c., are bid look out for squalls, in due time, and farmers and all others having to do with the elements are put on their guard. The storms cannot keep pace with the lightning messenger:

> "Compared with the speed of its flight,
> The tempest itself lags behind;"

and so people every where may expect the "skyey influences" without surprise. In addition to all this, such a system would create a body of atmospheric statistics, accumulating for years, which in the end would help science to some theory beneficial to the world in general, and sailors and farmers in particular—a monument of practical philosophy as stately as the Temple itself.

Of all countries, this is the most suitable for the Telegraph. Here the giant has amplest room to grow to full stature and stretch out his arms on every side. The telegraph is not succeeding in England as a trading speculation. The island is too circumscribed for that whose name and nature imply *wide spaces*. So that this last is very much in the predicament of the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, too big to be accommodated in the house when all was done! In Germany,—that congeries of divided nations,—in France and other countries of Europe, where the telegraph is established, it is too much under the control of despots to be the beneficent agent it is designed and destined to be.

In conclusion, we must not omit to note one inevitable achievement of the electric principle,—the finest and most propitious of all! It tends to maintain the integrity of the Union; to bind the "rods of empire" together in one magnificent *fasces* for Freedom to strike the tyrannies of the world with, or at least over-awe them, if the other word be too strong for the occasion. To the arguments of those who anticipate separation on account of distance and extent of territory, the Telegraph replies by diminishing space and time in such a way that, in less than twenty years, all North America, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from one ocean to the other, will be as compact to all intents and purposes as England was twenty years ago. Electric wires will bring the thoughts of the most distant States together in a few hours; and electric motors will cheaply bring the people of them together in a few days. And so, the Genius of the Great Republic—from Washington's Monument on the Potomac, or from the banks of our Mediterranean Stream—shall continue to extend her lightning fingers to all the extremest points of her continental dominion, and around an enlightened and happy brotherhood,

> "Rivet the electric chain wherewith we are closely bound."

W. D.

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# REMINISCENCES OF SEARGENT S. PRENTISS.

BY T. B. THORPE, ESQ., OF LOUISIANA,

AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN THE BEE HUNTER," &c. &c.

THE remarkable character exhibited by SEARGENT S. PRENTISS was appreciated by thousands of his fellow-citizens. A short but brilliant career in Congress had given him in some respects a national reputation; but those who knew him best, and had most occasion to admire and wonder at his genius, will ever feel that he was but comparatively unknown, and that his untimely death, occurring as it did in the meridian of his usefulness, destroyed the fond hope indulged by his admirers that the day would again come when his field of operation would extend beyond the labors of the bar, and that his mighty intellect would be exerted in giving form and direction to events that affect not only the vital interests of persons, but nations and governments. The announcement of his death came upon the writer of this article as a cloud that obscures the noon-day sun. In the impulse of the moment a hasty tribute to his memory was prepared for the press, which, attracting unexpected attention from the interest felt by all to know something of Mr. Prentiss's character, has given rise to this more detailed notice, which is written with imperfect data, and a paucity of materials, even to the absence of any record of some of the most remarkable events in his career, and withal, a want of that leisure for reflection and analysis so necessary for the writer of a biographical notice.

Seargent S. Prentiss was emphatically the offspring of New-England. His forefathers were among the earliest settlers of the Pilgrim land, and combined in an eminent degree those seeming opposite qualities of the greatest sternness and self-sacrifice, with the kindest heart and most enthusiastic temperament.

The maternal grandfather of Mr. Prentiss was an officer at the battle of Bunker Hill, a sturdy inhabitant of Cape Cod, and one of the founders of the now flourishing town of Gorham, in the State of Maine. In this relation were exhibited many traits of character peculiar to the subject of this imperfect memoir, for he always displayed an ardent love of country, of liberty, and a fondness for political excitement. The father of Mr. Prentiss was a man of high respectability, and distinguished as an enterprising and successful shipmaster of Portland. He was remarkable for that indomitable will that so eminently distinguished his son. From his mother Mr. Prentiss inherited those more gentle qualities that ever characterized his life; qualities that shed over his eloquence such bewitching sweetness, and gave to his social intercourse such an indescribable charm.

Mr. Prentiss was born in Portland, Maine, September 30th, 1808; but ere he was capable of much observation his father became a resident of a fine farm in the vicinity of Gorham. Here it was that Sargent passed his youth. Labor was the motto of his people, for his native soil was only generous when carefully wrought; honesty and frugality every where prevailed; yet the imagination was not unfed, for into his youthful mind were poured traditions of the "gorgeous east," and the strange adventures of those "who go down to the sea in ships," while the natural scenery that surrounded him was of the grandest form. The everlasting surge of the Atlantic surf beat in his ears, and upon his bounded horizon rose in silent majesty the summits of snow-capped mountains; and the influence of all these associations can easily be traced throughout his after life.

In youth Mr. Prentiss, it is said, was remarkable for great personal beauty, for intelligence, and fondness for reading. It

would seem that those who recall his early character, portray in a subdued degree that of his maturer years. There is sprightliness, humor, keen wit, biting sarcasm, strong natural sense, great kindness and impulsive feeling; at the same time as affectionate as a maiden, and as brave as a youthful Cæsar. At school and at home he mingled his studies in apparent confusion, yet learned every thing well and in order, garnishing holiday hours from severe labor by the most attentive perusal of Shakspeare, and a thoughtful study of the Sacred Volume.

A picture of the youthful Prentiss is beautifully portrayed by his own exquisite mind in his address before the New-Orleans "New-England Society." On that occasion he said:—

"The common village school is New-England's fairest boast—the brightest jewel that adorns her brow. Behold," said he, "yonder simple building near the crossing of the village roads! It is of small and rude construction, but stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above and seems to lean towards it, as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard; but the trees have suffered much, and bear no fruit, except upon the most remote and inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed bee hive. Now peep through yonder window, and you will see a hundred children, with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes, and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be engaged, in their little lessons. It is the public school—the free, the common school—provided by law; open to all; claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence under the same auspices the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served up to all alike, as Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young ambition climbs its little ladder, and boyish genius plumes his half-fledged wings. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control their age and country; the statesman, whose wisdom is to guide the Senate; the poet, who will take captive the hearts of the people, and bind them together with immortal song; the philosopher, who, coldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery, revolutionize both art and science."

The picture is complete. It was in the public school of New-England that the boy Prentiss first climbed ambition's little ladder, that was eventually to take him to the height of a noble profession, and plumed his half-fledged wing, destined soon to soar in the regions of unrivalled eloquence. It was in the mention of the demure face, and the orchard stripped of fruit, except in the most remote and inaccessible branches, that we distinguish the love of fun and the thoughtless daring, that ripened finally into the keenest wit and the bravest front.

Having been thoroughly prepared in all rudimentary studies, he entered Bowdoin College, and in due course graduated with honor in 1826. It is evident that he had at an early day decided upon his profession; for, with the receipt of his scholastic honors, he returned to Gorham, and at once commenced the study of law. It can easily be imagined that the now maturing mind of the youthful Prentiss conceived a wider field than that offered among the staid and practical people of his early associations. The great West, no doubt, flitted through his fancy as the *Dorado* of wealth and intellectual conquest. With a scanty allowance of this world's goods, but a brave heart, he set out upon his adventure. The "Queen City of the West" became his temporary home. Here he made the acquaintance of an eminent lawyer, who must, judging from Mr. Prentiss's letters, instinctively have discovered that the fiery temperament, the chivalrous thought, and the prompt action of the young adventurer, latent though they were, would best ripen under a southern sun; for this new-made friend directed his steps toward that field on which he was to win so many brilliant victories, and unhappily find an early grave.

It was most fortunate that in the South he found inducements to remain in Natchez, then the most splendid city in Mississippi. Perhaps no part of the Union could boast a greater amount of wealth, among the same number of inhabitants, than was to be found in the vicinity of the "City of the Bluffs." No place in the South has more attractive scenery, or is more rich in legendary lore. Here it was, amid the associations of affluence, that the future orator, "for independence' sake," pursued his studies by the midnight lamp, and devoted his daylight hours to the task of teaching youth. Little, indeed, is recorded of those now forgotten days of the gifted Prentiss. It is no doubt a fact, that he was for a short while unnoticed and unknown.

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Familiar as I am with the scenes and

associations about Natchez, I have heard no reminiscence regarding these days of obscurity; but I have often imagined the shrinking but proud boy, living unnoticed and unknown, among the wealthiest citizens of the South. Buried in the quiet of his humble school, there cannot be a doubt that he looked out upon the busy world, and measured the mighty capacities of his soul with those whom society had placed above him. I think I can see him brooding over his position, and longing to be free, as the suffocating man longs for the boundless air of heaven. Then it was that the lordly equipage rolled by, and over its sides leaned in careless ease the wealthy planter, who heeded not the presence of the nameless youth, that in comparatively a few days more was literally by his breath to confirm or destroy the titles of his lordly estate. His hour of triumph came, however, and surpassed, perhaps, his own aspirations. From the school-room he entered that of the Court: a chance offered; a position gained; the law his theme, he at once not only equalled, but soared even beyond the aim of the most favored of his compeers. Of him, among the multitude, there was no thought of the past, no inquiry as to the origin of the luminary, so complete was its splendor, so appropriate its sphere.

He did not, however, long remain in Natchez. The northern part of Mississippi had then but recently become the property of the white man, and there was pouring into that now wealthy section of the State a most active and energetic people, and one of the most prosperous that can be imagined. Lands purchased at Government prices almost in a day rose to be worth enormous sums, and the returns for the labor of the enterprising were more than a hundred fold. Every body was positively or prospectively rich; the very atmosphere teemed with excitement. Vicksburg was made the outlet to the Mississippi river for all this newly-acquired territory, and it rapidly increased into the City of the "Walnut Hills." To this place of promise Prentiss repaired, and probably one could not have been found better suited to his peculiar character. His glowing imagination found inexhaustible food in the rapid growth of towns and cities, that he saw springing up under his eye; the abundance of every man's substance seemed a sumptuousness to existence; while the loose legislation with regard to the rights and immunities of citizens, that is so common to all newly-settled countries, by becoming suddenly confronted by the nicer rules that prevail where the population is dense, opened up a field for litigation fresh in its character, and constantly increasing in its importance; such, perhaps, as was never before presented to a master mind. Prentiss was equal to the day; and there was soon to be heard through the wide-spread land the voice of eloquence, and witnessed the wisdom of deep research, and the profound responsibility that characterize important events, occurring where, but a few years before, was found the nestling-place of the wolf and the home of the unfortunate savage.

A few short months only passed before he was literally overwhelmed with business. The people by whom he was surrounded felt the same sympathy for him, as he unfolded the pent-up richness of his heretofore unknown mind, that they did for the generous soil on which they lived, which was so rapidly enriching all with the fertility of its primitive strength, and his triumphs were felt to be the victories of the spirit of the times. The favored sons of Mississippi, full as they were of natural talent, and possessed of every accomplishment of the mind, the heirs of princely fortunes, the descendants of heroes, men of power and place, of family pride, of national associations, received at once the gifted Prentiss, unheralded as he was, save by his own genius, as one who, in his pride, in his bearing, in every thing, deserved to be accepted of as one among the noblest Romans of them all.

As time wore on, each step he made in his career seemed only to elicit new qualities for admiration. At the forum he dazzled; the jury and the judge were alike confounded; the crowd carried him to the stump, and the multitude listened as to one inspired; fair ladies vied with each other in waving tiny hands in token of admiration; these stolid judges of the Supreme Court wondered at the mind of the appeant boy. His course was as rapid and brilliant as the meteor that suddenly springs athwart the heavens, yet it seemed to promise, in spite of its splendor, to shine with all the steadiness of the unchanging stars.

As might have been expected, he was soon engaged in the excitement of politics, naturally so congenial to his feelings. A sea-

sion in the Legislature prepared him a victory in a wider field, and after one of the most spirited contests ever known, he left his home for our national capital, with his claims to a seat, to be contested before the proper tribunal, the members of the House of Representatives.

Prentiss's appearance in Congress was a triumph that was never accorded under the same circumstances to any other individual. In his contest for his seat, there was created, as a matter of course, a strong sympathy in his favor among his political partisans; but when he rose to defend his rights against all combatants, when he poured forth his indignant feelings at the wrong he conceived was to be inflicted upon his State, by his rejection, he did it with an eloquence rarely equalled in the halls of Congress, and perhaps, the subject considered, never to be surpassed. Prentiss at once ranked among the great minds of Washington, as one entitled to the highest honor as an orator and statesman. Rejected by the casting vote of the Speaker, (Mr. Polk,) Prentiss returned to the theatre of his triumphs and laid his case before the people. Mississippi was then one Congressional district, and he went through its vast territory appealing for justice. Pity indeed that some ready writer had not followed him, and recorded the brightest page in his eventful history.

It was during this exciting canvass that Prentiss displayed his most extraordinary power of mind and endurance of body. As we have already hinted, he had the whole State to canvass, and the magnitude of the work seemed just what he desired.

From what I have learned from anecdotes, that canvass must have presented some scenes combining the highest mental and physical exertion that was ever witnessed in the world. Prentiss was in perfect health, and in the first blush of success, and it cannot be doubted that his best efforts of oratory were then made, and now live recorded only in the fading memories of his hearers. An incident illustrative of the time is remembered, that may bear repeating.

The whole State of Mississippi was alive with excitement: for the moment, she felt that her sovereign dignity had been trifled with, and that her reputation demanded the return of Prentiss to Congress. Crowds followed him from place to place, making a gala time of weeks together. Among the shrewd worldlings who take advantage of such times "to coin money," was the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, and he soon found out that the multitude followed Prentiss. Getting the list of that remarkable man's "appointments," he filled up his own; and it was soon noticed, as a singular coincidence, that the orator always "arrived along with the other 'lions.'" The reason of this meeting was discovered, and the "boys" decided that Prentiss should "next time" speak from the top of the lion's cage. Never was the menagerie more crowded. At the proper time, the candidate gratified his constituents, and mounted his singular rostrum. I was told by a person, who professed to be an eye-witness, that the whole affair presented a singular mixture of the terrible and the comical. Prentiss was, as usual, eloquent, and, as if ignorant of the novel circumstances with which he was surrounded, went deeply into the matter in hand, his election. For a while, the audience and the animals were quiet—the former listening, the latter eyeing the speaker with grave intensity. The first burst of applause electrified the menagerie; the elephant threw his trunk into the air, and echoed back the noise, while the tigers and bears significantly growled. On went Prentiss, and as each peculiar animal vented his rage or approbation, he most ingeniously wrought in his habits, as a fac-simile of some man or passion. In the meanwhile, the stately king of beasts, who had been quietly treading the mazes of his prison, became alarmed at the footsteps over his head, and placing his mouth upon the floor of his cage, made every thing shake by his terrible roar. This, joined with the already excited feelings of the audience, caused the ladies to shriek, and a fearful commotion for a moment followed. Prentiss, equal to every occasion, changed his tone and manner; he commenced a playful strain, and introduced the fox, the jackal, and hyena, and capped the climax by likening some well-known political opponent to a grave baboon that presided over the "cage with monkeys." The resemblance was instantly recognized, and bursts of laughter followed, that literally set many into convulsions. The baboon, all unconscious of the attention he was attracting, suddenly assumed a grimace, and then a serious face, when Prentiss exclaimed: "I see, my fine fellow, that your feelings

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are hurt by my unjust comparison; and I humbly beg your pardon." The effect of all this may be vaguely imagined, but it cannot be described.

He was returned again to Congress. The very difficulties he had to contend with only developed his character, as he became the "lion of the house." Public dinners were given him, at which vied in doing him honor the Clays, Websters and Mangums of our Senate, and the leading minds of the Lower House. On these festive occasions, no one had a more ready wit, a more polished manner, than Prentiss. To the world he seemed absorbed in the adulation of the hour, yet in the quiet hours of night he found time, in voluminous correspondence with his "beloved mother and sisters," to speak of the scenes around him, and seems to blush for the egotism of the recital of his triumphs, which he says he only records because it might give some pleasure to "his dear friends at home."

The prominent political subject before Congress when Prentiss was a member, (1838,) was the "defalcations of certain government officers." His speech on "Harris's correspondence" is imperfectly reported in the journals, but there is enough about it to show the remarkable peculiarities of the author. The defalcation of public officers was his theme. He rose, his mind evidently teeming with a late perusal of the works of Scott, and his favorite Sacred Volume. I can trace the character of his reading, and name the page almost that had particularly attracted his attention. I find his speech, which is far from being equal to a hundred that were never noticed beyond the fleeting hour of their delivery, crowded with figures, all beautiful, but in many instances lacking that depth of thought for which he was so remarkable. To me it sounded, when I read it, more like his conversation when he was warmed up by social intercourse, than like a speech.

Speaking of General Jackson's command over his party, he said—

'That the old hero had but to blow his whistle, and

'Instant from copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;'

while his followers, like those of Roderick Dhu started in every direction, ready and eager to per—— his bidding. He had but to point his finger, and his fierce blood-hounds buried their muzzles in the unfortunate victims of his wrath."

With Prentiss, these dashing figures were given with a force such as Charles Kemble would have envied; the clarion notes of the Scottish chieftain could not have been more thrilling to his followers' ears, than were the fine intonations of the voice of Prentiss to his hearers, so much beauty was there in his style. The following passages are singularly characteristic:—

"Then were the saturnalia of the office-holders, for like the the locusts of Egypt they plagued the land. Few dared to whisper of compunctions or defalcations. Patronage waved like a huge magnet over the land, and demagogues, like iron filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gathered and clustered around its poles. * * * Sir, I have given you but three or four cases of defalcations; would time permit I could give you a hundred. Like the fair Sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in these eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office-holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Why, Aladdin's wonderful lamp is as nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus; some wish for fifty thousand dollars, some for a hundred thousand, and some for a million, and behold it lies in glittering heaps before them. Not even

'The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,'

in such profuse abundance, as does this administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band, when he led them to the conquest of the 'Children of the Sun.'"

Speaking of the Sub-treasury, he used the following comparison, which more than any other, perhaps, illustrates the completeness of his figures:—

"Sir, this Government may determine to watch, like the Turks, with jealous care its golden harem; but it will seek in vain for the financial eunuchs, who have the power to guard without the wish to enjoy."

To the proposition to make up the losses of Government by retrenchment, he said:—

"Well, sir, what are these retrenchments? Pensions, harbors and light-houses. Yes, sir, these are recommended as proper subjects for retrenchment. First of all, the scarred veterans of the Revolution are to be deprived of a portion of the scanty pittance doled out to them by the cold charity of the country. How many of them will you have to send forth as beggars on the very soil which they have wrenched from the hand of tyranny, to make up the amount of even one of these splendid robberies? How many harbors will it

take—those improvements dedicated no less to humanity than to interest—those nests of commerce to which the winged birds of the ocean may flock in safety? How many light-houses will it take? How many of those bright eyes of the ocean, as my friend from Virginia beautifully calls them, are to be plucked out? How many of those faithful sentinels, who stand along the coast, and, peering far out in the darkness, give timely warning to the hardy mariner where the lee shore threatens; how many of these, I ask, are to be discharged from their humane service? Why, the proposition is almost infamous. I should as soon wish to put out the stars of heaven. Sir, my blood boils at the cold-blooded atrocity with which this administration proposes thus to sacrifice the very family jewels of the country, to pay for the consequences of our own profligacy."

The celebrated "Wilkinson trial," although not as remarkable as many others engaged in by Mr. Prentiss, has obtained a widespread notoriety, from the fact that it was reported, and therefore more perfectly brought before the public. The particulars were nearly these: Some time in December, 1838, three gentlemen of the highest social position in Mississippi, and of a professional reputation, stopped at the Galt House, Louisville. One of the party ordered from a fashionable tailor a suit of clothes, which, upon being tried on in the store, was found unsatisfactory by his friends; and upon the expression of this dissatisfaction arose a contest between the Mississippians and the tailor, at which blows were given and received; but the parties separated for the time, without any material personal injury to each other. The tailor, attacked in his own shop, and feeling himself deeply wronged, proceeded to the "Police Court" for warrants, but was obliged to go to the Galt House for the names of the offenders. On his way, he told the circumstances of what he conceived to be his unjust treatment to his friends, and soon elicited a strong feeling of sympathy, particularly among that class of persons who, full of generous impulses, are rather thoughtless, and "like a spree."

Whatever might have been the original intention of the tailor and his friends, on going to the Galt House, the result was one of the most fearful of tragedies. The Mississippians, presuming an attack, were on their guard when the tailor and his friends came to the hotel; and when the Mississippians on their way to supper entered the "bar-room," they were recognized, and a general *mêlée* commenced, in which figured the different characters alluded to in Mr. Prentiss' speech. The Mississippians, although more or less injured, escaped, but not before they had killed two of the friends of the tailor, while the person for whom they sacrificed their lives was "cut off" by the crowd, "and the whole occurred so quickly that he had not time to do any thing."

The Mississippians were strangers in Louisville; the tailor and the deceased were substantial men, highly respectable in their connections, and in command of money and influence. The dead were remembered for their virtues, and lauded for the devotion they displayed in endeavoring to avenge the presumed wrongs done a friend. The excitement following the fight ran high among the people, and the Mississippians found the jail a necessary defense against the crowd that for a while swayed in tumultuous waves in its vicinity. But the substantial citizens maintained the dignity of the laws, and the Mississippians were peaceably brought before the proper tribunal, recognizances were taken, a change of venue obtained, and in a little over three months after the fatal meeting at the Galt House, the trial was had at Harrodsburg.

The three Mississippians were included in the indictment; consequently the defense rested upon the proof of a conspiracy on the part of the tailor and his friends to kill or degrade the Mississippians, which justified the latter named in defending themselves to the death, and this justification had to be drawn from the witnesses in a mass.

The examination of the witnesses, as reported in the printed trial, is characteristic of similar proceedings, except that many of the persons concerned in the foray were men of marked habits and original character: they therefore afforded Mr. Prentiss a fine field for his remarkable power to analyze. The consequence is, that the whole trial, under his magic influence, becomes like a perfectly conceived play, having every part sustained; mingling up subdued humor with infinite pathos. The characters seem complete, and perform their parts to the very consummation, as if but plastic heroes in his hands. There is the opening act at the tailor's store; then the preliminary excitement in the streets, the fearful utterings of revenge, and the comical braggadocia of "Bill Holmes" and his confederates; then the thrilling challenges between the principal

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parties; the appearance of "the three" in the bar-room; the rush—the fight—the death—the trial and the acquittal. Massinger never conceived any thing finer; and Prentiss, in the spirit of the old bard, worthily performed his work.

The court-house in which the trial took place was crowded to overflowing, and among the audience were to be seen nearly two hundred ladies, drawn to the scene by the fascinating fame of Mr. Prentiss. That he should have been inspired with unusual feeling is not surprising, for his clients were his personal friends, and the bright eyes of a portion of his auditory were of themselves a Promethean fire to even less enthusiastic spirits than his. His speech throughout was listened to with almost painful interest; and in spite of the place and the circumstances, those that heard would occasionally give utterance to pent-up feelings that refused to be controlled.

The Hon. Benjamin Hardin, "the opposing counsel," a man of vast experience and self-control, seemed to feel that the judgments of the jury and court were affected by what they had heard, and he pays the highest possible compliment to Mr. Prentiss in the opening of his reply. Turning to the jury, he said:—

"Whatever may be your feelings, you will, I am sure, keep in mind that you are bound to exercise your reason, and that you owe a duty of no ordinary responsibility to yourselves, your characters, and your country. That duty is a sacred trust reposed in you, which you cannot weigh lightly without injury to yourselves as well as wrong to others. Nor must you surrender up your reason to your passions, and allow yourselves to be carried away by the shout of applause from a fashionable audience, as if you were in a theatre, where a Junius Brutus Booth and a Miss Ellen Tree exhibit the practised art of controlling the feelings, and successfully eliciting the noisy plaudits of excitement. This is not a theatre; this trial is not a farce; nor are you seated on those benches for amusement. This, gentlemen, is a solemn court of justice; a solemn tribunal, in which your Judge, presiding with becoming dignity, represents the majesty of the law, and in which you are expected to deliberate with becoming gravity upon circumstances of awful import."

No ordinary impression on the part of a jury would have called forth these remarks from the cool-headed and talented Ben Hardin, a counsellor who has in a long life of arduous and important practice grappled with the giant intellects of Kentucky, and has won his fair proportion of victories. But Mr. Prentiss on this occasion not only paralyzed the prosecution—not only fortified the defense—but he seemed to urge the strongest possible points against the cause of his clients, only to answer them with increased force, and destroy them for ever. It was therefore that the prosecution, ably as it was conducted, seemed to be in a great degree fatiguing to the jury and the audience, with recapitulations of things already more pleasantly or more terribly urged by Mr. Prentiss. His allusion to his friend Judge Wilkinson is a fine specimen of his style. He said:—

"I regret to behold a valued and cherished friend passing through one of the most terrible ordeals ever invented to try the human feelings or test the human character; an ordeal through which, I do not doubt, he will pass triumphantly and honorably, without leaving one blot or stain upon the fair fame that has been so long his rightful portion; but through which he cannot pass unscathed in his sensibilities and feelings. The lightning scar will remain upon his heart; and public justice herself cannot, even though by acclamation through your mouths she proclaims his innocence, ever heal the wounds inflicted by this fierce and unrelenting prosecution, urged on as it has been by the demons of revenge and avarice."

Of the excitement before the trial he drew the following vivid picture:—

"It is not unknown to you, that upon the occurrence of the events, the character of which you are about to try, great tumult and excitement prevailed in the city of Louisville. Passion and prejudice poured poison into the public ear. Popular feeling was roused into madness. It was with the utmost difficulty that the strong arm of the constituted authorities wrenched the victims from the hands of an infuriated mob. Even the thick walls of the prison hardly afforded protection to the accused. Crouched and shivering upon the cold floor of their gloomy dungeon, they listened to the footsteps of the gathering crowds; and ever and anon, the winter wind that played melancholy music through the rusty grates, was drowned by the fierce howling of the human wolves, who prowled and bayed around their place of refuge, greedy and thirsting for blood.

"Every breeze that swept over the city bore away slander and falsehood upon its wings. Even the public press, though I doubt not unwittingly, joined in the work of injustice. The misrepresentations of the prosecutor and his friends became the public history of the transaction; and from one end of the Union to the other, these defendants were held up to public gaze and public execration as foul, unmanly murderers, and that too before any judicial investigation whatever had occurred, or any opportunity been afforded them for saying a single word in their defense."

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One of the witnesses, although "he fired a pistol," and "knocked one of the defendants down," gave in his testimony in a manner that indicated such a perfect indifference to the shedding of blood and willingness to get into a fight, that it afforded a fine opportunity for Prentiss's playfulness, and he treats this witness as follows:—

"Surely Mr. —— must be the knight-errant of the age; the Don Quixote of the West; the paragon of modern chivalry. He fights, not from the base desire of vengeance, nor from the sordid love of gold; not even from patriotism or friendship; but from a higher and a loftier sentiment; from his pure, ardent, disinterested, unsophisticated love of glorious strife. He 'smelleth the battle afar off,' and to the sound of the trumpet he saith, Ha! ha! To him

'There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For fame is there, to tell who bleeds,
And honor's eye on daring deeds.'

"You have heard, gentlemen, of the bright, warm isles which gem the oriental seas, and are kissed by the fiery sun of the tropics; where the clove, the cinnamon, and the nutmeg grow; where the torrid atmosphere is oppressed with a delicious but fierce and intoxicating influence. There the spirit of man partakes of the same spicy qualities which distinguish the productions of the soil. Even as the rinds of their fruits split open with nature's rich excess, so do the human passions burst forth with an overwhelming violence and prodigality unknown till now, in our cold, ungentle clime There, in the islands of Java, Sumatra, the Malaccas, and others of the same latitude, cases similar to that of Mr. —— are of frequent occurrence. In those countries it is called 'running a muck.' An individual becomes so full of fight that he can no longer contain it; accordingly, he arms himself with a species of dagger, very similar to that from which Mr. —— wiped the blood with his pocket handkerchief, and rushing into the public streets, wounds and slays indiscriminately among the crowd. It is true, that this gallant exploit always results in the death of the person performing it; the people of the country entertaining a foolish notion that it is too dangerous and expensive a mode of cultivating national bravery. But in the present instance, I trust this rule will be relaxed. Mr. —— is the only specimen we possess of this peculiar habit of the spice-islands, and he should be preserved as a curiosity."

Every kind of talent seems to be displayed in this masterly speech, which can only be fully appreciated by reading the trial entire. From the commencement to the end there is one continued series of beautiful imagery, or the evidence of successful blows given to the prosecution. Mr. Prentiss never falters, and finally closes with the terrible climax quoted below, which he delivered with a force that made strong men pale with horror, and for a moment look as if the fearful tragedy of murder was tangibly enacted before their eyes.

"But, gentlemen of the jury," said he, with an earnestness that thrilled through every heart, "although my clients are free from the charge of shedding blood, there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as a criminal, but as prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, allaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, Conscience, by casting before it the food of pretended regret, and false, but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the manes of his slaughtered victims—victims to his falsehood and treachery—by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, he induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pretended wrongs, by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call, and followed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons clashed in the sharp conflict—where was the wordy warrior? Ay, 'Where was Roderick then?' No 'blast upon his bugle horn' encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge their fall; with treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

"Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips the sweet cup of revenge; to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen. I behold gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is flushed with shame and conscious guilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood shall refuse to visit his haggard cheek. In his broken and distorted sleep his dreams will be more fearful than those of the 'false, perjured Clarence;' and around his waking pillow, in the deep hour of night, will flit the ghosts of Meeks and of Rothwell, shrieking their curses in his shrinking ear.

"Upon his head rests not only all the blood shed in this unfortunate strife, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for, surely as he lives, did the words of craft and falsehood fall from his lips, ere they were hardly loosened from the holy volume. But I dismiss him, and do consign him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terrible punishment he must suffer from the scorpion-lash of a guilty conscience will be considered in his last account."

It was soon after Mr. Prentiss returned from Kentucky that I had the pleasure of first seeing him. In his personal appearance he was eminently handsome, and yet eminently manly. Although of medium

height, there was that in the carriage of his head that was astonishingly impressive; it gave a wonderful idea of power. I shall never forget him on one occasion, when he rose at a public meeting (a political discussion) to reply to an antagonist worthy of his steel. His whole soul was roused, his high smooth forehead fairly coruscated. He remained silent for some seconds, and only *looked*. The bald eagle never glanced more fiercely from his eyrie; it seemed as if his deep dark-gray eye would distend until it swallowed up the thousands of his audience. For an instant the effect was painful; he saw it and smiled, when a cheer burst from the admiring multitude that fairly shook the earth.

His voice was clear and sweet, and could be heard at an immense distance, and yet, to be all like Demosthenes, he had a perceptible impediment in his speech. As a reader he had no superior; his narration was clear and unadorned; proper sentences were subduedly humorous, but the impressive parts were delivered with an effect that reminded me of descriptions of the elder Kean.

His imagination was unsurpassed, and the rich stores of his mind supplied him with never-ending material, quoted and original. The slightest allusion to any thing gave the key to all its peculiarities. If he had occasion to speak of the diamond, its bed in the Golconda, its discovery by some poor native, its being associated with commerce, its polish by the lapidary, its adorning the neck of beauty, its rays brilliant and serene, its birth, its life, its history, all flashed upon him. So with every idea in the vast storehouse of his mind; he seemed to know all things in mass and in particulars, never confused, never at a loss; the hearer listened, wondered, and dreamed. Thoughts of moment came forth as demanded, but ten thousand other thoughts, rare and beautiful, continued to bubble up, after all effort ceased.

The Presidential campaign of 1844 probably called forth some of the best specimens of Mr. Prentiss's eloquence, when in the full maturity of his mental power. Of the peculiar impression he left on the mind, some faint idea may be obtained from the following descriptions.

In 1844, the admirers of Mr. Clay in Adams county, Miss., gave a great *barbecue*, and among the wealthy planters of that section of the State are to be found an immense number of his warmest personal as well as political friends. The place selected for the gathering was one of the most beautiful that could be conceived. The ground rose from a centre a perfectly natural amphitheatre. "The stand," of Corinthian architecture, was adorned by beautiful ladies, who brought to bear the most cultivated taste and the command of every necessary means. the columns were wreathed with myrtle and jessamine, the top arched over, entwined the choicest flowers with the folds of our national flag; upon the key-stone rested a truthful bust of the "great statesman of the West." At the foot of the steps that led to the platform were placed magnificent orange trees, that were connected with the ascent above by rows of costly exotic flowers. On each side of this "stand" towered magnificent forest trees, that seemed to embrace in the clouds, to protect the floral pyramid beneath. On the ascending ground ranged comfortable seats for five thousand persons, above which stretched out, until lost in the distant vernal shade, tables groaning with every possible luxury, while costly equipages in picturesque groups filled up every bit of shade that could be obtained under the scattering trees. The audience was not only remarkable for intelligence, wealth and beauty, but contained a large majority of the earliest friends of Mr. Prentiss. Other orators had been invited to speak, but he was the magnet of attraction; for him, and for the sake of Mr. Clay, was all the vast gathering and costly preparation made.

Mr. Prentiss rose, as if deeply impressed with the events of the day. His peroration was a most imaginative appeal to the nymphs of the wood who revelled among the trees, and a series of compliments to the hundreds of ladies, who shot at him their bright glances of greeting when he came forward to speak. From this playful strain, he soon entered into the serious part of his labor, and in a masterly manner reviewed the great principles involved in the coming Presidential struggle. To follow him would be impossible; but on that day more than usual he indulged in that terrible sarcasm for which he was sometimes so remarkable. That it was occasionally ill-timed there cannot be a doubt, but when he mounted upon some lofty principle, and looked down upon the grovellers beneath, or when his scorn took

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possession for the moment of his reason, he poured it out like gall and wormwood, regardless of all consequences. He was that day advocating the cause of his political idol, for there is that in Mr. Clay that filled up the measure that Mr. Prentiss had formed of a great man. He seemed never content at public gatherings, without he had some opportunity of praising Mr. Clay's boldness and undaunted courage—his eloquence and statesman-like qualities; and in this severely contested election was the soul of Prentiss altogether roused. As "Speaker of the House," Mr. Polk had sent him home to Mississippi without his seat in Congress, and in the political contest that followed, it would seem that he only sowed the wind of his wrath, that was to be reaped in the whirlwind that followed in his mind against Mr. Polk, when Mr. P. became a candidate for the Presidency. From the moment the campaign commenced, he went through the country like another Peter the Hermit, preaching a crusade; he seemed to defy the very infirmities of humanity in his extraordinary exertions. It was evident that his parallel between the candidates for the Presidency was to be a masterly effort, and no one was disappointed.

His portrait of Mr. Clay on the occasion, as we recall it to our mind, was one that can never be forgotten by those who heard it; there was a tangible massiveness and grandeur about it, as perceptible as if he had raised the mighty head of Mount St. Bernard from out of the alluvial plains of the Mississippi, and bid his enraptured auditory to gaze upon the cloud-capped summit. There was also a softness and beauty, a perfection and minute completeness, that strangely harmonized. He opened the musty archives of antiquity for illustrations; he drew from all modern quarters for comparisons; and, still ascending, would replume his wings, soaring still upward in untrodden regions of eloquence, until he piled "Pelion on Ossa," and made the very reason of his audience tremble on its throne. Suddenly he paused, and with a voice as of a trumpet, asked, "Who is the opponent of Henry Clay?" His eyes flashed unwonted fire, and you saw him falling headlong from his dizzy height, but his very course marked the impetus of a destroying angel; you saw that there was a vial of wrath in his hand, a consuming fire in his eye; he fairly struggled and heaved with emotion. The foam dashed from his lips, and he repeated in defiant notes, "Who is the opponent of Mr. Clay?" and he then hissed the answer, "A blighted burr, that has fallen from the mane of the war-horse of the Hermitage!" The effect of all this upon the audience, under the circumstances, cannot be imagined. Shouts rose, such as come forth in victorious battle-fields, but which, save by Prentiss, were never heard by the ear of the American orator.

But Prentiss really carried no bitterness in his spirit; he bore down upon his opponents and poured in his broadsides of irony and sarcasm with the power of a man-of-war, but the moment the action ceased, he was ready to muzzle his gun and succor the wounded and dying; and this spirit of ancient chivalry is amusingly illustrated in the following anecdote: Gov. Mc——, who figured contemporaneously with Prentiss in Mississippi politics, ever afforded him an inexhaustible subject for every possible kind of opposition. He called the sturdy "old repudiator" all the hard names he could find ready made in the English language, and then invented new terms to suit the occasion. Gov. Mc—— possessed a mind of the highest order, and although not as polished as Prentiss, could turn on his tormentor, and if he accomplished nothing else, put him to his mettle to make proper replies. In the very heat of his opposition to Mc——, he heard some one at a roadside tavern denouncing the Governor in no measured terms. Prentiss listened complacently awhile, until he heard his political enemy styled a dog; upon which he sprang to his feet, full of resentment, and declared, that as Mc—— was his dog, no one else should abuse him with impunity.

Prentiss had originally a constitution of iron; his frame was so perfect in its organization, that, in spite of the most unusual negligence of health, his muscles had all the compactness, glossiness, and distinctiveness of one who had been specially trained by diet and exercise. It was this constitution that enabled him to accomplish so much in so short a time. He could almost wholly discard sleep for weeks, with apparent impunity; he could eat or starve; do anything that would kill ordinary men, yet never feel a twinge of pain. I saw him once amidst a tremendous political excitement;

he had been talking, arguing, dining, visiting, and travelling, without rest, for three whole days. His companions would steal away at times for sleep, but Prentiss, like an ever-busy spirit, was here, and there, and every where. The morning of the fourth day came, and he was to appear before an audience familiar with his fame, but one that had never heard him speak; an audience critical in the last degree. He desired to succeed, for more was depending than he had ever before had cause to stake upon such an occasion. Many felt a fear that he would be unprepared. I mingled in the expecting crowd; I saw ladies who had never honored the stump with their presence struggling for seats; counsellors, statesmen, and professional men, the élite of a great city, were gathered together. An hour before, I had seen Prentiss, still apparently ignorant of his engagement.

The time of trial came, and the remarkable man presented himself, the very picture of buoyant health, of unbroken rest. All this had been done *by the unyielding resolve of his will.* His triumph was complete; high-wrought expectations were more than realized, prejudice was demolished, professional jealousy silenced, and he descended from the rostrum, freely accorded his proper place among the orators and statesmen of the "Southern Metropolis."

Mr. Clay visited the South in the spring of 1844, and, as he was then a candidate for the Presidency, he attracted in New-Orleans, if possible, more than usual notice. His hotel was the St. Charles; toward noon he reached that once magnificent palace. The streets presented a vast ocean of heads, and every building commanding a view was literally covered with human beings. The great "Statesman of the West" presented himself to the multitude between the tall columns of the finest portico in the world. The scene was beyond description, and of vast interest. As the crowd swayed to and fro, a universal shout was raised for Mr. Clay to speak; he uttered a sentence or two, waved his hand in adieu, and escaped amidst the prevailing confusion. Prentiss meanwhile was at a side window, evidently unconscious of being himself noticed, gazing upon what was passing with all the delight of the humblest spectator. Suddenly he heard his name announced. He attempted to withdraw from public gaze, but his friends pushed him forward. Again his name was shouted, hats and caps were thrown in the air, and he was finally compelled to show himself on the portico. With remarkable delicacy, he chose a less prominent place than that previously occupied by Mr. Clay, although perfectly visible. He thanked his friends for their kindness by repeated bows, and by such smiles as he alone could give. "A speech! a speech!" thundered a thousand voices. Prentiss lifted his hand; in an instant every thing was still: then pointing to the group that surrounded Mr. Clay, he said: "Fellow-citizens, when the Eagle is soaring in the sky, the owls and the bats retire to their holes." And long before the shout that followed this remark had ceased, Prentiss had disappeared amid the multitude.

Soon after Mr. Prentiss settled in New-Orleans, a meeting was held to raise funds for the erection of a suitable monument to Franklin. On that occasion the lamented Wilde and the accomplished McCaleb delivered ornate and chaste addresses upon the value of art, and the policy of enriching New-Orleans with its exhibition. At the close of the meeting, as the audience rose to depart, some one discovered Prentiss, and called his name. It was echoed from all sides; he tried to escape, but was literally carried on the stand.

As a rich specimen of off-hand eloquence, I think the address he delivered on that occasion was unequalled. Unlike any other speech, he had the arts to deal with, and of course the associations were of surpassing splendor. I knew that he was ignorant of the technicalities of art, and had paid but little attention to their study, and my surprise was unbounded to see him, thus unexpectedly called upon, instantly arrange in his mind ideas, and expressing facts and illustrations that would have done honor to Burke, when dwelling upon the sublime and beautiful. Had he been bred to the easel, or confined to the sculptor's room, he could not have been more familiar with the details of the studio; he painted with all the brilliancy of Titian, and with the correctness of Raphael, while his images in marble combined the softness of Praxiteles and the nervous energy of Michael Angelo.

All this with Prentiss was intuition. I believe that the whole was the spontaneous thought of the moment, the crude outlines

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that floated through his mind being filled up by the intuitive teachings of his surpassing genius. His conclusion was gorgeous. He passed Napoleon to the summit of the Alps; his hearers saw him and his steel-clad warriors threading the snows of Mount St. Bernard, and having gained the dizzy height, Prentiss represented "the man of destiny" looking down upon the sunny plains of Italy, and then, with a mighty swoop, descending from the clouds and making the grasp of Empire secondary to that of Art.

Of Prentiss's power before a jury too much cannot be said. Innumerable illustrations might be gathered up, showing that he far surpassed any living advocate. "The trial of the Wilkinsons" is often cited, although it was far from being one of his best efforts. Another trial occurs to me, worthy of particular notice, of which little has been said out of the community of those directly interested. On one occasion, two young men, only sons, and deeply attached as friends, quarrelled, and in the mad excitement of the moment, one of them was killed. Upon the trial, the testimony of the mother of the deceased was so direct, that it seemed to render "the clearing of the prisoner" hopeless. Prentiss spoke to the witness in the blandest manner and most courtly style. The mother, arrayed in weeds, and bowed down with sorrow, turned towards Prentiss, and answered hi inquiries with all the dignity of a perfectly accomplished lady; she calmly uttered the truth, and every word she spoke rendered the defense apparently more hopeless.

"Would you punish that young man with death?" said Prentiss, pointing to the prisoner.

The questioned looked and answered: "He has made me childless; let the law take its course."

"And would wringing her heart, and hurrying her gray hairs with sorrow into the grave, by rendering her childless, assuage your grief?"

All present were dissolved in tears; even convulsive sobbing was heard in the court-room.

"No!" said the witness, with all the gushing tenderness of a mother—"*No!* I would not add a sorrow to her heart, nor that of her son!"

Admissions in the evidence followed, and hopes were uttered for the prisoner's acquittal, that changed the whole character of the testimony. What was a few moments before so dark, grew light; and without the slightest act that might be construed into an unfair advantage, in the hands of Prentiss, the witness for the prosecution pleaded for the accused.

The extraordinary inspiration that the presence of ladies gave to Mr. Prentiss when addressing an audience was easily perceptible, and consequently his addresses "to the Court" were always freer from that soft imagery, so peculiar to his vein, than were his speeches delivered before a promiscuous audience. An amusing incident occurred many years ago, that is, perhaps, worth relating. In one of the "new counties" of Mississippi, then just wrested from the aboriginal inhabitants, Mr. Prentiss had an Indian for a client. The log-cabin court-house presented little to excite the imagination, and the "etiquette of the bench" almost precluded any thing but a very commonplace speech. Mr. Prentiss took but little interest seemingly in the matter before him, when two or three ladies were noticed peering into the "Hall of Justice," evidently anxious to hear his voice, and see one of whom they had heard so much. Instantly the manner of Prentiss changed, and he was soon indulging in some of his most flowing sentences. The politeness of the sheriff found seats for the fair intruders upon the court-room, and the consequence was, that Mr. Prentiss was soon in the midst of an address in behalf of the "wronged Indian," that, for pathos, for beauty, and for effect, was never excelled.

Here, perhaps, while speaking of the involuntary compliments he paid to the presence of woman, it may not be improper to say that, toward all connected with him by ties of blood, he ever felt the most active affection, and more especially did his heart through youth and manhood turn toward his sisters and mother. Of all the sons of New-England who have found a home in the far South, none have surpassed him in attention to those outward tokens that tell of an ever-cherished remembrance, an ever-living love. From the time that Mr. Prentiss left the paternal roof, almost to the hour of his decease, did he pour out his soul to an absent parent in continued correspondence, which, as *now preserved*, extends over more than a quarter of a century, growing in quantity and increasing in affection to the day of his

death. Upon the very threshold of his first success, he writes: "I am proud of my sisters, and I am grateful to them also; for had I not had such kind and affectionate sisters, and such a mother as I have, I do most sincerely believe that I should never have been successful in life. But the thought," he continues, "of home, and the loved ones there, has warmed my benumbed feelings, and encouraged me to renewed efforts, by the reflection that there were, though afar off, those whose happiness was in some degree at least connected with mine; and I hold that no person can be entirely miserable while there is in the world a single individual who will rejoice in his prosperity, or feel sorrow for his adversity."

A remarkably characteristic anecdote, not only illustrative of his filial affection, but also of his ready perception of the fitting thing to be said, is given as follows: When on a visit some years ago to the North, but after his reputation had become wide-spread, a distinguished lady of Portland took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments. "I have wished to see you," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate *the son* on having such a mother!" was his instant reply; and it was unaffected and heartfelt.

No man perhaps ever lived who received a greater number of personal compliments than Mr. Prentiss, but he always received them with that peculiar grace and dignity so eminent in his reply to the lady of Portland. One day, in New-Orleans, I met him in the street, leading by the hand his two sons, remarkably beautiful children. I was struck with their evident resemblance to their father, and complimented him upon it. "Ah," said he, with the fondest look of affection, "they have the light hair and blue eye of the Anglo-Saxon robber; they are American boys."

The merits of Mr. Prentiss as a lawyer will, perhaps, except by his most intimate professional associates, never be justly appreciated, because his brilliant oratorical powers caused the majority of persons to lose sight of the solid structure that was buried under [illegible]ent profuse." Had Mr. Prentiss [illegible] destitute of [illegible]nation, his [illegible]robab[illegible] extended, but still he would have ranked among the first legal luminaries, for he was indefatigable in research, solid in argument, and quick and subtle in perception. Like a skilful artist, he studied to disguise his labor, but no man more usefully or more frequently "consumed the midnight oil;" and his memory was so tenacious, that what he once garnered up in his well-ordered mind, could, upon the instant, be called into use. Whatever might have been his quickness of repartee, or his almost instinctive knowledge of whatever subject came before him, yet his opponents in council always discovered that he had entered into the most laborious research, to conquer any difficulties in his path, and that he was never taken by surprise in the vast labyrinths of investigation peculiar to the legal profession.

Prentiss, when young in years and young as a lawyer, appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States, and his pleadings, in spite of his youthful fire and highly-wrought fancy, were so happily fortified by deep reading and deep thought, as to instantly attract the notice of Chief Justice Marshall, and called forth from that master-mind involuntary praise.

His opinion of the dignity of his calling he frequently adverted to in his public speeches. He often sketched the lawyer as one who should possess every qualification that adorns the character of a man. He looked upon "the profession" as the true foundation of statesmanship, and the law as the protector and the delineator of the rights of the people, and the noblest field for the cultivation of the intellect.

Of Mr. Prentiss as a politician I need not speak; he was ever an ardent republican in his principles, and battled for what he conceived to be the true intent of our political institutions, with a vigor that showed his sincerity as well as his power.

As we have already stated, his admiration for Mr. Clay was unbounded; for Mr. Webster he entertained feelings of the most profound veneration; and he always spoke of Mr. Crittenden with a tone of voice akin to love. With such a trio for his priests, his political sentiments are easily discerned. The Whig party should ever cherish his memory, not only for his voluntary labors in its behalf, but especially for his promptness in defe[illegible] Mr. Fillmore from the false cha[illegible]ism, at one time so tena-

ciously urged by his political opponents in the South. No sooner was the alarm given, than he buckled on his armor, and made his last terrific blows in cutting down the slander; that he was efficient, the recorded vote of Louisiana will ever show.

In summing up Mr. Prentiss's public life, I should say that his absorbing sentiment was patriotism. If he loved Clay, Webster, and Crittenden, it was not simply because they were "men after his own heart," but because they were men whose principles he believed tended to preserve the peace and prosperity of his country, and whose genius adorned the pages of its history. The pleasantest reminiscences I have of Mr. Prentiss are, when circumstances have thrown me in his company, in some retired place, and I have listened to his hopes and aspirations for the prosperity of his native land.

With the talent of an *improvisatore*, he drew more vivid pictures of the glory that awaited its destiny in the *future*, than ever did a Roman child of song call up when speaking of the *past*. Those great hopes of his, so worthy of a true American heart, so inspiringly expressed, now linger in my memory, as the sweet outpourings of a voice from the "spirit-world."

In the social circle, Mr. Prentiss was always the centre; there was a charm about his society that was ever unrivalled. No man had a more delicate and subtle wit than Prentiss, or a more Falstaffian humor when it suited his purpose. Who will ever forget the spending of a social hour with him, when his health was high and his mind at ease? Who so imaginative? who so refined? What delight was exhibited by sweet ladies who listened to his words. Who could so eloquently discourse of roses and buds, of lilies and pearls, of eyes and graces, of robes and angels, and yet never offend the most sensitive of the sex, or call other than the blush of pleasure and joy to the cheek? Who could, on the "public day," ascend so gracefully from the associations of tariffs, and banks, and cotton, and sugar, to greet the fair ladies that honored him with their presence? How he would lean towards them, as he dwelt upon "the blessed of all God's handiwork," and compared their bright eyes to "day-stars" that lit up the dark recesses of his own clouded imagination; and how he would revel, like another Puck, among the rays and beams of smiles called forth by his own happy compliments; and how he would change from all this, and in an instant seemingly arm himself with the thunderbolts of Jove, which he would dash with appalling sound among his antagonists, or the principles he opposed, and yet with such a charm, with such a manner, that these very daughters of the sunny South, who had listened to his syren song so admiringly, would now stare, and wonder, and pallor, and yet listen, even as one gazes over the precipice, and is fascinated at the very nearness to destruction.

I had the melancholy pleasure of hearing his last, and, it seemed to me, his greatest speech. Towards the close of the last Presidential campaign, I found him in the interior of the State, endeavoring to recruit his declining health. He had been obliged to avoid all public speaking, and had gone far into the country to get away from excitement. But there was a "gathering" near by his temporary home, and he consented to be present. It was late in the evening when he ascended the "stand," which was supported by the trunks of two magnificent forest trees, through which the setting sun poured with picturesque effect. The ravages of ill-health were apparent upon his face, and his high massive forehead was paler and more transparent than usual. His audience, some three or four hundred persons, was composed in a large degree of his old and early friends. He seemed to feel deeply, and as there was nothing to oppose, he assumed the style of the mild and beautiful. He casually alluded to the days of his early coming among his southern friends; to the hours of pleasure he had passed, and to the hopes of the future. In a few moments the bustle and confusion natural to a fatiguing day of political wrangling ceased; one straggler after another suspended his noisy demonstration, and gathered near the speaker. Soon a mass of silent, but heart-heaving humanity was crowded compactly before him. Had Prentiss, on that occasion, held the very heart-strings of his auditors in his hand, he could not have had them more in his power. For an hour he continued, rising from one important subject to another, until the breath was fairly suspended in the excitement. An uninterested spectator would have supposed that he had used

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sorcery in thus transfixing his auditors. While all others forgot, he noticed that the day was drawing to a close; he turned and looked toward the setting sun, and apostrophized its fading glory; then, in his most touching voice and manner, concluded as follows:—

"Friends—That glorious orb reminds me that the day is spent, and that I too must close. Ere we part, let me hope that it may be our good fortune to end our days in the same splendor, and that when the evening of life comes we may sink to rest with the clouds that close in our departure gold-tipped with the glorious effulgence of a well-spent life."

In conclusion, I would ask, will some historian, who can sympathize with the noble dead, gather the now fleeting memorials that still live a memory, that future generations may know something of the mighty mind of Prentiss?

The remains of the orator must ever be imperfect; the tone of voice—the flashing eye—the occasion, and the mighty shout of the multitude, how can these be perpetuated? But still Prentiss has left enough in his brilliant career to show posterity that he was every inch a man. Let his fragmentary printed speeches—let the reminiscences of his friends that treat of his power as an orator, be brought together, and unsatisfactory as they may be, there will be found left intrinsic value enough to accomplish the object. There will be in the fluted column, though shattered and defaced, an Ionian beauty that will tell unerringly of the magnificent temple it once adorned.

*Baton Rouge, La., July*, 1851.

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# BOOK-ROVERS.

It is curious to see how the facilities for rambling around the World of Books have kept pace with the wonderful engineries devised to carry us hither and thither upon the face of the earth. The difference in extent between the ancient and the modern area of reading is as great as the difference in extent between Ptolemy's World and Humboldt's World. Since the first venerable geographer traced the margin of the habitable earth, and left Tritons, Hyperboreans, Anthropophagi, and other salvage outsiders in welcome possession of all lands and waters that might lie beyond the limit which he set to man's heritage, we have had Columbus and his America, De Gama and his India, Magellan and his Pacific Ocean, the polar voyagers and their continents of ice. The wandering hero who was tossed ten years between Troy and Gibraltar could boast that he had seen all cities and all manner of men in his time, besides gods and nondescripts, and held his good name of First among Rovers through many generations, as indisputably as Nelson holds his of First among Admirals. Show Ulysses the modern Atlas. The startled navigator might well suppose the threescore years and ten of life full short to cross but once the grand ocean that rolls beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to say nothing of attempting to double Cape Horn, and pilot his bewildered galley over the awful deeps beyond. Nevertheless, what adventurous youth is there who cannot now see the two poles, the five oceans, all the continents, and return to his Penelope in half the time the sacker of cities made from Ilium to Ithaca? Divine is the guidance of the world. As fast as new oceans opened before the prows of discoverers, human ingenuity, divinely prompted, devised swifter and stouter ships, for which there was really no necessity before. The galley with its bank of oars and little sails answered every purpose for the merchant whose ocean was the Midland Sea, whose log-book recorded only thunder-storms off Sicily and scuffles with piratical biremes on the Spanish coast, but was entirely barren of those entertaining rencontres with sea-serpents and typhoons, which sometimes make the diary of the India trader as exhil-

arating as the reminiscences of Sinbad. But now, when the Atlantic and the Pacific are our oceans, the Amazon and the Mississippi our rivers, man could not be lord of his heritage with the paltry navies of Tyre. But God has given him the globe to possess it, and it is admirable to observe how, as the bounds of this noble gift have widened, strange and mighty engineries have been suggested to him, so that to-day heroes go forth upon the waters in line-of-battle ships, and adventurers bind down a vaporous giant with iron shackles, shut him in an iron prison, and torture him with fire till he is maddened, and turns huge wheels and lifts ponderous pistons, and drives steamships through the opposing billows.

Like the habitable earth, the Republic of Letters has enlarged its area by discovery and annexation, till the ancient citizen of that once placid commonwealth might well be as disheartened at the project of visiting its several States as the royal rover of old at the suggestion of a voyage of circumnavigation. During the last two centuries books have multiplied with appalling activity. It would almost seem that the Muses, in disgust at human dulness, were going to deluge the world with Belles Lettres till the public intellect was fairly swamped, leaving only some great lexicographer afloat on the top of the flood in his unwieldy ark, to preserve samples of former wit for the more ready generation of volumes to re-populate the libraries of a brighter race. But after all we ride the surf nicely, and quite enjoy the shower. It is safe to say that the modern gentleman may gain that mastery of modern learning which is suitable for him, as easily as the ancient gentleman obtained a corresponding mastery of the learning of his day. We assert our sovereignty over the new-found empires of Science quite as successfully as over the new-found oceans and continents of the earth; and how wide soever these acquisitions, the popular mind glances over them, gathers treasures and curiosities from all, and establishes territorial governments. We make 'cheap excursions' through Geology, Astronomy, History; rush in rapid caravans over the deserts of Law and Ethics; explore the oceans of Philosophy, and even find a Northwest passage through the icebergs of Mathematics.

The Commonwealth of Letters is soundly republican in its constitution. The presiding geniuses of the different States are noble republican kings, generous and royally hospitable. You may go from one to another at your will. The gates of their cities are open; their frontiers are guarded by no mousing patrols; the baggage of travellers is not rummaged by officials; the police are not hoping to detect in you a Socialist or Red-Republican in disguise. Neither do these princes forbid their own nobles to travel at pleasure, like the Czars of Russia. When the youth, whose studies have been in ancient chronicles and in the annals of ruined kingdoms, takes it into his head to ramble away with the astronomers into the Zodiac, the Genius of History does not set off in a passion to catch his vagrant disciple, and like Apollyon bestride his pathway "with a disdainful countenance," and say, as the fiend said to the Pilgrim, "I perceive that thou art one of my subjects. Why hast thou run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground."

No so. The varied provinces of Learning are ours. We may travel through them as freely as through Oregon and Nebraska to see the cataracts, the mountains, and the mines. Philosophers, learned men, students—what are these but the governors and garrisons we leave in charge of the public domain? It is as preposterous to expect that the various departments of learning are to remain in the sole possession of the learned men who especially delight in, or first investigate them, as to imagine that the New World could stand for ever seized to the sole and only proper use, benefit and behoof of Christopher Columbus and his heirs. It is for these learned men to labor in their own provinces; for us, the people, to visit and possess all.

We sat down to write of Book-Roving, and are likely, unless we abruptly cut short this thread of discourse, to be guilty of pen-roving, and to wander into ports for which we took out no papers.

There are some men of books who appear to us as travellers. Here it can hardly be necessary to premise that there are travellers of various dispositions. One will wander over the face of the earth for a score of years, applying trigonometry to the mountains, testing hot springs with thermometers, scrutinizing rocks and craters, and reading in pre-Adamite histories written in gigantic hiero-

glyphics on the floors of caves and on the walls of chasms. He will tell, perhaps, how in a certain latitude he crossed a certain ocean, which was in many respects a remarkable ocean. There were currents setting to the north-east and winds blowing to the south-west. There were very large whales in this ocean, and very small sharks. There was also an island therein. He lands, and observes that the natives are extremely red, and deplorably savage; that their canoes are double; that their idols are wooden, and that they themselves may be relics of the lost ten tribes of Israel. He returns laden with plants, stones, skulls, facts, altitudes and longitudes. Him the academies delight to honor; him the magazines exalt; him the kings reward; and in truth, few better deserve such returns for toil.

Again, you will find some vagabond of a fellow who has been to the ends of the earth, and instead of picking up facts and phenomena, comes home with a parrot from Brazil, a coral from the Pacific, a tiger's paw from Bengal, a sea-lion's tusk from the Antarctic, and bits of foreign trumpery, which neither prove any thing about the precession of the equinoxes nor affect the established theory of the typhoons. He has roved over mountains and seas from pure love of rocks and billows. He has been among sailors, savages, pirates and trappers; he has ridden camels in Edom, and perhaps oxen among the Caffirs. Utterly a vagabond has he been, but on his soul the pictures scattered so bountifully over the earth have become painted; pictures of the Alps with their pinnacles; of icebergs drifting across the ocean by moonlight; of sea-ports with their towers blazing in the sunrise; of tent-fires glimmering in the hills at dusk; of plains seen from an eminence over which rivers are flowing to a gulf in the horizon. When the rascal talks, although he has really nothing to say which ought to be listened to with patience by geologists and astronomers, yet we can't help being delighted. The mind is filled with pleasant images of clouds, volcanoes and bays. We see wild horses galloping in affright before the prairie-fire; wild Arabs racing by the rivers of Babylon; noisy commodores cannonading in honor of each other's flags in tropical harbors; and all those thousand delightful sights put into

- by a good and true rover. Vari-
e sounds are also suggested. We hear them; perhaps the dashing of waves off Cape Horn; perhaps the rolling of thunder in the Cordilleras; perhaps the roar in the chimney of Vesuvius. Ah, it is desirable that a traveller should tell tales.

(Here pardon a parenthesis concerning those venial fictions called "travellers' tales." Have you seen it elsewhere? It is desirable that a traveller should tell the truth; yet one is almost tempted to say that he should tell lies rather than nothing—that is, for the sake of his hearer; it cannot of course be contended that the romancer himself will be morally a gainer by the fib. The fact is, that it is a difficult thing to tell an absolute falsehood respecting scenes in Persia or Labrador or Morocco, provided the liar has been to those countries. Even if an African traveller were to tell of an iceberg in Ethiopia, his imagination could not so entirely clear itself of palm-trees, lions and black men, as to leave his audience with the impression that Ethiopia was like Greenland. Besides, the object of the narrator is not so much to misrepresent respecting men and things, as it is to exhibit himself in perilous or heroic positions; and even when a passion to say something purely marvellous possesses our worthy mariner, we generally get more truth than he intended to give. Is he telling of some exploit on the Nile, we receive quite as vivid pictures of crocodiles and sphinxes as from the conscientious journal of a missionary. Is he recounting achievements among the Tartars, we behold wild horsemen with lances, oxen, plains and encampments, so that although his facts may be coined from the ore of an imagination richer than the silver hills of Peru, we may yet understand very perfectly the way they do things in Tartary. It was a great day for our ancestors when they learned that there was such an island as Madagascar, though they had to receive the fact with the addition that the natives had horns, and even walked about carrying their heads in their hands. Our impression is strong that a greater than we has somewhere argued to this very purpose.)

——Men who travel professionally, therefore, are travellers proper and rovers. There are men who are travellers by accident or by necessity, as diplomatists, naval and military officers, merchants, and we may add convicts; men who are not driven abroad by irresistible impulse, but who by command of the State

or by the demands of commerce find themselves in outlandish regions, and take occasion to write the traveller's erratic profession to their more orderly pursuits.

Among the men who perform in the World of Books offices corresponding to those of travellers over the globe's varied shell, the distinctions just alluded to are noticeable.

But here, having strayed *ab initio*, we find ourselves brought up suddenly, leaving our analogies undeveloped, our argument unillustrated.

(Here, alas! we must crave another parenthesis. Thus far having with swift quill proceeded, we paused, intending to resume our feathered implement in a day or two. Before the convenient hour arrived, however, we were partially assassinated, and take advantage of the pages of this Review to present our case to the consideration of the same benevolent Public which did the fair thing to the Hungarian exiles, and various other political sufferers, and which will no doubt generously insist upon giving us a township and mill privileges at the Falls of St. Anthony, as soon as the aggravated circumstances of our imprisonment are made known. In the dead of night two *gens d'armes* attached to the College of Physicians and Surgeons burst into our chamber, stabbed us in our bed with little daggers, crammed poisonous and suffocating drugs down our throat, and left us surrounded by a guard of Crim-Tartars and Gum-Arabs. For about a week we didn't dare to stir. Our rations were of the thinnest,—an attempt at starvation, mark you, kind Public. Speech and reading were interdicted,—an experiment, indignant friends, upon our intellect, an undisguised attempt to make our wits dwindle away to lunacy. When at last we were discharged from arrest, what ought to have been our astonishment at the information that we had been fined roundly for *insurrectionary conduct!* Still we were not astonished. Having lived under this despotism more than twenty-one years, this cool sentence could not startle us. Much good may it do our jailors. When the emissary of that tool which they call "the Justice" comes to collect the fine, little will he find to confiscate except our inkstand and a shelf of dusty books, which we defy any six constables to sell.

——Speaking about that township—it is not for us of course to say any thing about it; we will merely hint that our partiality for good grazing lands is rather marked. Fair corn bottoms we do not despise by any means; still we think our genius rather inclines toward cattle-growing. It will not be necessary to stipulate about fences; of course the Representatives of the people, when they come to make out our grant, will readily see that unless our pastures are inclosed, our steers will be in all kinds of mischief, and we be continually called up of nights to drive them out of the neighbors' wheat. We might just as well be a Chaldean shepherd at once, and lie out on the prairies with our beasts, puzzling our brains about the constellations when we were not chasing forty or fifty capering bullocks through the wet corn, chin-high, as try to live, a retired martyr, with a drove of cattle on a township destitute of fences.

As for the mill privileges, we barely suggest that a mill privilege *without* a mill is not so well calculated to console a martyr for past sufferings as a mill privilege *with* a mill. The worthy Representatives will of course remember that mere water, though it be a river-full, is as incompetent to satisfy the reasoning and speculating soul, as mere smoke, though it be a chimney-full, to appease the hungering stomach. But plant a thumping red grist-mill, with eight runs of stone, over the said water, and it will afford ample compensation for courts-martial, imprisonment, the knout—almost for the bow-string. We throw out these little suggestions merely to assist a generous and sympathizing Public in their consultations as to the way of doing the fair thing in our case.)

Ah, the delights of Book-Roving! Have you never wished for the head and heels of Mercury—that head with its eloquent tongue discoursing melodiously in all languages—those winged feet leaping lightly from the bastions of Jove's castle to the clouds, from the clouds to the mountain-top, from the mountain-top to the sea-billow—then bounding from crest to crest of the wondering waves, till the swift angel is borne to some cove overhung with rocks where exiles of god-like race mend their galleys shattered by the storm; or to the ocean-washed walls of some populous city, whose citadels were built by the giants of old, and where now an aged monarch standing at the gate in the presence of his people prays to the

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Thunderer, while robed priests offer sacrifices; or to plains where kings of heroic pedigree ride through the battle in their brazen chariots, or fight with javelins on the banks of gentle rivers:—those winged feet, faithfully bearing their possessor every where—to islands in the utmost West—to kingdoms in the fabulous East, where he may join in the guise of a huntsman the *battues* of brown Sultans—down through interminable caverns to the realm of dark-browed Dis, eluding brutal sentries and patrolling demons—gliding through the vaulted empire to the further gate—thence running up to the clouds and the golden habitations of the Gods?

How gallantly, you have thought, would you, being thus equipped, ramble through far countries—an eagle—a phœnix—a Mercury! Firstly, however, you should know the danger of admitting the public, or even your friends, to an acquaintance with your divine gifts. The phenomenon would get into the papers, and you would be straightway seized for the Museums; for verily, if Jove himself were indiscreetly to stray from the Asylum for Superannuated Deities, he would be pounced upon by the Museum agents forthwith, advertised with the Infant Drummer and the Quaker Giant, and required to give a series of "Grand Olympian Entertainments," consisting probably of imitations of left-handed thunder, such as scared the Trojans—"amusing" transformations of himself into a bull, a grisly bear, a kangaroo, to the delight of all Bowery. Beware, ye profane! Haply, as to Samson jeered by the Philistines strength returned to bury the mockers under the walls of the theatre, so to the feeble and outraged Conqueror of the Titans might for a moment his old power return. How, then, would he smite with a terrible thunder the quaking city of Gotham, and ride on on the whirlwind back to the kind shades where Odin, Osiris, and other grim veterans pass a green old age in honor and quiet! Therefore, my Mercury, if you would escape the bondage of Barnum, and advertisement as the "Flying Man," and exhibitions of leaping from shot towers and steeples, you would quietly go to the edge of the prairies.

Then binding to your feet the flashing wings, away you run over the bending grass, racing with wild horses and the affrighted "; glancing by the bivouacs of red foragers; wheeling in the misty moonlight around the encampments of startled rangers in the likeness of a Camanche chieftain. At sunrise you stand on the peaks of the Cordilleras watching the windings of the Oregon and the glimmerings of the Pacific; then with unwearied feet hasting to the surf of the great ocean, you dash boldly outward swifter than the albatross. Onward over the waters you run. The whale hunters mark you with amazement, as in sport you leap from back to back of the spouting leviathans; the boatswains think you the Flying Dutchman, as you glide in a squall athwart the bows of the reeling frigate. Onward, onward you fly, over the seas, over the deserts, up the stupendous Asiatic mountains; sometimes resting on cliffs where the condors' nests are, to look down upon the flooded Llanos; sometimes pausing on the brim of the volcano, to behold cities and lovely harbors. Now you romp with the Storms at Cape Horn, scudding like a sea-bird before those boisterous play-fellows, the Giants of fog, and the Whirlwinds who heave to and fro the portly icebergs and knock their huge dunderheads together in the wildness of Antarctic fun; now you visit mariners shut in immense prisons of ice by the inflexible Genius of the North; weary adventurers, who see the slow ice-masons, month after month, piling enormous blocks on the white walls around them, and waiting almost without hope for the sun and the releasing winds to cleave the barriers asunder. You wave a salute to Ariel when you meet him whisking across the Indian Ocean. You give a drop of water to the Wandering Jew, whom you overtake, sore wounded by robbers in the desert. You hail the everlasting Hebrew's restless marine counterpart as you overhaul his unsubstantial galleon in the mid-Atlantic, running like a swift shadow against the hurricane, while the Admiral and his sailors from the deck of the mastless flag-ship, awe-struck, see by the lightning the portent gliding by—omen of doom. You visit all tribes of men. You rest with idle islanders in groves by the sea-side, and talk of ancient cannibal kings who warred in the bays before you, and held hideous revel on the beach at midnight after the victory. You talk with Chinamen and vagabond Tartars, with African kings and stark barbarians in the Wilderness of Lions, with Afghan freebooters

in the Himmalayan gorges. Also you discourse with Brahmins and long-bearded Oriental priests, with patriarchal sheiks, with learned men and cardinals in Italy and the old Teutonic Universities.

Where can one stop? The thought intoxicates the imagination. To tantalize no longer the fancy with suggestions of what one might do with wings, let us make the application of this long-drawn illustration. Thus in the body to out-phœnix the phœnix is forbidden. There are various insuperable drawbacks to mercurial locomotion, not the least insignificant of which is the want of wings. To get well around this badly-managed planet is a long and perilous undertaking. Two to one you are tomahawked in barbarous lands, or hanged by a drum-head court-martial in civilized, unless you are protected by pistols in the former and by passports in the latter. Even if you navigate in a balloon, I do not see that your case is improved. If the legal maxim that the estate of the tenant in fee simple extends from an indefinite depth *usque ad cœlum*, is not a mere judicial flourish, you have no more right to run your aërial train across that part of my farm which lies above the clouds, without obtaining the right of way, than you have to dig your canal across my pastures, or to run your locomotive through my kitchen. The gust that blows a mile above my house is as much mine, according to the jolly old Common Law, as the creek that runs through my orchard; and if you have a right to take advantage of my wind-privilege to set your balloon in motion, then you have a right to use my water-privilege to put your saw-mill in motion.

But in Bookland there are Mercuries, winged rovers, riders of gryphons. What wild journeys do they not undertake; what mad flights do they not fly? Observe that among my Book-rovers I do not reckon those nimble coxcombs whom you may meet almost any where between the Dan and Beersheba of Letters, gabbling in the most free-and-easy style, and stroking the old Lions of lore with an impertinence quite confounding. You may find them, I repeat, almost any where, cracking nuts with the schoolmen, offering incivilities to the civilians, whipping repartees with the peripatetics, setting old saws for the seven sages, and skipping from the Humanities to the Sciences, and from Art to Divinity, with the briskness of monkeys. Divinity! It is a satisfaction to see one of these insects get tangled in the web of some morose old theological spider, and as he lies struggling in the toils, to behold the black and sour veteran sally from his cell, bestride the victim, pinch him in his horrible forceps, and eat him up—quite up—so that there is not a hair of the fellow to be found afterwards with a microscope.

The provinces of broad Bookland are not less picturesque and less variously peopled than the isles and continents of the visible earth; indeed, as the lands and waters of the good Earth were a thousand years ago, and in King Arthur's time. It is not necessary to inform the Public that the geographers have made sad work with the world, inasmuch as they have lopped off some of the handsomest kingdoms belonging to the ancient earth, for the existence of which we had the authority of various worthy men whom it is not necessary here to mention. We have also a quarrel with the ethnologists for curtailing the catalogue of the human family of various diverting savages and demi-monsters, whom it was eminently wholesome to read about. The world was well enough before; why could they not have let it alone? The consequence of these ill-timed alterations is, that voyages like the Argonauts' or Sinbad's are entirely out of the question in the present geographical posture of affairs. But in Bookland there are fields far greater than the Argonauts'. How like the roamings of Sinbad were the wanderings of Coleridge through the wildernesses of Learning. Did he not find the Valley of Diamonds? Did he not see strange birds and serpents? Was he not, alas! also ridden by an uglier Caliban than that hairy Old Man who bestrode the shoulders of the Bagdad voyager? Where could he have gone to pick up such an acquaintance as "Michael Psellus the Platonic Constantinopolitan"? Fancy the Rover in high metaphysical latitudes rummaging blind caverns to start up such ghosts as this, and thin scholastic spectres which whispered strange speculations to him—the forgotten musings of those who were once the wise men of the earth!

The rarities to be found in the far countrees of Learning are not a- a dull public. Indeed, we k the world know too little

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tories of Bookland. The course of a fairly educated gentleman through his studies is very much like the common European tour. He is dragged in a diligence through La Belle France, which may stand for the politer branches of his education, (first having eaten beef and puddings in England, which are Arithmetic and so on—the solids as they are called,) and loiters awhile on the Academic Boulevards. He scrambles as best he can over the geometrical glaciers, freezing his fingers perhaps and narrowly escaping an avalanche, to which we may liken a rabid descent of the Mathematical Professor upon his class-mates for a tribe of intolerable numskulls. He next descends into Italy, which is his classical ground, and where he gets along very pleasantly unless he falls into the power of brigands; which mishap may be said to take place when the Greek Tutor poses and *ex*poses him on examination day, and hands him over to the Faculty. Afterwards he ventures into Philosophy, the very Austria of Learning, where the vigilant college Doctor escorts him from town to town, and at each stopping-place hangs for the fortieth time some rationalistic refugee or neological rebel, as a warning to subverters of Orthodoxy, and in order to suitably impress the mind of the tourist with notions of discipline. He takes a flight perhaps in an oratorical balloon on commencement day, and is then dismissed to get rich, married, or hanged, as his destiny may be.

What knowledge, except from such dubious statistics as story-tellers give, have our gay tourists of the Syrian ruins, the steppes, the palm-encircled towns of Ethiop kings, of the pearl-divers, the Usbecks, the riders of elephants, the hunters of the ostrich, and all strange things and men which are to be seen in Africa and the vague Orient? Indeed, what do they care to know? How often do you find a merchant or divine who for mere sport cares to seek the fountains of the Nile, or the court of Prester John; to follow the trail of Marco Polo; to dwell in tents with camel-riding Bedouins, and to set off with these wild rangers over the wilderness, breathing simooms, and trampling on the dry skulls of pilgrims by the way, in hope of finding—*Timbuctoo?* Hint to the merchant, however, that beyond these frightful deserts black caciques sell gold dust and ivory, and very likely he will get him a yataghan and ride with the Sheiks into the very market towns of Soudan, where, if he be a true New-Englander, he will make a handsome speculation in elephants' tusks, and introduce various useful engines to the aborigines. (Queer ideas, by the way, these barbarians have of some machines which fall into their hands. An honest farm-house clock, I suppose, would receive divine honors in Congo, and many a monarch in the neighborhood of Lake Tchad would deem a fanning-mill an invaluable addition to the royal orchestra, when the *prima donna* had fairly mastered the idea of a crank.) Tell, also, the divine of perishing heathen in these far lands, and often with the noblest heroism he presses into regions from which the rover and the merchant shrank in fear. He is brained by cannibals; he lies in deep jungles burning with fever; he is thrust into pestilential dungeons with lepers and assassins. But for sport make you such excursions? No, no.

Thus, also, what know we, whom at the end of boyhood the benignant *Præses* admits *ad primum gradum in artibus*, of the vast untrodden realms of Bookland? We know that in it there are vague Orients, strewn with sublime ruins; there are deserts, far oceans and archipelagos; but as for exploring them, (even had we the inclination,) with the means in the hands of most American Bachelors of Arts, it is no more to be thought of than the project of following Captain Cook's tracks in a cock-boat. But the inclination, be it confessed, is not very urgent. What care we for the dead Past? Are we to go down in diving-bells to rummage old wrecks for doubloons and curious cutlasses, when living steamships plough the sea to California? Are we to unearth Nineveh on the banks of the Tigris, when a greater than Nineveh is rising on the Sacramento? Let German antiquarians live in diving-bells if they will, and learned Englishmen rouse the sleeping bulls of Nimrod, if they can; as for us and ours, we have a continent to conquer, and cannot stop to trifle.

Very like this is the spirit of the age with regard to its learning. In the present Geological, Chemical, Mechanical and Astronomical excitements, the temptations to peregrinate Black-Letter districts are quite overpowered. When such game as comets is to be taken, and you get a handsome bounty for each meteoric scalp presented to

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the Royal Academies, (as woodsmen are rewarded by the Board of Supervisors for trapping wolves and panthers,) it cannot be expected that enterprising young men will stop to gossip with ancient chroniclers about queens and chamberlains who have been dust these thousands of years. When compounds which could have blown Babylon sky-high are to be mixed daily in chemists' laboratories, who is going to undergo the seventy years' captivity again, like some profound Hebraists we wot of? No; earth, air, and the heavens are to be investigated, and for other things there is no time. The learned world, not long ago, got on the scent of some new planets, and whole universities set off ravenously after the poor little things which had done nobody any harm, like villagers turning out to rid the neighborhood of foxes. They have bagged some half-dozen, I think, within five years. It was dreadful to see what an appetite was roused by success. The rage seems to have somewhat abated at present; at least, the multitude have gone back to their business, leaving a few inveterate old Leatherstockings still hunting with their smooth-bores in the haunts of these wary orbs. Even the ladies sallied out in the great hunt. Miss Mitchell, as is well known, performed the Amazonian exploit of "settling" a fine comet one bright evening, and wears the Prussian medal (or Danish, is it?) in testimony thereof.

To recall our wandering wits to the subject of this disquisition. As certain inducements, besides the mere fun of the thing, seduce our merchant and divine into outlandish places, so, when certain objects are to be gained thereby, some men are even tempted to undertake desperate and discouraging pilgrimages into the Wilderness of Books. How many sturdy monks and weather-beaten theologians has the world seen trudging, staff in hand, through mythological deserts, ransacking dusty scholastic catacombs, and agitating the dry bones of prophets, and fathers, and hierarchs, (falling to blows not unfrequently, in sorrow be it told, and bruising each other scandalously with their knotty cudgels,) and returning from their wanderings in old age with ponderous spoils. How oft has our heart been made glad to see a Chief Justice of the Courts gird up his loins for a journey of circumnavigation, walking swiftly through the Reports, then stepping into the uncertain marshes from which flows the Common Law, and wallowing through these juicy bogs into the statutes of the Picts and Saxons; then ascending to the marble vestibule of the civilians, and treading the cold colonnades of that imperial temple; thence exploring Egyptian, Jewish, and Hindoo codes, and reappearing to the view of an alarmed public with curiosities as unwieldy as obelisks and Assyrian sculptures. It is also a goodly thing to see some mathematician, in the expectation of finding a short cut into certain mysteries, attempt voyages to which poor Sir John Franklin's is a joke. I have seen them wedged in by the icebergs, (as one may say,) and besieged by morses and white bears, (to continue the Polar illustration,) till one would, without hesitation, pronounce the good gentleman's case quite hopeless. But at length the barriers crack, the growling besiegers are baffled, and the stout adventurer presses on to other perils. All are not equally fortunate, however. Occasionally you will meet one, who, like the Ancient Mariner, seems to have shot an albatross somewhere, contrary to the marine Game Laws, and must needs go around with his narrative, fastening himself upon wedding guests and other honest people, who have plenty to do besides hearing strange and uncomfortable tales of far countrees.

These are not Book-Rovers, but Book-Travellers. Shall I tell you what Book-Rovers are?

——Genius of Nonsense! I have listed under your flag, I fear, and of course feel bound to wear off my fingers up to the knuckles, or even higher, in your service, whenever required so to do. If, however, such an humble recruit might presume to take the liberty of an old pensioner, I would suggest that you ought to be satisfied with my exploits for the present, and grant me a furlough. By your leave, therefore, great Genius, I will go my way. If you disapprove of the desertion, and dispatch a corporal's guard to apprehend me, allow me to advise you, send the fastest one in the barracks.

G. H. M.

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# THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, AND THE EXTERNAL POLICY OF ENGLAND.

The following article requires a word of explanation. It is from a French gentleman, long a planter in Venezuela. We admit it into our columns for its many points of interest, and for the boldness, eloquence and force with which the writer's views are given, notwithstanding his deficient knowledge of our language. Some of these views we do not agree with, but it will do no harm to submit them for the consideration of our readers. The author should have fortified his charges against Great Britain by some documentary or historic proof. We give it as it comes to us, with all its peculiarities of style and idiomatic expressions, trusting that our readers will agree with us, that these add to its raciness, and in many places give it additional force.—Ed.

The continental system, originating in the mind of Napoleon, ought not to be considered as a conception of a superior order, whether regarded in a political, industrial, or humanitary point of view. It is an old-fashioned idea, confined to a narrow sphere, which, under the powerful lever of the inflexible will of Napoleon, and under the influence of the vast genius of this modern Charlemagne, has taken colossal dimensions, and made an immense development.

But we must admit that the continental blockade promulgated in 1806, at Berlin, by his decree, was but a sanguinary response to the declarations of the blockade, by which Great Britain pretended to interdict to neutrals the entry of every port which it pleased her to put under subjection, without having the ability to blockade them in reality. It was this fulmination, a species of excommunication, emanating from the palace of St. James's, which pretended to circumscribe such cities and sea-ports as were not in the good graces of the British.

The 15th March, 8th April, and 16th May, 1806, they declared under blockade the coasts of the continent, from the Elbe to the port of Brest, and all the ports of the Adriatic. To such a violation of all recognized principles, what answer could be given?

From Berlin Napoleon responded to the cabinet of St. James, that he, on his privileged authority, as Emperor of the French, declared under blockade all the British Islands.

Great Britain would not remain quiet. the 7th of January, 1807, she declared under blockade all the ports of France and of her colonies. Moreover, on the 11th and 25th November in the same year, she proclaimed that all cargoes, accompanied by a certificate of origin not English, and presented by Frenchmen, would be seized by her ships.

France replied, proclaiming that all neutral vessels that should submit to be visited by England, or should put into an English port, would be denationalized and seizable in all places as English property.

In the face of this embittered struggle—of this unjust procedure on the part of the two governments, who had declared a war of extermination, and who recoiled not from any means by which they could injure their enemies, whatever might be the injuries done to other nations, so feeble that they had to remain spectators of such violations of all the laws of international right and of humanity—what were the seas but a series of dangerous rocks, where it was impossible to escape the unrestrained privateers of one of the belligerent nations without falling into the legalized piracy of the other?

The Americans at last grew tired of being victims. Accordingly, acts of Congress, under date of 1st March and 9th August, 1809, were passed, in which they resolved to abandon Europe, and not to send any more of their vessels there.

The governments of France and Great Britain became themselves ashamed of their proceedings. They saw the necessity for justifying such excesses, and published manifestoes, each of them endeavoring to throw

the blame on the other. Latterly another war came to distract the arms of France, and she was forced to confine herself to the continent.

At length two treaties of peace were made; the one in 1814, the other in 1815. These treaties did not any more than the treaty of the peace of Amiens, speak of neutrals, notwithstanding all the powers of Europe were there, and particularly Russia, who had so often proclaimed the sanctity of the principles of neutrality. Why this silence in these treaties? Why has the right of neutrals been left unsettled, depending in the event of every war on the degree of passion of the combatants? Why these things and not others? Beaumarchais would demand, why? I am ignorant of it. Were the framers at this epoch more interested in legitimacy than in humanity and in commerce? Did they fear to wound the feelings of the British Government? Is it forgetfulness, or is it confidence in the duration of peace? Whatever it might be, it is considered as a great oversight—the absence of certain rules upon so important a point of international rights.

Should a new war occur either with France or any other nation of Europe or of the world, the sea would again be transformed into an arena of incessant rapine, fruitful of the fury of the belligerents, consulting no other law than their anger. It is indispensable to the commerce of all nations, that it should not be at the mercy of all kinds of governments, who should feel themselves disposed to engage in war.

It is a very proper time, in the midst of profound peace, and when the eyes of all nations turn with disgust from the scenes of disorder by which Great Britain and France disgraced the civilization of the nineteenth century,—it is a very proper time, that the governments of those nations, who are considered the first, should agree upon some terms which they would respect themselves and cause others to respect likewise. Nothing is more easy than to make a code of neutrality. Let all the legislative assemblies be interrogated upon this important matter, make it the subject of appeal to all nations, and you will have a response from every side. Blockade must sometimes exist, but in an actual blockade, the flag should cover the merchandise; the munitions of war only should be prohibited.

These are not new principles; they have been admitted repeatedly at various and at all times, when nations have been dispassionate. Napoleon himself, when, burning with anger, he wrote, at Berlin, in 1806, at the point of the sword, the terrible decree of the continental blockade, well knew that it was absolutely necessary to respect the rights of humanity; for that reason, he desired to make Great Britain responsible for the consequences of the continental blockade by combating his eternal enemy with her own arms. He himself proclaimed that the right of conquest ought not to be applied but to those who belonged to the State of the enemy, and not to the property or to the merchandise and vessels of individuals; that the blockade should be real, and confined only to fortified places. He proclaimed all contrary conduct monstrous and in violation of international law, as acknowledged by civilized nations.

The time has now arrived when the governments of enlightened nations should give security to the commerce of the world, and respond to the appeal which reflecting minds among all nations have urged, so that this generous end may be attained.

The continental blockade was not accepted, but submitted to by the several cabinets of the continent. Subsequently by force of his victories Napoleon successively constrained Austria, Russia, and Prussia to acknowledge the continental system.

This blockade, which was for the continent in general, but for France in particular, a source of prosperity, by favoring the several nations of Europe in the development of their manufacturing industry, gave a fatal blow to the commerce of Great Britain. The ports of Europe closed against her vessels—the prosperity and production of the East Indies always increasing—numerous manufacturers working without cessation and without markets sufficient for their products — such was the critical position in which Great Britain found herself. Her statesmen were then obliged to find some means by which to remedy this deplorable state of affairs. In these circumstances, to what expedient was the British Ministry under the necessity of having recourse, to heal the commercial wounds inflicted by the continental system—to create new resources—in fine, to open new markets and to find a sufficient outlet for the goods of her

merchants and the productions of her manufacturers? For this purpose they turned their attention to the colonies across the seas.

From the consideration of the foregoing facts, we will find, upon examination, that she was forced to adopt a political system with regard to the colonies of the European nations, for the purpose of placing them in more direct commercial connection with herself, and so bring them to a state of greater or less dependence upon her.

All the colonies belonging to France were induced to separate by force from the mother country, and also those belonging to Spain to throw off the yoke of colonial vassalage.

She endeavored to destroy in these countries monarchical principles, and substitute in their place democratic—to convert all these States into small republics, offering them effectual support on the express condition of forming with her commercial treaties; developing in these young and feeble republics, who did not create on account of their weakness any feeling of jealousy, the germs of industry and of civilization; in fine, creating among them new wants, and, in reality, instigating a consumption of her products greater and more multifarious.

Such was the admirable political plan that Pitt, Fox, and their successors adopted in regard to the colonies.

By being mediators between the colonies and the mother country, the British Government could maintain the conservative principles of European governments. But this way of mediation was not in harmony with the politics of the British Ministry. The English merchants, as soon as they entered into treaty with the revolted subjects for the exploration of the mines, despoiled the Spanish crown of the revenue of twenty per cent. to which it was entitled according to the old charters. Great Britain did not deny to the mother country her legal right. But, in pursuance of political events, which were not well enough explained, the mother country was not able to exact this right. Thus, although the feeling of reciprocal wants—the same religion, and the same habits, tended to unite the Spanish of the New World with the mother country, England, stimulated by the allurement of new outlets which were offered to her industry, encouraged, by her example and by the influence of her politics, an emancipation, which not only presented to her many actual advantages, but which yet ravished from Europe the benefits of her commercial balance. It is very probable that America will be able to learn to dispense with the productions of Europe, before Europe can free herself from the usages and from the wants which will render it her tributary.

Amongst the colonies which have shaken off the yoke of the mother country, and which have conquered their independence, there is one which chiefly deserves to fix the attention of the historian, not only in respect to the vast extent of her territories and to the fertility of her soil, but also for the full and vivid blaze of glory, which Bolivar, the Washington of tropical America, has spread over its politics and over its history.

After this, it is easy to perceive that I intend to speak of Colombia. I propose in this article to give a succinct history of Colombia, and to conduct the reader gradually across the diverse phases which have caused this vast country to throw off the yoke of Spain, and which have occasioned her division into several small Republics; to consider, in a new aspect, the incessant action which Great Britain has exerted on this colony, and the direction which she has known how to give to the politics of this country for the interest of her commerce.

In order to initiate the reader into the intimate details of the history of Colombia, and in order to give to him an exact idea of the diverse transformations which this country has gone through, I regard it as indispensable to get at the fountain-head, and to broach the chief political events which signalized the last years of the eighteenth century. The existence of Colombia is of recent date, and the causes of this existence do not go beyond the last years of the past century.

It was in 1781, at Socorro, in New-Grenada, where, in reference to the duty of Alcavala, the first spark of the fire and conflagration, which ought to have destroyed for ever the dominion of the kings of Spain in this part of the world, was kindled. This movement was soon suppressed; nevertheless, the agitation among the people, and the desire for independence, had

already made such progress as to warrant another outbreak.

In 1794 the state of France was known. The fermentation was general, and the rights of men, proclaimed by the French Republic, were printed in Santa Fé de Bogota. But this start towards freedom was arrested. Until 1806 Caraccas and Santa Fé remained subject to Spain. At this time Miranda armed, partly at San Domingo, partly at New-York, an expedition for seizing them. But this expedition was unsuccessful, because the forces at the disposal of Miranda were not sufficient. The troops which he had disembarked were taken prisoners, and some soldiers were sentenced to death.

In 1808, the imprisonment of the King of Spain was a sufficient pretext for erecting the standard of revolt in all the provinces. In 1810 the invasion of Spain by the French army gave to the chief inhabitants of Caraccas occasion to separate from the mother country. New-Grenada took example from Caraccas.

All the provinces took up arms, under the pretext of throwing off the yoke of France and of maintaining the rights of Ferdinand. But soon after, the province of Caraccas was the first to declare that she never should recognize any king, and that she would not adopt any other form of government but such as should be organized by her representatives. Santa Fé followed this example. The Captain General and the Chiefs of Audience were confined in prison. A little while sufficed, and each province elected representatives and formed a government, and shortly Congresses were established at Caraccas and at Santa Fé.

The new government assumed the name of the Venezuelian Confederation. The Regency and the Cortes of Spain acted then with rigor. In this state of things Congress made, on the 5th of July, 1811, a proclamation, declaring formally the independence of the country. The cause of the republicans seemed to be triumphant, and they gave to themselves a constitution. In the meanwhile, Monteverde, the Spanish General, in 1812, taking advantage of an earthquake which had produced a profound impression on the superstitious minds of the inhabitants, attacked Caraccas, and after having defeated Miranda, he forced all the provinces to submit to him.

In 1813 the Confederation sent troops under the command of Bolivar, and Caraccas was again declared free.

In 1814 the royalist party received numerous reinforcements and had some successes. General Boves expelled Bolivar; but the tyranny which the Spanish chiefs exerted against the revolters had for its only result an increase of the rebellion. The mass of the population took up arms. Bolivar, thanks to his genius and to his perseverance, surmounted all obstacles. After several bloody battles, the royalist troops were exterminated or dispersed, and Bolivar entered triumphantly into Caraccas on the 26th of August, 1815, at the head of the independents. Several diverse circumstances and events caused the dissolution of the Congresses established at Santa Fé and Caraccas. Be that as it may, it is the same man, Simon Bolivar, who gloried in forming, on the 17th of December, 1819, with New-Grenada and with Caraccas a single State, which assumed the name of the Republic of Colombia, and in reuniting a Congress.

The General Congress of this Republic assembled on the 6th of May, 1821, at Rosario de Cucuta. The old Republic of Colombia, founded by Bolivar, was composed of New-Grenada and Caraccas. It was the most powerful of all the States of Southern America which had shaken off the yoke of Spain. In reality, vast territories, an immense extent of coasts on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the harbors of La Guayra, of Puerto Cabello, of Maracaibo, of Coro, of Cumana and of Chagres, on the Caribbean sea and on the Atlantic ocean; the harbors of Panama, of Santa Martha, of Porto Bello, of Magdalena, on the Pacific ocean; a population of about three millions of souls, a very fertile soil, and generally a very healthy climate.

As it is seen above, this immense Republic possessed all the elements of power and of prosperity. For the government of that State, the frontiers of which were so much extended, only one President, one Congress, one Ministry, one army were needed. The public revenue was composed of custom duties, of the monopoly on tobacco and brandies, and of post duties.

I repeat it again, this immense extension of territories, this great number of harbors on the two oceans, constituted for this Republic many fruitful elements of prosperity and of power. But these boundaries, which

should have been for the young Republic of Colombia a fruitful element of success, did not suit the political views of Great Britain. This immense Republic, flourishing and well administered, would have had too heavy a weight in the political balance of the two Americas, and would have been able yet to thwart and perhaps to compromise, in the future, the influence of Great Britain in that portion of the world, by cementing a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the United States.

Again; The present and even the future interests of the immense commercial factories and colonies which Great Britain possessed, not only in North America but in Central and South America, put her under the necessity to sap the foundations of this edifice, which was built of such vast dimensions and which had so many elements of strength and of durability, and to build again in its place, with the same materials it is true, but on a more frail and less solid basis, several smaller edifices, isolated from each other, without style and without harmony. The British Government resolved then to parcel out the Republic of Colombia into several small Republics, and to destroy, consequently, at any price, the admirable work of the illustrious Bolivar. This new combination entered perfectly into the political views of Great Britain. In fact, it became more easy to her to manage to her taste these small, poor, resourceless, and unrevenued Republics than a rich and powerful one. For that purpose the British Government credited, by her agents, throughout the country, the impression that the immense territories of Colombia, the limits and boundaries which she had at that time, were of too considerable extent, the effect of which was great difficulty of communication; that in consequence thereof the central government spent too much time in sending their orders to the several departments; that the public affairs consequently suffered therefrom in an inconceivable manner; and that it was therefore highly advantageous to divide this vast country into several Republics more closely compacted. The short-sighted statesmen of Colombia, who encompassed General Bolivar, fell head down into that specious trap which was set for them by the policy of Great Britain. They were full of admiration for this new Machiavelian measure, thrown to them by the cabinet of St. James, and promulgated throughout Colombia. They were so blind that they did not discover the fata consequences which would necessarily result from this project of division. At least, said they, when Colombia will be divided in several Republics, the machinery of the government will work better; the orders of the government will be transmitted to its agents more quickly and seasonably. Undoubtedly, the orders of government will be forwarded to their destination with more celerity; the circulation will be more active, because the sphere in which each Republic will move will be more narrow and confined. These Talleyrands and these Metternichs on a small scale considered this grave question but on one side, and examined it not at all on the other. If they had considered that serious question in its double aspect, they would have been able to comprehend the bearings of that impolitic measure, and they would have been afraid of the disastrous results which would be the unavoidable consequences of it. In effect, on one side, a circulation, to speak the truth, more active, a population more compacted; but, on the other side, no harbors, no coasts towards the Atlantic and Pacific oceans as they had before, no more, or few, very few, of custom duties. Instead of one President, one Vice President, one Ministry, one Congress, one army, one budget, there were two Presidents, two Vice Presidents, two Ministries, two Congresses, two armies, two budgets; therefore, thanks to the Machiavelian combination, the profits were diminished by half, and the influence, in both the Americas, was lost; and the expenses of all kinds and descriptions were augmented by half. In fine, by the strength of these machinations and intrigues, Great Britain succeeded in getting adopted a political plan which harmonized so well with her ulterior views, in effecting the division and parcelling out of the Colombian territories. The parcelling in several small, unextended, uninfluential Republics of that immense Republic was decided upon, and therefore the work of the immortal Bolivar, the Colombian Republic, was destroyed.

To assist us in our purpose, it will perhaps be necessary to take a further rapid comparative glance of the policy of Great Britain and of France.

Great Britain and France may be consid-

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ered as two immense rival manufacturers, constantly desirous of finding customers.

In respect to management, there exists a very marked difference between the policy of Great Britain and that of France. In Great Britain commerce directs her politics. In France politics direct her commerce. *Here is the Gordian knot.*

But why is it that the interior politics of Great Britain, sometimes magnanimous and generous, seem so often in opposition to their exterior politics, and place the destiny of nations in the same balance with their commercial interest? It is because of habits and an education, the tendency of which is to divert Englishmen from all that presents the aspect or appearance of abstractions, and confines them to a sort of empiricism, which incites them to consider objects but on their physical side.

Decidedly, the spirit of affairs, which has a very great influence over the moral energy, holds the exterior politics in dependence, and produces evils which strangely contrast with the pride and magnificence of a nation which, in some respects, has acquired unquestionable rights to our admiration. The British nation was the first to *proscribe the slave-trade* by branding it with the stamp of infamy. It is beautiful, undoubtedly, to see religious zeal propagating, in the various States of America, the principles of Christianity; but why is this same zeal, whose purpose it is to convert souls to the faith here, not acting also in Hindostan? Why does not the British Government, at the same time that it propagates the advantages of its civil and political institutions, for instance, the trial by jury, &c. &c., establish in the East Indies the most fundamental institution of all—religion? If it is because the worship of Brahma and of Mahomet renders these people more disposed to obedience than this unjust, domineering disposition, fearing that a purer morality, by elevating and purifying the souls of those who receive it, would not enable the people to bear the yoke of servitude, sacrifices the most sacred rights, in order to satisfy their insatiable cupidity, then the spirit of their religious dogmas is nothing but that inflexible "règle de plomb," leaden rule of right, which the celebrated author of Anacharsis speaks of in his writings, that bows the mind at the shrine of interest and policy.

In the midst of wars which have deluged Europe in blood for almost seventy years, in the midst of despotism which has laid her heavy and destructive hands on various portions of the continent, Great Britain, sheltered from the storm which she had the skill to create, protected by laws which she does not permit to be violated with impunity, competitor of all the industrial world, has judiciously known how to turn to her own benefit the false systems of politics followed by other European cabinets, and has been, therefore, in position to enable her to improve her manufactures, her agriculture, to extend her industry, and to develop her commercial resources. By frightening the fearful thrones, she has put them in a false position; she has known how to direct to her profit events in order to extend her possessions, to increase her commerce. In fine, she has augmented her power and the power of such States as do not inspire her with fear, in order to weaken France, the only country which has always given umbrage to her. It is true that Great Britain has incurred, more and more, a large amount of debts; but at the same time she knew that the other States would also augment their debts in a very considerable degree, and that they would not have at their disposal, for paying them, all the resources which she possessed.

The gradually increasing prosperity of the British empire comes from the superiority of social organization, comparatively with the social organization among the other continental nations, from the ability of the British cabinet, which always directs to the interest of the British nation European affairs, which foresees events, and makes them subservient to her views of aggrandizement and of dominion. In fine, the system which was adopted by all the European cabinets, has created the commerce and the power of Great Britain. This truth, which few persons understand or are willing to avow, will become fully recognized, when the two Americas, penetrated and imbued with the feeling of their dignity and of their strength, governed by the general interest, will be able to reclaim the rights which belong to all nations, the social advantages derived from their trade, from their industry, and from their activity. The niggardly system followed on the continent, the prohibitions and obstacles of all kinds, the arbitrarine ignorance in which the continental

live, are some of the causes which have arrested the progress of continental nations, and have singularly favored the riches and the power of Great Britain.

These governments, agitated by the desire for domination and conquest, or frightened by the principles which the French Revolution has promulgated throughout the world, have lost sight of their true interests and the interests of the people committed to their charge; not understanding that war, the most fatal and disastrous plague that can scourge the human race, inflicts equally its ravages on the conquerors as well as on the conquered; that order, tranquillity and prosperity are not solely founded on the will of a master or on military force.

The potency and stability of empires arises chiefly from the affection of the people for their governments, and in our age this affection cannot take place, but where it is based on a wise liberty and on laws instituted for the general interests of the social body. This fundamental truth has been very well understood by the British Government, and, on the contrary, has been misconceived by all others. Therefore, the continent has never ceased to be shaken by political convulsions. It has but little improved, as it has remained stationary, while Great Britain, profiting by the faults and errors committed by other nations, has risen in the midst of the universal agitation and troubles; she has seized the commerce of the globe, which has been almost abandoned to her, and has in that manner reached a degree of prosperity, of riches and of power unexampled in the history of nations. Great Britain, wise as she is ambitious, holds the keys of all continents, establishes there many advanced outposts, which, according to her fortune and according to circumstances, are sometimes centres of refuge for retreat, and always centres of enterprise for a trade, which, braving all dangers, knows of no repose.

Let us stop a moment and view a spectacle unexampled in the history of nations. In Europe the British empire touches towards the north Denmark, Germany, Holland, France; towards the south Spain, Sicily, Italy and Western Turkey. She possesses islands, at once, in the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas; she commands the passage of the Black Sea as well as that of the tic. Momentarily the navy of Great Britain, the supreme disposer and arbitrator of the Archipelago, has ceased to be adverse to Greece, and suddenly the harbors of Peloponnesus have found again their liberators in the posterity of the Heraclides. From Corinth to Tenedos, the sea, which conducts to the Bosphorus, is become for the children of the Argonauts the way of victory to another golden fleece. In America the British empire confines Russia to the side of the poles, and the United States to temperate regions. Under the torrid zone, Great Britain domineers in the middle of the Caribbean Islands, encircles the Gulf of Mexico, and is facing the new States, which she has first secured from the yoke of the mother country, in order to put them under the dependence of her mercantile industry. At the same time, in order to terrify, in the two worlds, all who should attempt to take from her the flambeau of her genius and the secret of her conquests, Great Britain has in her possession, between Africa and America, on the way from Europe to Asia, the rock of St. Helena, a safe and very favorable stopping place, in every respect, for her vessels returning from the East Indies,—formidable rock, where her hands enchained the modern Prometheus!—while from the island consecrated of old, under the creed of the cross, to the safety of all Christian flags, the British empire commands in Africa respect for her power from the Barbary States. From the foot of Hercules' Pillars, from the top of Gibraltar's rock, it spreads terror to the remotest parts of the Moorish provinces. On the shores of the Atlantic ocean Great Britain has built forts on the Gold Coast and at Sierra Leone. From thence she watches, with the eye of an eagle, the trade between the black slave merchants of the coast and the European slave traders, and seizes her opportunity to pounce down upon the captured Africans, binding to the glebe the freed men whom she has captured from the traders. On the same continent, beyond the tropics, and in the most remote part towards the austral pole, she has seized a shelter under the Cape of the Tempests. In the countries where the Spanish and the Portuguese had perceived but a place to stop at,—where the Dutchman had established but one plantation,—Great Britain colonizes a new British nation.

Joining the activity of the Englishman to the patience of the Dutch, she extends around the Cape of Good Hope the limits

of an establishment which is destined to grow in Southern Africa, in the same manner as the States she has founded in North America. From that new focus of action and of conquest, Great Britain casts her eye on the route to the East Indies; she discovers and seizes the stations which are suitable for her commercial purposes. In order to establish with powerful elements of fixedness, of guarantee and of regularity, her communications with the East Indies through the Red Sea, she begs with the hat in hand and with a very humble politeness, of the vice-King of Egypt, the privilege of making at Aden, at Djeddah, at Moka, at Cossier, and at Suez, deposits for her coal.

Latterly she takes possession of Suez and of Aden, these two keys of the Arabian sea; she erects fortifications in these two harbors, and renders herself the exclusive ruler of the African sea-ports of the Levant and of another hemisphere. In fine, as much feared on the Persian Gulf and in the Erythree Sea as on the Pacific Ocean and in the Archipelago of the East Indies, the British empire, the possessor of the finest countries in the eastern world, is proud to see her East India Company now become a mighty instrument of power and gain.

The conquests of her merchants began in Asia, where the conquests of Alexander ended. To-day, from the shores of the Indus to the frontiers of China, and from the mouths of the Ganges to the apex of Thibet, all is subjected to the law of a mercantile company, confined in a narrow street of the city of London.

Thus, from a single centre, by the vigor of her institutions and by the improved state of her civil and military arts, an island which, in an oceanic archipelago, would scarcely occupy the third rank, impresses all the extremities of the four parts of the world with the influence of her industry and with the weight of her power. She, besides, peoples and civilizes at once a fifth part of the world, which will adopt her laws, will speak her language, and will become familiar with her arts and with knowledge, admitting her customs and her commerce. That immense dispersion of colonies and of provinces, which would cause the weakness and the ruin of all other nations, constitutes the welfare, the life and the strength of the British nation.

From these colonies and provinces, Great Britain imports her raw materials, and these colonial commodities she re-exports after they have been refined and prepared, and with which she supplies all European nations.

In these same countries, almost all unacquainted with manufacturing industry, Great Britain transports and sells at a very low price goods of all kinds. To these same countries Great Britain transports, without competition, the products of her paper-mills, of her foundries, of her hardware, and prepared leathers.

In her diverse possessions, and merely in the interest of her own commerce, Great Britain employs on an average thirty thousand ships, and two hundred and fifty thousand seamen.

But the colossal power of Great Britain shall last but for a time. It shall have a duration but essentially ephemeral, because her existence is based, not as France, on the territorial and landed property of her soil, but on the soil and on the commerce of her colonies, which sooner or later will be lost to her. Great Britain is destined to submit gradually, in the future, to her epoch of decay. In regard to the present time, as long as Russia continues enslaved, owing to the backward state of her civilization, her Emperor will repulse all efforts of enfranchisement in Europe. The influence of Great Britain is therefore necessary, according to my opinion, for maintaining the equilibrium in the political balance of Europe, and, in one respect, for the progress of the cause of Liberty.

It matters little to Great Britain, when the necessity, the circumstances, and the interest of her commerce demand it, whether to establish in the countries which she intends to put under the dependence of her mercantile industry either constitutional monarchies or republics. In order to supply proof of what I advance, it will suffice to exemplify by an instance. Great Britain, in order to create uneasiness among the planters of the West Indies, to paralyze the production of sugar in these colonies, and to monopolize the cultivation and the fabrication of cane sugar in the East Indies, has separated from the mother country some of the West Indian colonies, and has therein substituted the republican to the monarchic element. For the same purpose, she has emancipated at once in her own colonies eight hundred thousand slaves.

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"*For the interest of freedom, the British power must not be destroyed, but only diminished.*" It is a dog, if I may say so metaphorically, formidable, even dangerous, for strangers, but very mild to all persons of the household with whom it is acquainted: to tell the truth, it is very prudent to muzzle, but it must not be killed.

I have not the Anglo-Saxon monomania. But, above all, right must be done to every one who deserves it. I honor as much the English merchant in his probity, in his prudence, in his skilfulness, as I detest the British policy in her Machiavelism, in her perfidy.

The zealous partisans of British policy will tell you: "The British policy is such as it must be. The elements of that policy are, for Great Britain, a condition *sine qua non*; it is as the '*to be, or not to be*' of Shakspeare. If you change the elements of that policy, you bring Great Britain to her ruin." Be it so! let it be so! But, notwithstanding the opinion which I have stated before concerning the existence of Great Britain, I tell it with a stake in the interest of the happiness of my country, and in the interest of the prosperity and of the tranquillity of all nations among the world, if Great Britain should persevere in the same way, if Great Britain should be for the entire universe a focus of troubles and of dissensions, it would be, indeed, an opportune occasion to apply to Great Britain that bitter word of the talented Fouché, minister of the general police under the reign of Napoleon. Fouché had been informed that a young gentleman, belonging to a very honorable family, and combining in his person, to the advantages of a very agreeable and pleasing exterior, the accomplishments of a finished education, exercised the profession of thief in the elegant world and high circles. He sent to him to come in his cabinet; he gave to him some counsels, and asked him if he was not indeed ashamed to exercise the profession of thief, which, sooner or later, would cause him to be delivered up to the police, and of being put into jail? This young gentleman answered to Fouché: "But, Sir Minister, by some means or other it is necessary that I live." To this answer Fouché replied, with that *glacial accent of voice* which characterized him: "At that price, I don't see the ...ty of it." I, too, would say like "At that price, I don't see the necessity that Great Britain exist. It is better that Great Britain perish."

But, ere the time arrives that this sovereign master of the world undertakes to parcel out, and to give to each nation the part she reserves for them in the future, if it is permitted to me to read in the book of destiny, if it is permitted to me to speculate as to the fortune of nations, what a majestic and consolatory spectacle presents itself to my vision!

Notwithstanding my weak sight, I discover in the distance Great Britain dispossessed of the East Indies, which, in the same manner as the United States, have freed themselves from the British yoke; but with which (and mark you how great is the forecast of the British statesmen, and with what admirable sagacity they know how to profit by the experience of the past!) with which, I say, Great Britain, instead of making, without any advantage, expenses of war, has been in haste to cement with this young republic, for her benefit and to the detriment of the other nations, very advantageous treaties of peace and of commerce.

I discover in the distance the United States, growing incessantly in their strength and in their freedom, embracing, in their immense circumscription, Canada and Mexico; confined to the south and to the east by the Atlantic ocean, confined to the west by the Pacific ocean, and to the north by the Russian and Danish possessions, peopled by a population exceeding two hundred and fifty millions of souls; divided, at least, into one hundred and twenty States, and having for that immense confederative republic only one WASHINGTON as seat of government, one President, one Congress, one army, one cabinet, but millions of militia.

I discover in the distance Great Britain struggling fruitlessly in the middle of the convulsive throes of an unrestrained competition, contesting with France and the United States naval supremacy; giving to them, in the last agony of her colossal dominion, the final maritime battle in the Caribbean sea, near the shores of Central America; and, being conquered, depositing, weary of the struggle, in the hands of these two powerful rivals the sceptre of the seas, unable herself to bear it any longer.

I discover in the distance Russia withdrawn from the formidable rivalry of Great Britain, which has lost henceforth her preponderance, taking possession of ancient

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Byzantium, realizing the ambitious dream of Catherine the Second; bridging over with her cannon the mouths of the Bosphorus; throwing back the Turks into Asiatic Turkey; casting off gradually the rough and livid bark of slavery: rent, in her turn, by intestine dissensions, caused by the shock of hereditary claimants to the Muscovite throne; and, in consequence of successive agitations, on the road to liberty.

I discover in the future Sweden, Norway, and Denmark abolishing, in the interest of European navigation, the duty which is paid now by every ship passing through the Strait; but saluting with a cannon-shot, as a sign of confraternity, the passage of each ship in that strait; substituting the republican principle to the monarchic; putting in the place of two Kings, two Congresses, two ministries, two armies, two budgets, only one President, one Congress, one ministry, one army, one budget; and adopting consequently a more rational at once and more economical form of government.

I discover in the distance Italy, continuing the work of Mazzini and of Garibaldi, shaking off the retrograde yoke of Papacy, which has for ever disappeared from the surface of the globe, because each republic reunites in her hands at once the temporal and the spiritual sceptre, free from the vassalage of Austria, and running over a career of glory, of happiness, and of prosperity under the powerful ægis of liberty.

I discover in the distance Spain and Portugal forming, like as in 1580, under the brilliant reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, not one sovereignty, but one confederative republic, throwing off in the Atlantic ocean and in the Mediterranean sea the frock of their Catholic clergy and the crown of their kings, free from the Machiavelism of Great Britain, pushed in the way of progress by the Anglo-Saxon element which penetrates into their shores, and which overflows them; repossessed of the Rock of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean Sea, and giving free wings to agriculture, industry, and manufactures.

I discover in the distance China—China herself, the empire of the midst—growing insensibly familiar with the European customs and usages, proclaiming the system of free trade, opening her harbors to all nations of the world, braced in all directions, on her seas and on her rivers, by thousands of Chinese and European steamers, offering to Science the treasures of her geology, of her botany, of her vegetable kingdom, and of her mineralogy, and becoming an immense market for manufactures of the other parts of the world.

Such is, I believe, the destiny which is reserved to the nations of the world. Let my sincere wishes and my mild and consolatory illusions be realized, even in a very remote time, for the prosperity of nations and for the happiness of all mankind.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

***Yeast: a Problem.*** New-York: Harper and Brothers.

A strange and powerful book, rich in materials for deep thinking. It speaks out fearlessly and boldly. It will fascinate the young, but will be viewed timidly by the old. The descriptions are most potent, and as vividly written as any thing we ever read. What can be painted more truly than the following scene? We *feel* it:—

"The weather that day, the first day Lancelot ever saw his beloved, was truly national. A silent, dim, distanceless, steaming, rotting day in March. The last brown oak-leaf, which had stood out the winter's frost, spun and quivered plump down, and then lay, as if ashamed to have broken for a moment the ghastly stillness, like an awkward guest at a great dumb dinner party. A cold suck of wind just proved its existence, by toothaches on the north side of all faces. The spiders, having been weather-bewitched the night before, had unanimously agreed to cover every brake and brier with gossamer-cradles, and never a fly to be caught in them; like Manchester cotton-spinners madly glutting the market in the teeth of 'no demand.' The steam crawled out of the dank turf, and reeked off the flanks and nostrils of the shivering horses, and clung with clammy paws to frosted hats and dripping boughs. A soulless, skyless, catarrhal day, as if that bustling dowager, old mother Earth—what with match-making in spring, and *fêtes champêtres* in summer, and dinner-giving

in autumn—was fairly worn out, and put to bed with the influenza, under wet blankets and the cold-water cure."

Here is a defense of long beards:—

"The fair Argemone has just been treating me to her three hundred and sixty-fifth philippic against my unoffending beard.

"Why, what fault can she find with such a graceful and natural ornament?

"Just this, my dear fellow, that it is natural. As it is, she considers me only 'intellectual looking.' If the beard were away, my face, she says, would be 'so refined.' And, I suppose, if I was just a little more effeminate and pale, with a nice retreating under-jaw and a drooping lip, and a meek, peaking simper, like your starved Romish saints, I should be 'so spiritual.' And if again, to complete the climax, I did but shave my head like a Chinese, I should be a model for St. Francis himself.

"But really, after all, why make yourself so singular by this said beard?

"I wear it for a testimony and a sign that a man has no right to be ashamed of the mark of manhood. Oh, that one or two of your Protestant clergymen, who ought to be perfect ideal men, would have the courage to get up into the pulpit in a long beard, and testify that the very essential idea of Protestantism is the dignity and divinity of man as God made him! Our forefathers were not ashamed of their beards; but now even the soldier is only allowed to keep his mustache, while our quill-driving masses shave themselves as close as they can; and in proportion to a man's piety he wears less hair, from the young curate who shaves off his whiskers to the Popish priest who shaves his crown."

The book is finely printed.

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*The Inventor's Manual of Legal Principles, and Guide to the Patent-Office.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, Counsellor-at-Law. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company. 1851.

This work must supply a great desideratum to the persons for whom it is intended. It comes from good authority, and may be relied upon as a guide. There is scarcely any subject out of which grows more law-suits than that of patents. Every one therefore interested should know what to *avoid* and what to *do*.

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*The Daughter of Night.* By S. W. FULLOM. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very pleasant story, gracefully and eloquently written, pure in its moral, and interesting in its plot. We read the history of *Milliant Rennel* with unflagging attention; and she fully exemplifies the truth of Jeremy Taylor's remark, that the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God.

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*Stuart of Dunleath: A Story of the Present Time.* By the Hon. CAROLINE NORTON. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

This is certainly one of the most beautiful novels of the day. We can commend it for its fine moral tone and exquisite delineations of character.

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*History of the Empress Josephine.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Harper & Brothers.

Another of the series of these admirable little books. It will be read with absorbing interest by all ages and sexes. The remarkably clear and perspicuous style of this popular writer invests with new interest old subjects, and impresses with new force the lessons of life and history.

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We have received from Messrs. Waters & Berry, 333 and 447 Broadway, several fine pieces of music. As this is out of the line of our usual critical notices, we can only return the compliment by calling the attention of our musical readers to this eminent house. It will be worth a visit there to hear their celebrated Æolian piano-fortes, which we can commend as the most exquisite of instruments, and worthy of the *fingering* of St. Cecilia herself.

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Sam.l F.B. Morse

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXII.

FOR OCTOBER, 1851.

## THE INFLUENCE OF MANUFACTURES, AND THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

The most important branch of public policy advocated by the Whig party, is doubtless that of the Protective System, or the encouragement of American Industry by the enactment of well-arranged revenue laws. Without protection, we hold that it is impossible for a full development of the resources of the country to be made. The real wealth of a nation consists in its industry; in its availing itself of its capital, skill, and labor, to the full development of all its natural endowments, and its general moral and physical advantages, resulting as well from the genius of its people, as from its peculiar position and institutions.

The tariff of 1828, notwithstanding its defects, introduced for political effect, was eminently protective in its character, and under its auspices the country enjoyed several years of prosperity; which were however interrupted, and many industrial interests finally prostrated, by the operation of the compromise tariff of 1833. But it was reserved for the Whig majority in the Congress of 1842 to devise and enact what may be considered, beyond all question, the best tariff law we have ever had. That tariff was comprised in a bill brought into the House of Representatives by the present President of the United States, who was then Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. It was then made a party measure, being supported by the Whigs generally in both Houses of Congress, and opposed by the Democrats as a party, with few exceptions, principally from Pennsylvania. The wants of the Treasury, and perhaps other reasons, obtained for the bill the signature of John Tyler, then President of the United States, who had previously returned with his veto, to the same Congress, two tariff bills which recognized the principle of protection. Under the tariff of 1842, all the varied interests of agriculture, manufactures and commerce were wisely protected; and it is believed that no period in the annals of this country exhibits greater evidences and proofs of prosperity than the four years while that great Whig measure was in full force and effect.

During the term of the first Congress under Mr. Polk's administration, the evil genius of the country prevailed, and after a severe party struggle the tariff of 1846, at present in operation, and the emanation of the mind of Robert J. Walker, then Secretary of the Treasury, was enacted. Party triumphed over the real interests of the country, and the effects which were predicted by the friends of protection have been already experienced. The war with Mexico, the discovery and product of gold in California,



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and the famine in Ireland which created an extraordinary demand for our breadstuffs, have checked the progress of the evil effects inevitably resulting from the partial withdrawal of protection by the tariff of 1846; but it cannot be denied that a paralysis has taken place in many branches of industry. But slow progress has been made in cotton manufactures and other branches of industry, which were flourishing under the tariff of 1842; indeed, many of them have been since conducted, as is well known, with loss to the proprietors, and those infantile manufactures which, under the Whig tariff laws, were springing into existence, have been suppressed. The withdrawal of adequate protection from railroad iron has caused the general suspension of the domestic manufacture of that important article, and millions of dollars have been and are still being paid to Great Britain, for the iron for the extensive lines of railroads in this country, many of which pass in the immediate vicinity of iron mines, awaiting the hand of labor to be worked, for the benefit of various branches of industry.

The immense importations of foreign merchandise into this country, in consequence of the encouragement held out by the present tariff, are now beginning to be severely felt by the commercial and trading interests, which cannot fail to result in the most ruinous consequences to the country at large; and the low prices to which the staple articles of agriculture have fallen, must convince our farmers and planters that increased importations are not counterbalanced by exportations of produce, notwithstanding the predictions of the late Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker. What, then, is to be the remedy for this downward state of things? We confess that we see none, except in a return to the protective system under which the nation has always prospered, while every approach towards free trade has invariably been disastrous to the best interests of the country. Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the next Congress, in which there will be a decided Democratic majority, it may be hoped that the great agricultural interest of the West will join with the friends of protection in the Atlantic and Middle States, and adopt at least such revisions of the tariff as may have a tendency to restore the waning prosperity of a great portion of the industrial interests of the country.

It would be easy for us to show, as indeed has been frequently done by others, that the agricultural interests of the country are more benefited by the operations of the protective system than those of any other class. An inquiry into the average profits of the large cotton manufacturing establishments, for instance, for the last twenty years, satisfies us that not more than six or seven per cent. per annum, or equal to simple interest, has been derived from the investments therein, even including those most skilfully managed. The same remark, we believe, will apply to manufactories of wool and iron; and it is well known that the business of these three staple manufactures is now very generally attended with loss to the proprietors. And many establishments are now carried on with the hope that an improvement may soon take place in prices, in consequence of a future diminution of importations of foreign merchandise.

The question of anti-protection or free trade appears to us to involve that of the reduction of wages of the laboring classes in our manufactories to the standard of Europe, which is fifty per cent. lower than the present prices paid in this country; or the destruction of a large portion of the manufacturing establishments in the United States. The amount of capital employed in those manufactures in this country, with which come directly in competition the importations from Europe, considerably exceeds one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and the annual product of the same as much more; and it is a matter of serious consideration whether a market can be found for produce sufficient to pay for an augmented importation of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, besides the present heavy amount of our imports.

The opponents of manufactures, and the friends of free trade, when compelled to admit the pecuniary benefits sometimes resulting to agriculture and other interests, from the introduction of manufactures, continue to revive the oft-refuted objection to the establishment of a class among us for the purpose of working up our own staples, that a manufacturing population is necessarily a vicious and degraded one, and therefore that the true interests of this

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country, moral as well as physical, are to be found in the pursuits of agriculture, and in those mechanical and commercial occupations which naturally grow up from the circumstances of the people. If we are to believe the advocates of free trade, the morals and general condition of the people of this country were in a better state before the introduction of extensive manufactures in the Northern and Eastern States, than those which now exist in the manufacturing districts. Although this subject has frequently attracted the attention of writers and speakers in favor of protection, and the advantages of manufactures with regard to their influence on the morals and circumstances of the people in their vicinity shown; we do not think it has been sufficiently considered and displayed to the people. We propose to devote a short space to a comparison of the present, with the former condition of the people in one of the most important manufacturing localities.

The State of Rhode-Island exhibits, in the most striking form, the vast advantages to be derived from a multiplicity of industrial pursuits, and is entitled to the credit of having been the first to introduce into the United States the immense advantages derived from labor-saving machinery. Before noticing the present prosperous condition of the State, it will be interesting to inquire what were its circumstances and character in the early part of the present century, and before the extensive introduction of labor-saving machinery. The population of the State, according to the three first enumerations taken by the United States, was as follows: In 1790, 68,825; in 1800, 69,122; in 1810, 76,931.

The late Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, in his "Travels in New-England," in the year 1800, has the following observations:—

"From the circumstances of its early settlement, Rhode-Island became naturally the resort, not only of such adventurers as harmonized with them (the original colonists) in religious opinions, but of most of those who were discontented and restless. A general aggregation, originated by a great variety of incidental causes, spread over the State, and occupied the whole of its territory. No single or regular scheme of colonization was pursued. No common object united the immigrants; and no common character could be traced through the mass. In such casual collections of mankind, it is an almost necessary consequence of their junction in society, that their peculiar religious opinions are held with less and less tenacity; that concessions are gradually and insensibly made by each to each; that each class respects its own doctrines less, and becomes more and more indifferent to those of others; and that all religious doctrines lose their influence, until the community becomes dispossessed of that beneficent efficacy which is ever to be expected from the gospel, wherever it is cordially believed by an undivided body of men.

"The inhabitants of this State, in opposition to the rest of their New-England brethren, have uniformly refused to support the public worship of God by law, or, in other words, to make a legal provision for the support of ministers and churches. A contract between a minister and his congregation for his maintenance they have placed on the same footing as contracts made at the gaming table. Hence, except in their large towns, a minister liberally educated cannot often be found. Hence, the places of such ministers are filled by plain, ignorant individuals. They pervert the meaning of the Scriptures, and murder arguments and language. They are destitute of dignity, propriety, and candor; coarse and clownish in their manners; uncouth in their elocution; and in their discourses clumsy and ridiculous. Next to a wicked ministry, the greatest evil which can befall the Church is a weak ministry. The churches in Providence and Newport I have described. Those which I have seen in the country towns appear like badly-built and decayed barns.

'The Sabbath, with a great part of this people, is merely a day of visiting and sport. Many of the inhabitants have customarily devoted it to labor. A considerable number of persons in the trading towns, Providence excepted, have been deeply engaged in the slave-trade. Some of the missionary societies have in their proceedings considered Rhode-Island as missionary ground.

"Schools usually go parallel with ministers and churches. Here, certainly, they move in the same course. Exclusive of a few attempts which have lately been made to establish academies, (of which, I believe, one, two, or three have succeeded,) and some efforts which are made in the principal towns, schools in this State can hardly be said to exist. The gentlemen with whom I conversed on this subject expressed their mortification, and their reprobation of the conduct of the State, in strong terms, but they seemed to be hopeless concerning a reformation. Without churches, men will be vicious of course; without schools, they will be ignorant; and ignorance and vice are sufficiently melancholy characteristics of the people in whom they are united.

"It is not impossible, perhaps not improbable, that the energy awakened in this State *by the diffusion of manufactures*, may be productive of some beneficial consequences both to learning and religion. The wealth of the inhabitants is visibly increasing with rapidity, and will probably continue to increase through an indefinite period. Wealth, wherever it is spread, generates, of course, the desire of character; and this passion regularly stimulates mankind to the use of those means by which it may be gratified. The first step towards giving character to children is to give them at least a decent education; and this step is always taken whenever wealth begins to be diffused. The next

is not uncommonly the building of churches; and the next the settlement and support of ministers,—such, I mean, as are qualified to discharge the duties of the sacred office. Should this be the course of events in Rhode-Island, it is hardly possible that the character of the inhabitants at large should not be essentially meliorated."

To these remarks of Dr. Dwight, the editor of his work, published in 1822, adds the following:—

"These observations were made in the year 1800. Since that time, the prediction of the writer has, to a considerable extent, been fulfilled. The manufacturing establishments of this State have been enlarged and multiplied, and the wealth of the inhabitants increased in a more rapid manner than in any other part of New-England. With the acquisition of property, the people, particularly in the large towns, appear to have acquired more liberal views concerning the importance of learning to the community."

The following extract from Morse's Geography, published in 1805, confirms Dr. Dwight's account of the state of society in Rhode-Island, in the early part of this century:—

"The literature of this State is confined principally to the towns of Newport and Providence. There are men of learning and abilities scattered throughout the State, but they are rare. The bulk of the inhabitants in other parts of the State are involved in greater ignorance perhaps than in most other parts of New-England. A law a few years since was made, establishing town schools through the State, but was found unpopular and repealed. There are few clergymen in the State, excepting in Providence and Newport. * * * In the whole region west of Providence river, a schoolhouse or meeting-house is rarely found; not a quarter part have a Bible in their houses, and a great portion of the people are unable to read or write."

With regard to the trade and commerce of the State, Morse remarks:—

"Before the war of the Revolution, the merchants in Rhode-Island imported from Great Britain, dry goods; from Africa, slaves; from the West Indies, sugars, coffee and molasses; and from the neighboring colonies, lumber and provisions. With the bills which they obtained in Surinam and the Dutch West Indies they paid their merchants in England. Their sugars they carried to Holland; the slaves from Africa they carried to the West Indies, together with the lumber and provisions procured from their neighbors; the rum distilled from the molasses was carried to Africa to purchase negroes; with their dry goods from England they trafficked with the neighboring colonies. By thi[illegible] commerce they subsisted and [illegible]volutionary War and som[illegible] had a great, and in most respects an injurious effect upon the trade of this State. The slave-trade, which was a source of wealth to many of the people, has happily been abolished. The Legislature have passed a law prohibiting ships from going to Africa for slaves, and selling them in the West India islands. The town of Bristol carries on a considerable trade to Africa, the West Indies, and to different parts of the United States. But by far the greater part of the commerce of the State is at present carried on by the inhabitants of the flourishing town of Providence. In June, 1791, there were belonging to this port 129 sail of vessels, measuring 11,942 tons. The tonnage of the whole State amounts to between 26,000 and 27,000 tons. The exports from the State are flax-seed, lumber, horses, cattle, beef, pork, fish, poultry, onions, butter, cheese, barley and other grain, spirits, and cotton and linen manufactures. The inhabitants are advancing in the manufacturing branch of business. A cotton manufactory has been erected at Providence, which from present prospects will answer the expectations of the proprietors. Jeans, fustians, denims, thick-sets, velvets, &c., are here manufactured and sent to the Southern States. Linen and tow cloths are made in different parts of this State for exportation. Other manufactures are those of iron, spirits, paper, wool and cotton cards, &c. Newport, famed for the beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its climate, now wears the gloomy aspect of decay. Circumstances strongly mark out this place as a convenient and proper situation for extensive manufactures. Should the gentlemen of fortune turn their capital into this channel, they would be instrumental in giving employment and bread to thousands of now unhappy people, and of reviving the former importance of their beautiful town."

These extracts are sufficient to show the condition of Rhode-Island under the commercial system which formerly prevailed in the colony and State, and before the attention of the people was particularly turned to manufactures, as the main source of occupation and prosperity which they have since found it, and which is now the main dependence of the people for support. The former moral and religious character of the people, as described by Doctors Dwight and Morse, is probably somewhat exaggerated by the prejudices of those writers, but there can be no doubt of the low state of education, religion and morals in the State, compared with other parts of New-England; and it is curious to notice that Dr. Dwight looked to the establishment of manufactures as a means by which the moral condition of the people might be improved. The gradual improvement of the condition and the present elevated character of the population of Rhode-Island, from this point of view, are remarkable [illegible] sagacity of Dr. Dwight,

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and of the accuracy of his prediction on the subject.

Before comparing the present condition of the State with that of the same half a century since, it will be interesting to notice the introduction of the cotton manufacture into Rhode-Island, and its gradual progress for a series of years. The commencement of cotton spinning in the State dates as early as the year 1788, when Daniel Anthony and others, of Providence established the business in a small way. This enterprise was followed by a few others, but every attempt to spin cotton by water power previous to 1790 proved abortive. In that year the Arkwright machinery was introduced by Samuel Slater, who had recently arrived from England. It was first put in operation at Pawtucket, and the manufactory is referred to by Hamilton, in his report on manufactures in December, 1791, as having "the merit of being the first in introducing into the United States the celebrated cotton mill," (meaning Arkwright's patent.) Some of Mr. Slater's first yarn, and some of the first cotton cloth made in America, from the same warp, was sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, (Hamilton,) in October, 1791. As to the impediments under which this business labored, Mr. Moses Brown, a partner of Slater, observes: "No encouragement has been given by any laws of this State, nor by any donations of any society or individuals, but wholly begun, carried on, and thus far perfected, at private expense." The biographer of Slater says he had never heard of any pecuniary advantage conferred on Mr. Slater, for his introducing the cotton manufacture, or for his establishing it on a permanent basis; but his own money and time were pledged to the object. It is stated on good authority that nearly all the cotton manufactories in the United States, from 1791 to 1805, were built under the direction of men who had acquired their art or skill in building machinery in Mr. Slater's employ.

On the establishment of his first cotton mill, Mr. Slater introduced among the laborers therein, such regulations as his previous observations of establishments in Derbyshire, England, had shown to be useful and applicable to the circumstances of an American population. Among these was the system of Sunday-school instruction, which had been for some time in full operation at all the mills of Arkwright and Strutt, when Mr. Slater left England. These schools, the first of the kind in America, are still continued at Pawtucket. They have been copied and extended with the extension of the cotton manufacture in this country. and they have prompted the establishment of similar schools in our seaport towns and in foreign countries. It was from Pawtucket that they were introduced into Providence in 1815, by the young men of the latter place, one of whom had been a clerk with Mr. Slater. In addition to these schools for Sunday instruction, the establishment and support of common day schools was promoted at all the manufactories in which Mr. Slater was interested; and in some cases the teachers were wholly paid by himself. Regular and stated public worship also was liberally supported at those points where the people could be most conveniently assembled. "The introduction of manufacturing was thus," says Mr. White, in his Life of Slater, "in every place a harbinger of moral and intellectual improvement to the inhabitants of the vicinage, and the numerous operatives from remote and secluded parts of the country, attracted to the manufacturing villages by the employment, comforts, and conveniences which they afforded. Hundreds of families of the latter description, originally from places where the general poverty had precluded schools and public worship, brought up illiterate, and without religious instruction, and disorderly and vicious, in consequence of their lack of regular employment, have been transplanted to these new creations of skill and enterprise; and by the ameliorating effects of study, industry, and instruction, have been reclaimed, civilized, Christianized. Not a few of them have accumulated and saved, by close application and moderate economy, very handsome estates. Indeed, such have been the blessed results of concentrating and giving employment to a population formerly considered almost useless to the community, that there is among our manufacturing population, at this moment, a greater number of males, of from twenty to thirty years old, who are worth from $300 to $1,000 each, and of marriageable females worth from $100 to $800 each, than can be found in any population out of the manufacturing villages." (This was in 1836.)

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The same writer further remarks :—

"The impulse given to industry and production by the cotton manufacture has not been confined to one branch of business alone, but has been felt in every sort of employment useful to the community. We need not, in this place, enlarge upon the close affinity and mutual dependence of these various employments; they are obvious to every mind which has acquired the habit of tracing results to their causes in the endless relations of society. As a general fact it is undoubtedly true, that the advance of our country in the production and manufacture of wool and iron has been greatly accelerated by the cotton manufacture; and that those branches of industry have always been deeply affected by the temporary reverses which this branch has experienced. Mr. Slater was for many years and at the time of his death concerned in woollen and iron, as well as cotton manufactories; and his observation and sagacity never suffered him to question the identity of their interests. He always maintained that legislative protection would be beneficial to himself as well as others—to those already established in business and having ample capital, as to those who were just beginning and with little or no capital. Events have fully sustained these views. The fostering protection of the government, up to the election of President Jackson, brought forward and established many adventurers who had begun without money or skill, but have since acquired both; whilst those who preceded them in business are, generally, as far in advance of them as they were before. In the measures adopted by the manufacturing districts of our country to obtain this protection, Mr. Slater was ever prominent and efficient."

Small manufactories spread in Rhode-Island about the year 1807, and improvements began to be introduced. Manufacturing enterprise was greatly promoted by the non-importation and other restrictive acts of Congress during Jefferson's and Madison's administrations, which contributed, of course, to the scarcity and high prices of British goods. The war of 1812 taught the Americans to rely upon their own resources for support, and the results of the lesson then learned were the erection of manufacturing establishments in almost every nook and corner of the settled parts of the Eastern and Middle States—affording sure markets for the produce of the flocks and fields of the Northern farmer, and increasing the demand for the staple of the Southern planter. At the beginning of the war in 1812, there were in operation in Rhode-Island, within 30 miles of Providence, 33 cotton mills, with 30,663 spindles, and a capacity for 56,246 spindles. There were also at the same time located in Massachusetts, within 30 miles of Providence, 20 cotton mills, with 17,371 spindles in operation, and a capacity for 45,438 spindles. Each spindle would then produce yarn enough weekly to make two and a half yards of cloth, of the value of 30 cents per yard, the average price at that time. The number of spindles then in operation in the vicinity of Providence produced, therefore, sufficient yarn, when wove, to make in each week 128,635 yards of cloth, worth $38,590—or over two millions of dollars annually. This shows the immense importance of the cotton manufacture, even in its infancy, previous to the war of 1812.

The war found the American people destitute of the means of supplying themselves, not merely with blankets for their soldiers, but a vast variety of other articles of necessity and comfort. Our citizens entered on the business of manufactures with great energy and enterprise; invested in them many millions of capital; and having, during the two and a half years while the war continued, the domestic market secured to them, they succeeded beyond expectation. Never was there a prouder display of the power of industry than was afforded on this occasion. Unaided by the expenditure of money by Government, except in the way of necessary contracts, they attained in two or three years a degree of maturity in some branches of manufactures which required centuries in England, France, and Prussia, and cost their governments large sums, in the shape of bounties, premiums, and drawbacks, with the fostering aid of privileges and immunities bestowed on the manufacturers. In the language of the report of a society of the friends of manufactures, made in 1817 :—

"In a short three years the produce of our looms rivalled foreign productions, and the nation with which we were contending felt more alarm from the produce of our manufactures than she did from the success of our arms. But peace came. While we were at war, the warehouses of England were filled with the produce of the labor which a loss of market had enabled her to purchase at a depreciated price. The moment intercourse between the two countries was opened, her hoarded stores were thrown upon us, and we were deluged with the manufactures which had been waiting the event. They could be sold without profit, because the foreign manufacturer thought himself fortunate if he could realize the capital which he had been

obliged to expend, to support his establishment while there was no sale for his wares. But he was content to bear a loss, because, in the words of an English statesman, 'It was well worth while to incur a loss upon the first exportation, in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those rising manufactures in the United States which the war had forced into existence.' It would have been surprising, indeed, if our infant manufactures, the establishment of which had generally exhausted the capitals of those who embarked in them, could have sustained themselves under such circumstances, without any aid or support from the Government, without any means of countervailing the effects of the sacrifices which foreigners were willing to make for their destruction. How were they to maintain themselves? It was impossible,—many of them sunk. The attention of the Government was too ardently directed, during the war, to other objects, to perceive the policy or necessity of that protection which the manufacturing interest did not appear to want."

A very favorable impression, in favor of domestic manufactures, was every where manifested at the conclusion of the war of 1812. Mr. Jefferson had changed his views on the subject, and expressed himself as follows:—

"To be independent for the comforts of life, we must fabricate them ourselves. We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist. Experience has taught me that manufactures are as necessary to our independence as our comfort."

Presidents Madison and Monroe, in their messages to Congress, and on other occasions, recommended the encouragement of manufactures by adequate protection. The tour of President Monroe to New-England made a very favorable impression on his mind with regard to the resources of the country, and its adaptation to manufacturing operations. He was received at Pawtucket by Mr. Slater, who showed and explained to him the frames by which he had spun his first cotton, and stated the progress of the business, which had raised that obscure hamlet to the condition of a flourishing town. The change was remarkable that had taken place during the contest with Great Britain. Providence, and Rhode-Island in general, had received an impetus which contributed, more than any other cause, to build up a large and populous city, and to raise a comparatively small State to wealth and importance.

The war of 1812 was closed under favorable auspices. The country was generally prosperous where the influence of manufactures could be felt. It was estimated that sixty millions of dollars had been invested in manufacturing establishments, which were spread over the face of the land, diffusing employment and comforts among thousands of industrious people. Peace, with all its blessings, was, however, fraught with destruction to the hopes of a considerable portion of the manufacturers. The double duties on imports had been imposed with a limitation to one year after the close of the war. They were repealed, and a new tariff enacted in 1816. Although it recognized the doctrine of protection, that tariff was insufficient to sustain the manufacturing interest generally. From year to year after that time, ruin spread among the manufacturers, and a large proportion of them were reduced to bankruptcy. The progress of the State of Rhode-Island was of course slow during a series of years, and until the revival of industry by the tariff of 1824, followed by that of 1828. Since the permanent establishment of manufactures by the protective system, Rhode-Island has steadily advanced in population and wealth; its prosperity, of course, checked by every advance towards free trade in the legislation of Congress, adverse to national industry. The following shows the progressive movement of the population of the State since the first United States' census, in 1790:—

| Year. | Population. | Decennial increase. Numeral. | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1790,..... | 68,825 | | |
| 1800,..... | 69,122 | 297 | 00.4 |
| 1810,..... | 77,031 | 7,909 | 11.4 |
| 1820,..... | 83,059 | 6,028 | 7.8 |
| 1830,..... | 97,199 | 14,140 | 17. |
| 1840,.....108,830 | | 11,631 | 11.9 |
| 1850,.....147,543 | | 38,713 | 35.6 |

The valuation of taxable property in the State in 1849 was $70,289,990 — viz.: real estate, $48,956,829; personal ditto, $21,333,161. The increase of taxable property from 1796 to 1832 was $17,140,000, and from 1833 to 1849 the increase was $37,650,000. The amount of banking capital in 1849 was $11,300,000. In the savings banks, the same year, the deposits amounted to $1,054,263. The amount of capital invested in manufactures in 1840 was $10,696,136.

The most remarkable improvement has

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taken place in the State, within the last twenty-five years, in the attention paid to education. By an act of the Legislature, passed in 1828, a permanent school fund was commenced, which was invested, and has since received many additions. The sum of $25,000 per annum is paid from the State Treasury to the several towns for the support of public schools. The interest of the portion of the State of the United States' surplus revenue, divided in 1836, and moneys arising from several other sources, are also applied to the support of public schools. In 1844, the number of these schools in the State was 428, and the number of scholars attending them was 22,156. The amount paid by the State for the support of free or public schools in that year was $25,095, and by the towns for the same $27,918; total, $53,013. In 1840, there were in Brown University and in a high school, 324 students. There were then in the State 52 academies and grammar schools, with 3,664 students. The elevation of the religious character of the people, which we have seen was formerly so much behind the other New-England States, has been similar to the favorable change in public sentiment with regard to education, and it is believed that Dr. Dwight and other philanthropists of the last generation would not now have cause to complain of the state of religion and morals among the people of Rhode-Island, or to contrast the State in that respect with its neighbors. It should be here mentioned that the first Sunday-school taught in New-England was at the manufacturing village of Pawtucket.

We will here again quote Mr. White, the biographer of Slater, on this subject:—

"It cannot be concealed that there have been apprehensions of the evil effects of manufacturing establishments in this country. But these forebodings have been chiefly prospective. It is not pretended that they have been productive of evil; indeed, the evidence is positive, that much good has been produced. With regard to the State f Rhode-Island, I had an opportunity of knowing its moral condition previous to 1812; and I have since travelled in nearly every part of the State, and the change for the better, especially in the manufacturing districts, is incredible. No one but an eye-witness could believe that such a favorable change of society could have taken pl ce in the short period of twenty-five years. I am persuaded that wherever a village is under good regulations, that the tendency is altogether favorable to morals and intelligence. Sufficient testimony has been adduced to prove that the present state of American manufactures is superior to any in the world, as it respects the rate of wages, the means of intellectual improvement, and their moral condition."

The hostility of the Democratic party, so called, to the establishment and support of manufactures, has been shown on various occasions for the last twenty years, not only in their legislation in Congress, but in the sentiments of their leaders expressed in appeals to popular prejudice. When the administration of Mr. Polk adopted the free-trade doctrines of the Secretary of the Treasury, Robert J. Walker, as a portion of the Democratic party creed, and that President recommended those doctrines as the true policy of the nation, the Democratic Convention of Hamilton county, Ohio, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, in Oct., 1845, avowing the following views:—

"Manufactures are not of themselves objects of desire to a free people, or of favor for a free government. They involve the necessity of a crowded population, subject to a very arbitrary control over their comfort by a few wealthy persons, and devoted to unwholesome employment. Surely such establishments do not deserve political favor where land is abundant and the people free."

The falsity of these sentiments is shown by the experience of this country, wherever manufactures have been established; and nowhere can they be more fully disproved than in the industrial history of Rhode-Island. We have chosen the example of that State, as one exhibiting the greatest contrast in the condition of the people under agricultural and commercial pursuits, with only slight attention to manufactures; with its wonderful improvement since the introduction of manufactures and labor-saving machinery.

It would be difficult, in the history of mankind, to exhibit a more striking picture of moral and physical improvement; and this change has been effected by the system we advocate, in a comparatively short period, in the moral and physical condition of the people of the whole State. In other parts of the country, where the population and territory are less compact, the contrast and improvement have been less marked. But we are not unmindful of the great benefits wrought by the manufacturing system in

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other States, wherever industrial pursuits of this class have been introduced by capital and enterprise. The great moral and successful example of Lowell, that wonderful creation of the genius, capital, and industry of our own times, is familiar to all. It has been often described, and never fails to interest the friends of manufactures who have an opportunity of visiting it, by its admirable establishments, conducted on a system unsurpassed in the world, and its highly intellectual industrial population. But the States of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, and Connecticut, with the Middle States, afford abundant instances of the prosperity and moral improvement which have been caused in those States by the introduction of manufactures.

In an evil hour, the passage of the tariff of 1846 checked the march of improvement then in progress under the benign influence of the Whig protective tariff of 1842. How far the effect of foreign competition may arrest the increase and extension of manufactures in those States where they have been established or commenced, time only can determine. But it may be well to look at the amount of the principal manufactures of the United States which may be placed in danger by free trade or importations of the same articles from foreign countries. We have not the returns of the census of last year, but the following shows the value of these manufactures eleven years since, by the census of 1840:—

| | Annual value manufactured. |
|---|---|
| Cottons, | $46,350,453 |
| Woollens, | 20,696,999 |
| Iron, | 16,034,225 |
| Hardware, &c., | 6,451,967 |
| Precious Metals, | 9,779,442 |
| Leather and Manufactures of, | 48,785,332 |
| Paper, | 6,135,092 |
| Cordage, | 4,078,306 |
| Hats, Caps, &c., | 10,180,847 |
| Total, | $168,492,663 |

The increase of these manufactures, under the tariff of 1842, probably raised the annual value to two hundred millions of dollars.

This immense interest, with all its attendant benefits, some of which we have endeavored to exhibit in this essay, it is proposed by the advocates of free trade to destroy; or to reduce the wages of labor to the standard of that of Europe. But we cannot believe the people will long continue to countenance such doctrines. In the language of Henry Clay, in 1824: "The cause of protection is the cause of the country, and it must and will prevail. It is founded in the interests and affections of the people; it is as native as the granite deeply imbedded in our mountains. And I would pray God, in his infinite mercy, by enlightening our councils, to conduct us into that path which leads to riches, to greatness, to glory."

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## AD TURBATOREM PLEBIS.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

All earthly things are subject to decay:
The fairest temple and the proudest State
Crumble at last to ruin. But the great
Immortal truths which they embody stay,
And on the earth dwell ever. They
Have perennial life; and, soon or late,
How deep soever hidden from the day,
Burst the rude soil wherein they germinate.
But not the less, O Demagogue, thy crime!
If thy base arts shall cause the State to fall,
All after ages in their march sublime
Thy hideous name will cover with a pall
Of hate undying! Such thy final doom;
With Traitor carved on thy unholy tomb!

*Ingleside, May,* 1851.

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# BOYHOOD AND BARBARISM.

"Infans non multum a Furioso distat."—The Law Books.

Concerning that very handsome bit of Latin which we have prefixed to this article as an intimation of the course we may pursue, for a short time, in discussing in a grim and iron manner certain metaphysical truths which are not expatiated upon with sufficient freedom in the approved text-books on mental science, and concerning the authors of this extremely polite comparison, we may have a word to say by-and-by, if this philosophical disquisition has not attained an unwholesome and indigestible magnitude by the time that we are ready to pay our compliments to the gentlemen who have made so injurious an allegation against the juveniles of the Solar System;—for we doubt not that whatever is truthfully predicated of the urchins of this planet, may with equal justice be predicated of their gigantic and lubberly cousins who snap marbles of the bigness of bomb-shells under the rings of Saturn, and of minors generally in all the planets and asteroids in our immediate neighborhood. For the present we merely remark, that if Ulpian when he uttered, Grotius when he echoed, and Mr. Justice Story when he reverberated the charge, through the pages of his stupendous treatise on Equity Jurisprudence, had in their eye a Carib, a Mauritanian, a Pict, or a Pawnee, as the model of a *Furiosus*, they were clearly in the right. Using the word in such a sense, the boy is a born Furiosus. That however was not the idea of the learned jurists. In the slang of the Courts, the term signifies a *non compos*, a lunatic, a crack-brain, a crazy fellow; and whether even wise men are warranted in likening all youngsters here and elsewhere to loons, (to fall in with the popular notion that these water-fowls are maniacs,) may well be questioned. When, however, you introduce to me as a Furiosus a red gentleman rejoicing in the name of Big-Tall-Thunder, mounted on a mustang, holding a javelin in his hand, and adorned with paint and feathers, and assert to me that the Boy does not materially differ from him, I agree with you.

Yes, we are all born savages. It is only because certain persons, assuming themselves to be wiser than Nature, have trained our faculties to such distorted shapes as seemed good to their morbid vision, that you and I are not this day free barbarians, wearing eagles' quills, and hailing each other as Cross-Wolf and Curling-Cloud. The hand which guides this philosophic pen should of right whisk a tomahawk. Yonder mild lady pacing the garden walks and murmuring sad words of the poets among the dying flowers, or watching the wild pigeons as they cleave with unmatched swiftness the still air of autumn, to vanish in the mists that veil the wooded hill-sides, and mourning when presently the guns of the fowlers ring through the groves where the timid birds have folded their wings,—she, the soft-hearted, who whispers to the dying flowers and mourns for the doves of the Indian Venus torn by shot whizzing from the barrels of frightful blunderbusses, is sister to the quiver-bearing Amazons, to the jingling belles of Nootka, to the yelling damsels of Mozambique. Grant Judge, sitting with fixed frowns while barristers smite with clenched fists the leathern covers of Kent, but that certain influences which have been accumulating for forty centuries were brought to bear upon your young brain years ago, when those bristling gray-hairs were scarce rougher than a kitten's fur, you I might now see sitting upon the council-log of Hurons discussing questions of state with the dusky senators of the woods, while those barristers and hawking sheriffs should gratify their now misdirected instincts by forms of action unknown to Mansfield, and by seizures of horses and poultry concerning which Sir Thomas More might ask, with tears in his eyes, for information and not for a joke, "*utrum possent replegiari.*"

Why is it that these possibilities have failed? Why is it that the hand which

nature framed to whisk the terrible tomahawk, guides instead the philosophic pen, and instead of knocking the sense *out* of the skull of the gentle reader, is now beating nonsense *into* it? Why is it that the mild lady, instead of walking sadly among the dying flowers and mourning the wounded pigeons, is not dashing on a hunting horse into a group of leopards, while attendant Amazons yell, and pierce the spotted monsters with arrows and quivering spears; is not dancing to the hideous discord of conchs and kettle-drums like her jingling sisters of Nootka; is not sporting with sharks in the ocean-surf, or floating over the lagoons of some rude archipelago upheaved from the bottom of the Pacific, and lounging in her grotesque canoe, a Cleopatra of the Islands, while her "gentlewomen like the Nereides" splash in the still water and dive under the keel of her idle barge? What magic has made the lion a sheep; has changed the tawny hide which Hercules might wear in the audience hall of Jove into a soft skin covered with wool, which housewives may spin; has so quenched the regal spirit that now the King of the Desert nips clover, is shorn by boors, makes sheepish noises, is penned at night, and when the bell-wether leaps into a well, as in the fable, follows him faster than a bucket with the ewes and nannies?

How widely do we, the brothers of the human family, diverge in our lifetime from the general starting-point; like brooks springing from the same mountain and flowing, some to the St. Lawrence Gulf, some to the Chesapeake, and some to the Gulf of Mexico. I show you three infants. One, on a savage island, swings in his bark hammock from the limbs of a tree, and sleeps while the winds that wander over the Pacific wave him to and fro: the second rocks in his red-cherry cradle in a New-England farm-house, and a thoughtful, motherly woman, knitting beside him, sings plaintive hymns: the third reposes in a gorgeous little couch, curiously carved, and a spangled canopy covers his royal head; gray-headed Field Marshals and sworded Princes stand around; rigid battalions ranked before the palace are ready to defend the right of infant royalty, and huge cannon on the bastions of the city, which proclaimed to the Baltic the birth of its baby admiral, will hurl bullets and bursting globes upon the robbers who shall dare to grasp at the crown of Muscovy, whether they come in war-ships from the fast-anchored isle, or march in regiments from Gaul and the cities of the German Empire. What difference in thought or desire do you surmise may exist in these three little mortals? A craniologist might (and unless choked, undoubtedly would) talk about Mongolian and Circassian contours, and so forth; but in the essential elements which compose a live baby, wherein differs the Islander from the American, the American from the Prince? Place them together on the floor: will they not whine, and crawl over each other like blind puppies? When a few moons have passed, and strength is given to their limbs, and the first faint ideas dawn in their minds, will they not lay hold of each other's hair, (a proof that the knack of scalping is one of the earliest, and consequently one of the most genuine and desirable accomplishments which Nature desires her children to possess,) and will they not love, hate, and fear the same objects? Is there any thing in their several gestures or glances that indicates the strangely different loves, hates, and fears which will possess them hereafter? The little savage does not manifest an inclination to make a barbecue of his comrades; the American, in his conversations with the Prince, is not understood by the nurses to call his play-fellow a puppet or a blood-sucking despot; and the latter seems in nowise anxious to tie strings around the neck of the young democrat; nor in his devastations does he discriminate between pamphlets that argue with the "divine right of kings" and newspapers that hoot at the Holy Alliance; nor when he creeps on the carpet does he always travel in the direction of Constantinople. Yet in forty years, where will you find the three allies? One is a tall red cannibal horribly painted, paddling his canoe in the coves of New-Zealand; another is a rampant republican, working the batteries of a red-hot political journal, and invoking the Demon of Revolution to rise from caverns where

"The slumbering earthquake lies pillowed on fire;"

the third towers above his nobles, a Czar, and gathers together Cossacks from the Ukraine, Tartars from the Ural, Siberians from the steppes, and Finns from the icebergs, and then, like one of the old idols of the North, holding in his hand deluge, ter-

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rors, and storms, hovers over the frontiers of Europe and launches his thunders at sullen intervals against the citadels of Danube and the Rhine. Observe what a deadly antipathy against the others has arisen in each of the former play-fellows. If the Cannibal catches the Czar, he will roast him; if the Czar catches the Republican, he will hang him; if the Republican gets the others in his power, he will shut the Prince in a penitentiary, and probably will kill the savage with rum.

Philosophy, in view of these things, has much to offer. But to-day Philosophy may go hang. Musty speculation is undoubtedly our *forte*, (although the reviews and universities may ignore our pretensions, for which we shall take vengeance by-and-by when we have time for it;) but to-day all blowing upon "Apollo's lute," as Milton has it, will be refrained from. Philosophy, we repeat politely but firmly, may to-day go hang. We will be content with pointing out a few traits in the character of the North American juvenile which indicate how strongly his healthful savage instincts struggle with the tremendous agencies, the accumulations of forty centuries, which are brought to crush them; how reluctantly the healthful savage spirit yields to the soft but persevering and mighty genius of Civilization.

It is assumed that we are born savages. The civilizing of a wild man's boy is as discouraging an undertaking as the training of a fox's whelp to an understanding of our conventional notions about geese and turkeys; but the barbarizing of a tame man's boy is as easy a thing as making wild boars and jackals of the offspring of domestic swine and mastiffs, by turning them loose in the wilderness when they are pigs and puppies. White boys who are captured by Indians in five cases out of ten become chiefs; but how many red boys who are taken by benevolent persons and put into academies become jurists or mathematicians? The white boy takes to savage life as naturally as the duck to water. The culture of universities may have been exhausted on his ancestors for ten generations back; but put him in the hands of a Camanche matron when he is a year old, and the culture which has been expended on the parent stock will not be indicated, on the little graft which is severed from it, by a single blossom. He is visited by no vague ideas of the Rule of Three as he gnaws elk-ribs in his foster-mother's lodge; he is impelled by no unaccountable impulse to expostulate with his play-mates at the occasional imperfections of their syntax. On the contrary, he hunts prairie-dogs, learns the war-dance, flings hatchets like the cub of a very Powhattan; and when grown to the stature of a man, will spear mail-riders and emigrants, and abet a stampede of government mules, as readily as any born barbarian. The rule will not work both ways. Introduce a young Camanche into an infant-school, and it appears that we might as well direct our educational apparatus at a young bear. Culture affects hereditarily the faculties, but not the instincts,—at all events, not nearly so sensibly the latter as the former. Hence it is that the son of the civilized man with less difficulty becomes civilized than his red cousin, for he has hereditary faculties which if exercised will master instincts; and these the wild boy has not, for his grandfathers for ten generations back, instead of nibbling philosophy at Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, were scouring the country between the Nueces and the Californian Colorado, knocking out other wild men's brains, and whooping like imps of the pit.

Yes, mothers of America, your nurseries are wigwams of Cherokees, Blackfeet, Apaches; your cradles are nests of Bedouins. Not many mornings ago I saw a young Anglo-Saxon, who cannot utter six articulate sounds, standing on a chair by the window and catching and destroying the house-flies, whose joints were stiffened by the frosts of the preceding night, with the same glee that a Mohawk warrior would exhibit on being let loose, with license to murder, in an Asylum for Cripples. That indifference to the rights of crockery, that apathy of conscience at the destruction of pitchers and glass-ware, that Gothic exultation over the ruins of a dinner plate, which the unbreeched urchin displays, are manifestations of that same barbarian appetite for *smashing* which ruined the marbles of Greece and shattered the priceless vases of Italy. The original, genuine instinct is suppressed at first by force, and afterwards eradicated by artfully implanting an artificial taste for entire dinner plates and for uncracked pitchers. Destructiveness is almost the first organ which gives signs of activity in the infant brain: only allow it fair play, and it will in due time be master of the whole cranium.

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The chief labor in education is the eradication of instincts. School-life is for a long time but an artful war between the pedagogue and the savage propensities of his pupils. Observe what bloody books are boys' favorites. Their earliest reading is of pirates and Arabs. The attack of Indians on the cabin of the settler, with its attendant horrors of burning roofs, ringing rifles, and merciless murders, have a fascination for them—even for the mildest. Books of desperate or vagrant and lawless action please them. In history, they open an intimacy with Hannibal and Leonidas; in adventure, with Captain Kyd and the Argonauts. These propensities are cunningly made to work their own destruction. The savage instinct is gratified by reading about vagabonds and headlong heroes, but the shrewd teacher will remark how this arouses faculties which will in time master instinct. His appetite for other delights arises, and a taste for books of a somewhat different tone is provoked. The young reader gets an ear for the graces of style, and remarks the difference between those abrupt sentences which pitch him along like the chopping waves of a Gulf Stream, and the majestic periods, the long Ciceronian swells on which we are borne through successive chapters till as we approach the close, like sailors in a boat, we hear a fine roaring of surges, and ride to the beach through the surf of a peroration. Thus is a taste for Literature born, and in a few years, when the bloodthirsty little reader has attained man's estate, his earliest acquaintances, the forest outlaws and the buccaneers, are received at his mental *levées* on entirely a different footing. The old desire of training in Robin Hood's company has assumed perhaps the form of a willingness to be Little John to Carlyle or some other æsthetical bandit. The satisfaction he once would have felt at boarding an argosy on the Spanish main, has become a singular delight in waylaying the portly octavo in which some learned man has stowed his philosophic ingots, and is ploughing his stately course in fancied security; in dashing at the clumsy prize after the fashion of Hawkins and Morgan, and in making the wretched master walk the plank like a grandee of Arragon intercepted by Black Beard in his voyage from Porto Bello to Cadiz.

Few boys, it has been remarked, I believe, reach manhood without at some time having resolved to become either sailors or hunters. What days are spent in grievous indecision whether it is better to go to the Rocky Mountains and shoot buffaloes or to the Japan seas and harpoon whales. What nights are made glorious by dreams of killing seals by torch-light in caves where the Antarctic Tritons blow their "wreathed horns" in alarm at the robbery of their folds. What plots for reviving the ancient and amiable fraternity of Sea Kings are concocted of winter evenings, by flaxen-headed conspirators, as they crack butternuts before the kitchen fire—thwacking the solid nut-shells with their hammers as if they were smiting the mailed heads of Celts and Saxons, while some young hero who has lately posted himself up in Scandinavian matters doles out tales of the Red Erics, the Rollos, and the Harold Slambangers who roamed the seas with their gigantic boatswains, before the Law of Nations was heard of in the North Sea and the Bay of Biscay. What consultations are held concerning the feasibility of fitting up the old den in the rocks above the village for a cave of Forty Thieves, who are to operate according to the system of the enterprising gentlemen of the Arabian tale, excepting that *oil* is to be abstained from both as an article of trade and as a beverage—the former because it proved the ruin of Ali Baba's guests, and the latter owing to a grudge entertained since infancy. Minerva, overhearing these eager conversations, smiles. In forty years Red Eric is President of a Marine Insurance Company, and Rollo's bills are honored in Copenhagen. Some of the Forty Thieves are Justices of a Western Court of Star-Chamber, administering Lynch-Law to forgers and blacklegs, and others are legislators and grand jurymen. The young lions have been cheated of their teeth. The lust for barbarism has been quenched by stimulating the remote appetite for refinement. The boy who at the age of twelve is fully resolved, as soon as he is released from home tyranny, to pitch his camp on the North fork of the Arkansas, and spend the rest of his life in the society of wolves and wild horses, finds that each year a band is tied to him which he will not be able to sunder; and at twenty-one he is firmly bound to civilization—a slave to clocks and stoves and tables—a bondman to hotels and newspapers.

Schoolmasters, the missionaries whom we employ to labor in that dense barbarism

which darkens our nurseries, bear witness to the fidelity of all juveniles to their mother, Nature. They can testify, however, that the general rule is not without apparent exceptions. They sometimes get young converts faster than they bargained for. Some young gentlemen manifest the most precocious faculty for adapting themselves to the artificial structure of the society in which they find themselves born, as if they saw the uselessness of resistance, and were inclined to make the best of their misfortune. Inconsistent as it may seem, these little pioneers are made to feel the "peculiar institution" which prevails in all well-regulated schools, more often than their duller mates, who hanker for the pleasures of Bedouins, and hang back and sulk when the handsome young man with the helmet (see the frontispiece of the spelling-book) offers to lead them to yonder edifice, labelled *Science;* which inscription needs only to be changed to *Circus* to fire the sulkers, for years to come, with love at first sight for all young men who wear helmets. The reason is, that schoolmasters are generally impenetrably pedantic, and insist that youth shall be enlightened according to certain approved systems. All short cuts to civilization, avoiding the slough of Orthography and the valley of the shadow of Arithmetic, are as criminal in their eyes as the contrivance of the gentleman immortalized in the Pilgrim's Progress, to get on the high road to the City without facing the enemies which the intrepid Christian met and vanquished. I once knew a school where grammar was not loved quite so well as some other things in which Black Hawk would have delighted, where nevertheless the most complicated and artificial transactions of the civilized world were carried on with amazing zeal. But these it was necessary to conceal from the teacher, for he had his own way, of course, and visited the Banking Institutions, the East India Companies and the Express Offices which flourished in his dominions with the same undiscriminating switch with which he tingled the legs of truants and blockheads.

How fresh is our recollection of one hazel-eyed young schemer—the Hudson of the school—who had a finger in more railroads than you can find in the North American Guide-Book in pine desk were ed pigeon shot rolling through these became, when viewed through that eye of imagination which boys possess in such perfection, cattle trains, freight trains, and express trains, circulating through the United States in the most lively manner imaginable. Ought not the pedagogue to have rejoiced at the achievements of this precocious Railroad Director, as so many triumphs over the wild nature within him? Perhaps he ought, but he didn't. He seemed to carry in his single soul more hostility to internal improvements than the whole band of Michigan conspirators, and one day managed to throw the mail train off the track with such violence, that the brakeman was seriously contused and the conductor got his knuckles broken. This rather dampened the railroad mania.

The young gentlemen of that school showed a surprising aptitude for civilization within doors, and a no less decided genius for barbarism without. There were more naval and financial enterprises afloat than there were in Tyre of old. One financial operation we remember, which would have startled Wall street. A genius in a secluded corner of the room started the "Empire Bank," which began business on the gigantic scale of the Bank of England. For about a week notes were issued daily to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the school was in a short time full of millionaires in bare feet and linen jackets, not a few of whom would have been impudent enough to offer Rothschild the loan of a hundred dollars to set up a grocery with, or to propose to Nicholas to supply him with funds to carry on the Circassian war, provided he would give a chattel mortgage on the Kremlin for security.

> "Pandemonium, the high capital
> Of Satan and his peers,"

did not arise more suddenly or mysteriously than this financial prodigy, and was not a more gorgeous affair, nor worth more money when it was completed. Still there was something not altogether secure, I fear, about the basis of its credit. It never was disclosed what securities were pledged to indemnify the holders of its notes, but I suspect that if an inventory of its actual property which might have been reached in Equity n, the schedule of the invest e would have exhib-

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ited about ten fish-hooks and a kite. Think of these chattels, and a doubtful demand against an Irish boy for breaking a ball-club, as *resources*, to meet *liabilities* somewhat greater than the national debt of Great Britain! Nevertheless, holders felt secure, and the manufacture of money went on without interruption. Nabobs of the most astounding opulence surrounded the throne of our unconscious Sultan, who continued to cuff and ferule with as little ceremony as they cut off paupers' heads in the East. Even in India it won't do to strangle a nabob as summarily as his porter; but here there was not the slightest discrimination between Bobs and Nabobs. Indeed, it was some time before the Despot found that an aristocracy of wealth was springing up in his realm; but one unlucky day, a thousand-dollar note having fallen into his hands by accident or treachery, there was a tremendous commotion in the money market forthwith. The Bank exploded; indeed, what else could have been expected of an institution whose credit depended upon a pledge of kites and fish-hooks of the gross value of eighteen pence? The schoolmaster's encounter with it was like General Jackson's famous tilt with the "Monster." He was not awed by wealth—not he! He would have "tanned" Crœsus himself for spelling *phthysic* without a *p* and two *h's*. So he handled the "monopoly" without mittens, as Old Hickory would have done, spanked the Cashier, and compelled fund-holders to disgorge their treasures, till he found himself in possession of a "pile" which would have bought out the East India Company. This was disastrous, it is true, but the Bank was a very spry one, and was on its legs again by dinner time. The President was remarkably fertile in expedients. Before the afternoon was half through, his financial foundry was in full blast, and before the summons of "All hands ahoy to spell" was given at four bells, the Bank of England, which had shot ahead during the temporary suspension of its rival, was "nowhere." The panic had subsided; insolvents had picked themselves up. Our next neighbor, who lost all in the general bankruptcy of the morning, was worth a million of dollars when school was dismissed, owing to a masterly speculation in buck-shot, but he lost two hundred and fifty thousand before bed-time, by indiscreetly carrying it in his pocket when he went after the cows.

These illustrations, we admit, do not materially support our argument. These enterprises indicated a marvellous aptitude for civilization, it must be confessed, and so far, they go to sap the theory which has just been presented. But could we show you these young Bankers and "Railway Kings" out of doors, and unveil their schemes and secrets, their wishes, plots and dreams, (which cannot in justice to the Rights of Readers be now done,) the balance in favor of barbarism would, we fear, be rather startling.

G. H. M.

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# NO MORE!

"Les années qui me sont déterminée s'en vont, et j'entre dans un sentier d'où je ne reviendrai plus."

No more! Oh! what unuttered grief
Dwells in those chill prophetic words!
The tomb of every warm belief,
They strike upon the heart's deep chords:
Like the faint music of a dream,
The shadows from some mystic shore,
Where jewels flash, where roses gleam,
We hear the wailing sound—No more!

No more! The summer founts may throw
Their silvery music on the air;
The sunset lend its opal glow
To skies that seemed before so fair;
And such a flood of liquid light
May rest on mount, and sea, and shore,
As bathed old Ida's classic height;
Yet some low voice shall say—No more!

No more! Throughout the boundless earth
They blend with Hope's fallacious dream;
They echo through the haunts of Mirth;
A whisper of the Past they seem.
Who hath not heard mid light and song,
Mid pageantry, and pride, and power,
Those spirit-voices round him throng
That mock the glittering festal hour!

The heart is but a wasting mine,
An altar for some idol kept,
Till o'er its desecrated shrine
The storm-gust hath too rudely swept;
A pedestal too wildly placed,
Flooded by every passing wave,
Recording vows too soon effaced—
A temple reared upon the grave!

The pest-worm feeds upon the rose,
The violet bears no deathless bloom:
What tints our morning skies disclose—
What darkness lingers round the tomb!
What memories of buried love,
What earnest tones for ever fled;
What yearnings for the world above,
What lonely vigils with the dead!

Our dead! Can such a voice arise
In rebel grief upon the air!
The hosts that fill th' eternal skies,
What can they know of woe or care!
Our dead! Oh! who shall say, "Our dead!"
Released from this dark charnel shore,
Hath not th' immortal spirit fled,
To live when time shall be no more!

C.

*Brooklyn, July* 8, 1851.

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# THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

## JOHN FORD.

It is a curious fact, that within the short space of half a century, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the breaking out of the civil wars, there flourished all that England can boast of as superior in the art of serious dramatic literature. Perhaps we should make an exception in favor of one solitary example—the Samson Agonistes; but after that we have almost nothing. In the firmament of this age of "strong-minded England," the name of Shakspeare has the position of the sun; a comparison which will hold good in many ways. The brightness encircling Shakspeare's memory completely blinds the ordinary gazer to the beauties of other kindred contemporary spirits—as Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, Kit Marlow, and numerous others. Among these, John Ford held in his day a very high position, which even now he is allowed to have merited.

John Ford, or as he sometimes spelt his name, Forde, was born of reputable parentage in Devonshire, England, in the spring of 1586. It is the lamentable dearth of all positive evidence, even on such a point as this, that has caused one of the most distinguished British poets to say, "It is painful to find the name of Ford a barren spot in our poetical biography, marked by nothing but a few dates and conjectures, chiefly drawn from his own dedications." However, there is still extant at Ilsington, in Devonshire, the record of his baptism, dated April 17th, 1586. Like Congreve, and many others of the brotherhood, Ford, after receiving a liberal education, was entered in the Middle Temple, 16th November, 1602, as a student of law. It would seem that in after life he was a practitioner of no mean eminence in this science. In 1606, not yet arrived at the age of manhood, he published an affectionate tribute to the memory of the Earl of Devonshire, in the shape of some verses entitled "Fame's Memorial," etc. Twenty-three years after this date we again find him before the public. In 1629 he published his "Lover's Melancholy," which he assures us, in his dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn, was his first printed dramatic effort. It is probable that he composed several plays in the long interim for representation, although none of them had as yet emanated from the press. Happily for our curiosity, his dedications afford us some irrefragable testimony as to the history of the compositions to which they are attached. The first play, the product of Ford's mind, that appeared on the stage, seems to have been, "'Tis pity she's a Whore," although it was not published until 1633. In the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, the author styles it "the first fruit of his leisure in this action." From the very nature of this play, its damnation ensues. The horrible traits in the characters of the hero and heroine of the piece render it unfit for perusal by the young, and sickening to the old. It is pleasing however to hear the author's real sentiments in the very opening of the play, from the mouth of Friar Bonaventura, (a second Friar Laurence:)—

"Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,
These are no school-points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jests! Wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discovered first the nearest way to hell,
And filled the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
And He thou talk'st of is above the sun.
No more;—I may not hear it."

Hear the lover describing the charms of his mistress, in an impassioned strain worthy of Ariosto himself:—

"View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world of variety:
For coral, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that form.

Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music for the citizens in heaven."

A single specimen more must suffice for this tragedy. In strong contrast with the foregoing, we select an extract in which the Friar describes the consequences of sin :—

——— "There is a place
(List, daughter!) in a black and hollow vault
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness. In this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabbed,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust."

Although a most hideous and enormous sin is held up in this tragedy to the popular odium, yet even the goodness of the author's motives can scarce excuse his subject. Still, he has the slight defense that he may have taken the hint from the ancient Greek drama, in which this vice was not of uncommon occurrence. And in this feeling we are borne out by some of the most able critics. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope" held still stronger language in this connection; and the late Charles Lamb, in a note to an extract from this play, says: "Sir Thomas Browne, in the last chapter of his Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. The chapter is entitled, *Of some relations whose truth we fear*. His reasoning is solemn and fine: 'Lastly, as there are many relations whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are many relations whose truth we fear, and heartily wish there were no verity therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in history, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; whose not only verities but relations honest minds do deprecate. For of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is ofttimes a sin even in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that thus they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villany; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious example of ages past poisons the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus, nor remain any Register but that of Hell.' Pancirollus wrote '*De Antiquis Perditis*, or of the Lost Inventions of Antiquity.'"

We take leave of this play, for the "Lover's Melancholy," with feelings much akin to those inspired by stepping from a cold, damp charnel-house, into an airy, agreeable garden. This tragi-comedy we have alluded to before: it is undoubtedly a most superior production, containing several passages that would singly suffice to immortalize any man. The plot is also of a graceful character. In it our author delineates with a master's hand the progress and cure of two kinds of insanity, without suffering the interest of the piece to pall for a moment. The reader will agree with Mr. Lamb in regard to the following extract, that "it is as fine as any thing in Beaumont and Fletcher, and almost equals the strife it celebrates." It depicts a contest between a Musician and a Nightingale: the tale on which it is founded is familiar to all classical readers:—

"*Menaphon.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates of my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony

Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.
A Nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The Nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds, which when her trembling throat
Failed in, down dropt she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried,
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray an harmless peace
To an untimely end;' and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in."

We may as well state here, that under the sanction of very competent authority, we have ventured to clip and curtail the foregoing, from a dialogue to a monologue, in order to render it a more perfect excerpt.

We now come to the "Broken Heart," which, taken all in all, is undoubtedly Ford's *chef d'œuvre*. This tragedy, which would have reflected credit upon Shakspeare himself, was first published in 1633, and is dedicated to the heroic Earl Craven. We may be excused for dwelling some time upon it, as it will serve to put forth the masterly genius of its author better than any other of his works. Let us again resort to Mr. Lamb, whose language is incapable of improvement: "I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according to Milton, 'to describe high passions and high actions.' The fortitude of the Spartan boy, who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died, without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and excuteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a Wife and a Queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdoms are but of chains and the stake; a little bodily suffering; these torments

> 'On the purest spirits prey
> As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
> With answerable pains, but more intense.'

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and its weaknesses! Who would be less weak than Calantha? who can be so strong? The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the Cross; and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which I dare no more than hint a reference." The plot is as follows: Penthea, a noble Spartan dame, betrothed by her father and a mutual love to Orgilus, is, on her father's death, compelled by her brother, Ithocles, to wed Bassanes, a jealous old lord. Ithocles, in time, is enamored of Penthea's friend, the Princess Calantha, and after long intercession, prevails on his sister to exert her influence with Calantha in his favor. Orgilus, however, still retains his implacable anger towards Ithocles, and at length assassinates him, when he had inspired the Princess with so great an attachment that she had consented to marry him. From the many noble passages throughout, we select the following, in strong contrast with Falstaff's well-known ideas on the same subject:—

"Honor consists not in a bare opinion,
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave;
Such honor comes by accident, not nature;
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: but real honor
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valor, which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honor, who for lucre or revenge
Commits thefts, treasons, murthers, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice."

The scene where Penthea persuades the Princess to accede to her brother's suit is so perfect, that we cannot resist the temptation

to transcribe it, fearful lest in making extracts we may mar one of its beauties. It must be premised that Penthea, through the machinations of this very brother, is now tottering on the verge of the grave.

*Calantha.* Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
*Penthea.* 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet Princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
*Cal.* You feed too much your melancholy.
*Pen.* Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue; beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When easy troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.
*Cal.* Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
*Pen.* To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
*Cal.* Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
*Pen.* That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, Princess,
I have an humble suit.
*Cal.* Speak; and enjoy it.
*Pen.* Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially.
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
*Cal.* Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman.
*Pen.* Her fair eyes
Melt into passion; then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. [*Aside.*] In this paper
My will was charactered; which you, with pardon
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
*Cal.* Talk on, pr'ythee;
It is a pretty earnest.
*Pen.* I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
*Cal.* To whom that?
*Pen.* To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than raging of their blood; and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage:
May these be ever young!
*Cal.* A second jewel
You mean to part with.
*Pen.* 'Tis my fame, I trust
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity, without dishonor!
*Cal.* How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy tale.
*Pen.* This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
The gift as I intend it.
*Cal.* Do not doubt me.
*Pen.* 'Tis long agone, since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother, Ithocles.
*Cal.* What say'st thou?
*Pen.* Impute not, Heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, Princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you.
*Cal.* Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
*Pen.* First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks; but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service.
Yet this lost creature loves thee. Be a Princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
*Cal.* What new change
Appears in my behavior, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?
*Pen.* I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
*Cal.* You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
*Pen.* But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh! most unkind.
*Cal.* Christalla, Philema, where are ye? Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

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While celebrating the nuptial feast of two of her favorites, Calantha is suddenly notified by one messenger, that the King her father is dead; by another, that Penthea has committed suicide by starvation; and finally Orgilus announces that Ithocles, with whom the Princess had interchanged pledges of mutual love, is cruelly murdered by his hand. The struggle with which the now Queen restrains her emotions amply justifies Mr. Lamb's eulogia. Having meted out to all the actors in her unhappy drama of life their proper dooms, Calantha transfers the crown to her cousin Nearchus, Prince of Argos; and finally, the corpse of Ithocles being brought forward in solemn state, and placed upon the stage, she expires upon the coffin of her lover, with this soliloquy:—

——— Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.
[*Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.*]
Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came hurrying on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.
Let me die smiling. [*Dies.*]

An intelligent critic has suggested that the catastrophe in this play is far from being faultless; that some distinction should be drawn between the fates of the virtuous Calantha and the malignant Orgilus—of the generous Penthea and the jealous old Bassanes. But with all due deference to this opinion, we beg leave to dissent from it. To a noble mind, death in certain circumstances is the most precious boon. And setting aside the great moral truth, that

> "'Tis not the whole of life to live;
> Nor all of death to die,"

which perhaps is not peculiarly apropos in this connection, we still think that it would seriously degrade the lofty characters of Penthea and Calantha, were they to be temporally rewarded in the course of the drama, and that Ford has shown a deep insight into the nobler feelings of the heart in his conclusion. Sir Walter Scott elegantly expressed the ideas we have sought to convey, in language somewhat as follows: "A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded, rather than exalted, by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, .... the reader will be apt to say, verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial and the sacrifices of passion to principle are seldom thus remunerated, and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away."

"Love's Sacrifice," first printed in 1633, is the next, in point of time, of our author's works. Its general merit is the delineation of the gradual progress of the jealous passion, the virtuous fortitude, and the insatiate revenge in the breasts of his characters. The intriguing, Machiavelian policy of the Italian courts of that age is also well depicted. It would seem to have been better received on representation in its day than others by the same author to which it is decidedly inferior. This temporary triumph was undoubtedly owing to the deference paid to the low tastes of the *canaille*, in the introduction of various vulgar passages. Mr. Weber considers the whole play an imitation of Shakspeare's Othello; and in truth there is ground for such an insinuation. Ford is well known to have been an ardent admirer of the "harmonious monarch of the mind;" and as we shall presently see, ventured on a still more palpable attempt to rival his great master. We have not marked any passages from this play for quotation, lest we fatigue our readers with unfair specimens of its author's merits. In 1634, Ford seems to have temporarily laid aside his plays in which the higher passions predominated, and

committed the most egregious blunder of attempting openly to compete with Shakspeare in the Historical Drama. "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" was probably intended by its author to connect Shakspeare's chain of English historical plays, by coming in between the dramas of Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth. In affirming the poet's failure, we must in candor admit that he labored under disadvantages more than sufficient to appall any ordinary mind. He would undoubtedly have better consulted his fame, had he never deserted that line of dramatic composition which evidently constitutes his forte. The auditories of those days did not receive "Perkin Warbeck" with any great degree of favor: nevertheless, testimonies of the regard in which it was held by several of the literati of the time (among others, we may refer to the celebrated Dr. Donne) still exist in their works. It was reprinted in 1715 and in 1745, by the friends of the House of Hanover, to excite and foster ill feeling against the Jacobite cause; albeit the author had dedicated it to that famous Earl of Newcastle whose staunch adherence to the Stuart cause during the Great Rebellion has tended more to immortalize him than his literary productions have done. The final act possesses much real merit: several of the speeches are very grand, and worthy of Shakspeare. What utter contempt is shown by Warbeck to the suggestion of his predecessor in rebellion, Lambert Simnel, that he should sue for pardon to King Henry VII.:—

"For pardon! Hold, my heartstrings, whilst contempt
Of injuries in scorn may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! Thou, poor vermin,
How dar'st thou creep so near me? Thou an earl?
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all thy swing of slight ambitiou flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle
By virtue of the sunbeams breathes a vapor
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes.
But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou wouldst not change condition to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself!
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellenc
But let the world, as all to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to Time deliver,
[illegible]by tradition fix posterity,
Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of majesty."

Nor is the scene where the quasi Richard IV. is led to the scaffold less imposing. His speech is just what we should expect from Warbeck, were his character a real and not an assumed one. This is no place to discuss the question whether his claims—backed as they were by Margaret of Burgundy, the aunt of York, and by James IV. of Scotland—were genuine or false. Yet the passion that makes him in his death-agonies reaffirm his title could not have been other than real courage inspired either by a conviction of truth, or by a singularly gross self-deception. Let us proceed to the passage itself:—

"*Oxford.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death.
*Warbeck.* Why, Peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy,) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings Plantagenets determines
In this last issue male. Heaven be obeyed.
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends;
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death! pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much: to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood: here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion: so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death!"

We will venture to assert that a large majority of those readers who methodically peruse Shakspeare from beginning to end, have regretted and do regret the omission of any history of the reign of Henry VII.; and he who is lost in the bald, flat narrative of Lord Bacon will sympathize with them. But Shakspeare must have seen the great inapplicability of that reign to theatrical purposes; this renders the attempt of Ford [illegible]alric, if we may be allowed so to [illegible] ventur[illegible]ht at which [illegible]esitr[illegible] probably [illegible]tr[illegible] [illegible]ther:

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"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

And much as Ford's effort is below his teacher's, it is undoubtedly a very creditable composition.

We have now come to a period in Ford's life when the whole current of his mind must have undergone a complete change. Heretofore his compositions may generally be noted for their solemn and serious cast; but the only two remaining products of his pen are of a totally different nature; more in the style of some of Fletcher's best comedies, with any of which they will favorably compare. The first of these is styled "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," printed in 1638. In the prologue Ford assures us that

——— "in it is shown
Nothing but what our author knows his own,
Without a learned theft."

The extreme singularity of the plot has called forth some invidious censure, inasmuch as it withdraws the attention from the general style and execution of the composition itself. It strikes us that an equally sensible objection would be found against the Tempest, or the Midsummer Night's Dream. We think that a critical examination will decide that if any fault is to be found, it must be with the plot *per se*, on account of its improbability. Some of the passages scattered throughout are so admirably adapted for quotation, that we cannot resist giving one:—

——— "She was once an innocent,
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
As is that canopy when mists and vapors
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence."

In 1639 the "Lady's Trial" was published; akin in its nature to the last, but both in plot and in composition infinitely superior. As a whole it is to our mind equal to any thing of the kind that ever Fletcher penned. Mr. Weber says of it: "There are scenes which may be read by the most sagacious critic, and defy the severest scrutiny. The characters of the noble Auria, the precise and scrupulous Aurelio, the discontented Malfato, and the gay Adurni, are well contrasted with the strutting Guzman, the conceited Fulgoso, and the roaring Benatzi. In Castanna and Spinella Ford evinces that his skill in the delineation of the female character had not deserted him to the last. The parting scene of Auria and his wife in the first act; his altercation with the friend of his heart in the third; the arraignment of Adurni in the fourth, and the reconciliation of Spinella and Auria in the fifth, would not disgrace the pages of any of his dramatic contemporaries." The gist of the plot is briefly, that whilst in enjoyment of all temporal dignities, the husband can find no happiness until his wife, whom he falsely suspected to be unchaste, has returned to him with proofs of her innocence.

The following is Auria's advice to Spinella, on his departure for the wars:—

——— "The steps
Young ladies tread left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, tho' undeserved.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest;
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla to report;
Some widow'd neglect of hand, some value;
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enriched with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue in her life-time writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs.
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting sealed this kiss.
No more."

This passage has many elegant points; the anxious care with which the husband dictates the proper course of conduct to be pursued by his wife, is admirably drawn. Perhaps, however, if husbands, in that as well as the present day, treated their wives more like human beings, and less slaves or pets, who were withdrawn from the domestic influence by a day's absence, there would be considerably less family unhappiness in this world. The following outburst, in which Malfato works up his personal spleen against the lord Adurni, into a fancied slight upon his social position, has been much and deservedly admired:—

——— "I am
A gentleman, free-born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouched
Unto the offal of an office promised,

Reward for long attendance, and then miss'd.
I read no difference betwixt this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I'm sure more ancient."

It may not be amiss to mention here, that there is nothing more extant of which John Ford was the undoubted author. Of the "Sun's Darling," a Masque by Ford and Dekker, and of the "Witch of Edmonton," a tragedy by Ford, Rowley, and several others, we forbear saying any thing, since it is impossible to discriminate correctly and accurately as to what precise portions came from our auther's hand; and with the others engaged in composing them, we have nothing here to do. Nevertheless, we may state that they are very meritorious productions. The plot of the former is ingenious and the language beautiful; the latter is founded on the belief so prevalent throughout Christendom during the seventeenth century. Nor must we omit to notice the numerous beautiful little songs which are scattered through the preceding plays. Some of them are perfect gems, and will recall very forcibly to the reader's mind similar verses which we meet in Shakspeare and Jonson. We give three or four as specimens.

SONG—FROM THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

"Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Loves and griefs are so expressed,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep."

The following are from the Broken Heart, before alluded to:—

PENTHEA'S SONG.

"Oh, no more, no more! too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burned out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now love dies,
Now love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, eve- - - -

A DIRGE ON CALANTHA'S

-ies, pleasures, pomps, delig
Can but
-d senses, when the min
Is not troubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honors flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death: though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart."

We have thus briefly noticed all that remains of Ford's compositions. Other plays he was undoubtedly the author of, but they were never printed, and the manuscripts are not extant. Every thing connected with our author seems to have hazarded existence; his very death, even, is unknown, when, where or how? There is good reason, however, to suppose that he did not survive much after 1640; but nothing positive can be adduced on this point. The tales told of his contests with Ben Jonson, etc., are at present received with no credit. They are undoubtedly forgeries of the last century; Malone and Campbell regard them in this light. Ford's compositions are remarkable for the extreme delicacy with which the female character, particularly when depressed by adverse circumstances, is portrayed. His melodious and polished versification also commands our praise. Undoubtedly, he is as much inferior, as an author, to Ben Jonson and Fletcher, as they were to Shakspeare. But with Middleton, Rowley and Massinger, comparisons may be instituted by Ford's admirers without fear of the consequences. His style has much less vigor and masculine energy than Massinger's, but yet possesses far more sweetness and polish. In fine, we may conclude this critique in the eloquent language of the author of Elia: "Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella [see the play first noticed in this article] we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten ac-
-n, discovers so[illegible] of a right line even
-liquity, ar[illegible] of an improv-
-reatne[illegible] escents and
-ations

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# THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

"The manor, sir! what hath the manor done?
The house is an honest house of wood and stone;
And all the land's as free from taint or vice
As that which Adam walked in Paradise.
In man's own bosom doth the Tempter dwell;
There springs the crime, and there is felt the hell."—CRABBE.

## CHAPTER I.

WITHIN sight of a road which constitutes the principal thoroughfare across one of the counties of Eastern Virginia, there was standing forty years ago a large frame mansion, an object of more than common notice to every traveller. A spacious portico, stretching along the front of the main building, sent its columns upward to the level of the eaves, for the support of the projecting gable and its heavy moulding; while on either side was a wing as high as the central structure, but sufficiently withdrawn to throw out the entrance in bold relief. The house, as we have said, was of frame, and, at the time to which we refer, a brilliant coat of ordinary whitewash covered the exterior of the lower story; but by way of contrast, all above the sills of the second tier of windows showed the natural hue of the yellow poplar, only obscured here and there by dingy relics of the paint which had been applied under ancient and very different auspices. The beautiful slope which had once been a lawn was now a magnificent cabbage patch. Yonder, to the left, by the rivulet that struggles so gracefully through the grassy valley, there *had* been a Grecian summer-house, half embowered in trees; the site was now occupied by a pig-sty. In the room of the garden paling, which, as furnishing such convenient kindling-wood, had long since been converted into smoke and ashes, stood a huge but rickety worm fence. The only objects that exhibited no evidence of change were the solid wall of gray freestone inclosing the burial-place of the ancient family, and the noble willows that overshadowed each angle.

Poverty was not the excuse for these inroads of barbarism, for not even in its palmiest days had the mansion acknowledged a wealthier owner than Stephen Trenchard, with his hundred negroes and ten thousand acres of fertile hill and bottom. Nor was the old man, as might be suspected, a miser; the scores whom his bounty had assisted defend his name from such a stigma.

In the State militia, Trenchard had attained the rank of Colonel; and if an indomitable will gives claim to martial titles, he deserved them. With an irascible temperament, he possessed that usual counterprise, easy placability; yet it was observed that if his resentment in any case survived the first interval of quiet, it was apt to rankle ever after in his mind with a bitterness that admitted of no alleviation.

Fair and open in his dealings, whether of kindness or hostility, respected by his neighbors, and affectionately cherished by his slaves, to whom he was at once an imperious and an indulgent master, he might, with all his riches, have deserved no more lengthy tribute to his memory than I have already given, were it not for one or two incidents in the latter part of his life. These I now proceed to relate. The bare facts are themselves sufficiently singular, and I shall not attempt to add any sort of artificial interest.

On an evening in September, in the sixty-fourth year of Colonel Trenchard's age, he received information that one of his distant tobacco fields had been found very much injured by the cold of the preceding night, and every thing betokened a still heavier frost during that which was about to ensue. He was anxious and vexed, and in consequence retired to bed sooner than usual. Though the crop threatened with destruction was of many thousand dollars' value, its danger may yet seem too trivial a matter to deserve re-

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vival; but all the particulars which we are now giving—many of them of much less apparent significance than the damage to the tobacco—were at that time revolved and investigated and discussed with an animation very different from any ordinary estimation of their importance. The old man slept uneasily, and finally awoke with a start like one whom the cares of the day haunt in his dreams. It must be mentioned here that he had been an energetic overseer of his negroes as long as his personal activity lasted, and that he retained even now the practice of blowing a horn at early day-break to awaken the household, and of afterwards taking note that his field hands at least *started* to their work in due season. On the morning we have referred to, Trenchard hastily dressed, lighted a candle, and, without looking at his watch to satisfy himself as to the hour, stepped into the passage at whose further extremity was a window opening in the direction of the quarters, and out of which he was accustomed to sound his blast. In this hall he met an old black man, who, having just ascended from the lower story, was on his way to his chamber in the attic.

"Heigho, marser! what fur wid de horn now?" exclaimed the servant.

"Why, to make you all get up, you blockhead!"

"Bless us, we's got a *young* marser instead of de old; he 's gwine fur to make us work early, sure enough—He-he-he!"

"What are you grinning for, Ichabod?"

"Why, look dar!"—they now stood before the window—"gwine to take moonlight for sunshine. See de moon jus' ris all red as young gal's lips—call dat *day?*" And Ichabod, bending nearly double, pointed to the eastern horizon with a tremulous, skinny finger.

"You're right, you're right, old boy. The moon rose last night, by the almanac, at ten minutes past two, so it can't be much after three now. But what makes you a-stirring at this time?"

"Why, I hearn the sheep-bells jingle over beyint the orchard, and so——"

"The mischief you did! Those confounded curs at it again? But you didn't go alone, did you?"

"No, Sir. I wuk Dick, and w[illegible]r, ' sure there we did find the [illegible] tion."

"How many were there?"

"Three; one ob 'em a great big, shaggy, yaller fellow, most like Mister——"

"It was Sol Frazier's, I'll be bound."

"Yes, dat's what I tink, Marser Steve," continued the negro. "Well, we driv 'em off, and Dick killed one with a fence rail. But they'd done a sight of harm; de flock so big t'udder time sim now like a poor, 'spisable free nigger's. Out o' satisfaction, I counted dem dat was deceased. I skup de small heaps, tinking dey must be spring lambs, an' seed four dozen and a half. Dick says he counts upwards sixty in all. Howsomever, dere's a mortual loss and a mortual luck too, for de last new moon ris on my left shoulder. But Heaven save us!"

To account for honest Ichabod's exclamation, we must explain that his master, without attending to his concluding reflection, muttered rapidly to himself, "What! sixty of my prime lot gone! the best sheep in the country; not to be matched any where! It's too much—it's too much. Why didn't you get up sooner and save them, you rascal?" This was to the astounded black; and then pealing forth a thundering oath, (we are sorry to say that Trenchard was not unfrequently guilty of profanity,) he hurled the candlestick that he carried violently against the floor.

The negro had nearly dropped *his* light in the effort to express his consternation fully by expanding both palms at once, but he fortunately retained self-possession enough to prevent the double loss. His master seemed to have relieved himself by this explosion of passion, and calmly taking the candle-stick from him, said:

"There, now, Ichabod, the moon's well up, and you can find your way to bed without a light. Go, and we'll talk more about it in the morning."

Thus speaking, he withdrew to his chamber, closed the door, and without extinguishing Ichabod's candle, which he placed on the bureau, or removing any part of his dress, threw himself upon the bed. The bedstead, old-fashioned and very high, stood in the middle of the apartment, and had on one side the convenience and almost necessity of a set of steps to ascend it. An hour or two after, Ichabod, who occupied the room immediately [illegible], and who, like most old negroes [illegible] exist without sleep, heard a noise [illegible] chamber as of a sud-

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den fall, and then a succession of slighter sounds which imagination could convert into stamps upon the floor. He lay still awhile, but heard nothing; then he arose from his pallet soliloquizing: "Must be up; mought want to 'quire more 'bout dem sheep."

The moon gave sufficient light to enable him to descend the stairs without difficulty, but he found the passage more obscure. Groping his way along it, he at length reached the door of his master's room, and peering through the key-hole, perceived the candle still burning; but nothing more was visible, nor was there the slightest sound within. He waited several minutes listening attentively, but with no result. He knocked gently and spoke: "Marser!" then louder: "*Marser!*" Still no sound. Slumber so heavy as not to be broken by these calls could not, he thought, be disturbed by opening the door. Accordingly, turning the knob as quietly as the tremulousness of his fingers would permit, he thrust his head within.

To his horror, the old black saw Mr. Trenchard hanging by his neck from one of the bed-posts, apparently lifeless. Running up hastily he endeavored to raise the body and release it from the noose, but his strength was inadequate. He glanced wildly around, and seeing no cutting instrument within reach, rushed into the passage, shouting at the extent of his lungs: "Hallo! Hallo! Marser's *hung*—marser's *dead!* Help—help—marser's *dead!*"

Then the faithful fellow hurried back to the chamber, and supported the body so far as in some measure to relieve the pressure upon the neck. His aged limbs were strained to the utmost, and broad drops of sweat bathed his forehead ere assistance came. But the interval, measured by the sluggish hands of the clock, was very brief; and persons, attracted by the cries which he continued to utter, ran to the spot from all parts of the house. Besides the negroes, came Mr. Mercer, a gentleman whose residence was some five miles off, and who had called at the house after Trenchard had retired to his chamber.

The rope was of course cut, and such restorative means used as suggested themselves at the instant.

Very soon an elderly lady, dressed in black, entered the apartment, and perceiving the state of Mr. Trenchard, addressed one of the servants: "Here, run, John, to Sally's house; you will find Dr. Middleton there; ask him to come immediately."

The boy returned in a few minutes, accompanied by Mr. Skinner, the overseer, and the Dr. Middleton referred to, a young man whose grave and quiet manner made him appear much older than he was. The skill of the physician and the assiduous efforts of the others were at length rewarded with symptoms of returning animation in the patient, who being removed to another apartment, opportunity was afforded to investigate the late event more particularly than urgent anxiety had before permitted.

Dr. Middleton commenced:

"So, Mr. Mercer, if I understood you aright, you think Col. Trenchard attempted suicide?"

"What else can I suppose? Yet Ichabod must possess more full information. Come, old man, tell us all about it."

The negro narrated at much length all that he knew of the occurrences of the night.

"Then you think nobody else had a hand in this unfortunate business, and that your master tried to kill himself?"

"Sartain, Doctor, I does tink de debbel tuk de chance when he was 'plexed and bothered, and give him de rope to hang hisself with."

"Yet I cannot think it," said Middleton.

"You would 'gree with me, sir," returned Ichabod, "if you'd seen the way his eyes did shine when he pitched the candle 'cross the passage. Thinks I to myself then, 'The Old Boy's in marser.' And then the way he sort of *laughed* when he tuk my candle and told me to go to bed was wuss than de eye-glitter. And 'sides, who else could a done it; who *would* a done it?"

"This is indeed a hard question, Ichabod. But, Mr. Mercer, I should be glad to learn from you more precisely how you found Col. Trenchard. It appears to me there is not sufficient space between the floor and where the head-board of the bed unites with the post to prevent a man's feet from touching the floor."

"Truly," replied Mercer, "this is the most singular part of the affair. I found his knees doubled up almost against his breast, and while one end of the rope was fastened to the post, the single knot, or shir, as it is called, being near the middle of it, the other end was tied to his ankles, and confined them

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together. The effect of this arrangement was, that every convulsive motion of his lower limbs, and every effort to place his feet upon the floor, drew the knot tighter at the neck."

"But could *he have bound himself* in this way?"

"I see no impossibility in the case. He had but to tie his ankles, then bending his knees, to place the slip-knot around his throat; finally, having secured the other extremity—and surely, the will being made up, there was no difficulty in all this—then to roll from the bed."

"It *is* possible, I admit," said the doctor; "but let us look about us a little." So saying, as it was now broad day, he extinguished the light, and walking to the window, drew aside the curtain. "Ha! what's this?" he exclaimed, pointing as he spoke to the plain impression of a muddy foot frozen on the piazza roof upon which the window opened. "But I discover no similar prints inside. Ah, now I see it all; the villain removed his boots for fear of the noise. And look here, on the window-sill, where the two boots were put down together until his return. A large foot he had too; let us take the dimensions: twelve inches by four. Come, suppose we go below now."

As they passed the door of the adjoining room, Middleton paused a moment.

"How is the Colonel, Mrs. Montgomery?"

"He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, doctor, looked around, but is now fallen into a gentle slumber."

Going along further, they met a young lady.

"Ah, doctor," she exclaimed, "what is all this stir about?"

"An attempt has been made, Miss Lucy, to kill the Colonel."

"*To kill my uncle!* And my mother?"

"You will find her nursing him in the room adjoining his own; but we must endeavor to trace the murderer."

With this, Mercer, Skinner and he bowed and walked on.

Along the bottom of the piazza, by one of whose columns the assassin seemed to have descended, was a grass walk. Here they were at first at fault. Mercer and Skinner followed what they thought a track leading towards the front of the house, but they had just lost it when they were drawn back by the calls of Middleton, who had taken, as the most natural course, a walk which intersected the other at right angles, and led by the wall of the old grave-yard to a corn-field. At the edge of the latter he perceived plain footsteps answering in size to those on the roof. The crust formed by the frost had evidently been broken no long time previous. They followed the trail thus gained across the wide corn-field, then over a narrow meadow to the edge of a small stream, and along this to a public road; here they were again at fault. Mercer thought the track turned to the right, and Middleton assented, but Skinner remarked that these footprints were probably those of some chance traveller that morning, and the supposition was confirmed when they perceived them also on the left side of the run, and leading in the same direction as on the other.

Middleton suggested that the man might not have got into the road *here*, but kept along the inside of the fence; and clambering back to make investigation, found a spot where he thought the assassin in the darkness had walked directly through the water. His companions came to the place, but were not satisfied of his correctness until they discovered on the opposite side the impression of one large foot in a bank of sand which the water did not cover.

"Yes, we have it now," exclaimed young Skinner; "that's the *right* foot; the other must have been put on this flat stone. And see! here the steps go along the narrow turning-row next the fence."

With renewed zeal they now proceeded onward, following the footprints in this direction for a distance of two or three hundred yards, then crossing the fence, up the road a few yards more, and after that into another corn-field on the opposite side. Through this the track was very plainly marked, though pursuing a rather winding course. It terminated at a broad fence which formed the inclosure of a yard in the rear of a small frame house. There was a shed at the side of the yard, and in the corner of this shed they found a pair of large boots carelessly thrown together. The boots were heavily incrusted with mud, and corresponded with the dimensions taken by the doctor on Colonel Trenchard's window-sill.

There was no one yet stirring in the house, and the party, leaving the boots, withdrew to the outside for consultation.

"Whose house is this?" asked Mr. Mercer.

"Young Randolph's," replied Skinner; "Stephen Randolph's—Colonel Trenchard's nephew."

"This deed cannot, of course, have been done with his connivance," said Mercer.

"Why, I don't know," rejoined the overseer. "These are his boots, for I have seen him wear them."

"I am unwilling to suspect Mr. Randolph," observed Middleton; "yet it is but too true that Colonel Trenchard and he had an angry conversation together, and Randolph is——"

"Violent in temper, you would say," interrupted Mercer. "I know it; but this very impetuosity is incompatible with the cool, cowardly malignity of such an act as this."

"Yet this present evidence," suggested Middleton.

"True," answered the other; "it cannot be denied that even if inconclusive, it affords ground for very grave suspicion. Young Randolph is Trenchard's nearest relative."

"He is," said the doctor, "and unless cut off by a will, his heir."

"Well," said Mercer, after a long pause, "I see not what else we can do, than go to a magistrate and get a warrant for his arrest. Who is nearest?"

"Squire Selden," answered Skinner.

"He will do very well. And the sooner we are off the better. Come."

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## CHAPTER II.

In David Chapman's house, which stood at the upper end of the little village of Delviton, the fiddle was going merrily all night. In those lusty old days, when gentlemen and ladies were men and women, the parties or frolics—the more appropriate term for those lively merry-makings—commenced in the afternoon ere candles were needed, and oftentimes lasted until the morning sun had long mocked their feeble glimmer.

At Chapman's, persons were coming and going all night. One of those who arrived latest was a young man whose fine person and handsome countenance, though dashed, the one with a certain careless freedom of motion, and the other with a wild and sometimes dare-devil expression, seemed to make him an object of much attention, as well to the fairer portion of the assembly as to the masculine.

Stephen Randolph made his greetings rapidly and with a tone in keeping with the boisterous mirth that prevailed, and then turning to the host, he said, "So, Dave, my old fellow, your son Jack's not here?"

"No, he hasn't got home yet."

"Hurrah! then I've won the bet! Jack and I were determined to have a share of your sport, and left Fuller's—away back of 'Jumping Run,' you know—just an hour and forty minutes after midnight; he took the upper road, and I the lower. As we started, he bet me ten dollars he would be here first. But, pshaw! he hadn't my *Nancy* to ride. I have been to my house, and have walked up from there here—quite a step."

"You have been smart, indeed," said Chapman; "it must be full fifteen miles from Fuller's, and very uncertain riding till the moon rose."

"But I saved two or three miles of that; I——"

"You didn't cross the 'deep ford' surely in the dark?"

This was spoken by a third person, a short, substantially-built man, with a rubicund face, whose features seemed put together to represent the very ideal of jollity and fun.

"Ah, Sandy Leach, is that you? But I *did* take the short-cut, and through the deep ford too. It was plaguy dark, and the boiling hole below croaked mightily, as if it wanted to give me a shake; but I can't be drowned, you know—I hope I'm not born to be *hung*. Here's Jack Chapman, however. Well, sir, you have that change ready, I suppose."

"You've beat me, sure enough, Steve," said the young man who now entered; "but you mustn't give your mare Nancy all the credit of it. My saddle-girth broke as I was galloping down the 'Toilsome,' and I had a nice pitch against the rocks. I'd have been later than this if a big darkey—what's-his-name's Jim—hadn't caught my horse. But I'll be into dad's till to-morrow,—I give the old man fair notice, you see,—I'll open the till and make free with an X. So you may consider our account settled up square in preparation for another race, and, if you choose, another bet."

"Ah, Steve," cried that laughing individual, Sandy Leach, "you will soon be rich at this rate. And doubly lucky you are too,

for all the girls are setting their caps for you. There in the other room sits Ellen Mills, for instance, pouting and sighing for handsome Stephen Randolph. You might have a worse chance, for if you give up your wild habits and make a steady husband to Miss Ellen, her old maiden aunt will doubtless leave you a pretty penny. Up to her, boy!"

"You had better take her yourself, Sandy. I am sure you are old enough to marry, with bad practices enough too for correction; and then you can charge an extra percentage on the shop goods you sell to support the increase of family during the happy interval occupied in studying the Catechism and the old lady's catalogue of ailments. I'll be generous and make over all the interest I possess, so jog across and let us see a rehearsal of Falstaff's courtship; ask her to dance the next set with you."

"I will, Steve, on condition that if she *refuses* me, you will allow me to ask for *you*."

"Well, you may."

"Go around, then," said Leach, "into the little back room, and you can overhear the dialogue without being noticed."

"Come, Steve," said Jack Chapman, taking his arm, "let's see what the old chap is after."

"I am hardly certain that it would be right," replied Randolph, without yielding to his gesture of solicitation. "It is well enough to joke about the matter among ourselves, but we should not trifle with the girl's feelings."

"Heigho! then you really have the vanity to believe her in love with you?"

"Pshaw!" said Randolph, his composure a little disturbed; "go ahead, I'll follow."

When they had reached their station, Leach was standing before the young lady.

"Lovely Miss Ellen, you seem to be lonesome," he commenced, with a simper; "may I have the honor to invite you to dance the next cotillion?"

"Dance with *you*, sir?" said she, turning up her pretty nose contemptuously; "I must first be certain that you know how to dance. Come, let us have a forward-two on the floor here. Look, girls; see Mr. Leach practise his steps."

"You mistake, Miss Mills," answered Sandy Leach, pretending to blush; "I come to engage your hand for Mr. Randolph, who will be here presently. Ah, there he is now. Come, Steve."

The lady, when this explanation was confirmed by Randolph in person, accepted the offered partner very graciously, and as he took her hand, smiled upon him with evident pleasure.

"Hold, Miss Ellen," cried Leach; "that sweet smile, and the still sweeter words that are going to follow it, belong to *me*. Stephen has made you over in full, surrendered all right and title; but I'll be liberal"—a graceful wave of the hands attended this declaration—"I'll be very liberal, and allow him this one cotillion with you."

"How, Mr. Randolph?" said Ellen quite sharply, for old Leach was not much in error when he said she was attached to the dashing young man; "have you been giving me away?"

"Not so, Miss Mills; I only gave all my interest with you. I was well aware that this was nothing at all; had it been equal to the weight of a straw, I should have sought a worthier person to bestow so valuable a present upon than an incorrigible old scamp like Alexander Leach."

The general manner with which this was said seemed to express merely a lively jest, but there was something in the tone that rung out like earnest. And afterwards, when he led the pretty girl towards the position they were to occupy in the dance, the few expressions which he had time for, though they were spoken with the utmost consideration and courtesy, served to teach his companion in time that if she should cherish an affection for him, she could not hope that it would be reciprocated. An artist who had witnessed the scene would have pronounced it one well worthy of his pencil; and Randolph, distinguished not more by his splendid person than by an air of native dignity from the unpolished throng around him, whilst the consciousness of a generous and manly purpose gave an expression of nobleness to his countenance, might easily have been taken as the realization of the most poetic conception of the Gentleman.

The cotillion was over, and the couples composing it were mingled together through the room, when a constable, named Forcer, entered, and advancing indirectly to Stephen Randolph, laid his hand upon his arm as if to arrest him.

The young man laughed good-humoredly and said: "This is the best joke yet; but you ought to have had a warrant ready

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filled out, with the signature of Justice Shallow."

"I am sorry, sir, but my warrant is a more real one," replied the constable, extending a paper.

"Pretty well acted indeed, most forcible Forcer," said Randolph, without looking at the document; "but Sandy (for I suppose he made up the joke) ought to have got some one else to play the constable: you are so practised in the trade that the prosy tone *will* stick to you. You don't mouth it off with the sonorous bluster that the Englishman Dunlap gave it at the Richmond theatre last winter. But what's the amount? If it is not excessive, I may coax these liberal people to give me the benefit of a collection. Or suppose I pay it with a check on a bank? You may name any one from Boston to New-Orleans, for I believe I have equal credit in all."

"But, Mr. Randolph, I assure you there is no jesting in the matter. You know that your uncle's life has been attempted."

"The mischief I do! But what then?"

"You have been charged with committing the act; this warrant is issued by Mr. Selden, to whose house you will please accompany me."

"*Sir!*" said Randolph fiercely, "do you call me a murderer—the murderer of my uncle?—a pitiful wretch like you call Stephen Randolph *murderer?*"

"Remember, sir, that I am but the instrument of the law. You are my prisoner." As he spoke, the constable renewed the hold which he had relinquished during the conversation.

But Randolph, exerting his prodigious strength, seized the man with one hand by the collar, and, first raising him clear from the floor, hurled him contemptuously away.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Forcer, who was a resolute fellow, advancing a second time, "Gentlemen, I call upon you all to render your assistance."

Randolph glared around.

"Let him touch me that dares. Forcer! come not forward one step, for as sure as you are at this moment a breathing man, it will be at the peril of your life!"

"Come, Stephen," said old Chapman soothingly, "it is the *law*, you know. Don't do violence. We'll all go along and see you fairly treated."

"I won't be dragged as a felon," replied the young man more calmly. "I will walk to Selden's of my own accord to examine into this infamous accusation; but a finger's weight shall not be laid upon me." He took his hat and strode along in dogged silence, with the constable following close behind, and the crowd covering both sides.

Just before they entered the magistrate's room, our acquaintance Mercer, who had come up the street from the opposite direction, also hurried in.

We must explain that immediately after he and Middleton had made their deposition, and seen the warrant issued, they left Skinner in the Justice's office, and hurried away to visit Trenchard.

When they arrived, the old gentleman was sitting up, and greeted them thus:

"Ah, Mercer, my old friend, how do you do? Lucy tells me that you have been hunting on the fellow's track that tried to make me kick the bucket in so rascally a way this morning. Pah! any death before hanging; it makes me choke to think of it. But did you and the doctor find out any thing?"

"Yes, sir; we have traced up the footprints to the house of Mr. Randolph, [Trenchard's countenance altered a little at the mention of this name,] and have ascertained that they were made by some one wearing a pair of boots which belong to him and were found on his premises."

"Well, has any thing further been done?"

"A warrant has been issued for his arrest."

"What! a nephew of mine charged with murder? But, sir, I beg you instantly to hasten to whatever magistrate has taken cognizance of the matter, and stay all future proceedings in it. It was a *black* man that did this outrage. I had time to observe that most distinctly."

"But, my dear sir," said Dr. Middleton, "had not the law better take its regular course? Though another hand may have committed the act, is it not possible that he may be implicated?"

"No, it is not possible, for he has the blood of the Trenchards in him. He's a wild, wasteful spendthrift, to be sure, and I sometimes reprove him severely—perhaps too severely—for his faults; but a deed like this—it is not in him, sir. Who is the magistrate?"

"Selden."

"Run then to him, my dear Mercer, c-

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you prefer it, the boys will get you a horse. I would sooner chop off one hand than see the son of my sister dragged to jail suspected of murder."

In obedience to such earnest injunctions, Mr. Mercer hastened to the office of the Justice of the Peace, who, with this new information, was very ready, after a formal examination, to dismiss the case entirely.

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## CHAPTER III.

It has been mentioned, or ought to have been, that amidst the barbarous innovations and tokens of neglect that surrounded the mansion of Trenchard, there were for all about it gleams of correct taste. So much of the once spacious lawn as had not been irrecoverably devoted to cabbages and tobacco, was neatly fenced off to prevent the depredations of cattle and hogs, straying from the adjoining pasture. In the rear of the piazza, upon the floor of which the long windows of the sitting-room opened, was a pretty labyrinth of walks, with grassy margins, separating trimly-dressed beds, furnished with flowers and shrubbery appropriate to each season. In this little paradise were trellises and arbors, rudely made indeed, for old Ichabod was the builder, but so contrived that their very roughness and irregularity contributed to the beauty of the whole effect, and seemed the result of design. Many other things there were incongruous with the prevailing spirit of the place; some remarkable, and noticed by the most ordinary beholder; others more minute, and requiring true taste and discrimination to distinguish them. If one had inquired to whom these charming improvements were owing, the unvarying answer would have been—Lucy Montgomery.

Notwithstanding the air of loneliness that surrounded the mansion, it was frequented by many a visitor; and though Colonel Trenchard, when in the best spirits, was never a very entertaining companion, and though no drawing-room centre-table, strewed with an ever new variety of magazines and engravings, nor library, to feed the literary palate with a more substantial and sober abundance, relieved the tediousness of the day, no guest found his hours to drag heav-

If you had asked one of them to nt for his enjoyment, h

have replied with a name—Lucy Montgomery. If a stranger had sought to know why the florid beauty of the buxom village maidens seemed no longer to be held in highest esteem by their rustic beaux, not usually as fastidious, he would have ceased to wonder when he learned that their taste had been refined by the contemplation of a model of that highest style of beauty which is both material and spiritual, and, unlike either the voluptuousness of the Medicean Venus or the severity of the "Greek Slave," combines the perfections of both. Such beauty is synonymous with loveliness; and this word would best describe Lucy Montgomery.

The venerable pastor of Delviton once asked a little girl in the Sunday-school what sort of beings angels are. Her reply was, she thought they must be like her teacher—Miss Lucy Montgomery. The old man smiled at the answer, and the lady blushed, but joined in the smile. We believe the child was not singular in the opinion. But Lucy was not perfect, and that she was aware of this is the best proof of her approach to perfection.

Frederick Montgomery died three years previous to the date at which we have chosen to commence our narrative, and left his widow and only child, as well as his small property, to the charge of his old friend, Colonel Trenchard. Before the latter, however, had time to enter upon his duties as executor, that property, by a fall in the stock in which it was invested, was annihilated. Trenchard, with his characteristic generosity, at once insisted that Mrs. Montgomery and Lucy should consider his house their home. What made the arrangement more natural was the fact that Colonel Trenchard's wife, who had been dead a number of years, was a sister of Mrs. Montgomery, and on this ground the old gentleman required Lucy to style him uncle.

It is not to be supposed that so charming a person as Miss Montgomery could be without suitors. There were two who were thought to throw the rest into the shade—one the handsome, dashing Stephen Randolph, the other the quiet Dr. Middleton, who was supposed to be compensated for the personal advantages of his rival by more consummate skill.

There was another who would have been an aspirant for her hand, had not constitutional timidity prevented his making known

the hopes which seemed to him most visionary and vain, but were at the same time interwoven with every cord of his heart. Francis Herbert was one of that unfortunate number, who are so few that many more ruggedly constituted are apt to doubt their real existence—persons who, possessing talent and exquisite sensibility, are yet deficient in that nervous energy which alone can prevent the one gift from becoming an instrument of torture in the fruitless yearnings which it excites, and the other from adding acute suffering to every external injury. Francis was about twenty years of age, and from his delicate and almost feminine appearance, might have been reckoned younger. He also was a ward of Col. Trenchard, and, in additional resemblance to Lucy, was without fortune. Having just been graduated with honor at a Northern college, he returned to Delviton about a week subsequent to the attack upon his guardian.

Randolph, since the occurrences in which he was so much involved, though some degree of coolness had before existed between him and his uncle, visited the mansion very frequently. He seemed to seek principally the society of Miss Montgomery, and rather studiously shunned private colloquies with his uncle, the subjects of which he was well aware were likely to be more personal than interesting. One day, however, the old gentleman caught him when there was no possibility of evasion.

"Stephen," he commenced, "you appear very fond of Lucy; I suppose you would like to marry her?"

"Yes, sir; such an event would give *me* the greatest pleasure. How it would affect the lady, I do not yet know."

"If it were to take place," rejoined his uncle, "I tell you how it would affect her: it would make her wretched."

"I am sorry that you think so; but what are your reasons, sir?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Stephen. To begin, you are hot-headed, violent and imperious: such qualities make a husband a domestic tyrant."

"Well, uncle, I stand a Bluebeard convicted; but what comes next?"

"Then you gamble."

"True, sir, I have shaken a pack of cards once or twice; but I promise never to play a game with my *wife*, so she and I can't quarrel on this score."

The Colonel shook his head gravely, but proceeded: "Thirdly, you are inclined to frequent low company; you make drinking companions of those——"

"Ah, sir," interrupted Randolph, "what can a bachelor do, living like me alone in Delviton? But only see me married, and I'll be a pattern of regularity, as well as of every other domestic virtue. Besides, I do not think I am obnoxious to the drinking charge. To be sure, I can take my two pints of champagne like a gentleman, or, not to be discourteous, even swallow my dram of old Jamaica; but it must be something that has a good supply of bone and sinew as well as *spirit* to throw Stephen Randolph off his legs."

"Fourthly, I want to know what you have to support a family upon?"

"I'll admit this sin, uncle, like a man. I am poor as Job in his worst days; that's the fact."

"Still, you have a rich old uncle; is that it, Steve? But I caution you in seriousness to indulge no expectations of this sort, for you must know——"

"Hold, uncle," said Randolph; "I beg leave to tell you that I am thinking of *Lucy* just now—not of your money bags. Let me have her, and a fig for the rest!"

"That's the point, though, Stephen. Lucy's a good girl—a splendid girl—one of a thousand; and I don't mean that she shall be any body's household drudge. Your father left you property to the amount of some twenty thousand dollars, and you have been of age seven years. Now if you can show that you have five thousand dollars in the world, I will be willing that you marry whom you please."

"To tell the truth, uncle, I am rather behind the wind just at present."

"Not only are you without property," continued Mr. Trenchard, "but what is worse, you are probably considerably in debt. Is it so?"

"Yes, it is the fact; and I tell you, uncle, I never knew till lately how horribly vexatious such a state of things is. That confounded old usurer Smelter was at me with every device the arch fiend has invented for the benefit of his children—the Duns. Note came after note; then, through the mail, letter after letter. I could not even step into the street, without meeting the pert inquiry, 'Can we attend to that ac-


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count to-day, Mr. Randolph?' Finally the sheriff had to meddle with the affair, and hint about agreeable lodgings in the neighborhood of the Court House. I don't know really what I should have done if Sandy Leach hadn't come to the rescue, like a clever fellow as he is, and ponied up the money."

"Alexander Leach?" exclaimed Trenchard suddenly.

"Yes, surely, Alexander Leach, who has recently moved to Delviton, and opened a store. He was born somewhere in this region, I believe, but he lived a good while at the South."

"And so you are quite intimate with this man?" said Trenchard.

"Why, sir, he has assisted me generously when much older friends looked coldly, and I hope ingratitude is not one of my vices."

"Stephen," replied his uncle slowly and emphatically, "I have a favor to ask. As you have any regard for me, I wish you to break off at once and for ever all intercourse with that man. He is a scoundrel dyed in the wool."

"But really, sir, I cannot see the grounds for such a decided and discourteous procedure."

"Grounds? I tell you, you must shake off this fellow immediately, or you are no nephew of mine. Did you not know before that I hated him?"

"Yes, uncle, I think I do remember your speaking of him on some occasion in terms of dislike, but it was said of a man then absent, and whom I never expected to know."

"At any rate, Stephen, you must be aware of this, that my wife died less than six months after our marriage. Though twenty years have since passed, I am weak enough to have my withered eyes grow wet with the recollection. She died, I say, and *I broke her heart.* That infernal wretch, Alexander Leach, caused me to do it. Have not I the right to execrate him? I tell you Iago was an angel from heaven compared to him!"

Young Randolph was silent for some minutes; then, when he supposed his uncle's passion had in some degree subsided, answered:

"But, sir, all this happened, as you say, [illegible] may he not in the interval [illegible] reformed?"

"Yes, he has reformed as Satan reforms, by committing new villany. My *murder* is the only thing that will now satisfy him. He left his work but half performed last Monday; when he will resume it, Heaven knows."

"Uncle, I cannot understand you. Have not you said that a *black* man made that attempt on your life?"

"I have; but Leach was on the piazza roof consenting to the deed and directing it. I heard the tones of that voice, which is so hateful that I believe my corpse would move in the coffin if it sounded near it."

"Uncle! uncle! how can I think this?" Randolph's countenance evinced much emotion. "Can it be that this man, who has acted toward me with so much kindness, can be guilty of such a crime as you suspect him of? And what object?"

"Object enough," replied Trenchard bitterly; "object enough Leach would think he had, merely in gratifying his devilish hate by my death."

"Oh, uncle, be not too ready to presume motives. I at least have had a lesson in caution. I myself have borne the infamous suspicion of this act. May it not turn out that this man is no less innocent than I? By the way, uncle, you know, I suppose, that Mr. Wilson's man 'Jim' ran away that night, and has since been traced to the Pennsylvania line?"

"Yes, I have heard it from Skinner. The cook at the next house to yours in the village is Jim's wife, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when visiting her he might have taken your boots?"

"He might," answered Randolph; "but do you think Jim could have been the man?"

"I hardly know what to think, Stephen, but it is certain that Skinner had threatened him with a whipping if he came upon the place, on account of his supposed propensity to theft, and perhaps he took a grudge against *me* for it. Still, I cannot bring myself to think this of Jim; he was always a good-natured negro, and I had been kind to him. To be sure, his size agrees very well with that of the rascal who put me in such a fix. But this is unimportant. Whoever was the *instrument*, Alexander Leach was the instigator. I was dozing at the [illegible] and hearing [illegible] muttering outside

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of the window, supposed I had been dreaming, and turning over hastily, dropped asleep. I awoke just as that black scoundrel, having already prepared every thing, was rolling me over the head-board. Confound him! his soul is blacker than his hide! I trust he may himself some day feel what hanging is."

"Yet, uncle, is it not probable, after all, that you *were* dreaming when you heard Leach's voice?"

"No, sir, I was not dreaming, I tell you!" said Trenchard sharply; "and while I was choking in that rascally noose, I heard Leach speak again."

The old gentleman here made a long pause, which was not interrupted by any question from Randolph.

"You see, Stephen," he said at length, "the necessity of breaking off your intimacy with Leach. How much do you owe him?"

"He lent me a thousand dollars."

"That's all, is it?"

"Yes, sir, adding six months' interest."

"Wait a moment, then."

So saying, Trenchard left the apartment, and returned after the lapse of a few minutes with a roll of bank notes, which he handed to his nephew.

"Here are a thousand and fifty dollars, which, according to your showing, will pay off every thing. Go settle the account; and as you value my good-will, have nothing further to do with the odious scoundrel."

Stephen Randolph, after expressing his thanks, left the house and proceeded to execute his uncle's direction. Leach's store was at the upper end of the village, and he had to walk half a mile to reach it. As he passed quite leisurely in front of the open door of a respectable-looking dwelling, he heard a woman's sobs within, and as he turned his glance in the direction of the sound, perceived the owner of the house leaning with a gloomy air against the mantle.

"Why, what's the matter, Patterson?" he asked, stopping.

"Nothing, except the sheriff is down on me, and going to break up every thing for debt. You could not let me have a little of what you owe me, could you? But, pshaw! I oughtn't to bother you about it. I know you are close enough run yourself."

Randolph's hand was in his pocket, grasping the money, and itching to draw it out.

"You are a right-down clever fellow, Patterson. I have some money; I'm sort of bound to use it in another way, but hang it all if I can stand this. Here's your six hundred dollars; take it all, man. I don't know when I may have a chance to pay again. It's your due, long ago; take it."

"God bless you, Stephen! Call on me again, if you get pushed. I'll be easier by-and-by, and will have something to spare you."

Randolph walked on soliloquizing:

"There! more than half's gone; I couldn't help it. It won't do to tell the old man—he needn't know any thing about it; and as it is not worth while to pay only a part, I can use this four hundred for something else. But I must see Blapp about that big account."

Randolph was unfortunately involved in debt to a degree of which his uncle had no conception. Besides carelessness and extravagance in his affairs generally, he indulged in gaming—a vice then and now too prevalent in this section of Virginia.

He directed his steps to the office of Walter Blapp, an attorney at law, whose counsels he frequently sought upon the subject of his financial difficulties. We will outrun the leisurely course of the spendthrift, and take a peep at the lawyer as he leans back in his chair in meditation.

Blapp was a tall, stout man, whose profession was so little denoted by his full and sensual face, that a stranger who had met him out of doors would by no means have suspected it. His features naturally adjusted themselves to a mild, half-complacent, half-deferential expression, which was very slightly indicative of intellect. Indeed, he was not a man of genius, nor even of talent, but he was gifted with a deal of cunning—a commodity far more available than either.

He was alone, and held a paper in his hand which seemed to have reference to the train of thought passing through his mind, for he frequently turned his eyes towards it as he spoke half aloud, and at intervals, sentences something like the following:

"Old Leach wants to get a hard grip on him, sure enough. He has lent him money before this, I know, and now seven thousand dollars in a bunch. It's a plaguy big heap to shovel out, and not the least secur-

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payment. Yes, but *I endorse.* Mayn't I burn my fingers? Wonder now if it's possible that Sandy Leach expects to make it of *me*, in case his other strings should break? Well, if he does, he's mistaken, that's all. He's 'cute, but I reckon Wat Blapp's 'cuter; he's slippery, but I reckon Wat Blapp's slipp'rier. He must think for certain that old Trenchard will leave the property to Stephen. Well, I hope he may, for I know who would make some money by it. But to-day's *Tuesday.* Jack Chapman must be home again. I'll see him." This resolve scarcely enunciated, the lawyer sprang up, seized his hat, and stepped briskly out of the door.

His walk terminated at the house of old Chapman, where it will be remembered the social meeting was held, so suddenly interrupted by the arrest of Stephen Randolph. Jack Chapman, the young man who was a party in the midnight race, happened to be standing in the garden, plucking peaches from a tree, and Blapp, without going to the house, climbed the fence and entered into conversation with him. The topics which first occupied them were of the ordinary kind, and in no way concern us. Presently, however, the lawyer touched upon the matter which had induced the visit.

"Didn't you say that a black fellow caught your horse for you that night when you had your tumble in coming down the Toilsome Mountain?"

"Yes, I did; it was Wilson's man Jim. But why do you ask?"

"Are you certain it was Jim?"

"Yes, I am positive. Tell me, though, what you are driving at."

"You know, I suppose, that Jim ran away that night?"

"No, I didn't. Has he been caught?"

"He has not, and won't be; he's safe in Pennsylvania, and the Quakers will hide him well enough. But have you mentioned to any body else that you met him that night?"

"No, I have not, unless I told his name at the party. I have been away ever since on business, and haven't said any thing about the *race* even."

"Well, Jack, I don't want you to tell that you met him at all. I noticed p[illegible] larly that you only said at the party [illegible] was a darkey named Jim. *I* suspe[illegible] ndeed that it was Wilso[illegible] but nobody else would have been apt to."

"But, Blapp, what do you make such a secret of it for?"

"Well," returned the lawyer, cautiously, "you are a friend of Stephen Randolph, I know——"

"To be sure I am; but go on."

"He was accused of trying to kill his uncle."

"And a rascally charge it was, too—made up, I'd bet a dollar, by that still, sly, smooth-spoken Doctor, Charley Middleton."

"But," continued Blapp, "Trenchard said it was a black man that did the trick."

"I know it; and that clears Steve."

"Hear me out, though. Wilson's Jim had a wife at the next house to Randolph's. He's a big man, and might have worn Steve's boots, which were certainly tracked from the piazza roof."

"So he might," cried young Chapman; "so he might, and then ran away for fear of being caught. I'm mighty glad indeed that it's all found——"

"Don't be quite so fast," interrupted the lawyer. "When you met Jim at the Toilsome, it could not have been later than three o'clock at the utmost. The moon was not up, was it?"

"No."

"Well, then, the attempt at murder was committed between three o'clock and daybreak, considerably after the moon was up, so that if you met Jim, it is impossible he can be guilty."

"But I *did* meet him," said Chapman sorrowfully.

"Yet for all that," returned the lawyer, "it does not follow that Steve had any hand in the matter."

"Of course not. I could not suspect him, if I tried. I was only downcasted because Jim's running away seemed to open such a good chance to clear him before every body."

"Just so. *You* don't believe him guilty, Jack, and *I* don't believe him guilty, and nine people out of ten don't believe him guilty; but then it's bad for a man to have the least suspicion against him. So now I think it would be as well for you not to say [illegible]ent who it was you met. Mind, Ste[illegible] not put m[illegible] his. I do it of [illegible]ad."

[illegible]ver [illegible]n't speak

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a word about it. But won't you come into the house and take something?"

"No, I thank you, Jack; I haven't time just now. Good morning."

The lawyer made his exit from the garden in the same manner that he entered, and in a few minutes was again at his office. He found Stephen Randolph there awaiting his coming with much patience.

"Ah, Steve, I'm glad to see you. I've fixed that whole matter nicely."

"Well, I am rejoiced at it; but how is it managed?"

"Why, I've got a man to advance the seven thousand, and so pay off Scrubbs and Dowling at once."

"That's glorious! What security have you persuaded the chap to receive—a mortgage on my plantation in the moon, or on lands in Kentucky, eh?"

"No; I have been smarter still, and more honest; the gentleman ponies up with his eyes open. He only requires your *note*, with one endorser."

"And what soft, innocent individual have you found to perform *this* office?"

"*I* endorse for you."

"*You?*"

"Yes, I myself, Walter Blapp."

"Well, I can't but wonder at it. To be sure, I have a firm intention to pay my debts if ever I have the means; but this depends on a very precarious chance; and besides, to tell the truth, I did not suppose that you were a person disposed to interpret another's motives very favorably. But I may be quite satisfied that you'll get your *quid pro quo;* so tell me who it is that furnishes the ready."

"Mr. Leach."

"Sandy Leach? The mischief!" Randolph seemed to be engaged in a course of rapid reflection; then merely added, "Well, so be it."

The note was placed upon the table, signed by the young man, and returned to the lawyer. Blapp arose, and was engaged in filing the paper away in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk, as he said, in a tone of carefully assumed indifference:

"I saw Jack Chapman to-day."

His pause was followed by no token of awakened interest in his companion.

He continued: "Jack declared positively that he met Wilson's Jim as he came down the mountain—about three o'clock—before the moon was up."

Still the attorney's furtive glance, repeated at each clause of his sentence, detected no motion in Stephen. The bond by this time being laid away, he changed his tactics, and turned full around, adding:

"But I persuaded him not to say any thing about it, knowing of what consequence his course must be to you."

Stephen broke into a moderate laugh.

"Ha! ha! Well, Blapp, you don't come it. Depend upon it, my fine fellow, that if I *had* really been choking my uncle, you shouldn't worm a confession out of me in this way. Ha! ha! ha! What a shrewd look you put on. But don't be dejected, man. You made the examination smartly and with most commendable legal acumen. But let me give you a piece of advice: Don't take all your clients to be fools. In the name of the Old Boy, what do I care about Wilson's negro? Do you think I have Aladdin's lamp? That's a lively lad, truly, who starts at two o'clock in the night, rides twelve or fifteen miles over a rough and dangerous road, then gets his seven-leagued boots, walks a mile, climbs into his uncle's chamber, hangs the old man to a bed-post, walks home through muddy corn-fields, steps into pumps, and is cutting pigeon-wings and double-shuffles at a different end of the town before daybreak. Now, Wat, if you were any body else, instead of arguing in this way, I might be disposed to knock you down for the impudence of taking for granted that I would commit such a villanous act; but against a lawyer, I must use weapons like his own. Fy, for shame, man! not that you should play such a trick upon your friend, but that he should see through it!"

"Don't make such a fuss, Stephen," returned the worthy attorney. "I might answer that it's only 'real game' that fears the snare; but I did not tell Chapman to hold his tongue because you were guilty, but to prevent any body whatever from thinking you so—pretty Miss Montgomery, for instance, who is likely to divide Trenchard's estate with you, unless she herself becomes your better half."

"What do you know about *her* opinions?" said Randolph quickly. "Has she told any person that she doubted my innocence?"

"Not that I know of; but it is best to guard against any suspicion, for I think you ought by all means to make sure of her,

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as she stands at least as well in your uncle's esteem as you do. And the doctor's 'cute enough to get her after all, if you don't look out."

"Permit me to manage this matter myself, sir," said the young man with some haughtiness.

"Oh, certainly, but you ought to be careful of the doctor. You know it was he who took so much pains to track up the business to your garden fence, and I think he looks rather coolly at you yet."

"I have taken notice of it all, Wat, and Middleton may get some of his own bones to set, if he doesn't keep out of my way. That boy, too, Frank Herbert, who is just back from college, will have to have a switching, if he puts on many airs."

"Don't mind such a milksop as he is, Stephen. He was always tender, and has got to be mighty religious, they say, besides. He belongs to the nursery yet. Look out for the *doctor*, I tell you."

"Relieve your anxiety, Blapp: I've an eye and a hand for each."

Randolph now threw himself back in his chair, and was for a while occupied with his thoughts. Suddenly he said:

"So Leach, unsolicited, is ready to invest seven thousand dollars in paying my debts to Scrubbs and Dowling?"

Blapp nodded.

"I owed him before a thousand."

Another nod from the lawyer.

"Now what do you suppose is the motive for such unusual liberality?"

"The motive? It's hard to tell, unless it be friendship."

"Yes, doubtless it *is* friendship," echoed Randolph in a bitter tone.

He continued the catechism: "Sandy is a shrewd man, is he not, and has a keen eye to the main chance?"

"Nobody can deny that."

"Not very scrupulous, is he?"

"Why, I cannot say decidedly; I presume not."

"Such men are very apt, are they not, to entangle other persons whom they find suitable to their purpose, in such a way that they cannot help being their tools?"

Blapp, not choosing to use words, again had resort to an ambiguous inclination of the head.

"Do you think *I* am going to be anybody's tool?" Randolph jumped up as he gave the fierce answer of his own question: "*No!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# TABLE-TALK.

## A RAINY DAY WITH THE POETS.

A CHOICE catena of fine passages and poems might be compiled, under this caption. We will suggest a few of the most prominent that we can recall.

In the old ballad literature, there is that rare old song, of which Shakespeare has preserved a line:

"And the rain, it raineth every day."

The locality of this poem must have been somewhere in the west of Scotland, or in Wales. In the Highlands of the former country, a remarkably moist district, a country lad was asked by a stout gentleman (probably Irving's) if it *always* rained there. "Na," returned Sawney; "sometimes it

Motherwell, the delicate Scottish poet and modern ballad writer, has left a fine ballad, full of the old spirit of romance, the burthen, "Heigho, the wind and rain!" appropriately to be said or sung, on a dark, gloomy evening in November.

Of a wild winter's night, the rain beating against the window, the wind howling down the chimney, and soughing through the keyhole—then is emphatically the season for reading Lear, and to appreciate "the pelting of the pitiless storm" on "the white, discrowned head" of the noble old king, on the wide-stretching, houseless heath.

Shenstone used to say, that of a rainy day he loved to read over the letters of his friends—often a sad employment. He is himself a rainy-day author, calling up, in his most elaborate poem of "The Schoolmistress,"

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visions of innocence and infancy; and in his prose miscellanies, evincing a nicety of judgment that marks the man of reflection; but above all, for his inimitable lines written at an inn at Henley, the delight of Dr. Johnson and of Leigh Hunt, and indeed of all wise and social spirits who have ever read them.

Hunt himself has a gossipping paper on a Rainy Day, in one of the numbers of the *Indicator*, how to pass it pleasantly—by no means one of his best essays. In the first half of it he is merely lively and somewhat commonplace, but as he gets into the literature of the subject he is more at home and proportionally entertaining. He quotes admiringly capital lines from Swift's "Description of a City Shower, or Town Eclogue," that first appeared in the *Tatler*, and on which Steele wrote a generous encomium, with fine passages from Green's "Spleen," that delightful though little-known poem. He might have added lines from Gay's Trivia, on walking the streets in rainy weather; and he might have retold, as he could have done to the life, Charles Matthews's "leetle" anecdote of the old Scotch woman.

A fine American anthology might be collected of rainy-day verses, from Brainard to Hoyt.

Brainard's are homely but domestic rhymes. Longfellow's "Rainy Day" has a fine moral, (he is essentially didactic, in a true sense, as well as tasteful and harmonious) and is a most musical poem, imbued with the mingled tones of sadness and hopeful anticipation. This fine writer's "Rain in the City" is beautifully written, and as picturesque a description as Swift's, though wholly unlike it; as unlike as a street view by a Flemish painter is different from a piece of city elegance by Watteau. It is as artistically executed as Poe could have made it. Emerson's poem we shall quote. It enforces the scholar's duty; after the quaint fashion of the seventeenth century, it has a taking title:—

SUUM CUIQUE.

"The rain has spoiled the farmer's day;
Shall sorrow put my Books away?
Thereby are two days lost.
Nature shall mind her own affairs;
I will attend my proper cares,
In rain, or sun, or frost."

This is right stoical philosophy, all cannot practise. Ralph Hoyt's "Rain" is as perfect a picture as his "Snow;" the two most delicate cabinet-pieces of rural art we know of. The "Shower" is a pearl pendant from the ear of Venus. Hawthorne's picture of a shower, in "Sights from a Church-steeple," is the best *prose* shower we can remember; at least, not surpassed by Irving's "Rainy Day at an Inn."

The last characteristic piece of writing on this subject we can refer to, is Read's poetical picture, entitled

A MORNING, BUT NO SUN.

"The morning comes, but brings no sun;
The sky with storm is overrun;
And here I sit in my room alone,
And feel, as I hear the tempest moan,
Like one who hath lost the last and best,
The dearest dweller from his breast!
For every pleasant sight and sound,
The sorrows of the sky have drowned;
The bell within the neighboring tower
Falls blurred and distant through the shower;
Look where I will, hear what I may,
All, all the world seems far away!
The dreary shutters creak and swing,
The windy willows sway and fling
A double portion of the rain
Over the weeping window-pane.
But I, with gusty sorrow swayed,
Sit hidden here, like one afraid,
And would not on another throw
One drop of all this weight of woe!"

A fine sympathetic melancholy doubtless inspired the lines, which find an echo in the heart of every reader of taste and feeling.

Something germane to this topic is that of the influence of the weather. Some pretend an exemption from all "skyey influences," while others suffer a complete martyrdom to clouds, storm and rain. It is, doubtless, a matter of constitution and temperament. A sensitive being will be exhilarated or depressed by causes completely trivial to the robust or unimaginative. A man may by fortitude breast his sufferings and brave the storm, but he must have little discrimination if he perceives no difference between the genial heat of a fine day in June or the cordial cold of a clear December morning; if a dusty day, a rainy day in spring or fall, a bitter cold day, are equally agreeable or indifferent to him. How can he appreciate the good who sees no distinction between it and the bad?

So feel not the true poets or men of poetical temperament. Crabbe made verses best in a snow-storm; inspiration descended upon him with the falling flakes of snow. Jean Paul could not invent with his usual facility

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if the sky was leaden; it transmuted his golden thoughts to the same metal. Burns found his impulse of composition strongest in winter and amid external desolation. Milton fancied his genius was in its fullest force in spring and autumn. Numberless instances might be added.

Mr. Tuckerman has penned a very pleasing paper on this subject in his "Rambles and Reveries," and, if we are not mistaken, lately included it in the *Optimist.*

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## PICTURESQUE AT HOME.

Irving, in one of his delightful Sketch Books, has distinctly declared our native and inherent wealth of picturesque scenery. Cataracts and mountains, lakes and prairies, rivers and valleys, we boast, unrivalled throughout the world. Never, he concludes, need an American leave his own country to discover beautiful or sublime scenery. Why then go abroad? The uses of foreign travel are many: to expand and clear the mind of prejudice and narrowness, to revive historical and romantic associations, for the study of character and manners, &c.

Goldsmith, who spoke from knowledge, remarks, (we do not employ his exact language, but such is the spirit of it,) that if we would know the world, we must go abroad; if study human nature, stay at home. The latter science is gained from a few subjects, thoroughly scanned; the former accomplishment to be acquired from change, novelty, and variety of circumstances, manners and customs. "He cannot be a perfect man," sings Shakspeare, "not having tried and travelled in the world." Yet Cowley concludes as wisely, "The voyage of life is longest, made at home."

In his summer trips and domestic excursions, the American realizes many of the benefits of foreign travel. At far less cost than the European tourist, and with comparatively slight fatigue, he traverses an immense extent of territory, equal to that portion of Europe generally explored by tourists, and in at least an equally short space of time, with no vexatious interruptions of passports, or dread of banditti or military surveillance.

We would not go so far, to be agree with Professor Silliman [illegible]—we forget which—on[illegible] cleared, in "A Trip to Quebec," that a journey to Canada was equivalent to a European tour. This observation must be taken, not with a grain, but a pretty good-sized *lump* of salt; and so, we venture to conjecture, the worthy writer must have intended it, wishing to console the tarry-at-home, cisatlantic public for their deprivations. But without exaggerating, one may contrive to get some idea of France and England from the Canadas.

Lower Canada, despite English intelligence and Scotch enterprise, still retains a strong tincture of New France. Professor Lyell was vividly reminded of Normandy by the peasantry, their dresses, manners, cottages, &c. The older portions of Montreal and Quebec are decidedly French—houses, names of streets, churches, convents; the *habitans* of the nineteenth are identical with those of the seventeenth century. The quaint little old village of Beaufort, a few miles out of Quebec, on the road to the Falls of Montmorency, is as national and characteristic as any place of the size in Normandy. Wayside chapels and frequent crosses attest the religious character of the people. French Romanists are still in a large majority in this province, though the Church of England, with her bishops and beadles, her cathedrals and colleges, her pomp and pew-openers, is firmly established here, as the state religion. English customs prevail in courts of justice and in Parliament, and the English soldiery give a military tone to the state of society. The noble public buildings, both of Montreal and Quebec, are almost wholly British—churches, fortifications, Parliament houses, docks, residences of officials, &c. Some old English names of places are revived, even in Montreal; but Toronto, in Upper Canada, is wholly an English town, and Kingston, though on a smaller scale. Passing across the lake, (Ontario or Champlain,) the American finds himself in a new region. From Buffalo to Toronto, from Plattsburg to Laprarie, is as wide a difference as from Dover to Calais. All is new and strange; he is in a foreign country.

But at home, in the United States, very much of Europe is freshly imported every year; and an American may get a good idea of the people of Europe, their costumes, manners, characters, customs, &c., without putting his foot out of his native country. [illegible] come English, Irish, [illegible] from the continent

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French, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Poles, Swedes, Danes, and now and then a Turk or a Greek; while even Asia sends us now a Chinese junk, manned by Celestials, and again an Arabian vessel, from the Imaum of Muscat.

Inasmuch too as the immigration is chiefly of the lower and lowest orders, the philosophical student may gain the best idea of the diversity of national characters, always most prominent in those classes. The gentry and scholars of all nations, cultivated and cosmopolite, are much the same. Men of genius are too strictly individual to be considered in any enumeration of classes, and the rule ever has been to look for character, at least nationality, and the fullest development of it, among the least artificial castes of society. This has ever been the strong ground of the comic writers and painters of all nations. We see it in the Flemish pictures, in the familiar Spanish school, in Hogarth and Wilkie, in the old English novels, the picaresco Spanish tales, the French vaudeville and English farce, in the Irish humorists, and in the Italian buffoons.

Of the older local traits of European colonization we have still remaining in full force; in the State of New-York for instance, the Dutch flourishing in the pristine simplicity of two centuries of settlement, in districts just back of the Hudson river, in the Mohawk valley and the older valleys of the west end of Long Island, as well as in and about Albany and Schenectady. East New-Jersey is equally Belgic.

The Germans of Pennsylvania constitute almost a State among themselves, *imperium in imperio.* One county, at least, *Berks*, is just so much German territory floated over across the Atlantic and imbedded in the Keystone State. Germans abound throughout the State, as well as in Ohio and the West generally. But Reading is actually, two thirds of it, certainly as much a German town as any place of the same size and character in Germany. The little dorp of Kutztown is unqualifiedly Teutonic and Bœotian.

Half a century ago, from Detroit to New-Orleans was French. New-Orleans was an inferior sort of cross betwixt Paris and Marseilles, a town of pleasure and a place of business combined. Detroit, St Louis, Natchez, were tributaries to *the* city. Now all of these places are about a third or at the utmost one half French. At the same date Florida was a Spanish colony, St. Augustine a Spanish town. A leaven of old Spain, slight though it be, still adheres to the American population of that region.

In New-York city and New-Orleans is to be found a Congress of Nations, brought hither by want and hope, by ambition, by political enthusiasm, and by the centralizing spirit of commerce, as despotic as monarchy itself.

In New-England and Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, the descendants of Puritan or Cavalier preserve the race more nearly pure than in any other quarter of the country. A rich and varied colonization, with a constant and still increasing variety and vigor of emigration, have made the American character, thus far, imperfect though it may be, what it is; and when time shall have consolidated its conflicting elements into an harmonious unity and proportion, will confirm it as the greatest national character in the world.

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## SUGGESTIONS TO THE REFLECTIVE.

Most raillery is mere impertinence in disguise; sarcasm, rudeness; and humor, buffoonery.

A fool thinks a man of sense, who looks grave at his stupid jests, incapable of pleasantry or of understanding ridicule; not suspecting that one may not choose to take what is offered to him in the guise of a joke, any more than he would be willing to accept counterfeit coin for legal currency.

There is a good deal of coarse familiarity in what passes for modern friendship.

Annuals are, of all books, the most ephemeral.

Standard authors, to be read for pleasure, (implying intimate knowledge,) should be read without note or comment.

The Baptist sect in England have produced at least two very great men, John Bunyan and Robert Hall: the former a poet of the first class, though he wrote in homely prose, a man of true and high genius; the latter a scholar and orator of brilliant talents.

Tennyson's blank verse is Milton's effeminated; Antinoüs in the part of Hercules. The idea of the Princess appears to have

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been originally suggested by a paper in the *Tatler*.

A fool is wise in one sense—*non-sense*.

The breast is properly called the *chest*, since it contains the richest of man's treasures—the heart—locked up in it.

The Moravian Society, like that of the Shakers, flourishes more naturally and luxuriantly in country places. In the city of New-York there never has been more than one congregation of that sect. To see them at home, one must visit Bethlehem or Nazareth, in Pennsylvania.

Bishops are said to be of divine institution, but Archbishops are confessedly of human creation, an after-thought of the ecclesiastical polity; and yet Canterbury and York would swallow up a score of the poorer sees, (as those of the colonies, for instance,) and in worldly dignities rank much higher.

How they who hold the doctrine of innate, utter depravity, can by any means account for the pleasure every unsophisticated heart receives from the company of pure, innocent children, we are very much puzzled to account. The love of a fond mother must appear to them more senseless than the dotage of feeble age. These little creatures are angels in truth, as well as in fancy, for the Divine Master has declared of them, that "of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." They have genuine faith and truth, and are much nearer heaven than the best of us.

The presence of a sweet young child is a more cogent argument against the dogma of universal and utter innate depravity, than all the controversial discussion in the world.

No poor-laws can altogether eradicate poverty; no charitable provision suppresss the causes of pauperism.

All of the great old English writers give excellent counsel on all subjects, *travel*, among the rest; but Bacon and Fuller, amidst much good advice, press a particular point, not always adverted to. Bacon: "As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with *the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors;* for so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many." Fuller enjoins: "Contrive correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return; as some *professor or secretary*, who virtually is the whole university or

## SAILORS' AND KITCHEN LIBRARIES.

Reading is not only for certain ages, but also for particular classes. Besides purely professional studies, there are kindred topics that interest every man in his particular sphere. *Sailors*, as well as other men, should have their libraries, and which might be made truly attractive. Voyages of Drake, Dampier, Cavendish, Marco Polo, Cook, Ross, Parry; Basil Hall, Dana's Two Years before the Mast, Life in a Liner. Navigation, Practical Mathematics, and Geography, form the sailor's elementary education. He should also read his national history, especially his country's marine and naval history in general, the lives of discoverers and great seamen, Southey's Nelson, Paul Jones, British Admirals, Cooper's and Irving's American naval biography. The sailor has, too, his library of history and poetry: Voyages Imaginaires, Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarll, Peter Wilkins, Cooper, Smollett, Marryat; the glorious songs of Dibdin, Gay's Black-eyed Susan, Drake's American Flag, and the magnificent lyrics of Campbell.

Neither do we see why the Kitchen should be neglected. It should have its library also. A kind master would have his servants happy, and seek to lighten their state of servitude. They should read, as well as see their friends and have holidays; and read good books too, fitted for their condition. Not to speak of the renowned works of Mrs. Glasse and Dr. Kitchener; to omit any reference to opinions on the author of the "Physiologie du Goût," as better fitted for the mistress or housekeeper, (simple receipt-books are sufficient in the kitchen;) and to pass by without further mention the witty, fleering ironics of Swift, in his Directions to Servants; accounts of Parisian restaurants, by Appleton, Jewett, or Saunderson; we come to what we would select for a shelf in the kitchen.

The prayer-book, or the mass-book, according to the servant's faith, or perhaps simply a hymn-book; religious and moral tales, by More, Sherwood, Cottin and others; lives of saints or missionaries, or both; Defoe's Family Instructor; The Whole Duty of Man, and Pilgrim's Progress; devotional treatises, Baxter and Doddridge, &c.; an Historical Compend; atlas; volumes of travels and voyages; a file of the Penny Magazine; and the daily paper should find

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its way down stairs after it has been scanned in the parlor.

## CHESS.

Forbes tells us, in his Life of Beattie, the poet and Scotch Professor, that "To chess he had a real aversion, as occasioning, in his opinion, a great waste of time, and requiring a useless application of thought."

Another poet, romancer, and still more famous Scotchman, held similar language. Scott, as a boy, we are told by Lockhart, "engaged easily in the game, which had found favor with so many of his paladins, but did not pursue the *science* of chess after his boyhood. He used to say it was a shame to throw away upon mastering a mere game, however ingenious, the time which would suffice for the acquisition of a new language. 'Surely,' he said, 'chess-playing is a sad waste of brains.'"

# THE "HYPERION" OF JOHN KEATS.

The genius of John Keats, like his own Saturn, majestic and solitary, ruled with a broken sceptre a kingdom of desire. Its breathings are all sighs. Instead of love, it has yearnings. Its voice is the melodious cry of unrequited, insatiate longing.

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn
And eve's one star,"

he buries himself in the cavern of memory. His glory is the glory of the past; he broods over the ruined empire of passion; the Titans are subdued for him; mountains rest upon their breasts, and still he scornfully yet sadly refuses the modern allegiance. Reason is his Jove, whose power he confesses, but to whom his proud spirit refuses to bow. Death closed in upon him while he yet wavered. He was never taken into the circle of the gods; his statue stands without the vestibule.

In his poem of Hyperion, there is indeed a majesty of movement rivalling the Miltonic. The silence is sublime, and the sound of the verse rolls off constantly into a silence.

——"No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity spreading a shade;
The Naïad mid her reeds pressed her cold finger
Closer to her lip."

It is the recession of a storm; the departure of a multitude; the coming on of night and death.

No less solemn and imaginative is the imagery of what is seen: life, palpitating but not moving; the outward stillness convincing of the inward grief; and the little motion that has been, only a return and not a relief to the immovable.

"Along the margin sand large foot-marks went
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the
Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

From first to last, a more absolute picturing of stillness, grief, and silence, of fallen divinity, and the coming on of eternal despair, is not in written language. It has a quality, this description of Saturn, which belongs to no other poetry,—a ponderous weight, a magnitude of passion. There is no sentiment here; Saturn is too great for it; he is all dignity. It has also in absolute perfection a certain quality indispensable to grandeur—venerableness. The figure of the ancient king, friendless, comfortless, driven from his empire, his sceptre broken, yet awakens no pity: it is the weakness of a god: we venerate, perhaps we sympathize, but we cannot pity.

Great emotions are short-lived. The first line after this magnificent passage is pure prose, a flat falling into commonplace:

"It seemed no force could wake him from his place;"

which, after the swelling of the lungs and

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thrill of the preceding verses, is a mere asthmatic puff. What follows is but little better:

"But there came one who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not."

By the epithet "kindred," we perceive that the genius does not wholly desert the poet; but the action is roughly and coldly inverted. First we picture to ourselves the "kindred hand" touching the "wide shoulders," and after that the figure "bending low with reverence;" whereas, in fact, the one who came first bent low with reverence and *then* touched the wide shoulders. It is an absolute demand of poetry that description shall go along with action; inversion of the action takes all dignity from the imagery. The figure touching the shoulder first, and bowing afterwards, is like that of a messenger jogging your elbow, and bowing when you turn to see who touched you. And finally, the intimation that Saturn *did not know* who it was that touched him is commonplace, verging to vulgar.

This peculiar defect of interruptedness, a proof either of intellectual or constitutional feebleness, distresses the reader less in this poem of Hyperion, and in "St. Agnes' Eve," than in any other of Keats's works. The genius of the poet flares up, dies out, and flares again, as if there were a dearth of fuel to feed it; and by this fault, more than any other, he is removed out of the class of great poets, and occupies but the second rank. The voice of a hundred excellent critics, both ancient and modern, sustains the opinion that the place of honor in art must be given to the creative or sustaining power—that which carries one feeling, one passion, one sentiment, through as many revolving periods of verse and shifting scenes as may serve for the exhaustion of the idea or subject. It may have been through physical weakness, mental defect, or the very excess of an inferior faculty, *fancy;* by violent action, drawing away the vital pith from imagination; or perhaps an ambition, of which Keats was certainly the victim, of transcending the powers granted by his years, as the tree, striving too early to produce a perfect fruit, exhausts itself and dies;—through one or all of these causes, this poet produced nothing entire. The "Eve of St. Agnes" will be quoted against the opinion; but this poem is an interlude, and has neither beginning nor end; it seems to have been thrown off as a pattern for a whole cloth which was never woven.

Continuing our reading of Hyperion, we are presented with a portrait of the goddess Thea:

"She was a goddess of the infant world:
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck,
Or with a finger staid Ixion's wheel."

Follows upon this:

"Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx."

And now we see only her *face:* the *body* has disappeared; the image is broken; the head here, the body further off. This face, so large, has no expression; it is like a great round moon, or like that of a colossal statue lying in the sand. The poet endeavors to restore life to it with a gasp, but fails:

"But oh, how unlike marble was that face."

The expression that follows is again exquisite; and we return to the passion, the genius of the poem:

"How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up."

The majesty of these lines brings back a conviction that in the mind of the poet there *was* a unity of design and feeling, which he had not the power to express in its totality. The fragments of the architecture, capitals of columns, the frieze, entablature even, finished with a master hand, lie all along in gigantic disorder. It is as though the builder of the temple had not yet invoked the deity. The invocation wanting, the foundation not laid, the genius would not descend.

Nothing could have been imagined more suitable for epic genius than the argument of this poem. Modern philosophy, penetrating the mythological veil, has discovered in the gods of antiquity an impersonation of the powers and passions of the human soul. Whether primeval philosophy, seizing upon the traditions of the vulgar, forced the deities into its service, and made Hermes stand for Wit, Horus for Imagination, Juno

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for Pride, Ammon and Osiris for the diviner principles in man; or whether the greater gods, the powers of nature and the soul, were clothed by the sages with the forms and attributes of humanity,—as in Thoth, understanding, in Osiris beneficence, in Phtha will and justice, in Ammon innate dignity, —let the learned dispute. Certain it is, no true epic of mythology and cosmogony could be constructed without a philosophical knowledge of the gods.

Under the character of the Titans, in this poem of Keats, the primeval empire of passion is represented. Cronos, the dethroned Saturn, is that power of necessity and circumstance, the sole deity of the unenlightened mind; venerable indeed, beloved of the senses and of the passions, but succumbing always to that divine reason in man to which the accidents of life or death are indifferent.

How majestic the subject of this poem! Hyperion, the God of Light, the pride and beauty of the natural world, leads the war against the new dynastry of Reason, and of Jove. Assembled in their caverns, at the roots of the volcanoes, the Giants of Nature hold a gloomy council.

The spirit of Milton presided over the conception of this council. But who can say whether a mythological epic must not of necessity resemble all others of its name? The elements of all are simple and the same. If the poem is mythologic, to have a human interest the right must conquer pride, as among men. The honor of the superior powers must be vindicated; the right of reason over the wild and furious democrats of nature must be established by aristocraty of Character.* Herein would lie all the dignity of the poem, that Jove and his compeers conquer by right of Character, and vindicate that right in themselves. And if mythology is merely an impersonation of the inferior and superior powers, the mythologic epic is but one subject, and must be ever treated from the same point of view.

In Milton's poem, the angels of God conquer by divine authority; and the weakness of the poem is the introduction of the Deity in person. Had the divine Source itself been left in darkness, and Heaven set against Hell, equal in attributes, but conquering or conquered by imparted Divinity, the epic would be pure. As it now moves, the angels, with their beauty and their strength, are unreal phantoms, and the Deity in person is the Conqueror; while Satan and his peers have the attributes and consequently the dramatic value of *persons*. In Milton's angels there is no Will. All the freedom is with Hell. These angels seem passive; almost soulless. Abdiel alone has real characteristics. By this arrangement, the poem loses one half the interest of true epic. If we believe that the genius of Keats would at length have proved equal to what he undertook, his poem would then have been more perfect in its frame-work than the Paradise Lost; and certainly it was far more philosophical in its design. His gods, who were to conquer, would have shown in action the perfections of the higher reason. By wisdom, by strength of will, and by reliance on the Eternal, after many reverses, they would have subdued, and again buried the rebellious powers. Both literature and philosophy suffered an irretrievable loss in a mind capable of conceiving and executing so majestic a design.

But it is idle to waste conjecture; let us endeavor to appreciate the merits of the fragment. At the conclusion of the second book is a description of Hyperion entering the council of the Titans:—

"Suddenly a splendor like the morn
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulph and every chasm old,
And every height and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams;
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion. A granite peak
His bright feet touched, and there he staid to view
The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair, of short Numidian curl;
Regal his shape majestic; a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He uttered, while his hands contemplative
He pressed together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day."

It strikes some readers, whether justly we know not, on the reading of this fragment, that there is in it no promise of ACTIK

* Character—"*mark;*" as we say, "a man of mark."

There is a deficiency of the thews and sinews. There is nothing war-like in Hyperion; his hands are *pressed together* in contemplative silence; and such hands, on such an occasion, pressed together, would not have grasped the sword of empire. How energetic, on the other hand, and impregned with restless vigor, is the first appearance of the fallen Archangel in the poem of Milton:—

———"He with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded though immortal.

* * * * *

Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.

* * * * *

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood."

Milton is easier to read than Keats. The description is rapid and concise. There is no *description without motion;* a quality necessary to the epic, since by dwelling too long upon a part, the interest is lost, and imagination flags. The description must move forward, or it falls; it must soar and soar, and continually soar, passing mountains and rivers at a wave of its mighty wings. Indeed, it may be ventured, that Keats would have failed in the Hyperion for want of action. His figures are contemplative. The Muse pauses, as she creates them, and steps backward to meditate their fair proportions. The poems of Milton, on the contrary, even his earliest, have a vivacity, a lively spring and movement, which give promise of the epic.

"Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait."

He will not suffer even Melancholy herself to sit contemplative; she must pace forward. Hardly a line is deficient in the activity either of thought or of motion; the mark of a genius essentially and powerfully epical. In Keats, on the other hand, there is every where flaccidity and weakness; his heat is not the heat of motion but of emotion; he the melancholy of Hamlet, dreaming of pose, but never moving toward it.

The appearance of the Miltonic feeling in "Hyperion" has been alluded to by some critics as a fault. But is not the earliest evidence of artistic ability in imitation? Great artists have indeed distinguished themselves by an original nature of their own, but have they not equally proved their merits by the skill and taste with which they have reproduced the originality of others? Unaided by the faculty of imitation, and even of appropriation, originality decliness into lameness and obscurity. We know that the education of a great artist is begun by a close acquaintance with the works of his predecessors, as well as of Nature. The most intimate friendship with Nature avails nothing without the power of imitation; and though this representative faculty be given to the artist in never so great perfection, yet, as it is of all the most artificial, and the most intelligent in its mode of action, so it requires the greatest accumulation, and experience, and aids to shorten and improve its processes.

The advancement, that is to say, the dignity of a school of artists appears chiefly in their choice of subjects; for we know that nature is not *all* representable, but only certain *scenes, times, phases:* phases of beauty, sublimity; times or seasons of richest development; scenes illustrating what is moral or immortal in humanity. Representative art will not allow its powers to be wasted with impunity upon the tame, the sensual, or the vulgar of common life. The selection of its subjects is therefore a *moral* occupation, and of a high order, suitable to the leisure of cultivated and heroic ages, and unsuitable, because of baseness and incapacity, to those that are barbarous and mechanical. The lessons of the artist, in overcoming his greatest difficulty, the choice of subject, come to him at first through his predecessors. He imitates nature, it is true, but he looks at nature through the eyes of those who have preceded and aroused him. Every artistic age refines upon former ages, holding to a certain taste, and improving the "school." The degeneracy of art appears in a mean or novel choice of subject; in eccentricity of manner; in a close and studied imitation of insignificances. The two-fold imitation of previous art and of nature goes on ripening to a certain point, the height or perfection of the school; and then follows a gradual decline, when imitation predominates over

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design, when genius fades into sentimentalism, and the artist becomes either an eccentric or a tame and laborious imitator.

Poesy as well as painting has grown by accretion as well as by invention. As it required a Giotto and a Cimabue to prepare the ground for a Da Vinci, so it required an Ennius to do the same for a Virgil. Imitation reaches out from school to school, over entire epochs and centuries. Homer precedes Ennius and Virgil; and Virgil's Æneid gives form and beauty to the poems of Dante. The influence of Phidias is seen again in Angelo and Raphael, and something of the Hebrew grandeur and simplicity reappears in the liturgy of the Church of England. In a word, the greatest imitators are the greatest artists; for by the same power that is given them to receive and reproduce the sublime and beautiful from nature, they seize and reproduce the sublimity and beauty of their predecessors; so that the greatest works of art, in painting, poetry, and sculpture, are those which carry in their lines the entire history of art itself. The Christ of Raphael and the Moses of Michael Angelo, the Satan of Milton and the Hamlet of Shakspeare, are the best traditions of the progress of genius from the beginning.

The greatest imitator absorbs and surpasses all that have gone before him, as did Shakspeare, even to the reproduction of the morality and sentiment of races who flourished centuries before him, under other religions and other systems of society. Shakspeare's appropriation of his predecessors amounts even to the swallowing and digestion of entire works.

Great artists are eclectic, and build upon many masters. Like Goethe, in whom the eclectic, imitative genius predominated to that degree, his works are a prodigious mass of imitations of every master in letters. Virgil, Sophocles, Shakspeare, Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, by turns occupy him. From the secondary writers of Germany he took away their proper excellences, by surpassing each in his field. Nor was it a blind instinct that prompted him; his imitations, like those of Virgil and Milton, are deliberate and conscious and profound.

The *pride* of originality can have no place in the spirit of a first-rate artist: he appropriates and assimilates and reproduces in new shapes every beauty which he finds, and every melody which he hears; indifferent whether it come first through himself or through another. Wherever the greatest beauty is to be found, he makes his study. As in the circle of twenty-four hours there are but two times, the evening and the morning, which give the highest beauty to scenery; as in the circle of the year, the season of vegetation alone, and in human life, the point of transition from youth to adult age; as these alone give the highest instances of beauty, and they too at long and rare intervals,—one among a thousand meeting the ideal of the artistic mind,—it becomes impossible to go through the entire circle of nature's beauties, and complete it, in the life of one artist. Each presents his discovery, his segment. The discovery of a single perfect beauty immortalizes the original imitator. Out of the succession of many artists and many schools, the great designer finds and appropriates almost the entire sphere of moral, intellectual and physical perfection. The more he appropriates from others, the more alive is he to the beautiful in Nature herself. His studies alternate between her works and those of men. As the original observer turns variously toward fields agreeable to his feelings, he will naturally addict himself to congenial models. The pastoral, the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric will draw by turns, or constantly, the attention of the young and unformed poet. And when conscious judgment has discovered and marked the proper and congenial field, the favorite models are still read and re-read. The sculptor, blind and superannuated, solaced his genius by passing his hands over the antique marble; the poet, blind and broken in spirit, had read to him the Hebrew lyrists and the dramatists of Greece.

The fashion of this age is greatly for originality, that is to say, for the production of styles,—new styles in writing, new styles in thinking, novelty in all things. So much of novelty has appeared within the last century, men have ceased to be astonished at things new, and even to be disgusted with novelty itself. It is perhaps safe to affirm that originality cannot be attained by seeking for it, but only eccentricity—oddity and eccentricity, which the great artist avoids as he values his immortality. In art we are apt to mistake novelty for ingenuity, and what is only old, for what is ancient and

enduring. The ocean and the stars of to-day are the same with those of yesterday; the generations of living creatures renew themselves. Man only is progressive and original, by virtue of his creative reason. His plasticity adapts itself to new conditions of the universe; his life is the life of a race, as well as of an individual; his growth not merely from infancy to middle age, and old age, but from barbarism to the highest degrees of social harmony, and then downward again toward luxury and decay. Literature, like the creature of which it is the record of progress, is original only by representing the age to which it belongs, and not by discovering in its texture the diseases and the vanities of an author's mind.

When we speak then in future of originality, we intend only representative, artistic originality; true to the time, the persons, and the place which it represents; giving the very spirit and impress of the age and the race, even to the minutest traces of manners and of speech. To be original, therefore, it is necessary to live the life, not of a recluse, given up to meditation, nor of a scholar buried in books, but to unite with a certain degree of scholarship and speculative thought a large experience of men, and a knowledge of things and their uses. In this age, to be original, it is necessary to be scientific; to be otherwise is to fall behind the time. It is necessary also to be political, to understand both democracy and monarchy.

The strongest characteristic of the poet whose works are before us seems to have been his power of imitation. His admirers will not be offended by the assertion, after what has been said in regard to the importance of the talent of imitation, the left hand of genius, of which originality is the right. Keats is perhaps the most delicate and successful imitator of modern times. His appropriative talent has impressed his critics; but they describe him also as a sensuous painter because of his rich and soft coloring. But is not this quality one of those which distinguish the artist from the scene-painter? Keats writes for the eye and for the ear: he satisfies the senses indeed; his metres are full, *solid*, and harmonious; but he was not a sensualist.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the all-cheering sun."

There is no better music, unless it be Shakspeare's

"teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime."

The sensuosity of Keats is the sensuosity of Shakspeare and of Milton, and of all great and pure-minded poets who are not rhyming metaphysicians, but colorists, and masters of light and shadow, the great painters of nature. What they describe the eye sees, the ear hears, the senses feel, the imagination embodies.

And yet we cannot rank this admirable child of fancy among poets of the first order. The subordinate excellences of a first-rate artist, those proper to the early days of highest expectation, he seems to have; his deficiencies are profound. The most approved writers are those who have given the power of a transcendent representative genius to the embodiment of moral themes. The glory and the punishment of pride; Satan and his fall; the pride of Coriolanus; the rise and ruin of a rebellion in Macbeth; fastidious jealousy in Othello; the fond and foolish tyranny of Lear; these are what we intend by "moral themes." In Keats, a young writer, fancy and imagination took the lead, and Character, the great object of art, fails of its due representation. Had he lived longer, his full-fed and powerful fancy might perhaps have become the servant and instrument of a more elevated purpose. The victim of a too sensitive and fanciful passion, of which at last he died, he was equally the slave of an exacting muse—a muse not "married to," but only mistress of "immortal verse."

In Shakspeare's day, when as yet classical criticism was unknown, or at least unused, as we use it, an exuberant and humorous fancy might indulge to excess, as in the "Venus and Adonis." The rough and tender, the bitter and the sweet, might be poured out together, and let go. The stylus was seldom reversed. There was not then that "lascivious grace in which all ill well shows;" there were no Byrons nor Moores; the Muse had not yet gone to school to false propriety; but there was a freedom, a rude liberty, and an eager appreciation of all excellence.

By the fanciful exuberance of Shakspeare's earlier style, Keats was attracted and over-

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come. "One of the three books I have with me is Shakspeare's poems," he writes. "I never found so many beauties in the sonnets; they seem to be full of fine things, said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits. Is this to be borne? Hark ye:

'When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the head,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly head.'

He has left nothing to say about nothing or any thing.

'And as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back into his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up in shade doth sit,
Long after, fearing to put forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.'"

It is easy to discover that which attracted Keats in the early style of Shakspeare. Of beauty it has not a trace; the picturing is even uncouth and repulsive. It is the enormous force, the rude strength and power of the imagery, the depth of light and shadow, that charm the critical as well as the ingenuous reader. Keats's observations on the above lines, written in his twenty-second year, in a letter to a friend, are followed by some lines of his own composition, which imitate the manner he so much admires, and show plainly enough under what master he studied.

The early poems of Shakspeare are often alluded to and quoted by the critics; but it has not yet been distinctly noticed that they have exerted a more powerful influence than any others upon the lyrical poets of the last century. Coleridge, Keats, Charles Lamb, Tennyson, Hood, and many others, are deeply in their debt. The sonnets of Shakspeare, imperfect as they are, have given the ideal of the English meditative sonnet, as distinguished from the Italian. The sonnet of Shakspeare is our own; the model of a peculiar style, congenial to a proud and melancholy race. More than all other verse it expresses that profound love passion, which has no gallantry in its nature, but is as serious as life itself.

That it is as essential to the beauty of a work of art, more especially a poetical one, to move the passion of *love*, as it is to its sublimity to excite that of terror, might be shown by a vast array of instances. Let any passage of peculiar beauty be read over with an appreciative care, from any poet celebrated for the *beauty* of his sentiments. The expression of *love* will be found the great cause of the pleasure it confers. It may be the love of country, of home, of kindred, or of friends; or it may be the passion which can exist only between the sexes: whatever be the form, the soul is love. There are those who insist that forms and sounds have a beauty of their own, independent of expression. These argue that the features of the Grecian sculpture owe their excellence to a sensuous beauty devoid of passion. We, on the other hand, affirm with Lord Byron, that passion is the soul of poetry, and add that there is nothing *beautiful* in art or nature, except as it is a language or a natural symbol of love.

Of human beauty, the peculiar attribute is to move love in the beholder; and if, in nature, there is any other species of beauty, it charms by resembling or at least by calling to mind those human traits of sweetness, grace, and harmony, which are proper to the gentle passion, and given to it by the Creator as its language and expression. How then is it, argue the sensuous critics, that a face in marble, to be beautiful, must be calm? A face, we answer, may indeed be calm, and at the same time malignant and hideous. Calmness is not then the essence of beauty. Madonnas and Christs are always calm, but they are full of passionate love. Nature has certain forms which represent, or they would not move, the tender passions. The artist discovers and depicts these forms.

But there is more in this speculation than we shall succeed in expressing. The passions lie under the governance of certain moral powers: honor, pride, the love of praise, modesty, and others; powers either pure or mixed in their character. These wield the sceptre of the heart. The honorable man, it is said, regulates his passions, and keeps them in check, letting them out freely upon the right occasion, and observing all the rights and equalities of the heart. But honor is not the only power which regulates the conduct of the passions. Modesty and pride have also their full exercise.

If the artist has attained a knowledge of those forms of face or language which express the passions,—as love controlled dignified by modesty, in the gentler



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he has reached the summit of his art, and is a master of the Beautiful. As it is the peculiar function of the moral powers (of which high art, whether in poetry or in design, is the representer and delineator) to subdue and calm the passions, without lessening them, or diverting them from their objects, the calmness of a marble, or the classic repose of a poem, is to be attributed to the presence of those powers, and not to a want of passion, nor to that feeble intellectualism which is unacquainted with any thing but manner and sentiment. As there is no grandeur nor dignity but that which reposes on subdued but obedient and ready passions, so there is no artistic beauty which does not owe its power to a concealed or latent power of love. It is necessary, in speaking of artistic pleasure, to exclude that kind which addresses only the sensual temperament, and which is gross and general, as good in one as another, and distinct from the individual. The beauty of which we now speak is the beauty of a Reason, an Individual, admirable in particular, and distinguished from all others. In these, as in perfect living men, the sensuous, the passionate, and the moral are so blent as to be undistinguishable.

When we speak of the sublimity and beauty of a heroic character, we intend its superiority in possessing and subduing of terror and love; inspiring at once awe and affection. The filial passion of a child is perhaps the most perfect instance in nature of love at once excited and subdued. The child at once loves and fears the parent, and these passions are controlled by the moral sentiment, and refined into veneration and sublime confidence. The just and kind parent is a sublime and at the same time an honored and beloved object to the child. Toward the idea of the Supreme Being, personified as a Parent, love ascends mingled with an awful fear. In the secret recesses of the soul, the subdued spirits of all the passions mingle in prayer.

If we have come near to the expression (in this feeble and almost hopeless effort) of what is meant by the Sublime and the Beautiful in art, as the representer and expresser of the moods of the soul, it seems proper to speak briefly of the Fanciful, the Humorous, and the Satiric, in order not to seem orgetful of their existence, or their value.

"hat what passes under the name of ciful," in art, either in grotesques, or in the fictions of fairy land, should have any value in a moral point of view, may to some hasty critics seem even ridiculous to say; and yet it is impossible to seize and enjoy the spirit of fairy, or of grotesque, without first being capable of what is serious. It is the sport of the superior nature, letting loose the passions, and observing their play. An Undine, a Gnome,—what are these but intellect and passion, freed from the conscious governing spirit? But is it possible for any but the conscious spirit itself to image such creatures, or enjoy the imagery? Cupid, the love fairy of the ancients, is the unreasoning, uncontrolled passion of love; but what a force of genius is required to delineate the freaks and gambols of this immortal elf! Boccaccio and Ovid stand unabashed in the presence of Shakspeare and of Milton. Byron and Burns, who have most faithfully delineated the passions which early tormented and sported with them, won for themselves a popularity which grave and philosophic versifiers sigh for in vain.

That character, in other words, that the moral power, is directly the cause of Humor, and gives its entire value to the humorous, will be readily admitted, as it has been constantly asserted. It is frequently observed that native humor indicates a good heart. The true humorist sports with the vanity or conceit of another, without wounding his feelings or exciting his anger. While it makes the folly apparent, it spares the man. It has no malignity. Humor, though not as rare an endowment as poetic genius, attracts almost equal admiration and respect. It shows in those who possess it several great qualities,—moral insight and sympathy, pride of character, and self-possession.

In Satire and the satiric, the moral is unquestionably the ruling power. It is only by tearing off the veil of hypocrisy, fashion, and false greatness, and showing wickedness in form of weakness, that satire attains its end.

It was the purpose of our remarks to show, not that passion is the object of art, but passion under control; or rather, the presence of their controlling powers, under the several names of Pride, Honor, Modesty, &c., seen in the immediate kingdom of the heart. The passions will be expressed, and with their full intensity; but this expression will be valued as it shows their mastering principles.

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It seems strange, and almost ridiculous, to a critic of the present day, to ask at all, whether the moral enters into a work of art, in any shape; so grossly have fiction and design degenerated from their ancient dignity. Time was, and that too but a century ago, when a poem containing nothing but a dream, related in a musical jingle of words, would have been passed over with neglect, as unworthy a second perusal. Although the fashion of condemning Pope and slighting Addison has been lately a prevailing one, it has insured the immortality of those authors, as it has of the Greek and Roman classics, that they wrote for moral ends, and regarded their art as the handmaid of morals.

But though high art demands a moral theme and purpose, to attain its immortality, the mere poetic passion makes no such demand, and even *resents* a purpose. The instruction of art is given to the heart, not to the head; but as the heart is of greater dignity than the head, the artist is superior in *dignity* to the artisan. Art is not understood, it is only felt; and consequently, to those who have no feeling, the artist is an empty impostor. One cannot reply to the question so often asked, "What is poetry?" The feeling alone can make a suitable reply. The idea must be in us, or the image, when presented, will not remind us of any thing real. The critic must therefore suppose that readers already know "what poetry is," at least as well, or better, than he does himself. He must suppose that a beautiful poem will produce effects of beauty in their imaginations, attended with a certain glow and enthusiasm which are proper to it, and belong to it alone. He takes it for granted that sublimity appears sublime; that pathos moves their feelings; that sentiment touches what is sentimental; that grace meets a graceful appreciation; that the laughable moves laughter, and the keen and witty are their own recommendations. Readers are before critics.

In answering the question, "What is poetry?" we attempt rather to please than to instruct; for it is the purpose of poetry to charm, and not to instruct. It is impossible to show why we are pleased. I am *pleased* with the form of a circle, or with a concord of fifths in music: I am *instructed* by being told that the diameters are equal, or that the vibrations divide each other without fractions. It may indeed satisfy my understanding to know this, but that is another kind of "pleasure." The understanding is "pleased" when it is instructed; the imagination when images of the beautiful and sublime are created in it. All that can be said, therefore, in answer to the question, "What is poetry?" is perhaps to separate the various causes of pleasure, the rhythm, the harmony, the imagery, the contrasts, the sublimity, the beauty. By dwelling separately upon each of these, we attain at length to a more full and satisfactory appreciation of the whole. When a beautiful statue is first presented to the eye, it produces a faint sensation of delight; but when, after many views, every minute elegance of feature and form has made its due impression, the separate beauties enter together into the mind, until they produce one feeling. And so in the critical appreciation of a poem, we are at first delighted with the melody of the verse, and then with the picturesqueness and passion of the language; last of all, with the *moral passion*, to coin a new phrase, of the entire work. When these have been separately appreciated, the pleasure which we afterwards receive from the whole is of a kind incomparably superior in worth and duration to a first, hasty delight.

Nature seems to have made some persons without poetic sympathy, or in whom it is exercised at such remote intervals, or so faintly, as to add nothing to their pleasures. Others, on the contrary, find poetry in every thing; they cannot listen to a fall of water, or the rustling of leaves, or the distant hum of cities, or any sound that has softness, monotony or sweetness, without a rise of the poetic sensation. When we speak of the poetic sensation, we do not mean that poetry is itself a sensation, nor the faculty of it merely a feeling; but as every idea and passion has its own sensation, so has poetry. It creates a pleasure in the sense which is distinguishable from every other pleasure. We distinguish the pleasure of music from the pleasure of poetry, although they are similar and closely allied; but we find readers, and even composers of verse, in whom the delight in music is faint. An excellent poet may be hardly able to distinguish a tune.

That characteristic of poetry which has been set foremost by the critics, as the most admirable, and conveying the highest degree of pleasure, we commonly call grandeur,

sublimity. It seems to be a rousing up of the soul, attended with intense emotions akin to fear. It carries a mixture of fear and of pride. It gives a momentary dignity to the interior nature, and brings it into fellowship with the vast and mysterious. It seems to be of nearer kin to, and in closer alliance with, the immortal and rational emotions of the soul, than any other movement of intelligence. Much as there is of terror in the sublime, the delight of it is akin to that of heroism. In passages of the most ancient poetry, quoted for their sublimity, there is an expression of the divinity and dignity of the interior nature, an elevation of the soul toward the creative Source, conferring a sublime pleasure. The most terrible subjects and images are chosen and touched with freedom by the poets of the Sublime. Nature is set at defiance; destiny alone is awful. The creative Power is appealed to in a vein of companionship. The spirit of man acknowledges nothing that can daunt or suppress it. It descends into hell, unappalled among eternal fires; it ascends into heaven, gazing with clear eyes upon the glory of God. It pervades the abysses of the universe, and carries passion and pride into the movements of the spheres. It personifies the sun and the stars. The sun speaks, and there is a music for his motion. The powers of earth and nature converse with it as with their master. It images to itself the first beginnings even in the mind of Deity, and looks forward and onward toward the end, fancying to itself the intonations of the Creator on the seat of judgment. Into all things this soaring ardor carries tremulous emotions of fear; not the crouching terror of the flesh, but a fear acknowledged only while it is conquered. The poet need not therefore explain his choice of such images. It is the glory of his art, that over extreme and depressing fear he is able to induce a something which quells it; and the pleasure of this is like the pleasure of controlling a powerful and dangerous steed. The superior nature grasps the reins of its own terror, and moves resolute and charmed through the terrors of death and hell.

So much then for the pleasure of the Sublime; it is the pleasure of superior natures, and akin to pride. As a proof, let us observe that poets of the Sublime have been remarkable for pride. Mere pomp and vastness of expression is distinguished from sublimity, by observing that in one the element of *terror* is present, while in the other we find only monotony and expansion. Poetry which describes what is merely large and extended, may have nothing of the sublime, because it moves no terror. Fine-sounding verses, without passion, are not sublime, though they convey pictures of the universe. Lord Byron was wont to insist that poetry was passion: he meant, perhaps, that there was no poetry without passion; and we are sure of being right when we say that there is no poetic sublimity without the passion of terror, as there is no poetic beauty without that of love.

But how does it happen that two persons equally susceptible to poetry will be differently affected by the same verse; one having the passion of sublimity, the other no passion at all? Before attempting to answer, we may observe, first, that we never hear of a discovery of sublimity without beauty by one person, and of beauty without sublimity, in the same verse, by another. If the imagery is sublime, its effect, if felt, will be sublime; if it is beautiful only, and carries no sensation of terror, it will never awaken a sublime emotion. But as the faculty of sublime is not always active in the reader, it will not always produce its effect; and if his heart be unsusceptible and dry, he will perceive nothing of beauty, even though beauty be expressed. Among all the controversies of critics, we have never yet seen one which made a question whether sublimity alone, or beauty alone, should be attributed to the same poem or verse. The two qualities may exist together, and the same verse be sublime and beautiful at once, having in it the power both of love and of fear; but the passions and their languages are distinct, and ought not to be confounded together.

Those phenomena in nature which discover immense and uncontrolled powers awaken the simple passion terror in minds not gifted with sublimity; but to the *sublime* imagination, whatever has an incalculable weight and stability,—the interminable, that which moves with an irresistible force,—whatever, in short, either hints or fully displays the existence of powers compared with which the physical force of man himself is trifling and ineffectual, raises images of sublimity. There is sublimity in the echo of a cannon, reverberating among mountains; in the motion of a steam car, or of a great ship mov-

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ing before a strong wind; there is sublimity in the movements of vast bodies of men, when they seem to be informed with a common purpose. The sublime carries with it a feeling of the mysterious. The majesty of oratory awakens a sublime emotion in which the uncertain and mysterious largely prevail. We feel in the speaker himself a power, a consciousness and a confidence, which overwhelms while it elevates.

For the production of great and continuous sublimity and beauty, there is needed a quality of intellect akin to obstinacy: we should perhaps have said, rather, a quality of intelligence, of the active and impulsive, and not of the gubernatorial faculties. If not a quality, then a power, a faculty, for which psychology has no name, (psychology being a science uncultivated in our language,) to which we are obliged to give the name "*concentrativeness*," invented by the phrenologists. The brokenness and want of continuity of Keats may perhaps be attributed to a want or weakness of this faculty; a deficiency which no cultivation could fully compensate, whose want excludes the artist from the epic and dramatic circles, restricting the efforts of his genius within the sphere of lyric and essay. While the fit is on him, he is able to give unity to his work; but he cannot recover the mood. The faculty of *soaring* is denied him; his flights, though powerful, are brief and swooping;—a quality excellent only for a wit, a song-writer, a story-teller, or a humorist. It is said by those who have read the epic of Petrarch, that it is deficient in every quality of an epic. It may have been a deficiency of the kind which we have described, which limited this author to the production of a sonnet or a canzonet. It may have been the same deficiency, or rather the consciousness of it, which restrained Boccaccio from any fiction of magnitude. In a fiction of three pages, Boccaccio has no rival; in a fiction of twenty, he fatigues the reader: the shorter the story, the better it is told. The fire is intense, but it burns only for a moment.

Was there not a similar deficiency, natural and inherent, in the greatest of the German poets, Goethe? In a chapter of cool advice to the *young* poets of Germany, he forbids the undertaking of long works; for wise reasons, perhaps, he restricted himself; and his reputation rests rather upon lyrical passages, brief essays, full of pith and observation, and satisfying to the intellect. In his larger works, want of unity detracts from their dignity and value as works of art. It has been said of him, that though a "lawgiver of art, he was not an artist;"* and yet who but an artist could have created the character of Mignon, or composed the drama of Iphigenia? "Was it that he knew too much, that his sight was microscopic and interfered with the just perspective, the seeing of the whole?"† Clearly not; but that he lacked concentration; for if the possession of the microscopic eye were inconsistent with that of the higher artistic faculties, what shall we say of Shakspeare, Aristophanes, Swift, Homer, in whom unity of design and singleness of purpose are traits as conspicuous as any other proper to the artistic mind? "He is fragmentary—a writer of occasional poems." Yes; and these poems, at least the best of them, have an undeniable unity. "When he sits down to write a drama or a tale, he collects and sorts his observations, and combines them into a body, as fitly as he can." But, with an utter deficiency of the artistic power, he could not have collected his observations; he could see their fitness, but he could not fuse them into a consistent whole; he could build the sacrificial pile, but he could not set fire to it. His nature was cold, and the quality of concentrativeness is a quality of *heat*, and lies on the side of passion. The man who is devoid of it will not only produce no long works of art, but he will have no life friendships nor enmities. Warm for the moment, his fire is soon out; he is sentimental and fickle; he is versatile, not so much from the plasticity and variety of his intellect, as from a natural coldness and shallowness of feeling; he is skeptical, not so much from a want of insight, as from observing in himself the incessant change and fluctuation of his own feelings; and learning to despise this weakness in himself, he mistakes it for a weakness of all humanity.

To return to the subject of our article. It is not easy to determine whether in Keats the interruptedness and want of unity arose more from a physical or an intellectual weakness. Feeble, and of a consumptive habit, the fire of his passions devoured the strength of his body; and as we observe in his later

* Emerson, *Representative Men*, page 282.
† Id.

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works a unity which the earlier do not show, it may have been in him a defect more of the flesh than of the spirit; and as a token of this, we observe in all his works a most absolute unity of *feeling* at least: the quality is even, the texture only broken; the pursuit is steady, but the limbs are weak. He needed, it may be, only the ripening and solidifying influence of health and experience.

After every minor difficulty has been surmounted by the artist, the taste cultivated, expression abounding, imagery at command, knowledge full and serviceable, the field and the limit of genius ascertained, the greatest of all remains yet to be overcome; and that is, the choice of subject. If his genius is epical, but one theme will occur to him in the entire course of his life. If it occurs at all, with the conviction of fitness attending it, it may be undertaken too early, or at an unseasonable time, and its weight may kill the author; or it may never rise before him until he has become so far engaged in the business of life, there is no leisure left. The conjunction of four planets is hardly more rare than the fortunate conjunction of time, subject, circumstance, preparation, and ability for the work. That it should kill its author does not seem at all surprising; for of all passions that afflict humanity, that of poetic renown is the most consuming and invincible. A great genius, failing in youth under the burden of an immortal design, is an object most pathetic, most touching, and we dare say, most venerable. The passion that actuates and consumes him is a desire for the love, not of one person, but of all mankind, of all futurity. There is in him no scorn of humanity, but the most exalted regard; he falls a victim to it; he is a lover, dying of an eternal passion. It is no shallow vanity that spurs him; he is content with a present obscurity in exchange for a lasting renown. His desire is to please all mankind, and while he pleases, while he fascinates, to elevate and to calm. He is, in a strict sense, the prophet, or rather the illustrator and the expounder of the beauty and the harmony of the universe; and not only of the beauty and the harmony, but of the eternal sweetness, of which individual love is but a spark. Is he not, then, in a peculiar and sublime sense, a favorite with the creative Power? And as such, ought we not seriously, and apart from all sentiment, to respect and honor him in his vocation?

J. D. W.

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## WOOD FALL.

(IMITATED FROM THE "BUGLE SONG.")

The breeze creeps still from plain and hill
Within the forest black and hoary;
The sunlight gleams in rounded streams,
And floods the woodland maze in glory.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

From mosses deep on ruined steep
Slow drops descend in sullen plashing;
From rocky brim, with eddying swim,
The waters leap in foam-wreaths flashing.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

It rolls away—the river gray,
But columned mists to sky are driven;
So flows our life—a tumbling strife,
So mount our better thoughts to heaven.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

REYNOLDS.

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# SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

It is an old axiom, that "Good goods are oftenest made up in small parcels." There is much of truth in it, and we are inclined to hold by it, and adopt it as one of our articles of faith. In a little poem, as in a little house, or in a little man, may we often find *not* a little domestic comfort, true spirit of independence, appreciation of the beautiful, and manhood.

Our architectural and ventilation comfort-seeking friends must not suppose, however, that we are going to create a revolution, or throw the whole brick-and-mortar world into a barricade by writing an essay on "Cottage Building." Neither must our "one-small-head-could-carry-all-he-knew" admirers think they shall peruse a paper devoted to the physiology or psychology of little men, or the immortalization of "Short Boys," from our pen. We at present shall not enlighten the former by intruding on their hearths, nor the latter by a cargo of small souls, but confine ourselves to a few remarks on a subject which is as good as life to both, especially if the one be an "unco merrie chiel," and the other inhabited with a "set of right gay fellows," meerschaums and amontillado included. That subject is Songs—Lyrics—short poems.

A word on our morals—the meerschaums and amontillado, to wit. In this age of revolution, it is not to be wondered at that half creation smokes; and further, though critically we are opposed to puffs, we find that a genial pipe has a most harmonious effect on our cranium, and enables us to play—we had nigh said the very d——l—with the discordant volumes of sound (and fury) which the muses of certain scribes persist in emitting. A good Havana is a sort of lightning-conductor from the head, and the denser the clouds, be sure the more electric fire they contain. As to the goblet—why, all poets and philosophers have had, and have, their especial nectar, and *that* only is true nectar which agrees best with the constituted being of its imbiber. Anacreon, Catullus, and Pindar were jolly gods. Shakspeare got his death by rising from a bed of sickness to give Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher a "drink." And in our own day, hadn't our philosophic friend, the Seer of Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh, his academic gukguk; Byron, his gin; Maginn, his whiskey; Kit North, his Glenlivet; Tom Moore, his rosy wine; Hartley Coleridge and Poe, whatever they could get? And why shouldn't we have our amontillado? We *will* have it, (when we can get it;) and we are sure our admirers will not debar us, even in thought, of what makes us "mind our business." This hint is only thrown out for those who don't mind *their* business.

Having said so much, we must now get our pen into a critical position.

Short poems or lyrics, to be what they ought to be, must *not* be mere fragments of the brain, but the complete, unique, and refined thought on the object or circumstance in the poet's mind. A lyric must not be the mere head, arm, or leg of the form to be embodied, but head, arms, trunk, legs and all—the perfect embodiment, strong in its perfection, solid in its unity. The mere capital or base will not do; we must have base, column, and capital, in true Doric or Ionic simplicity. What is to be said, must be said,—so much, and no more. The slightest word not appropriate to the object in view destroys the effect; and no expediency of rhyme can make up for a verbal defect in a song. Their great beauty is their directness, their candor, their faith, which needs no extraneous sophistry to produce the end which the honesty of simplicity and straight-wordedness can alone attain. Their effect may be heightened by ideality or fancy, in the same manner as a band of music cheers a marching army and idealizes its hopes and vocation. And, for the same reason that we would have shot (without court-martial) the band-master who would strike up a dead march in an enemy's country, we would hand over to the keeper of Blackwell's Island, without a commission *de lunatico*, the versifier who would give us

sixteen or sixty lines of mosaic in regular syllables, and call it a song, merely because of its shortness.

The true song-writer is the greatest word-artist. He uses, chooses, and thinks over his assortment of words, as a doctor analyzes in his mind the component parts of the prescription he is jotting down for the use of his patient. Every word, as every drachm or grain of medicine, is chosen relatively as to its effect on those with which it is to be used, and with which it is to act and produce certain effects. Moreover, all this must be done, as in the doctor's case, so that no mark of the process of thought shall be left visible after its completion. The song must have a hearty wholeness, a rich miniature perfection when complete, even though every line cost a week, as precious metals show a perfect brilliancy after passing through the refining crucible. Metaphor may be used freely, provided it does not lead to digression, which it is very likely to do on indulgence. Metaphorical allusions are rather pleasing, and can aid in the purpose of the song much, if delicately introduced, and at the proper times. Too frequently we see, in what are given to us as "songs," an overloading of expression from the overworking of this faculty, or rather from its too obliging nature—ever ready to be at the service of the poet. It is in this the abuse of the faculty lies, and a weak succumbing to its influence only tends to swathe in a wrappage of words the thought with which the poet started. The song, as the sonnet, must be clear and unique in itself, and tell a story simply by suggesting it. Its suggestiveness is the great aim of the song, and which is nearly as much dependent on its euphony, as shown in the relation of words, as its thought. Heaviness of expression will obstruct the purposes of music, without which a song is intolerable. In fact, it must sing itself, by its own very nature and construction, into the senses, as we read, even if it is not adapted to regular musical notes. Its cadences of rhythm must rise and fall in a pleasing harmony with the thought, and be suggestive of an air, even as it is suggestive of a tale or a picture. We take the latter to be one of the great, perhaps *the* gr[illegible] of the lyric, that it suggest an epic

Here is a glorious mo[illegible] old Shirley: let us rea[illegible] n- or a funeral song i[illegible]s,

"The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," and is said to have been a favorite song with King Charles the Second. We don't think the "merrie monarch" found much consolation in it for his boisterous temperament, although we are aware that this mockery of existence often makes the most solemn man play the fool to all appearance, and *vice versâ*. Our opinion of Charles has been much improved since the first time we read this song of Shirley's and learnt the king's appreciation of it, and on it found one redeeming exception to Rochester's caustic but candid character of his patron in wit and profligacy:

"Here lies our mutton-eating King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
He never did a wise one."

If he never did a wiser thing than appreciate this song, we could respect him for that alone.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

"The glories of our birth and state
*Are shadows, not substantial things;*
*There is no armor against fate;*
*Death lays his icy hands on kings:*
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
*They tame but one another still.*
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives *creep* to death.

*The garlands wither on your brow,*
*Then boast no more your mighty deeds;*
Upon death's *purple* altar now
*See where the victor victim bleeds.*
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
*Only the actions of the just*
*Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.*"

That grand old lyric to a great extent exemplifies what we have said in reference to such compositions. It is perfect as a death-song. Every line is suggestive, and spreads itself in the mind into a wide area of thought and speculation. Its art, too, is excell[illegible]nd reminds us forcibly of Tennyson[illegible]wn day. We have no lame lin[illegible]t their miserable volition by soil[illegible]ot wings of fancy, or forced up[illegible]y stilted metaphors. What

is said is crisply and strongly, because naturally, said. The expressiveness is unobtrusive, because strength is never a bully. We know of nothing in the range of lyrical works more beautiful than the opening of this song, and its great beauty and strength is in its direct expressiveness:

"The glories of our birth and state
Are *shadows*, not *substantial* things."

The contrast, a power of great efficiency in all classes of poetry, and of great beauty when well introduced, especially into the lyric order, is here very perfect; and it is solely because there is no claptrap in the construction of the verse. Shirley speaks with perfect naturalness, and in that is his triumph. It is the triumph of honesty. Shadows are called *shadows*, not fleeting vapors of this thing or that; and substances are called—what would appear to some of our dilettanti awfully prosy—*substantial;* not "concentrated essences of sublimated bricks," and so forth. There is no straining after effect; and the fact is, we have the whole existence of man, his birth, ambition, and eminence, conveyed as strongly, truly, and suggestively, in twelve simple, natural words, as in the most elaborate epics or death-verses in the English language. Poe was right in saying, "It is no paradox, that the more prosaic the construction of the verse the better." It is a perfect truth, though by no means an original idea of his. In this song of Shirley's we have a capital illustration of the force of directness. How many preachers might have quoted,

"There is no armor against fate,"

and saved their breath and their sermons. The simple line suggests—and no mind capable of hearing any every-day sermon can help, after reading it, thinking to itself much quicker than any other could convey—all that can be said or writ on the subject. The whole moral of the grand revolutionist and his republican equality, death and the grave, upon which more rags and paper have been wasted than would winding-sheet creation, is given in the eight syllables:

"Death lays his icy hands on kings."

It is needless to go through it line for line; the song is there, and its immense suggestiveness will shoot through the brain of every reader. A word on its style. It is perfect. The change in the fifth line of each stanza to the short line of two iambuses from the alternating iambics and anapests of the four preceding is perhaps not noticed in its effect by most readers, but is a movement of great strength, and aids the purpose of the poem in a remarkable manner. The shortening of the line, or rather the dividing of a line of four iambic feet into two lines of two iambuses, makes a necessity for the quick recurrence of a rhyme, which in this place comes with marked and forcible emphasis.

"Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,"

and what follows, is but an amplification of the line which preceded; but amplification, when judiciously and dramatically done, is one of the true and great resources of the orator, and oratory, or rather its power of eloquent expression, is of the most decided need to a lyrical composition, it being always supposed to be written for chanting.

"Sceptre and crown," &c.,

is an emphatic explanation of what preceded; a burden or refrain enlarged from the premises laid down, in which some generalities for the sake of conviction and explanation are introduced. In the other two stanzas the same construction is present. The four first lines of every stanza make the poem complete, for they are perfect; the latter four lines are introduced to each stanza in the shape of evidence to the senses, and convey with more minutiæ of detail what was already said. The verbal elegance and strength of nomenclature displayed in the composition of this song are eloquent in their own behalf; and we will do no more than italicize some of them, lest our readers might argue, as they do of psuedo witticisms, that to need explanation only proves their stupidity.

Let us present our reader with another song, on a different subject, though uncheerful. (We have a natural, or a practice-made-perfect love for misfortune and disappointment.) The song which we are about to present is a modern one, and one which we think beautiful, and favor as such. Its great beauty is its prolific suggestiveness. It is by Tom Hood, that genial and dual spirit, for whom Urania and Momus must have stood sponsors, and whom in love for their charge each sought to make their own, by casting with lovable

rivalry their peculiar and intense influences over him. They succeeded in making him greater than either, by making him master of both. This song is entitled:

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

"Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
*Our hands will never meet again.*
Friends if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!

"Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
*Even the outward form of love*
*Must be resigned with* SOME REGRET.
Friends we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget.
Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts:
I would our hands had never met!"

The courage of sorrowful desperation is more strongly portrayed in those lines than any we are aware of. It opens with a determination, evidently the effect of much thought, beautifully expressed,—the condensed essence of a great effort on the part of the deceived,—and suggests to the reader all the thoughts and feelings which must have led to such a conclusion. In the third and fourth lines the determination is amplified on with emphatic nervousness:

"Friends if we have ever been,
Friends *we cannot now remain.*"

Then follows a hinting of the reason, the natural sequence of the foregone expressions; the *why*, the *wherefore*. There has been a deep love, and a deep disappointment; there is no hint at deception. The love has been so deep and so earnest, that it cannot easily convince itself of wrong in the object "once" beloved; will not, with the true spirit and logic of the heart, allow such a thought more than a transient location in the mind. It *only* knows it "loved in vain." Perhaps the heart argues with itself that its failure was its own fault, but the break-off is indispensable for its own truth, its safety, which is a small concern, but more probably its injured pride,—ay, its pride, wh[illegible]ts on the will: what mortal, even lov[illegible]he be, that has not pride?—and [illegible]nation of separation is more inte[illegible]row- fully settled in the mind t[illegible]

"Our hands will never [illegible]

The "farewell" in the opening of the second stanza is the natural consequence of a deep affection, which, though it no longer can be made apparent for its own reasons, still lingers in the bosom of the lover. The heart-wrung wish that

——"their hands had never met"

is the last struggle in the heart yielding for ever the object it loved. By a retrospective analysis of his heart, he passes through the days, the hours, the objects, and little incidents of his love, until he comes to the source of all—the first meeting; and in wild despair in himself leaps at that, sees it as the Lethe fount of all his unhappiness, and most naturally prays it had never been. This shows one of the truest phases in the life of love: it always snatches for consolation at something which cannot give it. A moment's thought would show its impracticability, but what real lover ever was practicable? Immediately follows another glance into the metaphysics of the heart,—the self-pacifying argument that there was no *real* attachment, merely the outward "form of love;" and then, as an excuse for the evident weakness into which his soul-talk has led him, finding it holds him firmer than he could have thought, or for the purpose of appearances, he adds that

"Even the *outward* form of love
*Must be resigned with some regret.*"

The real lover is still apparent in him. The excess of love is still manifest. The heart allowed too much for its own rest even in regretting its resignation, and little more would make him as open and unregardful a devotee as ever. He is lingering around his love. Affection is growing—is returning on him. He admits that

"Friends we still might *seem* to be;"

but if they *seemed*, if they met, he would be lost; and his pride again rises supreme:

"*If I my wrong* could e'er forget;"

and then, in the strength of his renewed spirit, he turns to his first thoughts of their hearts not joining, and concludes with an ef[illegible]k it all a dream; to go back beyond [illegible]g,—

[illegible]d our hands had never met,"—

[illegible]rd as though it had not been

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There is a great intensity of feeling and deep metaphysical analysis in those simple but beautiful lines. The knowledge of the human heart is wide, and no doubt presents a phase in the existence of that of the harrowed soul of the author. Those lines cast over us a feeling of deep sadness, and to hear them sung to the beautiful melody composed for them, and which but more deeply portrays the feelings of the words, makes us melancholy for the night. The air, by one of the most gifted of living composers, William Vincent Wallace, is extremely beautiful, and one of the most exquisitely melodious of modern compositions. The composer seems to have caught up every feeling, to anticipate every thought. It is really metaphysical melody, perfect in its expression of the determination, sorrow, and loving doubts and reminiscences of the poet. He has caught the poet's heart into his own, and sent it out with the raiment of deep and melancholy sound such as it has appealed to us in. It has never appealed in vain.

These two songs we have quoted are perfect of their kind, and carry out our idea of the construction of lyrical compositions. They are direct, comprehensive, suggestive. From the opening of Shirley's plaint to the exquisite concluding couplet,

> "Only the actions of the just
> *Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust,*"

it shows a deep analytical insight into life, and through cant and hypocrisy; and casting off the clouds and dire vapors that hang over the social heaven, seeks the pure air, the clear atmosphere of the soul itself; catches the lightning through the cloud, and brings its living truth face to face with man. In Hood's poem, the unity is almost miraculous. In two short verses, he presents the whole torture of a rich and welling love under disappointment. Opening with a determination to conquer his own feelings, he tells a world of woes by a few electric touches, short as they are rapid, but large enough to admit us to his full heart-confidence; and concludes as he began, binding up as it were the kernel within the shell. The thought he started with he ends with; and all that is said or done in the interim moves and speaks like the machinery of a watch, wheels within wheels, all within the case and face, for the true perfection and regularity of which the interior toils and has a mechanic being.

In songs of a more vivacious, a light love or Bacchanalian character, where personal peculiarities or characteristics are introduced, drolleries grafted in, or witticisms discharged, the greatest fear of failure is in diffuseness. Earnestness through all must be the guiding star. The most ludicrous or humorous reflection, expressed in lackadaisical diffuseness, produces, if any, but a tithe of the effect it would produce if given in an earnest and direct manner. It should rather startle by its unique suddenness, like sun-light breaking into a darkened room through a small opening of the blind. It should astonish by its clearness, like the ring of a rifle-shot, heard to be fully understood and then extinct. Its magic is suggestive, and its earnestness leaves no doubt but that something was intended. In songs of pure affection this curse of diffuseness is even more to be dreaded. The fact of the poet embodying a lover's thoughts leads to a multitude of feelings regarding the mistress sung of or sung to, and it is more than probable the work of amplification and reiteration is carried to an extent which renders the performance disgustingly flattering or weakly meaningless. It is in this emergency the true poet, as the true general, takes the outposts, the keys to the whole campaign, and catches at those points which suggest his mastery over the whole ground. He sees through the character, and gives the little heart-touches of expression which clearly set before the reader a perfect history or a perfect likeness. The following verse of Moore's brings a beautiful picture to our mind, and yet he has not filled in his sketch with the slightest tint of color, but the "smiling eyes," and the "hope," "joy," and "light" in them lead us to the ideal expression of an accompanying face, the face to a form, all grace and sweetness; and we have a gentle, lovable form before us, as true as if the graceful pencil of Kenny Meadows or the rich color of Maclise had been at work:—

> "Whene'er I see those *smiling eyes*,
> So full of *hope*, and *joy*, and *light*,
> As if *no cloud* could ever rise
> To dim a heav'n so *purely bright*,
> I sigh to think how soon that brow
> *In grief may* lose its every ray,
> And that *light heart, so joyous now*,
> Almost forget it once was gay."

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The *cloud*less, "purely bright" eyes, the *grief*less brow, and the "*light heart*," convey the whole idea of her of whom such is said, even as the mariner can prophesy the day or the morrow by the sky signs of the dawn or the evening. Here is another verse from the "Melodies," which always struck us as inexpressibly beautiful, and which one could linger over by the hour. It tells a whole history of literary life, and its truth is read in all literary biography:—

"Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name."

These quotations carry out our idea of song-writing.

We have a very sweet song before us which we do not remember to have ever met in print. We have looked through several volumes which we thought likely to contain it, but in vain have we sought a clue to its authorship. We have taken it down from the recitation of a lady who sings it, and who recollects it from childhood. We have applied to several literary friends for information as to its parentage, but without finding any more than we knew ourself. Here is the foundling:—

"Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willie!
There's love, and there's hope, and there's glee,
There's love and there's joy in thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy bonny blue e'e!
But, oh! how my heart was torn, Willie;
For little I e'er thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Should ever be won by me!

"But of vows so soft as thy vows, Willie,
Oh! who would not like me be proud!—
Come down, come down, sweet lark, and see,
Come down frae thy echoing cloud;
Come down frae thy cloud, and tell to thy mate,—
But tell to thy mate alone,—
Thou hast found a maid whose heart of love
Was merry and light as thine own!"

The chief beauty of this song, and it is a true song, is its naturalness—the spontaneity with which it bursts forth. There is no art in its composition at all as regards metre, yet the contrasts ha[illegible]ich true heart manifests. It is in this particular that the songs of Burns excel; in the true spirit embodying what rushes to every mind, and entrapping as an illustration to his main object every little occurrence, making every thing and all things subservient to his occasion. The song we have quoted is a beautiful burst of affection and passionate pride. The opening line is excessively musical; it bounds with conscious joy, and almost suggests a tune. The amplification of the praises of her Willie in the three succeeding lines is most natural, showing the delight with which the maiden singer loves to dwell on the appearance of her beloved, and her connecting with his "bounding step" and "bonnie blue e'e," all the love, hope, and joy which her natural and maiden pride suggests to her mind as the beau-ideal of a young lovable hero. Every true woman thinks thus, and associates with the object of her love all the manhood and hope and bliss which it is possible for her mind to imagine. It is this power of idealizing which varies woman's love. The more a woman thinks her lover is, the more heroic, the more manly he is to her notion, the more intense is her affection for him. The true soul of woman finds congenial labor here. What woman could love a coward? This faculty and feeling it must be which produces the great likeness between those who love. For a woman must be noble to idealize a noble man, and the man to appreciate the feelings and grandeur of such a woman must have the true soul actuating and guiding him—a soul capable of understanding and participating in noble actions.

"But, oh! how my heart was torn, Willie,"

and concluding lines of the first stanza, present a beautiful insight to the maiden's heart, and is the most natural turn of thought to the preceding. Having won him, she thinks back to the time her heart was torn with doubt and despair, and shows that strong silent love so characteristic of a deep-seated affection. Her modesty, too, in fearing competition with the other maidens, tells a whole heart-history. The contrast of her present the more forcibly makes her think of the past, and the amplification of the joy in the opening is the more natural on this very account, for she ha[illegible]orrow:

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"Oh! how my heart was torn, Willie;
For little I e'er thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Should ever be won by me!"

In the opening of the second stanza she recurs to his vows and to the pride they should naturally entail on her, keeping in mind that he who "won the lasses all" was now hers alone. The break-off in the third line, with an apostrophe to the lark, to us appears most natural, and is one of those (can we say?) tricks of application which love makes for the heightening of its own purpose. She implores the lark to come down, that she might compare her own love with the love of its mate for him, as pure and joyous. The maidenhood of the expression in the line,

"But tell to thy mate *alone*,"

is very suggestive, and conveys all the modesty and silent-love characteristics spoken of before in connection with the fifth line of the first stanza. "Tell to thy mate *alone*," as she would tell her Willie. Her love is *alone* for him, and needs be told to no other; and conscious of being beloved in return, she is as "merry and light" as the lark's mate, cleaving with its loving wings the congenial sky of heaven. In our opinion it is a very beautiful song, and carries out our idea of the song proper, in its spontaneity, heart, and suggestiveness. We have before alluded to its inartistic qualities; they are evident. It may be that the memory of the lady from whom we have it has dropped some words and introduced others, but we rather give the song as we have it than alter it. It is most likely, however, that it stands on our page as it was written, with some very trivial difference, and we should think it between half a century and seventy years old.

The directness, uniqueness, heart, and suggestiveness which we idealize as the combination necessary to the being of a *song*, will be found to be present in the works of those lyrists who hold on the public ear; those who live through the fashionable season, and who make for the reception of their thought all seasons fashionable. Look to the three greatest lyrists of our time, perhaps of any time, Moore, Burns, and Béranger, and we find in them all those elements we contend for. Burns's great quality is his thorough candor, heart, and humor. He is often rough, but always natural. He knew no rules but those of his heart, and wrote as it dictated, because he couldn't help it. Stop from writing? He could no more do it than Bacchus could stop from drinking. He should sing as well as breathe. To him was given another power of vitality, not often consigned to man. Singing was necessary to his life, although it indirectly caused his death. Now this looks paradoxical, reader, but it is not so. In Burns we often find real humor, oftener ludicrousness. He possessed a deep nature-gift of knowledge of character, and could pierce to the heart of humanity, join in the undertone of its inborn melody, take up its minutest pulses, and convey their throbbings and feelings to his fellow-men. He was wild, too, and gloriously uncouth, but in all he was thoroughly national, and, for those days of hypocrisy and mask, unnaturally natural, and always enthusiastically in earnest.

George H. Colton, the author of "Tecumseh," and one of the original projectors and editors of this Review, was a critic of remarkably acute and sensitive appreciation. An intimate friend of his, now at our elbow, and to whom we have been reading our essay, interrupts us to tell an anecdote which, as it is characteristic of Colton, illustrates the power of Burns, and agrees perfectly with our ideas of the epic suggestiveness of a song, we insert here. Colton had a tender and sympathetic perception for the beautiful and the pathetic, and it appears he never could repeat the well-known lines of Burns,

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

without tears coming to his eyes. These lines were favorites of Colton's, and on repeating them once to our friend, he remarked with exceeding truth that they were among the finest lines he knew, and concluded thus epigrammatically: "In those four lines we have a play of Shakspeare's or a novel of Walter Scott's!" Scott, himself a wizard, and than whom none could better understand their suggestiveness, said of these same lines, that they contained the essence of a thousand love romances. We had not the pleasure of Colton's acquaintance, but from this conversational remark it is plain we should have agreed as to the

necessity of the song proper. These four lines contain an epic—many epics in their suggestions. They are simple, spontaneous, strong, pathetic, and present the wildering story with the nervous completeness of condensity that such an experience would convey most naturally to the heart of a true, sorrowing lover.

Moore, as a lyrist, is far the most perfect and brilliant we can name; and it is as a lyrist he will flow over the rapids and cataracts of Time undisturbed. For Time's old stream does not always flow smoothly, O reader. It has its whirlpools and cataracts: we all witnessed one of the latter, nor long since either—'48. Time worked itself to fever heat then. It roared till we almost thought it had changed its voice for aye. The old sinner abated, thinking he had cried enough for his misdeeds, but left an echo to perform that which he needs must have left unwept for, and which thunders in his wake like the haunting conscience of a great crime. Moore will outlive those cataracts, and lull the old man's wrath. Moore's power of language is exceeding; he strikes the finest chords of feeling by a word, and enraptures by a well-pointed metaphor: we speak especially of his songs. His periods curl as gracefully as the whitened locks of sea-foam coming near a coast when a gay land-breeze kisses them; they wave and sparkle like diamonds. The construction of his songs is perfection; his wit brilliant, and suiting its place and opportunity as the flowers the seasons. When he rises into a purely national feeling, his emotions are strong and nervous, embodying the spirit of his land, its sorrow, glory, or gallantry. He is musical beyond compare, and tender to blessedness. His pathos is of a refined and exquisite nature, those lyrics, to wit, "Oh, breathe not his name;" "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls;" and a crowd of others which cling to the reader's memory. His deviltry is rather impish than diabolic, and his Bacchanalian songs are decidedly intoxicating, if not in themselves intoxicated. He is a true minstrel, in his wit, wassail, war, and women.

Béranger, without Moore's finish, has more style than Burns, with all the latter's naturalness. He is boist[illegible]morsome, witt[illegible] pointed in a like d[illegible]ossesses a c[illegible] forcible pith, [illegible]ndying po[illegible]al, which i[illegible]ctric. L[illegible] both the Scotch and Irish bards, he is very sarcastic when he has an opportunity, and deals heavy blows, and leaves life-scars on the objects of his wrath. He is very suggestive, and his unity is a great feature in his songs; being written with some certain purpose, they give a daguerreotype which suggests the time, influence, or person, under whose inspiration he wrote. Republican France is the pole to which his soul has been magnetized, and he has kept his head, hand and heart firmly in that direction through all vicissitudes, storms, and prison windows. He is always in earnest, and the arrows of his Cupid are as sharp as his freedom-seeking lance. He is honest, daring, natural, and national, bounding with heart and good-humor. We rarely meet a translation of one of his songs to come up with our idea of him, they are so difficult of English rendering by the localisms, idiosyncrasies, and naïveté of the author. The best, we might say the only really characteristic translations we have met, are those by Dr. Maginn, Father Prout, (Rev. F. Mahony,) and William Dowe: these are to be found only in *Fraser's*, the *Dublin University*, and lately *Sartain's Magazines*. Why not Dowe make a collection?*

The songs of such poets as we have alluded to live in the future as traditions and family legends. The first airs that lullaby the occupant of the cradle, they will grow with the child up through his youth and manhood as a part of him; and though he never had the books, or knew how even to read if he had them, he shall be haunted by the song as his good or evil genius, the star under which he was born. He shall leave it to his children as a legacy, and to his children's children shall croon it in the chimney-corner, or under the Liberty-trees or hawthorns of his own youthhood. The songs of Haynes Bailey

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* Since writing the above, we have met the following paragraph, which, even more literally than we could have imagined, carries out our idea of the *suggestiveness* of the true song. The Paris correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette* writes: "Within the last few months the world-renowned 'Lisette,' the 'Grandmère,' 'Roger Bontemps,' and I know not how many other of Béranger's exquisite songs, have been transformed [illegible]days; and this week, there have been 'La [illegible] spun out into five acts, and 'La Bouque-[illegible]le Croque-Mort.'" Colton's remark on [illegible]ines is made a fact, as regards the French lyrist.

and Thomas Dibdin, and others of their class, possess a "rage" for a time, owing to some accident of tune or fashion; but they fall like the leaves of autumn, and are whizzed out of existence with the season and the last *soirée*. Bailey's songs are pretty—no more. Who reads them now, notwithstanding their once great popularity? No one, save sentimental young ladies, and gentlemen who try to torture themselves into what they call affection, as they would torture them into corsets and paddings. And where are Dibdin's now? Where?—where, but consigned to the lurching and "heave-ahead," red-faced and big-whiskered fellow in clean white trousers and blue jacket edged with tape, who "does" the very nautical business behind the foot-lights of the minor theatres of London? "Out on the lazy land-lubbers!" "Split my taffrail!" "Shiver my timbers!" and then out comes the ghost of poor Dibdin, to the delight of the "gods" and other admirers of the "Mariners of England," and to the disquiet of poor Tom's ghost, no doubt, (if he has one.) These songs for the most part lacked nature; they were painted for theatric representation, like an accompanying scene. They wanted heart, truth, and earnestness, and so went the ways of hypocrisy.

Some of the songs of George P. Morris and Charles Fenno Hoffman are catching and exceedingly pretty, but they want that "no uncommon want," earnestness. They are exceedingly musical, those of the latter especially; but that thorough heart and spontaneity so requisite to the song is in general wanting. Poe says that "Woodman, spare that Tree" is enough to make Morris *immortal*. We admire the song for a certain amount of pathetic tenderness in it, and for its suggestiveness of a story. At the same time we must admit that the author took more than a hint from Thomas Campbell's "Beech Tree's Petition." It is worth reading the two side by side:—

I.

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
O woodman! spare that tree,
The axe shall harm it not.

II.

"Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its shade I've heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild
Of many a forest bird;
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand:
I ask thee with a tear
To let that old oak stand.

III.

"That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say, wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Touch not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies."

We quote from memory. Here is Campbell's:—

"Oh! leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though shrub [bush] nor floweret never grow
My wan [dark] unwarming shade below;
*Nor summer bud perfume the dew*
*Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;*
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial treasures of the hive;
Yet leave this little spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

"Thrice twenty summers I have *seen*,
*The sky grow bright, the forest green;*
*And many a wintry wind have* stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my rustling [pleasant] bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid [made;]
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the vows [sighs] of gentle sound
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honor me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!"*

The ideas in both are identical, and the burden expressed in each nearly word for word. The feelings of the first naturally grow out of those expressed in the latter, and are only different in being put into the

* The lines italicized were emendations of the author, and appear in the edition of 1841. The earlier editions had them not; and on looking at the edition of 1851, Philadelphia, we perceive that in the emended form are also five verbal alterations in the poem, which we have given in brackets after the original text. S.

mouth of a female, while Campbell made the tree itself "petition" for its life.

The following verses by Morris are full of beauty, and worthy the praise which they have met with:—

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth."

Fit dwelling for the "fair and gentle Ida." The metaphor of the "*billowy* swells" of the hills is the more perfectly carried out by the expression of the

"*Nymph* of mountain birth."

The next verse is rather diffuse in rhetorical expletives and wanting in heart, but is nevertheless pretty:—

"The snow-flake that the cliff receives—
The diamonds of the showers—
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves—
The sisterhood of flowers—
*Morn's early* beam—eve's balmy breeze—
Her purity define;—
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.'

This second stanza wants passion and more unity. The melody of the lines is intercepted by the disjointed construction—the dashes (—). This description of construction is often very effective, and produces strength, but every word should heighten in character and force to achieve such an end. It is very dangerous in lyrical composition to deal in the dash style. In the fifth line, "*Morn's early* beam" is very rough: the two consonants *r* come together too closely, and produce a stumble in the course of the metre, as well as an unpleasantness to the ear. The line should read,

"*Dawn's* early beam—eve's balmy breeze;"

and it would be perfect at all points. Such a difference is by no means slight. Singers know well the happiness of words which may be articulated clearly and with ease.

Mr. Morris seems to be a communist in the way of verses, for we find among his compositions many ideas and expressions of some of our favorites, which he appropriates without the credit of quotation marks or notes. In a late production of his in Graham, "*The Dream of Love*," the opening runs thus:

"I've had the heart-ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name;"

which immediately reminds us that Halleck wrote thus:

"I've felt full many a heart-ache in my day,
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown," etc.;

and Mrs. Osgood thus:

"Whenever his *name* is heard,
*Her young heart thrills;*
Forgetting herself, her duty,
Her dark eye fills," etc.

In the same stanzas of Morris we have:

"Her gentle look and winning ways,
Whose portrait *hangs on Memory's walls;*"

reminding us of Alice Carey's sweet poem, which opens:

"Among the beautiful pictures
That *hang on Memory's wall.*"

A little farther down Morris says:

"They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires:
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires;"

which seems a dilution of Tom Moore's

"The heart that once truly loves never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close."

If we wished to be obtrusive, we might cull many more such "coincidences," but simple justice to the authors (four) demands our giving these notes to Mr. Morris's compilation in this instance.

Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright" is a hearty and melodious production. In the Anacreontic vein, here are two stanzas by Rufus Dawes, which have spirit and some pleasant conceit:—

"Mark this cup of rosy wine,
With virgin pureness deeply blushing;
Beauty pressed it from the vine,
While Love stood by to charm its gushing.
He who dares to drain it now
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens;
The Moslem's dream
Would joyless seem
To him whose brain its rapture maddens.

"Pleasure sparkles on the brim;
*Lethe lies far deeper in it;*
Both, enticing, wait for him
Whose heart is warm enough to win it.

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Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill,
Soon with love again must lighten;
Skies may wear
A darksome air
Where sunshine most is known to brighten."

In the second verse, the introduction of the Lethe draught is not in perfect taste with the pleasure of the song. It is true, the followers of Osiris had a skeleton at their feasts; but though such may be the fact, it is in bad taste at a pleasure party to tell the wassailers that death was in all their beakers; and further, that it was waiting for him

"Whose heart was *warm* enough to win it."

Now, though many a dare-devil roysterer would meet death in a "free-and-easy" manner over a bowl, still it is a stretch in physics and imagination to say the heart is *warm* enough for *death*. It might be said that the drink would make his heart as *hot* as that anti-theological region which is not entirely peopled by Esquimaux Indians or Greenlanders. But apart from joking, we think the line in bad taste, which is the more evident from the tone of the concluding lines in the stanza.

After Moore, Samuel Lover has been the most popular song-writer of the day; not that he deserves it in comparison with his great predecessor, nor that as a *poet* we could at all institute even a faint likeness. There are far superior Irish song-writers to Lover, who are scarcely or little known out of Ireland. However, he is not without great talent and great industry, and it would be ridiculous to deny to some of his songs the great merit which their world-wide reputation has already admitted. Of "Rory O'More," one of his best songs, the *Dublin University Magazine* truly says: "Who has not heard it, ground as it is on organs, scratched on fiddles, blown on coach horns, pressed into the service of quadrilles, and even tortured into a waltz? Sung in the western wilds of America, and on the wall of China, fifed and drummed by our military bands in every quarter of the globe, 'Rory' still reigns a universal favorite, and bids fair * * * to go on living by 'a lease of lives renewable for ever.'" The same might be said of many others by the same author; but while the world admitted those, a long tail of mediocre and worthless ones followed, and kept following, until they are as well known—much to the author's injury—as his best songs deserve to be. The songs we condemn are those in which the vulgarisms of slang are allowed to be prominent, because their extravagant breadth of pronunciation on the stage and elsewhere "brings down" the cheers of the "groundlings," and others, we are sorry to say, beside. This is not writing for the people; it is pandering to the worst appetites. Some of his songs contain an amount of drollery, some are characterized by wit, others by a happy *double entendre*, some by their thorough raciness, some with feeling, and some few speak the language of love irresistibly sly. Some possess an extreme heartiness and earnestness, while others are miserably forced. Why the author of "True Love can ne'er forget," "Mountain Dew," "Alabama," "The Angel's Whisper," "Rory O'More," and a host of really excellent lyrics, should send out such songs as the "Low-back Car," and others of a like order, seems to us unaccountable. The remarkably beautiful tunes of the latter have made them as popular as "Rory O'More." In all the book* you will not find one stirring song of Ireland's wrongs or hopes. It does not speak well for his nationality to see him devote so much time to cultivate the acquaintance of the muse, preparing her to appear behind the foot-lights or before the piano-forte, and never give an hour to deck a garland, or make even a small cockade, for her battle-field.

The everywhere known and oft-quoted saying of Fletcher, that he would rather make the songs of a country than its laws, is not without its stern wisdom. The truth of the power assigned to song has been proved—in some instances, unfortunately, in the persons of the poets—many times since. The persecution the Liberty poets of Europe have met with at the hands of the "kings," sufficiently proves the danger to be feared from their compositions, while the popular movements conceived and bred of the circulation of certain songs show what a terrible and determined fire the lightning-blood of song streams into the popular veins. Song from its nature is more liable than any other species of composition to work a revolution, in morals, manners, or government. Its length, buoyancy, earnestness, and dogma-

* Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. Third edition, with Additions. New-York: Sadlier. 1851.

tism, (consequent on its terseness,) more than any other thought medium, fit the purpose it conveys for a lasting place in the memory. Having found a home in the brain—laid its basis—it cannot be ousted, but builds theories of love, humor, or law, by virtue of its suggestiveness there; which growing still, it finally must have larger room, must pour outside the brain into acts, as the lava leaps up and rolls down the sides of the fire mountain. Then,

> ——"volcanic peoples pour
> Their lava-voiced defiance
> O'er the sides they propp'd before."

Napoleon perfectly understood the power of song. His opinion of a well-composed air is faithfully true to the words by which the tune may be accompanied. In a private conversation at St. Helena he said: "A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits." This is perfectly correct; and an anecdote related by Napier, in his "History of the Peninsular War," proves that the Emperor had not formed this opinion hastily; that it was not a mere momentary conversational thought, but that it was one of his "experiences," and one also which he considered of the deepest importance, as it involved immense political power. "During the passage of the Niemen," says the historian, "twelve thousand cuirassiers, whose burnished armor flashed in the sun, while their cries of salutation pealed in unison with the thunder of the horses' feet, were passing like a foaming torrent towards the river, when Napoleon turned and thus addressed Gouvion St. Cyr, whose republican principles were well known: 'No monarch ever had such an army!' 'No, Sire.' 'The French are a fine people; they deserve more liberty, and they shall have it; but, St. Cyr, no liberty of the press! *That army, mighty as it is, could not resist the* SONGS *of Paris!*'"

Napoleon had seen the almost miraculous effects of that glorious hymn, the Marseillaise. When he spoke those words to St. Cyr, he had in his "mind's eye" the "black-browed mass, full of grim ire"—"that notablest of moving phenome[illegible]'s six [illegible]red Marseillaise w[illegible]," [illegible] left their "su[illegible]" sea-haven with its bustle and its bloom," for Charenton and the Champs Elysées, and the patriot bosoms of the city. "*Marche, abattez le tyran,*" and the *men who knew how to die* are on their way. Then rose the volume of voice:

> "Allons, enfans de la patrie,"

which cast its shadow over the twelve thousand cuirassiers to the waters of the Niemen, and thence followed Napoleon to the rock of Helena. Then comes the chorus of those men who knew how to die as they leave their birth-cots by the sea, which kept echoing round old earth till it visited its parent France again, and again, but lately:

> "Aux armes, citoyens!
> Formez vos bataillons,
> Marchons, marchons:
> Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Then more wild, till the neck veins and the eyes start out together:

> "Marchons, marchons:
> Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Truly, Carlyle, "such march *has* become famous." When we see such effects, how forcibly does the truth strike us, that France was "an absolute monarchy tempered by songs." The glorious *chansons* of Béranger are as famous for their prosecution as for their noble sentiments. And they had considerable, most considerable influence in expelling two monarchs from the French throne, Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe. The songs of Béranger, more than the labors of any single man of the Republicans, perhaps more than all else of the party, tended to make the Revolutions.

In the present day, the songs of another Parisian poet, Pierre Dupont, have a most remarkable power over the clubs of Paris, and bid fair to rival in fraternal influence the songs of "*le pauvre chansonnier*," the lyrist of Passy, as he characterized himself when solicited to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, which he refused, saying that their poor song-writer would make but an indifferent legislator. He was conscious of the truth of Fletcher's saying, and more conscious that he had brought about the supreme law which seated the Deputies of '48. True genius is always conscious. Dupont, without Béranger's originality of humor and conceits, [illegible] is said, the old thunderer in poli[illegible]n. The banqueting sa-

loons of the people echo his thoughts; the work-shops are made musically mad by his odes and chants; and during the existence of the clubs, his songs opened and closed the proceedings—the chorus bursting from excited clubbists as their profession of faith. His muse is ever busy, and we are told that often at a public meeting, at the conclusion of some revolutionary speech, Dupont would mount the tribune and read a new song, the child of inspiration breathed on the moment, and bred of the speech or circumstance occurring. One of his most powerful productions is entitled the "Marseillaise of Hunger." One or two anecdotes of the influence of his songs will be read with interest. After the representation of a play called "*Misery*," founded on an incident of the Irish famine, at the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, when the curtain went down the audience burst with one wild voice into his "Marseillaise of Hunger." In the same theatre, during the performance of a piece on the "Downfall of Rome," a person in the pit began the chorus of Dupont's Soldier's Song:

"Les peuples sont pour nous des frères,
Et les tyrans des ennemis."

The whole house immediately joined in, and the play had to be stayed till the song was concluded. For the truth of these statements we can vouch, a gentleman long resident in Paris who was present at more such scenes than we have space to recount informing us.

It is an historical fact, that the verses entitled "Lilli burlero" awoke the people of England to resist the bigoted purposes of James the Second, and which popular movement only ended in the Revolution. Percy in his "Reliques," introducing this rigmarole, says: "Slight and insignificant as they (the verses) may now seem, they had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution of 1688." Bishop Burnet says of the same rhymes: "A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the (King's) army that cannot be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

Like "Yankee Doodle," the "Lilli burlero" was once the distinctive mark and property of the party it afterwards annihilated. The Marseillaise, composed by De Lisle, a royalist officer, became the war ode, the rallying chant of the Revolutionists; vociferated itself hoarse like a mad parricide, round the scaffold of its parent, and went on instigating and making revolutions to our day. And under the rule of Robespierre, André Chénier died like a Girondin, one of his own songs making music at his murder. Oh, for a verity, eloquent Vergniaud, "the Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children." As *Yankee Doodle* was taken from the British to beat them, so "Lilli burlero," originally used as words of distincion by the "Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641," was appropriated by the anti-Papist party to exorcise James and his followers. It was reprinted on the going of Tyrconnel as James's viceroy to Ireland, in October, 1688. Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, was nominated to this station "on account of his being a furious Papist." The ghosts of the massacred were before him, however, in the shape of this cant song, and its effects were miraculous.

The words are the merest trash, and with the exception of the two concluding rhymes, there is not a particle of point or humor in it. The effect seems to have been produced by the well-known refrain, which acted like a pass-word. The rhymes we allude to are these:

"Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lilli, &c.
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass,
Lilli," &c.

In a note to the "*Reliques*," we find this song attributed to Lord Wharton, in a quotation from a small pamphlet, entitled, "A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Q. Elizabeth's Birthday," &c., 3d Ed., Lond., 1712, pr. 2*d*. The extract is interesting; we quote it: "A late Viceroy, (of Ireland,) who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying,

and for making a certain *Lilliburlero song;* with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."

A pleasing reminiscence of the power of song is recorded in the late Irish State Trials. Richard Dalton Williams, a poet of considerable genius, and one of the editors of the *Irish Tribune*, was prosecuted by the government for articles in that journal. His fellow-collaborator, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, had been sentenced to banishment for the publication of the same articles, the law making responsible all parties in whose name the journal was published. Affairs thus stood, and every person expected that as a matter of course Williams would share the fate of his friend, the offense being the same, and the like charges being made against both; when by a happy thought his counsel, Mr. Ferguson, himself a poet and editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, concluded his defense by reading to the jury one of the "Traitor's" most beautiful poems, the *Sister of Charity*, and appealing to them if the author of such, in their minds, was guilty of the charges made against him. Some of the ancient fealty and love of the Irish for their bards seemed to have been awakened in the breasts of the jury; the consideration which was denied to the patriot was awarded to the poet; and Williams, not the *traitor* but the *author* of the "Sister of Charity," was acquitted.

Bishop Lowth was of opinion that one song like the "Hymn of Harmodius" would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than all the Philippics of Cicero; and Lord Chatham has said, nearly in the same words as Fletcher, that "he would give the making of the laws for the making of the ballads of the people;" a maxim, the spirit of which, says O'Callaghan in his "Green Book," "was acted upon by his son, Mr. Pitt, when he bestowed a pension upon Dibdin, for the great services he was so justly deemed to have rendered, during the French War, as a naval Tyrtæus." It was the intention of the government of the day to have prohibited the publication of Moore's "Irish Melodies," as being dangerous. Unfortunately, though their circulation was unparalleled [illegible] not so "dangerous" at home [illegible] these d songs of Moor [illegible] nto Polish, and adopted by that gallant nation during their struggle for liberty. The effect of the songs written by Drennan, O— and one or two by John Sheares and Lysaght on the Irish Insurrection of '98, are matters of history to that unfortunate island; and of late years the fact of the prosecution by government of some of the Young-Ireland lyrics has stamped their character for power, spirit, and "treason." The lyrical writings of Davis, De Jean, Mangan, Williams, and a number of "Young-Ireland" poets, more materially produced the rising of '48 than any other influence. The people of England and Ireland read them with eagerness; the American press reprinted them extensively; the English critics praised their spirit and glory, while they condemned and spoke of danger, and the Government accordingly prosecuted the party. Freiligrath was exiled for his revolutionary songs in Germany; and but a few months agone in Paris the performance of an opera (Sapho) by M. Gounot was stopped until certain stanzas of a song commencing,

"Tremblez, tyrans, forgeurs de chaines," &c.,

were cut out, the Government dreading a political meaning.

We have given sufficient examples to prove the power of song, if any person doubted it. With a knowledge of the power thus invested, it ought to be the emulation of critics to receive nothing short of a true standard, and of song-writers, a profession most noble, to strive after the highest ideal of their vocation. In the opening part of this paper we have given our ideas on the subject of the *song perfect*, and adduced illustrations to prove our premises. We believe we are true in our idea of the Song, and satisfied that what we have suggested are at least the principles which should actuate song-writers in the composition of such works. This country is most essentially lyrical. The rapidity of progress, the *fastness*, so to speak, of our people, the spontaneity of ideas, earnestness of character, and suggestiveness in action and invention, make song a necessary vehicle to convey back to the people their characteristics. It should reflect the people, taking them at their highest standard, strong, generous, and sympathetic—witty, earnest, and nati[illegible]h songs, if written, will live, an[illegible]tion as distinctively as the

productions of the European lyrists their countries. Moore and Davis; Burns and Tannahill; Béranger and Dupont, are as national to their lands, as characteristic, and involve as much real glory, as Charlemagne or Napoleon, Bruce or Wallace, Brian Boroihme or Hugh O'Neill. In fact, Scotland, France, and Ireland seem to be the especial lands of Song. The earnestness of the Scotch, the vivacity of the French, the wit and humor of the Irish, and the nationality of all, mark them out especially for this species of composition. America has elements of glory within the century as great as all the past of these countries, and why not have her songs? She has true liberty, which none of those people enjoy, and which should be the truest inspiration; yet she has no thorough songs of the land—AMERICAN. For the most part, what songs have been written in America, for all the national tone or national suggestiveness they embody, might as well have been written in Japan, Central Africa, the Tongo Islands, or any other hole and corner of the globe whither a missionary speaking the English language has vamosed with "red shirts and religious tracts" to enlighten juvenile hole-and-cornerers. Epes Sargent has written some good stirring songs, characterized by energy, melody, and spirit, sea subjects more particularly. The following stanza from a poem addressed to the *American Flag* by William Ross Wallace, is well worthy of the theme and the poet. It is very eloquent, and possesses a fervor rarely met with in our so-called national poetry:—

"Clime of the Valiant and the Tried!
Where MARION fought and WARREN died,
Where MONMOUTH still to GUILFORD calls,
And Valor walks through VERNON'S halls,
While Honor muses in the gloom
And glory of the Hero's tomb,
Or chants that grand old lay she made
Accordant with the dark blue seas,
That murmur mild where Freedom laid
Her lion-soul'd MILTIADES:
Land of the Forest and the Glen!
Thou hardy nurse of hardy men!
Land of the Mountain and the Lake!
Of rivers rolled from sea to sea,
In that broad grandeur fit to make
The symbols of Eternity!
O fairest clime! O dearest land!
Who shall your banded children sever?
God of our Fathers! here we stand
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked to hand—
And swear, 'The Union lives for ever!'"

F. S. Keys' national song, "The Star-spangled Banner," is a bold and spirited performance, and is one of the few we can call *national*. Rodman Drake's "American Flag" is national, less bold and more finished, but does not agree with our idea of a song so well as Keys' direct and suggestive stanzas. Mr. Dunn English's "Ben Bolt" is a happy effusion. Pinckney's

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,"

is beautiful, and Howard Payne's "Home, sweet Home" is world-wide; yet these are too few to build a nation's song-character upon.

Through Longfellow's volume may be found some beautiful songs, but they are not national; and Bryant, though he has written some noble (though rather monotonous) poems, and breathed in them a true love of nature and an appreciation of American scenery, does not reflect the people, nor has he given them any thing to chant in a charge, or by which a wandering American could be distinguished in a distant part of the world, if on his lonely way he chanted one of his lyrics. Some of the poets we have alluded to have written in the same language as Bryant, but who from pole to pole could fail to remark the distinctive nationality, and give to the poet his birthplace by hearing one of his stanzas lilted?

J. S.

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# SANTA-ROSA.

Among the later productions of M. Victor Cousin, "the greatest philosopher of France,"* is the following biographical sketch of Santa-Rosa. We are not aware that it has before been translated. The narrative, in the form of a letter addressed to the Prince De La Cisterna in 1838, possesses the interest of a heroic romance. Every American reader will thank us for introducing to his acquaintance one of nature's noblemen, struggling, suffering, dying for the cause of liberty and humanity, in the midst of the monarchical institutions of Europe; that Europe which has been for centuries, and will be for some time to come, the battle-field of contending principles. The style of the narrative is surpassingly beautiful. "Of all nations in the world," says Morell,† "the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style. . . . The lovers of lighter literature will see his style in all its purity in some of the later fragments, such as the biography of Santa-Rosa, &c." C. W. W.

TO THE PRINCE DE LA CISTERNA:

My Dear Friend:—Time has nearly obliterated the memory of the short Piedmontese revolution of 1821, and that of the personage who played in that revolution the principal part. This oblivion has nothing in it unjust. In order to endure in the memory of men, one must have done things which endure. It is not only through weakness, as it is supposed, that men adore success; it is in their eyes the symbol of the greatest virtues of the soul, and of the first of all,—I mean that strong sagacity which engages in no enterprise without having weighed all its chances, and without having been assured that it contains nothing which could render constancy and energy in vain. The most brilliant courage against the impossible touches but little, and the most heroic sacrifices lose in some sort their value in the service of imprudence. Without doubt, the Piedmontese revolution was above all a military movement, destined to arrest Austria at the moment when she was going to cross the Po, to stifle the Neapolitan Parliament, and to rule Italy. The great fault of the chiefs of this military movement is that they put on their banner, by an ill-understood condescension, the device of an excessive and foreign liberalism, the inevitable effect of which was to create divisions, to disaffect the nobility, in whom resided fortune and power, and to shake allegiance to government. And then, the success of a contest of arms on the part of the house of Savoy against Austria depended upon two conditions: 1st. That France, if she did not openly sustain Piedmont, should not oppose it, and should even secretly serve it; 2d. That the Neapolitan army should hold out in its resistance at least several months. Now, these two conditions were necessarily wanting. In 1821, the French government already inclined to the fatal re-action which soon terminated in the ministry of M. Villèle, and later in the ordinances of July; and every one in Piedmont who had any military experience knew that it was chimerical to count upon the Neapolitan army.

The Piedmontese revolution therefore was condemned to fail. It did great harm in that small country, which owes every thing to sagacity combined with audacity, and which can be enlarged in size and increased in importance only by the same means which for three centuries have made it what it has become. Placed between Austria and France, the house of Savoy has been elevated only by serving in turn one against the other, and by never having but a single enemy at a time. The Piedmontese monarchy is the work of political management; political management alone can maintain it. It came near being destroyed in the revolution of 1821. A respected King abdicating the throne; the heir of the throne compromised, and almost a prisoner; the flower of the nobility exiled; the first commander of Italy, the pride and the hope of the army, General Gifflenga, disgraced for ever; you, my dear

* Sir Wm. H[illegible]tion of his edition of Reid to Cousin.
† Edinburg[h] [illegible]851, p. 232.

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friend, destined by your birth, your fortune, and above all by your character and your genius, to represent Piedmont so usefully at Paris or London, condemned to inaction for your whole life perhaps; officers like Saint Marsan, Lisio, and Collegni reduced to the necessity of breaking their swords; finally, he who surpassed you all,—permit me to say it,—he whose heroic soul better directed, and whose superior talent ripened by experience, would have been able to give to his native Piedmont and to the house of Savoy the minister most capable of guiding her destinies, M. de Santa-Rosa, proscribed, wandering in Europe, and going to die in Greece in a contest hardly worthy of him: such are the bitter fruits of an enterprise at once most noble and most imprudent.

Europe scarcely remembers that there was a liberal movement in Piedmont in 1821. Those who have the instinct of the beautiful distinguished in that passing report certain words which revealed a great soul. The name of Santa-Rosa resounded for a moment; a little later, that name reappeared in the affairs of Greece, and it was learned that the same man who had shown a shadow of greatness in his short dictatorship of 1821, had bravely died in 1825, while defending the isle of Sphacteria against the Egyptian army; then ensued a profound silence, an eternal silence, and the memory of Santa-Rosa lives only in a few souls scattered at Turin, at Paris, and at London.

I am one of these. My relations with Santa-Rosa were very brief, but intimate. More than once I have been tempted to write his life, that life half romantic, half heroic; but I have renounced that project. I am not about to dispute with oblivion the name of a man who failed of his destiny; but several persons, and you in particular, who take a pious interest in his memory, have often asked me to recount by what adventure I, a Professor of Philosophy, an entire stranger to the events of Piedmont, happened to be so intimately connected with the chief of the Piedmontese revolution, and what were my true relations with your dear and unfortunate compatriot. I am about to do that which you desire. I shall abstain from all general, political, and philosophical considerations. My subject shall be only Santa-Rosa and myself. This is not a historical composition; it is a simple home picture, traced for some faithful friends, to awaken certain sympathies, to recall certain memories, and to serve as a text for certain sad conversations in a circle narrowed day by day. The public, I know, is indifferent, and ought to be, to these entirely domestic details between two men, of whom one has been long since forgotten, and the other soon shall be forgotten; but in this long malady which consumes me, and in the sombre inaction to which it condemns me, I find a melancholy charm in reverting to those days for ever vanished. I love to bind my languishing life to that animated episode of my youth. I evoke for a moment before me the shade of my friend, ere I go to rejoin him. Sad pages, written thus to speak between two tombs, and destined to die in your hands![*]

In the month of October, 1821, suspended from my functions as Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy in the *Faculté des Lettres*, and menaced in my teaching of the Normal School, which itself was soon after suppressed; confined in an humble retreat situated by the side of the garden of the Luxembourg, I had been, as an addition to my misfortune, in the course of unrelaxed toil upon the unedited manuscripts of Proclus, violently attacked with that affection of the chest which during all my youth frightened my family and my friends. I was almost in the condition in which you see me to-day. I know not how at that time there fell into my hands a pamphlet entitled "The Piedmontese Revolution," having for an epigraph this verse from Alfieri: "Sta la forsa per lui, per me sta il vero." My journey in Italy during the summer and autumn of 1820, my attachment to the cause of European liberty, the report of the lost affairs of Piedmont and Naples, naturally interested me in that production; and although sick, shunning every lively emotion, especially every political emotion, I read that pamphlet as one would read a romance, without searching in it for any thing else than a diversion for my *ennui* and the spectacle of human passions. In fact, I found a true hero of romance in the avowed chief of that revolution, the Count de Santa-Rosa. That man so ruled the events of those thirty days, that he alone engaged my attention. I saw him at first, a partisan of the English parliamentary

[*] The public is deciding otherwise, and these pages shall die only with French literature.—Ed

system, demanding for his country only a constitutional government, two chambers, even a hereditary peerage; and then, when the fatal example of the Neapolitans and the adoption of the Spanish constitution had carried away all minds, no longer occupying himself except with a single thing, the military direction of the revolution, and, borne by circumstances to a veritable dictatorship, displaying an energy that his enemies themselves admired, without losing for a single moment that spirit of chivalrous moderation so rare in times of revolution. I still recollect and wish to reproduce here the order of the day which he published March 23, 1821, at the very moment when the constitutional cause seemed to be despaired of:—

"Charles-Albert of Savoy, Prince of Carignan, invested by his Majesty Victor-Emanuel with the authority of regent, has named me, by his decree of the 23d of this month, regent of the ministry of the army and the navy.

"I am, therefore, a legitimately constituted authority, and it is my duty, in the terrible circumstances in which the country is found, to let my companions in arms hear the voice of a subject, affectionate to his King and a loyal Piedmontese.

"The Prince Regent abandoned the capital during the night of the 21st and 22d of this month, without notifying the National Junta or his ministers.

"Let no Piedmontese accuse the intentions of a Prince whose liberal heart, whose devotion to the Italian cause, have thus far been the hope of all well-disposed people. A small number of men, deserters of their country and servants of Austria, have without doubt deceived, by an odious tissue of falsehoods, a young Prince who has not the experience of stormy times.

"A declaration, signed by the King Charles-Felix, has appeared in Piedmont; but a Piedmontese King in the midst of Austrians, our unavoidable enemies, is a captive King; nothing that he says can or ought to be regarded as coming from him. Let him speak to us on a free soil, and then we will prove to him that we are his children.

"Piedmontese soldiers, national guards! do you desire civil war? Do you desire the invasion of strangers, the devastation of your plains, the conflagration and the pillage of your cities and your villages? Do you wish to lose your glory, to soil your ensigns? Go on then. Can armed Piedmontese rise up against Piedmontese? Can the breasts of brothers strike against the breasts of brothers?

"Commanders of corps, officers, sub-officers, and soldiers! there is no longer any means of safety. Rally to your colors, surround them, seize them, and run to plant them on the banks of the Ticin and the Po. The country of the Lombards awaits you, that territory which will devour its enemies at the sight of your van-guard. Woe to him whom different opinions upon the institutions of his country should separate from this necessary resolution! he would not deserve to conduct Piedmontese soldiers; he would not merit the honor of bearing the Piedmontese name.

"Companions in arms! this epoch is European. We are not abandoned. France lifts up her head, too much humiliated beneath the yoke of the Austrian cabinet; she is about to extend to you a powerful hand.

"Soldiers and national guards! extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary resolutions. If you hesitate, country, honor, all are lost. Think of these things, and do your duty; the Junta and ministers will do theirs. Your energy will give back to Charles-Albert his first courage, and the King Charles-Felix will one day thank you for having preserved for him his throne."

Finally, when every thing was lost, Santa-Rosa negotiated a general peace with the Count de Mocenigo, Minister of Russia at the court of Turin, on condition of an amnesty and some internal ameliorations; offering on this condition to renounce the amnesty for himself and the other constitutional chiefs, and to submit to banishment, the better to secure the peace and happiness of the country.

This noble conduct struck me forcibly, and for some days I repeated to all my friends: "Gentlemen, there was a man at Turin." My admiration redoubled when I learned that the hero of this production was also its author. I could not restrain a feeling of respect, at seeing in the defender of an unfortunate revolution that absence of all party spirit, that magnanimous loyalty which does justice to all intentions, and in the most poignant sorrows of exile gives way to no unjust recriminations, no bitter feelings. Enthusiasm in a noble cause, carried even to sacrifice, and at the same time a moderation full of dignity, to say nothing of the rare talent displayed on every page of this work, exhibited in my eyes one of those beautiful characters, a hundred times more interesting than the two revolutions of Naples and of Piedmont; for if philosophy in me seeks, in contemporaneous events, the movement of eternal principles and their visible manifestations, so man does not with less ardor seek humanity in human things. And what feature of human character is more admirable than the union of moderation and energy? This ideal of which I had so often dreamed seemed presented to me in Santa-Rosa. I was told that he was in Paris. I longed to know him, and a friend whom I had made in

Italy brought him one morning to my chamber. I had just been spitting blood, and the first words I said to him were these: "Sir, you are the only man whom I can, in my condition, desire yet to know." How many times since have we recalled this first interview,—I dying, he condemned to death, concealed under a feigned name, without resources, and almost without bread! Omitting the details of our conversation, it will be sufficient to say that I found still more than I had expected. In his look, his gait, in all his words, I easily recognized the fire and energy of the author of the proclamation of the 23d of March; and at the same time my feeble health seemed to inspire him with an affectionate compassion, expressed each moment by the most amiable cares. Seeing my critical situation, he forgot himself and thought only of me. Our long conversation, of which he bore the burden, having left me agitated and feeble, he returned in the evening to inquire about me. The next morning he came again, and so the morning after; and at the expiration of a few days, we felt as if we had passed our lives together. The name which he had taken was that of Conti. He lodged near me, in the street Francs-Bourgeois-Saint-Michel, opposite the street Racine, in a furnished attic chamber with a friend from Turin, who had voluntarily left his country to follow him, although he had taken no part in the revolution, and was in no wise compromised by it.

Who then is this man, with whom one can prefer exile to the sweets of country and of family? It is impossible to express the charm of his society. To me, this charm, I repeat, was in the union of strength and kindness. I saw him always ready, at the least ray of hope, to engage in the most perilous enterprises, and I found him happy too in passing his life obscurely by the bedside of a suffering friend. His heart was an inexhaustible store of affectionate sentiment. To every one he was good, even to tenderness. Did he encounter any unfortunate person in the street? he shared with him the farthing of the poor. Was his poor old hostess sick? he took care of her as if she had been a member of his own family. Did any one need his counsel? he lavished it, like every thing else, with an irresistible instinct, of which he seemed scarcely conscious. It was this that rendered it impossible to know him without loving him. I doubt whether any human creature, even a woman, could have been loved as well. He had at Turin a friend, to whom he was able to confide his wife and children, and another had accompanied him in his exile. Behold in this a striking proof of the sentiment which he inspired. At an early age he was attached to the regiment of his father in the service of the army of the Alps. Here a young man of his own country had been given him as a comrade. Having left the army at Piedmont, this young man lost sight of his youthful master; but a deep remembrance of him never left his heart. One day the noble Count, lying in his wretched garret in the street Francs-Bourgeois, saw suddenly standing before him the poor Bossi, then a coffee-house keeper of Paris. Bossi had learned by the public journals the adventures of his young officer, and could take no rest until he had discovered his abode and offered to him his scanty savings. How many times, after this, while repairing to the prison of Santa-Rosa, have I found, at the door of the Salle Saint-Martin, Bossi or his wife with a basket of fruits, waiting whole hours for an opportunity to glide in with me and place their offering before the prisoner, with the respect of an old servant and the tenderness of a true friend.

From the end of October, 1821, until the 1st of January, 1822, we lived together in the sweetest and most profound intimacy. During the whole day, until five or six o'clock in the evening, he remained in his little room in the street of the Francs-Bourgeois, occupied in reading and preparing a work on the constitutional governments of the nineteenth century. After dinner, night approaching, he left his cell, reached the street d'Enfer, where I resided, and spent the evening with me until eleven or twelve o'clock. I too had arranged my mode of life somewhat like his. I passed the day in taking medicine and in studying Plato; at evening I closed my books and received my friends. Santa-Rosa had a passion for conversation, and he talked wonderfully; but I was so languid and so feeble that I could not support the energy of his words. They produced fever and nervous excitement, which terminated in prostration and faintness. Then the energetic man gave place to the most affectionate creature. How many nights has he spent at my bed-side

with my old nurse! As soon as I felt relieved, he would cast himself, all dressed, upon a sofa, and, by the aid of a good conscience and incomparable health, sleep, despite all sorrow, till the break of day.

I must here sketch his portrait. Santa-Rosa was about forty years of age. He was of medium stature, about five feet two inches. His head was large, his forehead bald, lips and nose somewhat prominent, and he usually wore spectacles. There was nothing elegant in his manners; his tone was strong and manly, and his forms of expression were infinitely polished. He was far from being handsome; but his face, when it was animated,—and it was always animated,—had something so passionate, that it became interesting. What was most remarkable in him, was an extraordinary strength of body. Neither large nor small, neither fat nor lean, he was in vigor and agility a veritable lion. If he forgot himself in the least, he no longer walked, he bounded. He had muscles of steel, and his hand was a vise in which he could hold the strongest. I have seen him lift, almost without effort, the heaviest tables. He was capable of enduring the longest fatigues, and seemed born for the labors of war. Of this occupation he was passionately fond. He had been a captain of grenadiers, and no one had received from nature more of those physical and moral qualities which make the true soldier. His manner was animated, but serious. His whole person and his very aspect gave the idea of force.

I have never seen a more touching spectacle than that of this man, so strong, who had so much need of air to expand his chest, movement for the exercise of robust limbs and inexhaustible activity, metamorphosing himself into a true Sister of Charity, now silent, now gay, restraining his words and almost his breath, that he might not disturb the frail creature in whom he was so interested. The gentleness of the weak affords little that is seductive, for we may say that it is perhaps mere weakness; but the tenderness of strength has a charm almost divine.

We held in fact the same opinions, and he contributed not a little to strengthen me in my convictions. Like myself, he was profoundly constitutional, neither servile nor ratic, without envy, and without inso-

He had no ambition either of fortune or of rank, and was indifferent to material well-being; but he was ambitious of glory. So, in morality he sincerely cherished virtue; he made duty a matter of religion, but he also felt the need of loving, and of being loved, and love or tender friendship was necessary for his heart. As to religion, he passed in Italy for a man of great piety, and in fact he was full of respect for Christianity, which he had carefully studied. He was even somewhat of a theologian. He told me that in Switzerland he argued against the Protestant theologians, and defended Catholicism; but his faith was not that of Mazoni, and I have discovered little more at the bottom of his heart than the faith of the Savoyard vicar. Greedy of knowledge, besides, attaching every thing to politics, he devoured in my books whatever belonged to morality and practice. Although liberal, or rather because he was truly so, he dreaded the influence of pretended liberal declamations; and observing the decline of religious faith in European society, he felt the want of a noble and elevated moral philosophy. He possessed naturally good metaphysical powers, with a generous and well cultivated mind. No one in the world has so much encouraged and sustained me in my philosophical career. My designs became his own, and if he had remained in France, he would have given to the cause of philosophy in its moral and political applications another excellent writer, a firm, elevated, and persuasive organ.

His mind doubtless was not that of a man of letters, nor of a philosopher, but of a military man and of a politican. That mind was correct and upright like his heart. He detested paradoxes, and in grave matters, the expression of hazardous, arbitrary, personal opinions, inspired him with deep repugnance. He chided me often in regard to some of my own opinions, and led me continually from the narrow and dangerous paths of personal theories to the great road of common sense and universal consciousness. He had neither breadth nor originality of thought, but he felt with depth and energy, and expressed himself, spoke and wrote with gravity and with emotion. His work on the Piedmontese Revolution has in it some truly beautiful pages; and that was his first effort! What would he not have done had he lived?

In politics, this pretended revolutionist

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possessed so much moderation that, if he had been in France in the Chamber of Deputies, at this period, the close of 1821, he would have been seated between M. Roger-Collard and M. Lainé. My friends and I were at that time badly treated by the Ministry of M. de Richelieu, and we were not always just towards him. Santa-Rosa, with his accustomed gravity, rebuked my sudden outburst of passion, and was astonished at those of my more prudent friends. I remember that one evening being at my house with M. Hermann and M. Roger-Collard, he took part in a serious conversation, in regard to what was necessary to be done under present circumstances, —whether the Richelieu Ministry, defended by M. Pasquier, M. Lainé, and M. Desolles, should be permitted to exist, or whether it should be destroyed by an alliance with the right side, led by MM. Corbière and Villèle. M. Roger-Collard thought that if MM. Corbière and Villèle came to power, they would not possess it six months; and, the Richelieu Ministry overturned, he saw, following MM. Villèle and Corbière, the prompt triumph of the liberal cause. This was a very seductive perspective for a proscribed man like Santa-Rosa. In six months, after the reign of a violent and ephemeral power, a liberal Ministry, which had at least softened the exile of the Piedmontese refugees in drawing me and my friends from disgrace, would open to Santa-Rosa a future in France! With what respect did I hear the noble outlaw invite me to oppose with all my strength a party intrigue which he severely reprehended. "Take no thought of me," said he; "I shall do what I am best able. You, you must do your duty: your duty as a good citizen is not to combat a Ministry which is your last resource against a faction hostile to all progress and all light! It is not lawful to do evil that good may come. You are not sure of overturning at last MM. Corbière and Villèle, and you are sure of doing evil by delivering power into their hands. As for me, if I were a deputy, I would try to strengthen the Richelieu Ministry against the Court and the right side." My opinion was the same as that of Santa-Rosa. It did not prevail, and on that day a fault was committed which for seven years weighed heavily on France. The Richelieu Ministry was overthrown; MM. Corbière and Villèle attained to power, and they remained in it until 1827.

Evil days came upon France. When the Ministry of M. Villèle had replaced that of M. de Richelieu, the faction which possessed power, whilst it attacked in France, one by one, every liberty and every security, united more and more closely its foreign alliance, and the Governments of Piedmont and of France leagued together to pursue and torment the refugees. They were in Paris under feigned names, and in general they lived tranquil and retired. The new police, directed by MM. Franchet and de Laveau, sought religiously to satisfy the resentments and the fears of the Court of Turin. Instead of watching, which was its duty and its right, it persecuted. Santa-Rosa received warning that the police was upon his track, and that he would be arrested. Once arrested, he might be delivered up to Piedmont, and the sentence of death pronounced against him, and his friends might be executed. I thought that the first storm should be permitted to pass over, and contrived for Santa-Rosa a retreat at Arcueil, in the country house of one of my friends, M. Viguer. Here we both established ourselves, and lived together during the first months of 1822, scarcely ever receiving a visit, and never venturing beyond the inclosure of the garden. I continued my translation of Plato; he, his researches into constitutional governments. It was there, in our long winter evenings' conversations, that Santa-Rosa related to me his exterior and interior life, and the perfect truth, and, if it may be thus expressed, the face of the cards, of the Piedmontese revolution.

He was born on the 18th of November, 1782, at Savigliano, a city of southern Piedmont, of a good family, but whose nobility was of recent date. His father, the Count of Santa-Rosa, was a military man, who fought the first battles of Piedmont against the French Revolution, and carried with him to the army his son Sanctorre, then between nine and ten years of age. If the father had lived, the career of the son would have been decided; but the Count de Santa-Rosa was killed at the battle of Mondovi, at the head of the regiment of Sardinia, of which he was Colonel; and not long after, the victories of Napoleon and the submission of Piedmont put an end to the military career of young Sanctorre. He retired to his family at Savigliano, and, partly in this city and partly in Turin, made, under the

celebrated Abby Valsperga de Caluso, great profiency in classic studies, with several fellow-disciples, since well known in letters. The name of his family was so respected in his province, and he himself bore it so well, that at the age of twenty-four years he was elected by his fellow-citizens Mayor of Savigliano, and passed several years of his youth in the exercise of this office, wherein he acquired skill in civil affairs. But this was not a career for a man without fortune. He was then persuaded, despite his disinclination, to enter into the French administration, which at that time governed Piedmont: he was made sub-prefect of Spezzia in the State of Genoa, and he performed these functions during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, up to the Restoration. Santa-Rosa hailed with enthusiasm the return of the house of Savoy; and in 1815, believing that the arrival of Napoleon at Paris during the hundred days would bring about a long war, he left the civil for the military service, and made the very short campaign of 1815, as a Captain in the grenadiers of the royal guard. General repose having succeeded the fall of Napoleon, he once more left the career of arms, for one in which his civil and military knowledge were happily combined, that of the administration of military affairs. He entered the Ministry of War, and was charged with very responsible duties. It was then, I believe, that he married a young person who was able to boast more of birth than fortune. By this marriage he had several children. He was in high estimation, favored at court, and destined to a brilliant career, when the Neapolitan revolution broke out; a revolution which Austria undertook violently to suppress, thus openly affecting the domination of Italy.

I ought to impose upon myself a religious silence in regard to the confidential matters which the friendship of Santa-Rosa committed to me, but I may, I ought to say one thing: that in the profound solitude in which we lived, speaking to a friend whose political opinions were as well defined as his own, Santa-Rosa assured me twenty times that his friends and he had connection with secret societies only at a very late period, at the last extremity, when it was demonstrated that the Piedmontese government was without force sufficient to resist Austria; that a military movement would be powerless if it depended on a civil movement; and that for a civil movement the concurrence of secret societies would be indispensable. He deplored this necessity, and he accused the nobility and the Piedmontese proprietors (gli possidenti) of having destroyed both the country and themselves by not performing their duty, by not boldly warning the King of the perils of Piedmont, and by forcing patriotism to have recourse to secret plots. His loyalty disdained all mystery; and without confessing the fact, I saw that his chivalry experienced a sort of inward shame at having been driven little by little to this extremity. He continually repeated to me: "Secret societies are the pest of Italy; but how can we dispense with them, when there is no publicity, no legal means of expressing one's opinion with impunity?" He told me that for a long time he resolved not to participate with any secret society, to abstain from all action, and to limit himself to great moral and political publications, capable of influencing opinion and regenerating Italy. This is what he called a literary conspiracy. Certainly it would have been more useful than the sad contest of 1821. His fancy was to recommence this literary conspiracy from the midst of France. His consolation was that he had never done any thing for himself, and that he had only thought of his country. His clear conscience and natural energy, united, secured to him, in our solitude of Arcueil, a tranquil and almost happy life.

My bad health and his imprudent friendship, together with the baseness of the French police, tore him from his solitude and ruined him for ever. If he had remained with me, he might have reshaped his destiny; he might have passed the whole period of the Restoration in honorable labors, which would have given glory to his name; he might have reached the revolution of July, and then could have chosen either to re-enter Piedmont as did MM. de Saint-Marsan and Lisio, or enter, like M. de Collegno, into the service of France; and in this case an immense career would have been before him, if, at the same time, this proud mind, disdainful of good as well as bad fortune, had ever been able to consent to have any other country than that which he had wished to serve, and which his misfortunes themselves had rendered more dear and more sacred. Alas! all this future was destroyed in a single day. One day the

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condition of my lungs so frightened Santa-Rosa, that he conjured me to seek help in Paris. I yielded; I returned to the Luxembourg. Santa-Rosa, uneasy, could not remain at Arcueil, and in the evening I saw him appear at the side of my bed. Instead of staying with me, he desired to pass the night in his old lodging; and before going there he had the imprudence to enter a coffee-house in the Place de l'Odeon, for the purpose of reading the journals. Scarcely had he left the house when he was seized by seven or eight agents of the police, thrown on the ground, conducted to the Prefect, and cast into prison. It appears that he had been recognized at the barrier where some time before he had been described.

During the same night of his arrest, he was interrogated by the Prefect of Police. From the moment of this first interrogatory, Santa-Rosa acknowledged his true name, and expressed those sentiments which had made a lively impression upon the fanatical but honest M. de Laveau. He repelled with indignation the accusation of having engaged in machinations against the French Government; he declared that he was absolutely a stranger to all that was passing in France, and that his only and involuntary crime was in being at Paris under another name than his own. Having been interrogated in regard to his connections in Paris, he named me as the only friend he had. He asked as a favor that I should not be brought into this affair, and that I might be spared a visit which might be fatal to my health, offering himself all the information which might be demanded, and even the most severe reparation, rather than expose him who had given him hospitality. The sentence of extradition having been pronounced, Santa-Rosa seemed to accept his fate with that simple pride which never fails of its effect. He seemed uneasy only on a single point, the consequences which this affair might have upon my health.

Whilst this was passing at the prefecture of police, I was in my bed, covered with leeches, and in the most deplorable condition. The following day, between four and five o'clock in the morning, I heard a loud knock at my door, and suddenly five or six gendarmes rushed into my room, having at their head a commissary of police, who, showing his scarf, signified to me, *in the name of the King*, that he had orders to make strict search among my papers. I did not know what all this meant, and it was only at the end of the examination, the result of which was to discover to them some notes on Proclus and on Plato, that the commissary informed me that I had been searched on account of Santa-Rosa, who had been arrested the evening before on leaving my house. Struck by this intelligence as with a thunder-bolt, I transported myself immediately to the house of M. de Laveau, and demanded of him why, if he accused of conspiracy against the French Government a man who knew no other person than myself at Paris, he had not placed me under the same arrest; or, if he dared not also to accuse me of conspiracy, why he complained of a man who could have done nothing except through me and with me. If it was not in fact a question of conspiracy against France, I showed him what a lack of magnanimity there was in pursuing a proscribed person, because he was under another name than his own, when moreover this proscribed person was a gallant man, and inoffensive in his life; and I asked to see Santa-Rosa at once. M. de Laveau was a party-man like M. Franchet; he was of a narrow and suspicious mind, but he was an honest man. He had just interrogated Santa-Rosa a second time; he had just read the report of the commissary of police on the results of the search made at my house, and was beginning to feel that the accusation of conspiracy against the French Government was deprived of all foundation. My visit, by proving to him that we were not afraid, and that we did not fear a trial, was sufficient to persuade him. At the same time he thought that he must still affect some doubt, and announced to me that the trial would take place. I demanded to appear in it as evidence, and a few days after I was summoned before the magistrate, M. Debelleyme, since Prefect of Police, and now member of the Chamber of Deputies. The examination was short and minute. M. Debelleyme displayed impartiality and perfect moderation. He conceived, in regard to the prisoner, a just idea of his morality, and always spoke to me of him with respect and benevolence. This ridiculous process terminated in an ordinance declaring that there was no cause of action on the ground of conspiracy, the only one which had occasioned the arrest. As to the affair

of the passport under a false name, the crime of the prisoner was acknowledged. but in terms most honorable to himself. Mention was made of his loyalty, and of the frankness of his avowals. This ordinance of "no cause of action" was not made until the expiration of two months, and during all this time poor Santa-Rosa remained a prisoner at the prefecture of police in one of the rooms of the Salle Saint-Martin. The first days of the arrest having passed, I obtained permission to visit him every day, and some others afterwards obtained the same permission. It was then that I learned still better to know the character and the mind of Santa-Rosa.

At the first moment he had two fears: the first was that of being delivered up to Piedmont, that is, to the scaffold; the second, that the excitement of all this affair and the visit of the police might be sad to my health, perhaps even fatal to me. When he saw me enter his prison in apparently better health than usual, his serenity of mind returned to him, and during the two months that he remained in the Salle Saint-Martin I did not hear him complain either of his fate or of any one around him. He prepared himself to die well, if delivered up to Piedmont, and read no longer any thing but his Bible. Afterwards, when this fear was removed, his attention was directed to the details of the proceedings against him. He was touched by the regard testified for him, and penetrated with respect for the excellence of the French law, and for the independence of the magistracy. Santa-Rosa should have been seen in his prison. It was a very good room, airy, salubrious; he was in no bad condition, and enjoyed himself wonderfully. The jailor, who had long followed his occupation, and who had acquired some knowledge of men, soon saw with whom he had to deal, and did not treat him as an ordinary prisoner. He always called him *Monsieur le Comte*, and this was not displeasing to Santa-Rosa, who spoke to him with kindness, and concluded by so far securing his affections that this jailor seemed entirely like an old servant of his house. Santa-Rosa was informed by him as to his fortune, his family, his children. The other consulted him. Santa-Rosa gave his advice with mildness, but with authority. One would have said that he was again at Savigliano in his mayoralty, speaking to one of his employees. When he left the prison the jailor told me he was losing a great deal. It was so in my own house. My nurse loved him more than she loved me; and even now, after the lapse of twenty years, she speaks of him only with the utmost tenderness. It was in this prison that I met Santa-Rosa's old servant in the army of the Alps, Bossi, a bad head and a good heart, who knew not how to manage his affairs, but who would have willingly given all that he had to his old master. It is needless to say that these two months, during which we passed two or three hours of each day together in the Salle Saint-Martin, united us more and more closely.

It seems, after the ordinance of "no cause of action" rendered by the magistrate, M. Debelleyme, that the result of that affair ought to have been at least to leave Santa-Rosa tranquil at Paris. Such was not the case. At first there was a primary arrest by the police. It was necessary that the royal court should interpose, and formally pronounce a dismissal, if no other cause of arrest should be met with. Through the police of M. Corbière, opposition was made even to the execution of the second judgment; and after Santa-Rosa had been justly declared out of the reach of further arrest, and consequently free, M. Corbière, by ministerial interference, decided that M. de Santa-Rosa and several of his compatriots, arrested in the same manner as he, should be consigned to some province under the surveillance of the police. Alençon was the prison, somewhat larger than the Salle Saint-Martin, to which Santa-Rosa was condemned by the Minister of the Interior and of the Police. That shameless and wicked act towards a man evidently inoffensive, and who was able to find consolation only at Paris, in the company of a friend whose liberal opinions and very tranquil life (since that life was nearly all passed in his bed) were known,—that act which destroyed Santa-Rosa in separating him from Paris and from me, caused him, by its useless rigor, a real irritation. He protested, demanded permission to remain at Paris, or passports for England. No answer was given him, and he was transferred to Alençon.

Here are portions of some of his letters from Alençon, which make known to us the

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life which he led there, his sentiments and his labors:—

"ALENCON, May 19, 1822.

"We arrived yesterday at Alençon. The orders of the Minister subject us to the surveillance of the local authority, and this surveillance will be exercised in the following manner: Every day, at the hour of two, we must present ourselves to the Mayor, and enter our names in his register; that is all. I have declared very calmly, very simply, but in terms very clear and very significant, my position to the Mayor. He had no good reasons to give me for all this, and I demanded none of him either good or bad. The intercourse, too, was not very animated, but it was polite, which did not hinder it from being sufficiently interesting to your good-natured friend. Besides, I love the Mayors, and for a reason. One of them is a good old man, with a feeble, pleasant voice. His colleague, whose name ends in *ière*, and who walks as straight as an *i*, did not receive us so well. I have promised myself that if I ever become again ruler of my dear city, I will guard myself from giving unpleasant moments to the poor devils who shall be brought to me. I am going to live the life of a hermit; that will console me for being no longer in my prison of Paris. The indignation which the injustice that I experience causes me has not diminished, but I shall not let it trouble my repose. This is enough to say about myself. I am coming to a subject that I cannot quit. You think you are really better than in November last; this better ought to give you a beginning of courage, because it is a beginning of hope. Reflect a little on the pleasure, the vivid, the inconceivable pleasure of becoming again yourself, and on the pleasure I shall feel to see you in the full possession of your power of thought and action."

"ALENCON, June 2.

"I am lodged, my dear friend, in the street *aux Cieux*, in the house of M. Chopelain, an upholsterer. I have two chambers sufficiently large, and convenient enough; but a sorry view upon the street, and upon a small ugly court, has replaced the lake, the Alps, Vevey and Clarens, which I had under my window a year ago. I wished yesterday to see the environs I found the stagnant Sarthe and some quite fertile fields. By dint of search I found a little shade in an arbor of apple-trees. The city is very badly built; it has a passable public garden, and quite a number of comfortable landlords. To judge by certain vague indications, the Alençonians are very good people, somewhat curious, but very innocently so. I do not believe them to be litigants, Normands as they are, for their court-house is only half constructed. The cathedral is large, with painted windows; but the interior is half Gothic and half bad Greek. I heard a priest there preaching to some children. He cried loud enough, but I did not understand one word of his beautiful discourse: it was nevertheless in French, but delivered according to the custom of Normandy.

"I am *enamored* of Paris; there is a good portion of myself in that city which I always wished to hate, and have ended by *falling in love with*.

"I have not received the response of the Minister, yet I was expecting it much. I shall not cease to complain, should it be for no other reason than to remind them of their injustice. They like very well to see those they have persecuted resigned and silent: I shall not give them that pleasure.

"Besides the works which we agreed upon, I ask of you, 1st, M. de Bonald, '*Législation Primitive*;' 2d, M. de la Mennais *de l'Indifférence;* 3d, Châteaubriand *de la Monarchie selon la Charte*."

"ALENCON, June 11.

"Yesterday your two letters, that of the 3d and that of the 9th, reached me at the same time. I had need of them. The uneasiness which I felt in receiving nothing from your dear person began to become anxiety. It would have been folly in you to make a journey when it is so warm. Do not be astonished in regard to the books which I ask you for; you must know that nothing more awakens in me the power of reasoning, and above all of *feeling vividly my ideas*, than the reading of works which combat the truth with a certain force. Besides, in those which I ask you for, one finds true and strong things by the side of the most deplorable sophisms. In a word, Bonald and La Mennais oblige me to rise from my chair, the fire in my face, and to walk in my chamber, assailed with a torrent of vivid and grand ideas. I feel more what I really am in reading the writings of our adversaries than in reading those of our friends; for, in our friends, how certain things trouble me, ch grin me! It is only the indignant man who can be true and strong, for indignation has nothing personal in it. I finished yesterday the "*Esprit des Lois*." The last books, which had almost caused me *ennui* for twenty years, and even thirty, have been singularly pleasing to me this time. I found an explanation of many things, and among others of my sojourn at Alençon. How much time it takes to bring about an emancipation! I yield to necessity, my friend; but Alençon is one of the saddest necessities of the eighty-four departments of the kingdom. I am so lonely! But tell me, ye unfortunate, is it not solitude that you need? Yes, but not this. This is worth nothing to me. I know myself, and I feel that this banishment to Alençon is a frightful misfortune to me. That which I needed was precisely that Arcueil of sweet memory, that solitude at the haven of Paris; that alone remains to work for. But this is my last complaint; you shall have no more of it. Would that I could finish by a *capitolo in terza rima* in praise of our dear Paris! I keep for you your room; you shall choose the apartment on the north side or that on the south side. I occupy the former during the day, and sleep in the latter. I am a great lord, as you see. So, devoted friend, come, you and your Plato; you shall be well received. But you shall come only when the journey can do you good; understand me, when it can do you good; *così e non altrimenti*. O my friend, I am convinced that your philosophy, in the present state of things, would bring great good to men. Are you not frightened to see in Europe great religious and moral truths abandoned almost without defense to the blows of two sorts of men equally opposed to the order and

prosperity of society! Do you not see that victory, on either side, will be only an achievement against true liberty, the alliance of which with true morality is an imperishable law of eternal order! Dear friend, in this strife of evil against good, in this contest between the two principles, (but no; evil is not a principle, it is only an act,) it becomes one's duty to make his voice heard when he has the consciousness of its force. That edition of Proclus, and even that translation of Plato, have crossed your true career. . . . I, my friend, I have health, a tender heart which is full of warmth, an imagination made for that heart; I have a just spirit, but no profundity; and I have an education so defective, or, to speak more truly, I am so ignorant upon a great number of important points, that it becomes an almost insurmountable obstacle to most of the enterprises that I would undertake. I have without doubt a certain practice and a knowledge of the material of affairs which is rarely joined to an ardent imagination; it is this which can make of me a citizen fit to serve my country during the storm and after the storm. But it is in a very differently exalted manner that you can serve human society. I, who have the consciousness of an indefinite lengthening of my moral existence, of my existence of will and freedom, who have it for you and for me,—I earnestly desire that your passage upon the earth may be marked by your influence upon the prosperity of other passengers, no great good being without great reward. You see, my friend, that I love you well, and like a true devotee as I am.

"The Congress of Florence does not cease to run through my head. There is something very odious in that abandonment of the Greeks to the more or less ready vengeance of the enemies of the Christian faith.

"You have commenced the session of the Chambers by the discharge of pistols; that is a touching imitation of English usages. You take what is best from your neighbors; I compliment you for that. As for me, I confess to you that I would prefer that Alençon should be somewhat more like Chester, Nottingham, or some other town of the British empire. Will M. Roger-Collard have occasion to confound his adversaries, as he did last winter? I fear that he has not chosen a question worthy of him. Remember me to him: you know my feeling of preference for him; it is of long standing.

"Adieu, my dear friend. I love you because you love me, because you are a Platonist, and because you are a Parisian, and still more for an occult reason which is worth more than all the others because it is not expressed. I felt it yesterday on receiving your two letters after some days of expectation."

"Alençon, July 7.

"You recommend to me a commentary on and a refutation of the '*Contract Social.*' It is a fine idea, I own; but I fear that the execution may not be within my power. I prefer to pursue my work commenced on governments. I am occupied in reading Daunou on *Guaranties*. This work has two distinct parts. In the first the author examines as to what constitutes liberty or guaranties; he characterizes them, decomposes them, circumscribes them; all that appears to me in general well conceived and well done. In the second part it is sought in what manner different governments grant or limit these guaranties. Here, Daunou is neither sufficiently comprehensive nor sufficiently profound. In my work I shall refer this second part to a point of view rather practical than theoretical, and I shall enter into details for want of which the work of the orator resembles a book of geometry rather than one of politics. Perhaps I shall commence by publishing a small portion of my work; for example, the conciliation of the guaranties which liberty claims with those which force claims, that is military organization, in a free government. It is only one point, it is true; but do you not think, my friend, that the careful farming of a part of the territory that lies fallow is more useful for the advancement of science than a cultivation of the whole, the result of which would be uncertain? There are without doubt geniuses of immense vigor who can lay hold of every thing, like Montesquieu; but I am not one of them. Besides, ours is the time for culture by parcels. We are so far advanced that a vast enterprise, if it is superficial, could not be useful, and perhaps we are not yet ripe for a great enterprise profoundly conceived and perfectly executed. If I could have cultivated well my lot, my dear friend, I should have deserved well of my fellow-men, and should have obtained sufficient reputation to assure me embellish my existence. I have also formed the project of a work on Circumstances; but I fear that I shall not be able to execute it. I had some unwell days at the end of June. Do you know that my head sometimes refuses to work? I have also a troublesome rush of blood to the brain. Woe to me, if I do not take much exercise! And I am yet quite young. I believe I shall be a long time young in tenderness of heart and in the enchantments of the imagination. My mother was only thirteen years old, and there is something in me that responds to this extreme youth of maternity. I feel that I am young, and that I am not completed. My heart alone received the finishing hand. . . .

"Have I told you that Sismondi wrote me a letter filled with kindness? I have received also a letter from Fabvier, of whom I shall speak to you another time, and for a reason."

That letter of Fabvier, and the cause which was visibly gaining on the poor prisoner, and, above all, the need of seeing him again, determined me to go and rejoin him, in spite of my wretched health and the positive orders of my physician, M. Laennec. I confided to no one my determination; I took the diligence, and rode fifty leagues day and night; arrived in the most pitiable condition, but finally did arrive. I occupied one of Santa-Rosa's two chambers, and we lived thus during a month in fraternal intimacy. I have often been sick; more than once affectionate cares have been lavished on me: never have I known such cares as those bestowed by him. It would be impossible

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to describe the tenderness which he showed me, and henceforth I shall speak of it no more. This month passed together in absolute solitude completed our union. I could read in his soul, and he in mine, every feeling and every thought. There was manifested the last degree of confidence, and the veils which still covered the most delicate parts of our life were raised, as it were of their own accord, in those moments of abandon when the firmest souls, reposing in confidence, are no longer troubled with reserve. From that time our intimacy could not be increased, and took at once a character of sweetness and manliness which it always preserved, even during the long years of our separation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

## AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIMES.

[OUR readers will doubtless be gratified to find that our monthly review of literature will also contain a monthly review of things in general—of contemporary history, both in Europe and on our own continent. We mean a notice of those leading facts which are most significant of the times. Retrospects are not always unpleasant things. People in progress sometimes like to pause, not so much to take breath as to look back over the road they have travelled, and congratulate themselves on the headway they have made. They also feel an interest in the breadth and comprehensiveness of the survey. Now-a-days literature is not merely a matter of abstract refinement, lying apart from the high roads of men. It is bound up with the law of movement, partakes of its impulses, and wherever it lives healthiest, should show a lively sympathy with the business of the human family.

We hope that, in doing the business of Ariel once a month, putting, as it were, a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, our beneficent Prospero—the public—will smile encouragement, and not withhold the reward of such services.]

FRANCE.—France, after all, takes the attention first, in spite of the splendid and praiseworthy costermongery of the Crystal Palace. Béranger says, very grandly:

"Le sang français des grandes destinées
Trace en tout temps la route au genre humain."

No doubt she has been a remarkable precursor in great changes, and sometimes leads the van in fine style. She has been a pillar of fire to the nations. But it cannot be denied that she has also been a very bewildering pillar of cloud. She has been alternately

"The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

At this moment her tendencies are as uncertain as those of a meteor. What is she about to become? We could make a shrewd guess at the probable condition of any other European government at the end of the next two years. But what France will be at that time nobody can venture to prophesy. Of modern nations she presents the most startling contrasts of elevated heroism and feeble, contented submission. In 1789 she rose, stung with the injuries of a thousand years, and tyrants either perished at her feet or ran from her angry face, like grasshoppers. Then she cooled down into subserviency to the will of a despotic soldier. She afterwards took back, with a helpless grumble, the Bourbons she had execrated. In a succeeding fit of magnificence she kicked them out again; but clasped a royal Artful Dodger to her bosom instead of liberty. Another vehement eructation, after a time, sent him and his princes, all their regal hopes and household gods, sprawling disastrously against the moon! Then, what but the purest form of republicanism—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the trinity of her old worship! But look again. The noble French nation has discarded its idols of the Provisional days, and put a little Bonaparte at the head of the government. The people forgot the customary Phrygian cap, to fall down and worship the Emperor's old cocked hat! So did not William Tell upon a memorable Austrian occasion.

France seems upon the edge of another explosion: she is always on the edge of something of the kind; and privy conspiracy has its *foyers* in the city of Paris, with affiliations in other places—a very influential one in the English metropolis. In the beginning of last

month a plot was discovered having for its object a general socialist revolution. On the 6th ult., one hundred and twenty-five arrests had been made in consequence. M. Maillard, former secretary of Ledru Rollin, was among those arrested, and it is thought the latter himself is implicated deeply in the business. So the matter stands. The approach of 1852 and the Presidential election deepens the interest of all who work for France or think of her. Louis Napolean desires to be chosen for another term, shrinking back from the abyss of oblivion into which he should subside on leaving his present seat. He evidently wishes to create an impression that, without his firm rule and measures of coercion, the Republic would be pulled to pieces between the Legitimists on the one hand, and the Red-Republicans on the other; and he relies very much upon that easy class of the *bourgeoisie* which dreads another outbreak and the knocking about of its crockery. There are about "six Richmonds in that field" already, all looking either to the Presidency or to some other shape of authority over the nation. There is the party of Henry of Bordeaux; that of the young "County Paris;" that of the Prince de Joinville, (as President;) that of Louis Napoleon and the cocked hat; that of the moderate Republicans and Cavaignac; that of the Red-Republicans—this last being, as yet, acephalous. A pretty Medea's "kettle of fish," from which to bring forth the renovated France of the next two or three years! The chances of the two first seem feeble, and, we may add, those of the last named. That of the Prince de Joinville is thought to have some sort of promise in it. He is about to offer himself as candidate for the department of Finisterre, hoping to be returned, to have his sentence of banishment repealed, and then to offer himself for the Presidency. MM. Guizot, Duchatel, and other Orleanist leaders, are opposed to this project. Their aims are all royal. They look for a possible union of the two Bourbon branches and the restoration of the monarchy. Berryer, the world-renowned legitimist orator and advocate of Henry V., has spoken with his usual boldness in the French Chamber. He laughs at the idea that France is republican, and asks what signs of republicanism has she been showing for the last two years? France, he says, *cannot* be a republic. "Yes," he exclaims, "I say that the republic is incompatible with the old society of Europe—is utterly unsuited to the genius, wants, manners and feelings of a nation of thirty millions of inhabitants, closely packed together in the same territory, and whose ancestors have been for centuries governed by kings." This is pretty plain speaking—not without some applause. The Mountain roars like the sea in a stiff tempest. But France is not all mountainous; she is a champaign country, for the most part; as the Berryers are not put out of wind countenance.

As for Louis Napoleon, he mainly re upon the great mass of the rural popula those who remember Napoleon, as the Po guese remember Don Sebastian; those wh Béranger describes in his "Souvenirs Peuple:"

> "Long, long, in many a lowly home,
> They'll fondly talk of all his glory;
> For half a century to come,
> The cot shall know no other story.
> There, many a time, at close of day,
> The villagers will meet and say:
> 'Mother, to make the moments fly,
> Tell us some tale of days gone by;
> What though his rule, they say, was hard,
> We keep his memory with delight:
> Tell us of him, good grandmother,
> Tell us of him to-night!'"

He has the unreasoning instincts of such pe ple on his side. But a strong power is again him if he means to subvert the Constitutio The Generals, Cavaignac and Changarnier, will thwart any of his illegal attempts, and divide the army against him; and Lamartine, to blast his pretensions in their stronghold, pours out his withering denunciation of Napoleon as a vulgar homicide, in his new work, the History of the Restorations. It is commonplace to say that France is the surface of a volcano; but the figure is so appropriate that we adopt it till we can get a better for the purpose.

Two naval squadrons are about to be sent from France: one to cruise on the coast of Italy to watch the disturbances that are beginning to threaten the peninsula; the other to the sea of Japan under a Rear Admiral—a military, scientific, and commercial exploration of those rich lands and waters so long *tabooed* against the Europeans, and now about to be involved in the vortex of progress.

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ENGLAND.—In England the noise and excitement of the Crystal Palace are undergoing diminution, and the Church business is beginning to make itself heard the louder. The late law, making the assumption of Catholic Church titles penal, is agitating the empire. In Ireland the hubbub is greatest, as was to be expected, and the Catholic priesthood *protest* as vehemently as the schismatics of the fourteenth century did. A Catholic Association is organized to war against perfidious Albion in the matter of these titles. Ireland, as much of it as the emigration has left behind, is expected to range itself at the back of the Bishops, and the old business of the O'Connell days is making that miserable *terrarum angulus* still more ridiculous and deplorable. The intention of the Irish dignitaries is to assume the forbidden style, and then try the thing in court. The Catholic Church will go

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to law with England! In the latter country the majority of the press is opposed to the Catholic claims; even the liberal papers do not find their liberality proof against the traditional dislike of every thing Popish. Punch is death on the Church of Rome! Of course many of our readers have seen (for Punch is no stranger in our American book-shops) the many comicalities, sharper than swords in the end, by which Popery is assailed.

> "A thousand 'scapes of wit
> Make it the mother of their idle dreams,
> And rock it in their fancies."

What a figure the Irish Bishop cuts with the Fiery Cross! And the clerical Wolf and Little Red Riding-hood! But, after all, they may laugh who win. And the titulars will win.

The Crystal Palace will be closed this month. It has turned out to be an excellent thing, even as a trading speculation. It could not fail. The Queen and Prince Albert were to that show what Barnum is to his own, and carried it through right royally. The almost daily attendance of the Queen was enough to sustain the interest of the house, which might otherwise have subsided somewhat. At first the London papers were disposed to disparage our contributions; but a Yankee reaping-machine and the miraculous lock-picking of Mr. Hobbs, of New-York, have made a more lasting practical impression upon a practical people than nearly all the rest of the show put together. But the United States showed, after all, that her best things were not by any means at the Crystalline. Like an ancient knight-errant, riding up alone to the gates of a strange city, and challenging any champion disposed to come forth and fight with him, the very famous little cutter "America" rode the other day into Cowes, where the swiftest keels of England were congregated, and sent a cartel of defiance into the midst of them!

> The Yankee craft stepped forth before the rest,
> And, Albion, challenged you to run a race!

And she ran it, and won it too, beating the best yacht in England, by tremendous odds, in a course of twenty miles. John Bull stared, as at something extremely unlooked for, and Punch handsomely admitted that instead of "Yankee Doodle-doo," our motto should be Yankee Doodle Did! Well, this has been fairly acknowledged by the English press to be a fair and undoubted beating—an emphatic proof that on the element which England has been in the habit of calling her own, she is no longer without a superior. Within the last year or so, indeed, Mr. Collins's steamships have been demonstrating the same in the face of the world. The Jupiter Tonans of Printing-house Square admits the fact, and doubts are for ever dumb. One English paper, the *London Merchant*, speaking the honest conviction of almost the entire press of the country, says: "We write to record our opinion, that the empire of the seas must before long be ceded to America; its persevering enterprise, its great commerce, are certain to secure this prize; nor will England be in a condition to dispute it with her. America, as mistress of the ocean, must overstride the civilized world." Not such a great misfortune for the world, that! America will do nothing unladylike, thank God. She will not overstride the world to plunder and maltreat it. Meantime, England will keep her supremacy, we perceive, as long as she may: Cunard is building four iron screw steam-ships, the first to be ready for the billows on New-Year's Day.

England can boast her golden territories as well as ourselves. Gold has been discovered in the earth at several places in New South Wales, and a placer has been opened at Bathurst. Every thing is in apple-pie order at these diggings. The Governor-General has issued a proclamation prohibiting the search for gold unless with a government license; and though the diggers are digging as men do every where who dig for gold, eagerly and energetically, they are doing so under regulations. A deposit bank was about to be set up at the placer, to be supported from the license money. This would secure the winnings of the searchers, who, it is said, average half an ounce each per day. Mr. Stuchbury, the geologist of the colony, has reported very favorably of this golden discovery.

Gold has also been discovered in the valley of the river Chaudière, in Lower Canada. About five hundred Americans and several persons from New-Brunswick have been prospecting there during the summer. The mineral region, it is said, extends over a surface of 3,000 square miles, the gold being found in the bed of the stream and in the neighboring hills.

A letter has been published from Dr. John Rae, regarding his efforts for the discovery of Sir John Franklin, dated Fort Confidence, Great Bear Lake, Oct. 14th, 1850. He proposed going in the spring of this year, 1851, twenty days' march to the northward between Victoria and Wollaston's Lands. He ultimately proposed to descend the Copper Mine river, in June or July, when the ice should be broken up. He seems confident of falling in with Sir John. This is not impossible, if he should journey through that "dark valley," which it is generally believed poor Sir John has reached long before now.

Ireland seems to be making spasmodic efforts about the Church-in-danger. But she is

mainly busied in running away. If the Irish could remove their country from her anchorage and set her afloat, like another Delos, they would ferry her over and moor her under the lee of New-Jersey shore. As they cannot, they leave the wreck, and escape in hundreds of thousands. The emigration from Ireland is increasing in an enormous degree, and will continue to increase till about two or three millions will only be left in the old island. It is the island of a thousand undeveloped resources, and we should not wonder if some of our Yankee speculators went and settled in it. It is a wealthier island naturally than Cuba. An American colony upon it would be the signal of its regeneration.

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Germany.—The news from Germany is interesting. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia promulgate their designs of restoring despotism to its old rights. The Emperor of Austria, with an honest ferocity, has doomed the Constitution of March, 1849, to the flames—that Constitution for which people said the Austrians and Hungarians should have been so grateful. He will govern for the future with the help of a Council of Ministers,—at the head of whom, from present appearances, is to be placed once more that ancient prop of absolutism, Prince Metternich,—which is to give its opinion whenever he has a mind toask for it. Like Louis XIV., he will throw his sword on the council-table, and say: "L'état, c'est moi!" This proceeding has greatly agitated the good people of Vienna, who sent him scampering to the Tyrol, along with his uncle Ferdinand, in 1848. The King of Prussia has muzzled the *Cologne Gazette;* has let it know it must no longer meddle with the discussion of public affairs! In the mean time there is a knot of Thrasybuluses in London, who watch the "thirty tyrants" of that German land. They have set about publishing revolutionary pamphlets, and are in communication with the discontented people of the continent. High Holborn is their *pou sto;* and with this fulcrum they try to move the Teutonic world to independence. Dr. Tausenau is their president. The English Government, though sympathizing little with their republicanism, or with that of the Italian patriots, who also sit and plot within the sound of Bow bells, must tolerate them. So will the democratic genius of England—which has still an influence in the land, and which is yet destined to put down the tyrannies and abuses that obscure and weaken it just now.

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The Hungarians.—Kossuth and his companions—five only were latterly left with him—were to have been liberated on the 15th ult., and sent from Kutahia to England, on their way, it is reported, to the United States. For the last two years, Turkey kept the Hungarians imprisoned, under awe of the threats of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. The Ottoman Porte has been praised for not surrendering them. We cannot see how it can escape condemnation for not permitting them to pass freely through and from its independent and neutral dominions. Kossuth has expressed his doubts of his release at the appointed time, in a letter addressed to Mr. Horne of our embassy at Constantinople. He feared for the feebleness of Turkey, and told Mr. Horne he had little hopes from the influence of America in the matter; inasmuch as the American government and the American press took always occasion to declare that the Republic would not meddle in the affairs of other countries. This policy Kossuth evidently deplores. He said it was doubtless suitable to the infant fortunes of the States; but would be certain, in our times, to weaken the influence which such a powerful and enlightened nation should possess, and make our sympathies as a people good for nothing. This is not the place to discuss so important and delicate a question as this. That wise policy which has done so much for freedom here, and free opinion every where, can only become more efficient for the good of others by the increased influence which the growth of America will give her in the affairs of the world, as the wings of her eagle spread wider, as her commerce and population grow, and the maritime supremacy of the world (see the English papers) passes over to our flag. America, strong enough to be the arbiter of nations, must, by a *law of necessity* which certainly will have no reservations here, be all that the best friends of liberty can desire. Her word will yet have the force of law in the world; and she will not greatly need to knock any one down. But if any one should insist on being knocked down for misconduct, why, that alters the case somewhat.

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Italy.—This noble and unhappy old peninsula is angry and restless, and her peoples are longing for the power to punish their tyrants. At Rome the *transteverini* hate the French cordially, and the latter feel ashamed of their duty as army of occupation for the Pope. As the Italians are debarred the use of the *stylus*, in its more legitimate character, they change it to the *stiletto*, and use it whenever they can, upon the persons of their enemies. An attempt was made to assassinate the Director of Police the other day. The chambers of one of the Roman Secretaries of State were lately opened and examined by the police—doubtless with the authority of Pius IX. In Naples, Lombardy, and the other governments, despotism is clinging to the people, as

the great snake coils itself round the tortured family of Laocoön. The rulers are every where more cautious than they were previous to 1848. Their military forces and police are increased, and organized on the most determined principles of tyrant government. But the cause of liberty is indestructible, and we may expect to hear, from time to time, of some terrible outbreaks against the native or foreign governors of Italy.

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### AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

At the commencement of last month, news, previously received, of the failure of the Cuban expedition, were fully confirmed. The enterprise was as helpless as that of Cardenas, and much more fatal. About 160 men have been sent to Spain as prisoners; 22 are unaccounted for; the remainder of about 460 who went with Lopez in the Pampero have been put to death one way or the other. Having landed at Bahia Honda on the 12th August, Lopez marched inland, leaving Colonel Crittenden with 130 men to guard the baggage. Next morning, Crittenden, on his way to join Lopez, was attacked by the Queen's troops, and forced to retreat to the shore. Seeing that no Creole had joined in the enterprise, he embarked his men in boats, intending to return to Florida. But he was taken with about fifty others, and all were shot in files at Havana. In the mean time, Lopez, with about 350 men, was attacked by General Enna. The latter was killed and his men repulsed. But Lopez lost thirty men in killed and wounded. In this battle, instead of one of those used by the warriors of antiquity to make their soldiers fight with alacrity, he used a cow-hide applied to the backs of his men! So says Lieutenant Van Vechten; though, considering he is one of those pardoned by the Spaniards, and expected to give an account of the expedition, his evidence must be taken *cum grano salis*. Next day Lopez was again attacked, and though his followers kept the Spaniards in check for some time, against formidable odds, he was forced to retreat to the mountains. He and his men wandered through them drearily without food or shelter, for a week, during which time one hundred and twenty-five of them were glad to feast on a horse. On the 23d, they were once more attacked and dispersed, and only seven men remained with Lopez. On the 26th, having had but one meal for six days, they went into a house, where they got food. But, leaving it, they were surrounded by the country people and taken prisoners. Thus ended the last expedition against Cuba, fourteen days after the invasion of the island. Lopez was taken to Havana, and died with fortitude, by the *garotte*.

The moral of these attempts on Cuba seems to be, that it is vain to try and liberate any people from without—vain to try and liberate any people which is not fit for liberty. The Cubans—Creoles and others—did not lift a finger in aid of Lopez, proving that they are a slavish population, and unfit for the institutions and duties of self-government. The seeds of liberty are not of such rapid growth. Liberty cannot be *improvised*, nor made permanent without the proper education of the national mind. The Cubans are a cowardly race, and deserve none of our sympathy. Those whom Lopez would have enfranchised were the most eager to run him down with blood-hounds, and betray him—the country people of Cuba. Sympathizers will pause a long time before they again try to kindle a revolution in Cuba.

The Three Glorious Days of Boston.—We doubt whether, since the day she threw the royal souchong into the bay, Boston ever felt so proud of herself as on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of last month—days which are set among her municipal Fasti, as the three glorious days of 1851! This jubilee of amicable Septembrisers was held to celebrate the formation of those lines of railway in the northern part of this continent, which promise to promote in a very gainful and fraternal manner the general intercourse of the Canadians and our people, and give greater life and scope to the commercial interests of North America. Very liberally and cordially did the Bostonians meet the expensive occasion, and not less cordially did the Canadians of all ranks accept their hospitality and reciprocate their feelings of courtesy and brotherhood. The first charter for a railway was granted twenty years ago in Massachusetts, and now the State is covered with a net-work of iron roads, comprising seven trunk-lines, with a large family of branches. The roads within the State employ a capital of about fifty-two millions a year, the yearly revenue of which is considered to be about six and a half millions. Her population, something less than a million, is amply supplied with locomotive advantages.

On the 17th, a great number of the civil and military authorities of Canada, and other subjects of Her Majesty, had already come into Boston, and been escorted to the several chief hotels. On that day they were carried about the city to see the notabilities, and, of course, taken to Charlestown to survey the star-y-pointing obelisk of Bunker-Hill. The next day, President Fillmore having come to town, a large steamer took him and the chief guests on an excursion down the harbor, attended by a crowd of floating craft and by all

the sights and sounds of general festivity. By the time the aquatic tour was completed, Lord Elgin, Governor-General of the Canadas, attended by his brother, Colonel Bruce, and Lord Mark Kerr, was received at the Western Railway Station by the Mayor. On arriving at the Revere House, the descendant of a long line of ancestry—honorable, too, as bearing the name of Bruce, (passing by Lord Byron's splenetic Curse of Minerva pronounced on the Earl's father, we believe, for bringing the friezes of the Parthenon, and other sculptures, from Athens to England)—went across the hall of the same hotel to pay the homage due to the head of this Republic, to the son of a plain Yankee farmer. In the evening, the Earl distributed himself among three or four reception rooms of the Boston aristocracy.

The next was the superlative last day of the Jubilee. The whole population seemed to have come to the windows or into the streets; and bunting enough for five hundred armies flew from roofs and spires, and arched and draped the thoroughfares appointed for the route of the procession. In eleven large divisions it took up its pilgrimage,

"And wound, with blithesome march, its long array,"

to the pulsations of many drums and the inspiriting noise of wind instruments; while such multitudes of faces looked and cheered from the houses on each side, "you would have thought the very windows spake." The authorities and chief societies of Boston marched—the military divisions, Lord Elgin, Governor Boutwell, the Canadian ministry, the Canadian guests; and then the trades, a long and highly interesting line. The President was suffering from cold, and did not appear in the procession. The dinner in the pavilion on the Common was a grand affair. Between three and four thousand persons occupied seats at a cold collation of things, but warmed by a good deal of fraternal enthusiasm. President Fillmore sat to the banquet, but only for a short time. Not being able to stay till the close, he spoke his speech, by anachronism, before dinner, and left the hall to proceed to Washington.

After his departure, several excellent speeches were made by Lord Elgin, the Hon. Mr. Everett, Hon. Mr. Winthrop, the Hon. Mr. Howe, of Canada, and others; all full of the spirit of the occasion. At dusk the party broke up to see the fire-works on the Common. Lord Elgin left the city next morning. And thus terminated a celebration which, drawing the people of the British Provinces into closer contact and sympathy than heretofore with our citizens, must foster a partiality for our way [illegible]s, and ultimately result in g[illegible]pendence [illegible]e side, and [illegible] advan[illegible]on the othe[illegible]

The State Agricultural Fair at Rochester, held simultaneously with the Boston Jubilee, vied with the latter in the splendor and interest of its concomitants. It was worthy of the imperial State of New-York, so rich in all natural endowments. The display of agricultural products, farming implements, manufactured articles, cattle, poultry, &c., was magnificent, and the multitudes that crowded to the Fair from all parts, Americans and colonists, were not less remarkable than the thing itself. The Canadians distinguished themselves in several departments, and seemed as much resolved to make themselves happily at home as their brethren in Boston. Lord Elgin dropped into the Fair on his way to the latter city, and looked about him with great interest, particularly at a gorgeous collection of horses, blood horses, and so forth. Governor Hunt was there; ex-Governors Marcy and Morton, and also ex-President Tyler, General Wool, and other notabilities. A grand dinner wound up the affair in a very splendid and harmonious manner; and at the conclusion it was resolved that this Fair should henceforth be an annual one.

On the 10th of last month a large body of armed negroes at Christiana, Pa., resisted the attempts of Mr. Gorsuch, of Maryland, (accompanied by five others,) to reclaim two of his fugitive slaves. Mr. Gorsuch was killed, and his son and nephew desperately wounded. The negroes numbered sixty or seventy, and fought with the most determined ferocity. Under the prompt action of the United States Marshal, from forty to fifty colored persons were arrested; and the law of the United States will be vindicated in this affair in the trial which takes place this month.

One hundred and twenty-eight Hungarians lately arrived in this country from Shumla. Their delegates, Captains Britch, Lichtenstein and Bukovitz, had a recent interview with the President at Washington, introduced by Major Tochman, husband of the late Madlle Jagello. The President welcomed them to America, and hoped Kossuth would come soon and settle in this country. The Hungarians were on their way to New-Buda in Ohio, where Governor Ujhazy and others of his nation have already settled. Mr. Corkoran—the name shows that he is a son or descendant of old Ireland—has paid $1,700 for the passage of one hundred of these Hungarians to their destination. Not to be outdone in generosity, the railroad companies have resolved to carry them free, so that they will have the cash to purchase implements of [illegible]nd other industry when they get to

[illegible]egon is going ahead almost as [illegible]. Some time ago six steam

vessels were expected to be on its rivers by this time. The editor of the *Spectator* has been through the valley of Tualatin, where an academy has been formed, and gives a highly favorable account of the fertility of its soil and the salubrity of its atmosphere. Much the largest part of the immigration to Oregon was from the Council Bluffs rendezvous. Governor Gaines and General Lane have been fighting with the Indians. The latter had entered their territory, killed forty or fifty of them, and driven the rest into the mountains. He brought away thirty prisoners. The number of the Indian tribes which the settlers have to contend with in Oregon shows the fertility of the soil and the excellent natural resources of the country.

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Mexico.—This country seems to be in a precarious and unpromising condition; she never, in fact, seemed to be in any other for a long time past. Just now it is threatened with rebellion and the loss of some of its northern provinces, among which are Tamaulipas and New-Leon. The leaders in the business of revolution are Carabajal and Gov. Cardenas. They are to be assisted by a large body of Texan rangers recently disbanded, and do not expect much resistance from the Federal troops. This enterprise has been concocted for some time, and great hopes of its success are entertained. Scarcity of provisions in consequence of a long and severe drouth is felt in the northern States of Mexico, and doubtless adds to the popular discontents, and excites wishes for some change in that quarter. An outbreak took place lately at Vera Cruz, the people of which appealed against the taxation which weighs upon them. They assembled to lay their complaint before the Ayuntamiento. The latter ordered some soldiers to be present at the interview, which sent the people back to their houses for their arms. Then began an angry parley, and the argument grew into a general fusillade. Three persons were killed and half a dozen wounded in this business, when the National Guard came out with cannons, sided with the people, and obliged the Ayuntamiento to come to terms and respect the demands of the citizens. Another outbreak had occurred at Durango, in consequence of want of provisions, and several lives were lost in the struggle. It is thought that the three thousand Cuban sympathizers who were ready to be wafted from New-Orleans to Cuba when news arrived of the defeat and death of Lopez will transfer themselves westward, and, under Carabajal, Cardenas, or some other leaders, endeavor to win new States from the Spanish-descended people of the mainland. Mexico is not insensible to her own distracted condition or the designs of her enemies within and without. The Senate had passed an act recommending all the Spanish American Republics to unite in an offensive and defensive alliance, establish a uniform political system, a general act of trade and commerce, and tribunal for the settlement of differences, &c. In the State of Guanajuata a *pronunciamento* was recently made in favor of Santa Anna. It is scarcely possible for Mexico, so torn by internal dissensions, to be able to bring about any harmonious action of the South American Republics—all as restless and angry as mosquitoes.

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New-Grenada has been lately in the jaws of insurrection. It is said to have been excited by the Jesuits who were lately driven from the country. The government of New-Grenada is going on the plan of radical reform, and has the support of the people. General Borrero, who headed a body of malcontents in Antioquia, was defeated by the troops of the executive.

General Flores, the absconding President of Ecuador, recently left Peru to go and head an insurrection in Ecuador which was intended to co-operate with the outbreak in New-Grenada. Flores is said to be the stipendiary of Lord Palmerston, and the subordinate of Mr. Chatfield, the English envoy; he lately resided at Costa Rica. Some years ago he arranged a plan by which Spain could bring back all the runaway Republics and make them colonies of Spain again.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Lectures on the Lord's Prayer.* By WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A series of most admirable discourses by a profound and pious thinker, on a subject of universal application and interest. We *enrich* our page by the following extract from the preface, remarkable for its force and beauty:—

"Could we write the history of mankind as it will be read by the Judge of all the earth in the last day, how much of earth's freedom, and order, and peace would be found to have distilled, through quiet and secret channels, from the fountain full and exhaustless of this single prayer. It has hampered the wickedness which it did not altogether curb; and it has nourished individual goodness and greatness in the eminence of which whole nations and ages have rejoiced.

"What forming energy has gone forth from the single character of Washington, upon the destinies of our own land and people, not only in the days of our Revolution, but through each succeeding year! He only who reads that heart which He himself has fashioned, can fully and exactly define the various influences which served to mould the character of that eminent patriot; yet every biographer has attributed much of what George Washington became to the parental training and the personal traits of his mother. To Paulding, in his Life of Washington, we owe the knowledge of the fact, that this Christian matron daily read to her household, in the youth of her son, the Contemplations of Sir Matthew Hale, the illustrious and Christian Judge. The volume is yet cherished in the family as an heir-loom, and bears the marks of much use; and one of its essays, 'The Good Steward,' is regarded by the biographer as having especially left its deep and indelible traces on the principles and character of the youth whom God was rearing for such high destinies. And certainly, either by the direct influence of the book and its lessons on the son, or by their indirect effect upon him through that parent revering and daily consulting the book, the Christian jurist and statesman of Britain seems, in many of his characteristic traits, to have reappeared in this the warrior and patriot to whom our own country gives such earnest and profound gratitude. The sobriety, the balanced judgment, the calm dignity, the watchful integrity shunning the appearance of evil, the tempered moderation, the controlling good sense, carried to a rare degree that made it mightier than what is commonly termed genius,—all were kindred traits, strongly developed in the character alike of the English and of the American worthy. In Washington's character, this seems among its [illegible] and rarest [illegible] its judicial severity—[illegible]ed amidst t[illegible]nflicts of a revo[illegible]tion; the composure of the Areopagus carried into the struggles of Thermopylæ.* Now the work of Hale, thus the household manual in the dwelling of the youthful Washington, contains a long, labored and minute series of Meditations on the Lord's Prayer. How much of the stern virtue that shone serenely over the troubled strifes of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and over the shameless profligacy and general debasement of the restored Stuarts, came from the earnest study of that Prayer, only the Last Day can adequately show. We can see, from the space it occupies in Hale's volume, what share the supplication had in his habitual and most sacred recollections. We seem to recognize, in his earnest, importunate deprecation of the sins from which society held him singularly free, and in his urgent and minute supplications for all grace and for those especial excellences in which his age and land pronounced him to have most eminently attained, the secret of his immunity and his virtue. Is it fanciful or credulous to infer that, directly or indirectly, in his own acquaintance personally with the work, or in his inherited admiration of the author's character, our Washington derived his kindred excellences from Hale; and that healing virtue thus streamed from the robes of the Saviour on the mount, as He enunciated this form of supplication—streamed across wide oceans and intervening centuries, into the heart and character and influence of him whom our people delight to hail as the Father of his Country!

"No human analysis can disintegrate from the virtue, and freedom, and prosperity of modern Christendom, the proportion and amount of it which is distinctly owing to the influence of this single supplication."

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*The Religion of Geology, and its connected Sciences.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

These admirable lectures form one of the most valuable contributions to the subject that has yet appeared in so popular a form. The eminent author has devoted many years to the elucidation of the harmony between the inspired Revelation and the discoveries and conclusions of modern scientific research in the magnificent field of Geology and its kindred sciences, (one of the grandest subjects of human contemplation,) and has brought to the task a mind thoroughly furnished both as a theologian and a scientific savan. We regard the arguments which he puts forth as impregnable both as

* "Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion could weaken,
Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter:
Lord of his own resolves—of his own heart absolute ler."
[illegible]AY (of Washington) in his *Vision of Judgment.*

against the skeptical materialist on the one hand, and those who still contend for the literal interpretation of the Scriptures on the other. There can be no more profitable study than this work to all parties.

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*The Epoch of Creation: The Scripture Doctrine Contrasted with the Geological Theory.* By ELEAZAR LORD. With an Introduction, by RICHARD W. DICKENSON, D.D. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We place our notice of this work in juxtaposition with that of the above, inasmuch as it is an argument directly upon the other side of the question discussed by President Hitchcock. It is undoubtedly able; the best argument, as a whole, on its side, that has come under our notice. Yet we must confess that to our mind it is utterly insufficient, and we fear not calculated to do the good intended by its author.

If the meaning and intention of the first chapter of Genesis, and other parts of Scripture that have any reference to natural facts and phenomena, is at all an open question, (and how it can be considered otherwise we cannot conceive, when so many of the learned and pious have argued it,) it is certainly most rational to adopt the view that best harmonizes with what at least appears to us to be the facts and legitimate deductions of science. The whole superstructure of modern Geology, as a science of principles, Mr. Lord denies, or at least doubts; its deductions, which come from the very necessity of our reasoning upon its facts, he ignores; and he would have us draw no inferences—eliminate no *laws;* although he must be aware that such deductions and such inferences of laws are every day being confirmed by new facts predicted from such deductions and inferences. Such views are in our opinion in conflict with human development and progress, both intellectually and religiously. The *facts* of the great arcana of Nature are but the frame-work—if we may so speak—of the informing spirit of *Law;* and it is this latter alone that appeals to the highest principles in the intellectual nature of man. To discover the *principles* of things has been the great educational stimulant of our nature through all ages, and the desire has been implanted in the human soul by the AUTHOR of Nature for this highest of all purposes. Can we then believe a theory that will only allow the mind to store up barren facts? Mr. Abbott observes, speaking of the topography of that wonderful region, the valley of the Nile: "The human mind, connected with a pair of eagle's wings, would have solved the mystery of Egypt in a week; whereas science, philosophy, and research, confined to the surface of the ground, have been occupied for twenty centuries in accomplishing the undertaking." So from the mount of God, with the eye of inspiration, Moses might have revealed to us the structure of the earth, as well as the fact of its construction; might have demonstrated to us the mathematics of the heavens, as well as stated the simple and sublime fiat that bade them be and they were. But this, even we can see sufficient reason for not doing. It is not the highest purpose to know the facts or even the laws of things or existences, but to be morally and intellectually developed by these—to become a conscious thought, worthy and capable of being the *appreciator* of the great Creator and *Pervader* of all.

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*The Works of Shakspeare: The Text carefully restored according to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and Life of the Poet.* By the Rev. H. N. HUDSON, A.M. In eleven volumes. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Company. Volumes I. and II.

We have looked with much interest for this edition of the *great master*, since it was announced as in preparation, knowing as we did the eminent qualifications of the editor for his task. Several of the essays of Mr. Hudson which have been contributed to the columns of this Review, and afterwards published among his Lectures, have made our readers acquainted with his profound study of the bard, and the remarkable powers of criticism and analysis which he exhibits in his elucidations of the wonders and beauties of his plays. We beg to refer our readers to Mr. H.'s editorial preface for what he designs, and we doubt not will accomplish in this edition. We have little doubt but it will be altogether the best popular edition yet published. The volumes before us are executed in a most admirable style, both in matter and manner; with observations and notes both judicious and acute; printed on beautiful paper, with remarkably clear and elegant type. They are of the duodecimo form, of all others the most convenient for so constant a necessity as Shakspeare. We predict an unbounded popularity for the work.

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*Drayton: A Story of American Life.* New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The slight glance which we have been able to bestow upon this volume hardly enables us to judge of its merits. The story is a truly American one,—the career of a youth of genius, rising from a shoemaker's apprentice to the highest honors of the bar. The style is somewhat inflated, and yet there is a facility of narrative and expression which, whilst that indicates an unpractised hand, this gives promise of a capacity for something better.

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*Literary Reminiscences, from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

These will probably be the most popular of this elegant series of volumes of the miscellaneous writings of De Quincey, by this enterprising house. The wonderful grace and beauty of his language, the shrewd observation, the profound analytical capacity, and the appreciative sympathy with all that is either refined or great in literature, qualify this author, we had almost said beyond all others, for such a purpose as is undertaken in these

essays: namely, to represent to us the great literary geniuses of his time and acquaintance—Davy, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Edward Irving, Talfourd, &c. These, with the many most interesting circumstances of his own literary career, will make the work a never-failing favorite with all for whom literature has charms beyond the vulgar things of sense.

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*Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland.* New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a "quaint and curious volume," but of such unquestionable genius that no one with the faintest appreciation of quiet and truthful earnestness of character, and with any taste for simplicity of antique modes of thought and speech, can open it without being fascinated by the quiet and quaint pictures that the author, with such skill, maketh to pass before his mental eye. It is altogether wholesome and good.

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*Io: A Tale of the Olden Fane.* By K. Barton. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

We must reserve our judgment of this book for a better opportunity of perusal. The scene is laid in ancient Greece, and the author has evidently a feeling of classic enthusiasm. His manner and style is, however, strained and overwrought. Such, at least, is the impression that the opening chapters make upon us.

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*Episodes of Insect Life.* By Achêta Domestica, M.E.T. Second Series. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

This volume is no less attractive and beautiful than the first, of which we have already expressed our opinion. Truly admirable contributions they are to popular scientific knowledge, with all the grace and attractiveness of fairy tales, notwithstanding their accuracy of detail and minuteness of scientific knowledge. There is no falling off in the elegance with which the enterprising publisher has gotten up the work. We know of no such centre-table attraction.

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*Swallow Barn; or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion.* By J. P. Kennedy. Revised edition, with twenty Illustrations by Strother. New-York: George P. Putnam.

Familiar as the name of this book has been to us, we had not, before this beautiful edition was put into our hands, seen it; and although we were prepared to expect a work of no ordinary merit from our knowledge of the later and graver writings of the distinguished author, we confess to having our expectations more than realized. To our fresh enthusiasm over this elegant edition, with its humorous and graceful illustrations, and clear brilliant type, it appears a worthy companion of the somewhat similar volumes of Washington Irving; not unlike his Bracebridge Hall, of—shall we say?—equal grace and humor, with the advantage of being more national in its subject, scenery, and treatment. We can promise all those who have not read it a treat; and those who read the first edition, now so long since published, will eagerly possess themselves of this new one.

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*Elements of Thought; or Concise Explanations of the Principal Terms employed in the several Branches of Intellectual Philosophy.* By Isaac Taylor. New-York: William Gowans. Second American, from the Ninth London Edition.

By giving the full title of this little work, and adding our testimony to the many before us of the admirable manner in which the design of the author has been executed, we perform a duty to the public as well as to the publisher. To the student of philosophy, with whom so much depends upon the proper definition and clear understanding of *terms*, this work should never be wanting.

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*The Sea and the Sailor; Notes on France and Italy; and other Literary Remains of Rev. Walter Colton.* With a Memoir, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have had occasion to notice the several other works of this pleasant and popular author. This is probably the most interesting of the series, making us acquainted as it does with the personal history of the author, and exhibiting more fully the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his accomplishments.

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*Vagamundo; or the Attaché in Spain. Including a brief Excursion into the Empire of Morocco.* By John Esaias Warren. New-York: Charles Scribner.

Mr. Warren has given us in this work his adventures, feelings, and reflections during a six months' residence in Spain.

Entering as he does truly into the very spirit of that most romantic land, with a ready pen and enthusiastic temperament, he could not well, and has not failed to make a charming book. His style suits his subject, and his subject his style; and therefore we may predict that his book will be a favorite.

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*Chambers's Papers for the People.* Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.

This republication is, we believe, a fac-simile of the original Edinburgh edition of this popular miscellany. This, therefore, will be sufficient to say of the neatness and taste with which it is issued. The name of Chambers is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the contents.

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*A Wreath around the Cross; or Scripture Truths Illustrated.* By Rev. A. Morton Brown. With a Recommendatory Preface by John Angell James. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The purpose of this work, and the recommendation with which it comes, will insure its welcome among the class of readers for whom it is designed.

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXIII.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1851.

## POLITICAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

"To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the tract it has passed."—COLERIDGE.

A HISTORY of modern political questions, if faithfully executed,—a true account being given of the opponents and the defenders of the measures, and, if carried, their results—whether confirming or refuting their advocates, by the undeniable facts of their operation,—would be the most interesting and important of all political books.

Such a book, being written up to this present November, A.D. 1851, would, among its complicated details, contain no instance of a measure so palpably refuting, by the facts of its actual operation, the arguments and predictions of its advocates, as the tariff of 1846. It happened, by the unfortunate contrivance of the Fates, that the powerful party which executed with such heroic resolution this fearful experiment upon a prosperous country, had a leader and spokesman who, lacking the modesty which usually accompanies such greatness, and the discretion which his wisdom and station naturally demanded, proclaimed to the world, in the same manner that a veritable quack doctor would employ, the inevitable effects of his nostrum upon the body politic; tempting his victims through their imaginations and their hopes, by holding up before them the most dazzling results. The famous reports of Mr. Secretary Walker are known unto all men, and are most lamentable instances of the folly of human predictions.

In less than five years from the inauguration of this stupendous measure for the extension of our trade and commerce, with no impediment whatever thrown in the way of its operation, but, on the contrary, two most unprecedented, uncalculated, and unlooked for helps to its operation (what "aids" they would have been to Mr. Walker's "reflections," could he also have foreseen them!)—a famine in Europe following an unprecedented crop in these States, and the discovery of an inexhaustible gold field,—the following is the result. We were to export, according to Mr. Walker—

| | |
|---|---|
| In the year 1848, - - - | $222,898,350 |
| " " 1849, - - | 329,959,993 |
| " " 1850, - - - | 488,455,056 |

Such, good reader, was the enormous prediction of the results of this great measure. Let us now compare these fancies with the facts, as they actually occurred. The *official statement* of the exports for these same years was as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1848, - - - - | $139,934,121 |
| 1849, - - - | 132,666,955 |
| 1850, - - - - | 134,900,265 |

The result of this, it will be perceived, is:

| | |
|---|---|
| Aggregate of Mr. Walker's estimate of exports for the years 1848, '49 and '50, - - - - - | 1,041,303,399 |
| Aggregate of *official* statements for the same years, - - | 400,501,341 |
| Leaving a balance of - - | $640,802,058 |

In *favor* of Mr. Walker's—*imagination!*



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It will be observed that the whole three years of actual results do not equal Mr. Walker's estimate for one year by nearly eighty-eight millions of dollars!

How utterly absurd in the plain light of the facts does all this appear! With what confusion should it cover the advocates of a system demonstrated to be so palpably fallacious! But no; the party that applauded this report to the echo, and acted upon its suggestions, abate not one jot of their pernicious theory; but, in spite of the demonstration, and in spite of the disasters and the embarrassment they have brought upon the country, mean again to fight for the supremacy, in order to maintain the tyranny of so fatal a system.

But let us suppress our indignation, and pursue the results of this policy up to the present time. What are they? In brief this: that instead of an excess of *exports*, we have *imports;* instead of selling, we have been buying.

The exports of our own productions for the present fiscal year will amount to about one hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars, whilst the *imports* reach about two hundred and twenty millions; leaving a balance against us of fifty-six millions of dollars. Something more than one half of this appears to have been paid for in specie, and the rest has yet to be paid in the same way, or by anticipating our future export resources, and so merely postponing the evening of the evil day. And now, as the natural result, our manufacturers and merchants are failing in all directions, our banks are embarrassed, and our producers find melting, or in danger of melting out of their hands, the profits so hardly won during these years of competition with foreign rivals. We are, in short, having enacted over again the frightful results of former experiments of the same kind. Thus nature and facts are too strong for us, and we must ever be retracing our steps if we attempt to follow the theories that other nations concoct for us from other circumstances and other principles than our own.

We have thus endeavored to bring before the minds of our readers, in the most succinct, matter-of-fact, and palpable manner, one of the subjects dividing the political parties that appeal to the "business," if not to the "bosoms," of all men, politicians or not politicians, rich and poor, manufacturers, merchants or farmers. We have done this that we may have at least one point, the emergency of which will be disputed by no protectionist, whether he be Whig or "Democrat." Now, whilst the ponderous evil we have been illustrating, and others that we may touch in the progress of this article, traceable directly to *political* causes, are so pressing, there is an unaccountable apathy of political action, organization and discussion, among those upon whom the nation depends for the rectification of those evils—the Whig party, its press and its statesmen. The enemy is looking with satisfaction upon this state of things, for in this apathy is his certain triumph. He depends more upon inaction than action. The *nation* aroused is always and ever his certain discomfiture.

Politics in this country is not in its nature an amateur science for the gratification of the tastes or ambitions of the few, that may be taken up or laid down as those tastes wax or wane, or those ambitions die or receive other directions; but is the practical duty of every man in this free community. He that is indifferent and does not take pains to form definite opinions upon questions of public policy, and perform those acts necessary to give practical efficiency to his sentiments, is willing to be the slave of other men's opinions, and submit himself and his affairs to theories that he may despise, and instruments whom he detests; and is consequently no good citizen, no worthy member of a State, the theory of which is, *the government of all over all.* No one can say that he is not responsible for what is done because he takes no part in politics. His negative action has *positive* effects. If evil measures are perpetrated and evil men put into power, he has been at least half as efficient an agent in the work as any one who by his political action has carried those measures and elected those men. These are truths that no one disputes, that there are in fact no arguments against; and yet how many act contrary to until some great emergency compels them to regard them.

When the treasures of the nation—the means by which it carries on its beneficent objects of blessing and elevating humanity, that should be regarded as sacred as the offering in the temple—are found to be in the hands of thieves and robbers; when

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they are practically being regarded as the spoils of the political victors, then are these principles for which we are appealing acted upon; the vampires, though unsatiated, are flung from their prey. But the evil cannot be undone, and we must go back and heal the mischief that our own falseness to duty has permitted. Again, when the nation is deliberately precipitated into an unjust and unnecessary war, and the armies sacred to freedom and the rights of all men, are used to violate our own first principles by subjugating foreign territories and their people to a sway not of their own choosing, thus sanctioning the principles upon which all tyrannies rest—then do the men to whom we would appeal arise in their might, and, conscience-stricken by their former supineness, emphasize their indignation and their power by placing in the seat of their recreant Executive the hero who, although laboring under the weight of a disdain for the purpose of his actions, did that only which man could do in the melancholy case, threw the shining mantle of military glory over the national crime. And now again, when the economic theories of a nation whose political yoke we once and for ever threw off, have been permitted to bind us to a commercial supremacy which we have not yet the means of resisting,—draining from us the life-blood of our commerce, and the means of developing the immense latent riches of our lands, our mines, and our water-powers,—may we not with confidence again anticipate a rising which shall break those fetters that have more than once before been fastened upon us, until, galled to the quick, we could no longer bear it, but bounding from them in each case entered upon a career that, from its uniform prosperity, should have settled upon an impregnable basis the policy of the nation on this point for ever? Unquestionable as this truth is, people will in their eagerness for the future, and their absorption in the present, forget the past.

That we may not appear to any to be without ample warrant for what we say, we will quote from our own records and predictions. In the number of this Review for March, 1847, will be found an article by Redwood Fisher, Esq., on a report of Mr. Secretary Walker, in which the following passages occur:—

"Now, it is a fact well known that the tariff of 1846 has diminished, and it will continue to diminish, the number of artificers and manufacturers; for the very reason, that, as Mr. Walker states, at lower duties it produces an increased revenue, by supplanting articles made at home with similar importations from abroad.

"An appeal to some statistics of past years may not be out of place here, and we shall refer to them with a view to show the results of extraordinary importations beyond the power of the country to pay for.

"We commence with 1815, when, according to a table prepared by Mr. Walker accompanying his Report of December 3d, 1845, we *consumed* of foreign merchandise $106,457,924. In 1816, according to the same table, we *consumed* of imported goods $129,964,444.

"Those who are old enough must remember the disastrous effects of these excessive importations, which were not fully realized till 1819, when, among other evidences of the distressed condition of the country, a committee appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania reported as follows: that there were 'ruinous sacrifices of landed property at sheriffs' sales, whereby in many cases lands and houses have been sold at less than a half, a third, or a fourth part of their former value; thereby depriving of their homes and the fruits of laborious years a vast number of industrious farmers, some of whom have been driven to seek in the uncultivated forests of the West that shelter of which they had been deprived in their native State. An almost entire cessation of the usual circulation of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business, which is limited to the mere purchase and sale of the necessaries of life, and of such articles of consumption as are absolutely required by the season. The overflowing of our prisons with insolvent debtors, most of whom are confined for small sums, whereby the community loses a portion of its active labor, and is compelled to support families by charity who have thus been deprived of their protectors.'

"By the same table of Mr. Walker, we find the *consumption* of foreign merchandise, in 1835, was $129,391,247. In 1836, the *consumption* of the same goods amounted to the enormous sum of $168,238,675. These immense importations were in consequence of the inflation of the currency, consequent upon the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, which prompted the loans made by the *pet* banks, as they were called. The memorable break-down, and the suspension of specie payments which resulted, must be fresh in the recollection of all who were in anywise conversant with the business affairs of that period.

"In 1839, the same table tells us, we *consumed* $144,597,607, and the results were little less ruinous. In 1841, at the close of what was called the 'Compromise Act,' we consumed $112,447,096. At that time the duties were so much reduced that the net revenue for the year was but $15,516,589, and the whole country groaned under the depression of home industry of every kind.

"For the fifteen years previous to 1835, the *consumption* of foreign imports had scarcely exceeded $80,000,000. During the periods of the large im-

portations, which caused the heavy *consumption* stated above—while the foreign goods were coming in—the country wore the fallacious appearance of prosperity, until the catastrophe arrived and the bubble burst.

"At each of these periods, as the importations arrived—when the amount of the duties were pouring into the treasury, as they did in all except 1841—the respective Secretaries might have congratulated themselves as Mr. Walker now congratulates himself in this Report—with this difference, that the evil day may be somewhat longer postponed in consequence of our increased exports, should they continue. But as certainly as such over-consumption of foreign manufactures produced the revulsions then experienced, so certainly, under like circumstances, will the same thing occur again, sooner or later, under the tariff of 1846."

Now would it not appear, under the light of such facts as these; and predictions, the fulfillment of which we are at this present moment suffering, that the laws of this question ought to be considered as settled, from the most positive experience and induction? Would it not appear to be as rational to go back to ancient alchemy, when the *ignes fatui* of theories presided in the human mind over the laws of matter, now when induction has *established* principles, as base our policy upon a theory that has not yet *one success* in its repeated trials to point to in its support? How are we, then, to account for the constant repetition of this absurd experiment? How but by the pernicious recreancy of those who know better to their political duties? They act as if mere political theorists must be permitted to try their experiments; not realizing, until they are compelled by their individual suffering, that their common sense and experience are at all times as essential a political element in the affairs of this country as any writers of reports or actors on the political boards. Notwithstanding our professions, it is lamentable to think how long it must take to eradicate the traditional feeling that measures of Government are something to which we must submit, rather than something which belongs to each one of us, and which we should direct. Let us here put in a warning to those who think it unnecessary to take the trouble of deciding these political questions in their own minds, and acting upon them. The power of adapting themselves to the circumstances which surround them which the people of this country possess is unexampled in the history of any nation. If the *political* theorists insist upon a policy detrimental to the best material interests of the nation, those whose means and enterprise and sagacity would be a blessing to the whole, operating in the direction of the true, may, and will, adapt themselves to this false system. Their conformity to it may be less detrimental to them individually than the time they must waste in the unceasing contest they are obliged to wage against it. And so in regard to the principle of protection or "free-trade," (which we continue to use in illustration of the necessity of increasing political vigilance on the part of all,) we may have the nation divided into tillers of the soil and merchant princes; the seaboard dotted with cities crowded with external commerce; the former of these classes tributary to the other, there being no competition with them by miners and manufacturers; the wealth *under* the surface of the ground remaining buried, and the giant powers of our water-courses wasting themselves unused. We have already had practical intimations of this result, a tremendous counteracting influence to the *pliancy* of circumstances, under our system of government, which so many seem to rely upon against the *permanency* of any existing evils.

Leaving now our illustration, which we have chosen from the pressing necessity of immediate action upon the subject of it, and the space that at the present time it fills in all men's thoughts, we will turn more definitely to our purpose of arousing, if possible, to action those upon whom the nation depends in all emergencies to turn the political scales, or to hold firmly in their posts the defenders of the right. We firmly believe that in favor of this principle of the Whig party, and every other important one, there is and has been always a majority of the people of these United States. Now it happens that the orderly, quiet and thrifty—those who eschew excitement, but allow themselves to be too exclusively and selfishly occupied with their own affairs, and who thoughtlessly contract a disgust to politics from the trickery and dishonesty practised by those who make it a trade—are almost universally theoretical adherents to the Whig party. It would not be, we are sure, too much to say that of those who neglect to vote at the average of elections, nine in ten will be found to be Whigs—enough, probably, to turn the scale in any question that has been fairly discussed between the two parties for the last twenty years.

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Will man in his actions never reach the level of his intelligence, and continue heroic and firm only from necessity or through passion? Shall there, in our public affairs, never be a settled principle of action, that shall ever press upon the consciences of men as a duty which there is no honesty in neglecting?

What now is to be done in such a case as this? We can only continue to utter our appeals and our warnings, and call upon all those who have any means of arousing and influencing public opinion to direct their exertions towards this point, as one through which, at this and every crisis, they can most directly and practically benefit their country. There seems to be a feeling pervading many well-meaning minds, that those are the most favorable periods for the Republic when political excitement is allayed, when there is no definite contest of opinion going on, and indifference exists as to the dominance of this or that set of principles in the administration of the government. Nothing can be more fallacious than such an idea. It may not always be necessary that an army should be engaged in warfare to insure its efficiency, but it is always necessary that it should be constantly drilled and exercised. How much more is this the case in that state of political existence to which we have been called—a state of constant warfare for the truth or vigilant watchfulness against the encroachments of error and the corruptions of vice. We have adopted and glory in the possession of a political system in which *opinion* is to rule—the opinion of all without reservation. The means of its action is through *universal* suffrage. It is unrecognized, utterly inoperative, except through the vote at the ballot-box. It is necessary to our theory of government that this voting should be founded, so to speak, on well-considered and definitely-formed opinion. In order that such opinion should be in constant readiness for the ever-recurring voting that our system demands, it is necessary that constant discussion should by all legitimate modes be kept up. If discussion and a wholesome excitement is so kept up, voting will follow as a natural and a legitimate consequence. If it is not so kept up, the most of the voting will not be an expression of opinion, but of passion, feeling, or blind prejudice, or simply the dictation of demagogues. From such sources, as fountains, will our public policy flow, and to such dictators, having accomplished their ends—place and power—will we all have to submit; and from this degeneracy will follow the swift destruction of the fairest theory of government that ever blessed the hopes of man. As the result of long struggle, earnest patriotism, and the heroic stake of "lives and fortunes and sacred honor," was established this theoretically perfect system for the maintenance of freedom and the security of universal right and justice. But in the establishing of a theory, however heroically done, and in the organization of a government by it, with whatsoever wisdom accomplished, hero nor sage had no such conception as seems to be acted upon by their posterity, namely, that they were fixing for ever the fate of their successors by simply giving them this theory and these institutions. No! they knew that liberty, like virtue, is a constant warfare—that its price is eternal vigilance. They effectually conquered its enemies from without, but they knew that it would for ever be in danger from those within. They relied as much upon us, their posterity, as they did upon the justice of their cause, and their own wisdom, self-sacrifice, and devotion to right. Had they not expected to perpetuate themselves in their sons, they would not have expected their work to be perpetuated; they would have felt that their lives were sacrificed in vain, that their fortunes were thrown away, and that their honors were tarnished by wresting from a crown and an aristocracy their rightful possession, government, and conferring it upon the people, who are incapable or too selfish to use it. That which makes universal suffrage secure is its practical universality: we want the vote of the philosopher from among his books as well as the laborer from the field; the clergyman from his desk as well as the merchant from his counting-house; the rich man with his conservative tendencies as well as the poor man with his desire of change. The radical must not rule with his destructive theories, but be only an element of motion. The conservative must not be king with his unyielding adhesion to what is, but only a regulator to the wheel of progress, like the principle of gravity to the motion of the earth. Let each one act out his nature, be the creature of his circumstances, for these are God's elements in the subject; but let him honestly strive for

honesty of purpose and opinion, and let him throw these off into the political atmosphere of his country, for this is the work bequeathed to him by those he reverences, and in it lies his only political safety and well-being. It is the universal principle we would inculcate, alike applicable to all parties, times, and conditions; feeling as we do such an unwavering confidence in the truth of the great principles of the Whig party, that we are sure nothing more is required to their general and permanent success but a conscientious fulfilment by all of those political obligations to which they are bound by the most sacred considerations of patriotism and self-respect. Thus may it be seen how easy it is to become in effect traitors to a government that, conferring, or rather confirming and making operative to the individual all his rights and privileges, demands his warmest affection and most constant and determined support. He should consider every, even the most trifling act that it demands as of the most imperative character and sacred obligation.

Intelligent opinion and virtuous sentiment are the very life-blood which this form of government demands for its existence; and yet, strange anamoly! amazing paradox! the possessors of these refuse to exercise them in their noblest field for their own safety. They—for strange to say, it is to this class that such observations as these have to be addressed—they know that every preponderance obtained by error or vice on any occasion of political action, however trifling, endangers the government and inflicts a wound upon public virtue or public prosperity; and yet they neglect to vote. Would these men betray their country into the hands of an external enemy by refusing to do any act for her safety? We think that none would be so base. On such an emergency, where the act would be *called heroism*, they would be *heroes*. This patriotism then of theirs we must regard as a dormant feeling, requiring stimulants to arouse it to action. This intelligent opinion of theirs is only competent to their own petty and private interests; it is inspired by no generous ambition, and will jeopardize its own rather than stand by the public good. This virtuous sentiment is all required for home consumption, and cannot be spread abroad, although it may be ne- sary to preve corruption in e house

What shall we say then? Are these men mean, selfish, dastardly? Is their intelligence and virtue only an easy habit, and not an active principle? Will they suffer their government to be corrupted willingly, so that they enjoy their ease? Not altogether so. They are only thoughtless, and suffer themselves to become disgusted with the corruptions that others have introduced into politics; an evil, the result of their own neglect, that they are thus lending themselves to perpetuate. There is guilt and folly here. Let it be so understood, and let us have a public sentiment that will distinctly so regard it. Let us have organizations among our active young men who do not regard themselves as politicians, to create, act upon, and give an efficient vitality to this public sentiment. Such organizations in all the wards of our cities, in all the districts of the county, would infuse a new and healthful life into the body politic, would paralyze demagoguism, and we are sure would establish the principles of the great national and constitutional Whig party, with its "*American system*" of political economy, as the permanent policy of the government.

The obstacle that stands most directly in the way of the purpose of this article, is the feeling pervading the community, that any attention to politics must necessarily interfere with a man's business affairs. This is not altogether an unnatural, but it is a most inconsistent though formidable element in the circumstances of our case. Let us see what consistency there is in it. We have already shown the vital, immediate, practical connection that exists between each man in this country and the government under which he lives. We have purposely taken our illustration of this from a subject that has an immediate connection with his every-day affairs. The adjustment of the tariff on imports is a matter as directly affecting him as any general business *arrangement* that he can make in his private affairs. His whole business connections may be affected by it favorably or unfavorably. His individual profit from the work of his hand, or the business on which his credit depends and his capital is invested, may rest entirely upon it. When it is arranged upon the senseless *ad valorem* principle, as the present he may be at the mercy of any swin- will perjure himself for profit. And tive producer, manufacturer, or

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distributor who has a vision beyond his individual farm or workshop or counting-house, and who sees the necessity of actively taking means to guard against those political measures which sometimes sweep away entire branches of industry, must be looked upon with distrust by those *prudent* men who control the sources of credit and capital. Is not this the mere caution of blindness, that can only grope its way, and is more likely to grope its way into a pit than avoid it?

For our part, we believe that the immense disproportion between failures and success so often commented on in this country, is owing to the too exclusive devotion which we give to the narrow circle of our individual operations, to the neglect of those general principles in which we are all bound up together. We all know that this selfishness is wrong; and it has its reward in the notorious uncertainty of success, and in the narrowing influence it exerts upon the mind of the country, incapacitating it for enlarged and intelligent views and actions even in regard to its individual affairs. But this is the lowest view that we can take of the subject. There are other necessities for arousing the intelligence of the country to the responsibilities which it cannot avoid, that we must glance at in the brief space that remains to us. These *prudent* men at whom we are aiming do not mix enough with the multitude to be aware of the dangerous elements that exist among us. They have not considered the reckless thirst for conquest and dominion that stirs the blood of our unsettled population; an element that the demagogues of party are ever striving to ride into power and place upon, and that is rapidly undermining, not only the settled policy which has led to results of prosperity beyond that of any other nation, but the very principles which distinguish us from all governments founded upon power and upheld by force. It must be obvious to every thinking man, we care not on what side of politics he may be, that conquest and propagandism by the sword is an idea utterly at variance with pure republicanism; and if acted upon, leading certainly through anarchy back to despotism. In the case that has already occurred,—the war with Mexico, and the acquisition from that nation of a large portion of her territory, (a circumstance that for other reasons has shook the nation to its centre,)—the very men who took the fearful responsibility of instilling this idea into the mind of the multitude for their self-aggrandizement, instinctively shrank back from incorporating the principle of conquest even into *their* code of policy, and covered up their conquest—the very ground that their armies occupied—by *purchase* and indemnity; whereas could they have justified the positions upon which they acted, in beginning and conducting the war, they could have *claimed* indemnity instead of paying it. And thus the people were first made to pour out their blood to violate their principles of government, and then made to pour out their treasure to patch over the wound.

The glaring abomination of this case, the debts which it entailed, and the sectional feuds which it excited and exasperated, aroused the real strength and intelligence of the nation, and those who might have prevented it had only the satisfaction of hurling the perpetrators from the places of power which they desecrated. This is an experience within the memory of all. Shall it be, in the language of the maxim which we have placed at the head of our article, only a "stern light to illumine the tract we have passed?" Surely it is too recent for that! Surely the signs of its repetition in probably a much worse form are too obvious to be disregarded by those who have any principles to preserve, or would have any country to honor, or worth honoring. Look at the facts of the case. Some reckless schemers or adventurers, utterly regardless of the consequences to others, by the most cruel misrepresentations and audacious falsehoods, inveigled into a mad expedition against the government of the island of Cuba a few brave and thoughtless men. How far behind the ostensible workers, either editors or park-orators, the real designers of this scheme against the lives of adventurous and enthusiastic men stand, their own cowardice leaves us no means of knowing. But certain it is they were workers in the dark, and with the tools of darkness, falsehood and fraud. They had therefore no public sympathy, and appealed to no public support. It is then a libel on the nation to connect it in any way as such with this in itself insignificant and lawless adventure. But neither with the fact of its insignificance,

nor with the supposition of its nationality, had the Administration at Washington any thing to do. The simple fact of its illegality was to dictate the rule of its conduct. Strictly according to such rule did it act. It issued the usual proclamation which all administrations in like circumstances have issued. The President warned the actors that according to the laws of the land they would place themselves beyond its protection, and he took the regular and legitimate means of preventing any armed expedition being fitted out, in strict accordance with what he was bound to do by his oath of office. These are the unquestionable facts of the case; and now what do we see? Why, a deliberate attempt to fan this flimsy pretense into a flame of sympathy, and direct it against the Administration for purely political ends. No one can read the resolutions, speeches, or articles of the opposition upon the subject, without instantly perceiving this purpose. They have obviously no design or desire for the liberty of any one, but only for their own political success. They will risk raising a storm that may destroy the Union for the sake of the places or the plunder it may enable them to acquire. Is not this then obviously the beginning of another case, just such as we have seen so recently emphatically condemned by the nation, aroused when too late to do any thing but punish the perpetrators? and is there not an obvious necessity that it should be aroused now before it is again too late? Could a general attention to the schemes of these politicians be awakened, we should have no fear of their success.

We have long observed that it is a principle in the political tactics of the Democratic party to *get up* some question upon which they can create an excitement by appeals to the passions and prejudices of the multitude on the eve of the election, when there is not left sufficient time for discussion to rectify the judgment they would compel. It is invariably the case that a thorough discussion of the subject settles it against them. In this case they have sprung the mine too soon, and it will be entirely the fault of those who see these tricks from the beginning if the truth is not made to prevail against them. Our people are impulsive, but not lacking in intelligence. Bring their "sober [illegible] rights" to a question, and the [illegible] would lead them astray are sure to meet their reward.

Finally, the position of this country in reference to the present state of the affairs of the world, and the cause of human freedom and happiness generally, is such as will excuse no one member of this Republic from an active participation in its politics. The United States of America, having declared a system of government based upon the abstract rights of man, gave it an organized form by a Constitution that recognized no arbitrary element, either for the people or against them, (knowing by an instinctive wisdom that that which is arbitrary has no limits, and is the root of all tyranny,) but built upon *principles* their whole structure. Under this crowning work of political wisdom this nation has presented a spectacle of order, happiness and progress, which has reacted upon the entire civilized world. The subjects of other governments have poured in upon us with unexampled rapidity, welcomed as they are by our laws to share our prosperity and freedom. Our diplomatic relations are extended to all courts; our commercial intercourse penetrates the marts and exchanges of all nations. Thus at every point we have touched and inoculated the nations of the world with the idea of the perfect practicability of self-government among men, and of the utter insufficiency of any other system to their best development and progress. This has been done silently, but surely and effectively, by adhering to the policy laid down with such earnestness by our immortal Washington,—by abstaining from all interference with others, and firmly repelling the interference of any with ourselves. Respecting the legal rights of all, but requiring to the last tittle our own, we have shown to the conceited bigots of absolutism and the timid crouching under the protecting shadow of kings, that order and law, justice and equity, are equally as distinct elements in our system as the liberty of the individual. Now this glorious position—a position unspeakably grand and important, the very greatest hope that the world has for a future of true progress—is in imminent danger. Demagoguism is about laying its unholy hands upon this ark of our safety and of the world's regeneration, and endeavors to pervert the feelings and most sacred sympathies of the people to purposes [illegible] aggrandizement, and ultimately to

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the destruction of our prosperity, our honor, and our influence. There is, from our now extended intercourse, constant liability of the rights of our citizens or the nation being infringed, and a physical contest between absolutism and republicanism being provoked by the former. It may be that such a case as the former has arisen in Austria, in her unjustifiable treatment of Mr. Brace, and the latter may have arisen in the interference of England in Central American affairs. But in these and others that may arise, how essential that we should have *statesmen* such as we now have at the head of the government, instead of mere demagogues, who, by putting us in the wrong, weaken us before the world; and by claiming, for *party* purposes, untenable positions, obtain their places, and end by giving up to the strong, as in the Oregon case, what they *valiantly* wrest from the weak? Formerly, when this reckless party selected for their candidates men of character and statesmanship, there was little danger of their vagaries being carried out into practice. But since they have adopted the system, as in the case of Mr. Polk, of selecting a tool, and pledging him to the work they require him to do, nothing is safe, nothing is sacred.

With such elements, then, around us, and such consequences to our individual well-being and national safety and prosperity as we have pointed out before us, might we not as well plead our business against our religious duties, or our personal comfort against the support of our wives and children, as to plead either of these against that attention to politics and our duties as citizens, which can only keep us free from false systems of public economy, save the nation from unjust wars, maintain with the Constitution the harmony of the States among themselves, and perpetuate for ourselves and the world the pure form of constitutional republicanism bequeathed to us by the great Washington and his immortal compatriots, the framers of our wonderful Constitution, the definers and establishers of the rights of mankind, who have left to us, their posterity, the mighty responsibility of defending these inestimable interests against all foes, *without* or *within* the Republic?

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# SANTA-ROSA.

[CONTINUED.]

It was during this month that I composed the argument of the *Phædo* on the immortality of the soul. Santa-Rosa had desired that I should see as clearly as himself into the obscurity of this difficult question. His faith, as vivid as sincere, went farther than that of Socrates and Plato; the clouds which I perceived still hanging over the details of the soul's immortality, after the dissolution of the body, pressed mournfully upon his heart, and he regained his serenity only after our discussions of the day, at our evening walk, when wandering together at sunset, as chance directed, about Alençon, we mingled our hopes for this life and the life to come in a mute and profound hymn of faith to Divine Providence.

Santa-Rosa wrote only to a very small number of persons, and lived, as we see, in a manner which could very little disquiet the authorities. Nevertheless, either because his companions in exile were less prudent than himself, or for some other reason, the vigilance of the Government was redoubled. My visit to Alençon, in the state of my health, troubled the police; that which was only an impulse of the heart appeared bravado, or even a plot, and impatience on account of such an existence entered into the soul of Santa-Rosa. He confided to me the contents of the letter which Colonel Fabvier, one of our common friends, had written him. Fabvier announced to him that his safety was menaced, that an extradition, or at least that a new imprisonment was possible; he advised him to flee to England, and offered to furnish him the means. At such a day and at such an hour

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a post-chaise might be found a half-league from Alençon, with some devoted friends, to transport Santa-Rosa in disguise towards a seaport where the means of flight to England would be arranged. We recognized in this proposition the heart of him who made it; but we immediately rejected it. Flight, on the part of Santa-Rosa, would have been almost avowing that he doubted his right; it would have been dishonoring the judgment of "no cause for action" rendered by the French justice, and wickedly suspended by the police of M. Corbière. Upon that, Santa-Rosa and myself did not even deliberate. But Santa-Rosa saw with fright the moment arrive when I should return to Paris, and when he should dwell alone at Alençon, without friends, without books, without aid for his heart and his studies.

In the mean time there was in the Chamber of Deputies a lively discussion, in which several members of the opposition complaining of the tricks of the French police towards the Italian refugees, M. Corbière, Minister of the Interior and the Police, pretended that the refugees were not of the same opinion as their defenders, and that they were satisfied with the conduct of the French Government towards them. Santa-Rosa found the words of the Minister as false as his conduct had been unjust, and he believed it due to his honor and the honor of his companions in misfortune to publish the following letter in answer to the discourse of M. Corbière:—

"My Lord:—A member of the Chamber of Deputies, rising, at the session of the seventh of this month, to speak against the abuses of the administration, judged it proper to designate the treatment which the Piedmontese refugees receive in France. It pleased your Excellency to say, in reply, that *these strangers show themselves grateful for the protection of the French Government and for the benevolence of the King*, and there was a manifestation of surprise at the injustice of such complaints. Such are the expressions stated in the *Moniteur* of August 10th. Other journals, doubtless less exact, have made your Excellency speak with a hardness which would not be in accordance with your character.

"My Lord, after having been conducted here by your orders, and after having in vain addressed to you my complaints, I might have had recourse to the Chambers. I did not do it. Constrained by my principles to remain a perfect stranger to the affairs of every other country than my own, I preferred to wait in peace till the Government should repair its injustice, rather than become the subject of a lively discussion in the midst of the Chambers. The men who, like myself, feel the full extent of their misfortunes and those of their country, do not like to have them spoken of; but, my Lord, the words which you have caused to resound, and which are spreading through all Europe, force me to break silence. To be ungrateful for benefits, to disavow a protector, is wickedness; to suffer one to attribute to us, to impose upon us gratitude, when the injustice which oppresses us weighs upon the heart, is also wickedness. The proscribed Italians, my Lord, will never descend to that: they may be pursued, imprisoned, overwhelmed with misfortune; they will not forget what they owe to their own character and to that country, so dear and so unfortunate, whose reputation is their first care. I own it would have been sweet to enjoy the benevolence of the French Government, to live under the protection of the author of the French Charter, by which liberty has appeared after forty years of opposition. Other kings of France protected the Italians proscribed for the same cause, and the last defenders of the liberty of Florence and Sienna found in France a second country, under the shade of the throne of Francis I. and Henry II.

"Behold what has happened to me in France. I came with a Swiss passport and with a borrowed name, in the false belief that this precaution might secure me a peaceable abode at Paris. I lived in that city and the country during four months; I was tranquil, and should I not have been so when my conduct was without reproach? The 23d of last month I was seized by the agents of the authority, in a public place of Paris, and conducted to the prefecture of police, where I read on the mandate of arrest which was presented to me these words: '*Detected in seditious intentions.*' I asked to be conducted before the Prefect of Police, and I immediately declared to him my real name. After a long interrogation I was entered in the jailer's book at the prison of Salle Saint Martin, and my trial came on in course. The magistrates must have found in my conduct and in my papers a very complete absence of signs of culpability in political matters, because the procedure was reduced to a case of irregularity of passport. I was expecting to be judged and condemned upon this last point. I knew my wrong; I was resigned to bear its penalty. I had committed only one material fault, it is true; nothing was purer than my intentions, but this was still a contravention of law, and it is not justifiable in my eyes. The French magistracy did not think it a duty to insist on a rigorous and literal application of the law; it disdained to bend, under any circumstances, its lofty principles of equity. The primary court returned a verdict of 'no cause of action.' The public ministry opposed this first judgment. The royal court pronounced a second favorable judgment, and ordered my release in the accustomed form. I then asked your Excellency for the privilege of enjoying French hospitality, that is, for the privilege of living in France under the protection of the laws of the kingdom. I believed that the French Government ought to indemnify me by this good act for all that unjust apprehensions in regard to my political conduct had made me suffer. This illusion, of which I am

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not ashamed, soon vanished; I saw myself at first retained nine days in prison, simply upon a letter from the Prefect of Police to the door-keeper; a real violence exercised upon my person, which, after the decision of the royal court, could be deprived of its liberty only in virtue of a new warrant issued by the magistrate. The response of your Excellency arrived. It was an order to the Prefect of Police to conduct me with a guard to Alençon, to remain there under the surveillance of the local authority. As soon as I arrived at the place of relegation, I wrote to your Excellency that I no longer asked the French Government for an asylum in France, but for passports to England. I received no response, and you, my Lord, had doubtless forgotten my claim when you uttered in the tribune the words which I have cited.

"These facts, which do not concern me alone, and which are nearly common to me with MM. Muschietti and Calvetti, my compatriots, arrested at the same time with myself, and banished with me, are known to your Excellency, and might, if necessary, be proved by the authentic documents. I carefully preserve the judgment of the royal court of Paris, as a monument of the protection which my innocence found before the French magistracy.

"Now, my Lord, I ask you whether we have been treated in France with justice or with injustice, with benevolence or with malevolence; whether we have been protected or whether we have been oppressed? We have not been sent to the scaffold, erected at Turin for the authors of the revolution of March, 1821; a minister never dared to present such a measure for the signature of a son of Henry IV. But we are retained in France against our wish, we are deprived of our liberty, notwithstanding the tribunal of royalty solemnly recognized our innocence; in a word, it is not hospitality which is accorded to us, but a prison. We should have asked for that, my Lord; then only would the words of your Excellency have been irreproachable. As for me, that which I have asked, that which I still ask, is a passport or hospitality without odious conditions; and I ask it publicly, in the interest of truth and that of my own personal dignity. It shall be known that it is not true that the conduct of the French Government inspires us with gratitude. My Lord, when Europe shall be closed to us, we will go to another hemisphere rather than resign ourselves to an asylum so dishonorable; but we are not reduced to this extremity. Several of our unfortunate compatriots live in peace under the protection of old England, and a great number have found beyond the Pyrenees a generous nation which, forgetting in some part its own calamities, has loaded them with benefits.

"After all that I have just said, my Lord, it will be possible to judge whether France is an asylum for the unfortunate; and I should have nothing to add if your Excellency had not applied the expression of *merited misfortune*. The name of the illustrious citizen who first proclaimed the maxim to which your Excellency makes allusion, will always be pronounced with respect by the good of all countries; but the application could not regard us: it does not regard men who have taken up arms only in the hope (unfortunately deceptive) of securing the independence of the crown of the country, and to give legitimacy by public institutions to the government of a family which was always dear to them,—men who, when power was concentred momentarily in their hand by the force of circumstances, and in the midst of the greatest dangers, oppressed no one.

"I have spoken only in my own name, my Lord; but I have the courage to believe that no one of the Italian refugees in France will wish to contradict me. There is not one who knows how to violate truth and honor.

"I am, with respect, my Lord,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"The Count DE SANTA-ROSA.

"*Alençon, August* 14, 1822."

One would think that this noble and defying language must have irritated the congregated police. Soon an arrest from the Minister of the Interior transferred Santa-Rosa from Alençon to Bourges, aggravating his situation and driving him at every hazard to quit France, where he no longer hoped for a supportable hospitality.

But I resume my narration at my departure from Alençon, and my return to Paris, August 12. The following are the fragments of our correspondence during the month of August and the month of September:—

"ALENCON, August 14.

"I wait with an impatience, of which you can form no idea, for the news of your journey. I have earnestly recommended you to God. I had not for a long time felt his presence so vividly in my heart. I have implored upon you all the benedictions of Heaven; that Heaven may protect you, that it may give you strength to support prosperity as well as adversity. Every thing comes from heaven, you well know. Write me two words of Laenneck and Plato. If the first is not discontented with your condition, so much the better; if he makes up a face, remember he is only one man. I trust and always trust in you. You, a man so beloved by your friends, offend God if you contemplate your existence with a sombre eye. There are cruel, bitter misfortunes which you do not understand, and which produce the effect of slow poison. The organization of my body does not feel its effects: it is so strong! but the soul. . . But it is better to speak of something else, and to come back to the material of life. Here is the letter to M. Corbière. It is somewhat strong, but truth is truth. The original will go to-morrow by way of the prefect to whom I shall send it myself.

"I am too much occupied with the consequences of my act to permit me to continue tranquilly my studies. The haughty La Mennais does me no good; I like my dear Catholic Church better, when I defend it in the name of reason, not against good philosophy, but against bad.

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This proud skepticism repels me in place of attracting me. Bonald is an entirely different man; he is a great thinker, but he pushes his systematic ideas to the length of extravagance, and has very little regard for facts, although he cites many."

"ALENÇON, August 20.

". . . . . I am very well satisfied with having done my duty, and I await the results with perfect tranquillity. If any ministerial or *ultra* journal should publish an article against me or my letter, respond to it if you think proper, and as you shall judge best. In case you see any serious storm gathering over my head, I am prepared to cross into England at a moment's warning: govern yourself accordingly, and mention it to Fabvier. But if, as I hope, my contradictions are received in silence, I shall remain in our dear France, which, culpable as she is, attaches me to her I know not by what charm.

"Yesterday I took a short walk about Alençon. I saluted the setting sun for you. Oh, my dear friend! how I feel the need of you! What divinity has united us? I have seen, I have loved you; and how deeply did I feel it the day of your departure from here! Do you know with what rapidity our so confiding friendship has been formed? It must give us some pleasant days. I shall have need of knowing that you are happy, tranquil, serene. I have faith in you. Also I wish you to be happy, somewhat through selfishness. If you are happy, you will occupy yourself with more success in solacing my profound sorrow. Do not, by a culpable pity, diminish in a single degree, in the least degree, this intimacy, so lively and true, which you have with me. I could not be mistaken in that, and it would render me really unhappy. You are my heart's last object of attachment." . .

"ALENÇON, August 24.

"My work advances; the whole plan of the work is determined upon. The title will be—*Concerning Liberty and its Relations with Forms of Government.* I shall soon commence writing; but at present I can think only of the Congress of Verona. You see that it is no longer doubtful. It is my duty to designate to Europe what this new Congress is going to do, especially so far as Italy is concerned."

"BOURGES, September 6.

"Well! I am here at Bourges. How painful this journey has been to me! I wish to restrain myself from thinking any more. The prefect, Count de Guigné, received me with politeness, but I avowed to him that he had very severe instructions in regard to me, and he sent me back to the mayor, who testified to me, with much honesty, his desire to mitigate my situation. In fact, I was very discontented with his proposition: 'I count upon having your word of honor as well as that of these gentlemen,' (for I found here four other refugees, MM. de Saint Michel, de Baronis, de Palma, and de Garda,) without which he told me he should be obliged to make the city literally my prison; to keep a constant surveillance over me; to obstruct me; to interdict me even promenades, for they are *extra muros;* in a word, he forced from me in some sort this word of honor. I gave it to him for ten days, for the purpose of looking around a little for whatever I might see. My situation is therefore worse, as you see, and twenty times a day Alençon causes me regret. Finally, I am installed in a very humble chamber containing a small study, where I shall work, at home with soldier-like and very tranquil people, nearly resembling my hosts at Alençon. What do you counsel me in regard to my son? I have a desire to send for him. If you see no serious objection, send the letter which I addressed you from Alençon for my wife. If things should take the worst turn, and I should be banished to some place in Hungary or Bohemia; if my son would follow me, he alone could aid me to support a horrible existence. My friend, send the letter; my heart is here in a lacerating solitude. Yes, if you have no grave reasons for opposing me, send the letter, and let me not die without having one moment of happiness. I wrote my wife that at the reception of the letter which she will receive by the way that I have indicated, she should send my son to Lyons, where she will direct him to some merchant; there are so many there who correspond with Turin. From Lyons to Paris, it is a journey of only two days.

"I have said nothing of Bourges. Nothing is remarkable save the cathedral, which is a large and very fine Gothic church. But the sanctuary reserved for the priests leaves no passage to the altar. Your French priests keep the Christians very far from God; they will repent it one day.

"What has become of the argument of the *Phedo?* Do you recollect the day that was entirely devoted to the reading of those pages that had been written in the midst of so many pains of soul and body? They belong to me, or rather I belong to them," etc.

"BOURGES, September 15.

". . . . Oh, my friend, how unfortunate we are in being nothing but poor philosophers! For me the prolongation of existence is only a hope, an ardent desire, a fervent prayer. I should like to have the virtues and the faith of my mother. To reason is to doubt; to doubt is to suffer. Faith is a kind of miracle; when it is strong—when it is true—what happiness does it give! How many times, in my study, do I raise my eyes to heaven and ask God to reveal to me, and above all to give immortality.

"I have a study, and I pass in it the greatest part of my day; at first from eight to eleven, then I go out to breakfast with my comrades. I sometimes take a walk in the garden of the bishopric: I enter it at one, or a little later, and remain till five. I dine alone, in ten or twelve minutes, and go to search out a promenade with an almost serene heart; but I find only stagnant waters, stony fields, sometimes a little grass under a row of walnut trees, and then I sit down and read, often interrupting myself to meditate or dream. You made my promenade very pleasant day before yesterday. I began by writing you in my head a charming letter. Nothing, or next to nothing of it remains to me; but I had an hour which called to mind eighteen years of my life, and owed it to

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you, my good friend. Does not this give you pleasure, and do you not like to have me speak of it to you?

"I still entertain the project of writing on the Congress of Verona. In the mean time I continue my readings, and I have commenced putting to paper the fundamental ideas of the work which is my habitual thought. The farther I advance, the deeper I penetrate into the subject, the more I see the clouds gather about me. Bonald has some profound and admirable things; he has others which make one laugh with pity, or which excite indignation. Bonald and Tracy are alike in their depreciation of the ancients—those ancients to whom we are so much indebted, and whose venerable relics have renewed the civilization which had perished. Christianity has perhaps hindered civilization from sinking into an abyss of barbarism; but its revival is due to the ancients. Now we mock at our masters, and proclaim that we are wise, enlightened and great, while there pass in turn from us so many things that should humble us. . . . It appears to me necessary, and, moreover, radically true, that an essential difference should be established between general utility and individual utility. General utility, which I also call, for the sake of explaining it to myself, equality of liberty, ought to be the end of law. This general utility is also the prosperity and the greatest good of all individuals. Happiness consists in doing what one wishes to do. That all may have it, nothing must be done injurious to others. The development of the rights of man is the aim of the legislator, as the teaching of the Decalogue is the aim of the priest. God is the centre of all this. The submission of force to the laws which protect the feeble cannot be explained without God. The liberty of all can exist only in the social state. Upon what conditions?—how? The first thing is to put liberty above the power of the majority. This is what Rousseau has by no means done. Certainly we cannot put it there altogether, for no social existence would possibly be in it. But for the principal guarantees of the individual, or, in other terms, as to the most precious portion of liberty, I think it cannot be left to the discretion of the majority.* There remain for it constitutional and administrative laws. I would call those social laws which trace the limits for the exercise of liberty on the part of each so as to guarantee it to all. That they are called rights, duties, guarantees, is of no consequence. Rights can be translated into duties, and *vice versa*."

* The history of our country has demonstrated that liberty is safe with the majority. The decisions of the majority are by no means infallible; they cannot, as Mr. Carlyle has clearly, yet in a spirit quite too fierce, not to say savage, shown, alter eternal fact; they cannot suspend the law of gravitation, nor make wrong right; but these same decisions of the majority, especially so far as settling the fundamental principles of liberty, and determining those primary laws of justice that exist in the nature of things, that are stamped upon the human mind, that serve as the basis of all good government, are concerned, will oftener accord with absolute truth than any other decisions that can be had among men. He that is a party to his own liberty will not be likely to betray it; liberty is then safer with the majority than with any limited number. O. W. W.

"Bourges, September 21.

"To-day the prefect has sent for me, and has asked me whether I still intended to leave for England. 'The Minister has instructed me to put you this question, and ask you, in case you wish to go, whether you would prefer to embark at Calais or Boulogne?' I answered him that I did not wish to remain in France unless I could enjoy full liberty; that if this were not granted me, I should eagerly accept passports for England. I then besought the prefect to ask for me the privilege of going to Calais without the attendance of a guard, offering my word of honor to follow the course which should be prescribed for me. The prefect has this evening answered the Minister, and probably in five or six days the order or the permission to depart will arrive.

"You understand well that I could make no other response than the one which I have made. I shall therefore bid adieu to France, to your country; but I do not renounce it. European society will have some years of calm. Perhaps the disquiet which my person inspires so inopportunely in certain spirits will pass away. I shall then return to see you, and probably to establish myself near you in the capital of Europe. I have need of this hope. You see, my friend, it is Providence which leads me by the hand into England; it is necessary to yield. I have a tranquil heart; there is no place for doubt, for perplexity; and such is the only condition that can deprive me of half my powers." . . .

"Bourges, September 27.

". . . I was entirely prepared to winter at Bourges; but I avow to you the thought of recovering my liberty touches me infinitely. I beg of you, if it is in your power, to procure me some letters for London. . . .

"O my friend, I go to England with a tranquil heart, because I see myself, thus to speak, driven by the circumstances in which I find myself, and in which I am placed by conduct, the details of which you understand. But I go not with a gay heart; I leave you in France. Your name in the balance, had always inclined it to this side of the channel; but my position is clear—either liberty in France and at Paris, consequently at the height of my wishes, or in England. There is nothing intermediate either possible or proper."

"Bourges, October 1.

"I start to-morrow at noon. M. Leranchet has answered that he would not permit that I should go to Calais without an escort. I shall therefore have a guard. I pass by Orleans and Paris. Day after to-morrow, between half-past five and seven, I shall arrive at Paris. I have promised to remain at Paris only during the necessary time to pass, in some sort, from one diligence to another. I shall have scarcely time to grasp you by the hand, and to embrace you. I am tranquil, because my resolution was demanded by my situation; but I feel at the bottom of my heart a sadness mixed with disquiet. I am sure of regretting Alençon more than once; but it is Providence which drives me to England, and I obey. . . . My friend, you are a large part of my moral existence. If you

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knew with what heaviness of heart I write you! There are very few persons—no, I believe there is only one upon earth to whom I write with more emotion than to you."

Santa-Rosa was right; we were scarcely able to see each other a few moments, on his way at Paris. It was permitted him to go to my house accompanied by a *gendarme;* and it was before this *gendarme* that we bade each other the adieus which were to be eternal. Doubtless neither he nor I had any distinct presentiment of this. On his part, he was sustained by the thought of accomplishing a duty; on my part, I was afraid of yielding to a kind of selfishness by retaining him in France, in the midst of the watchings and the tricks of the police; and yet a secret instinct filled up for me, with an inexpressible bitterness, this fatal hour, in which it seemed to me that I should lose him for ever. We exchanged scarcely any words, and I conducted him back in silence to the diligence, which bore him far from me. Soon he had left the France for which he was fitted, and was lost, as it were, in the immense desert of London, without fortune, without resource, without any real friend: he who knew how to live only to love or act. After the first moments of unquiet activity for the purpose of making for himself a supportable situation, the unfortunate soon fell into a profound melancholy, from which he escaped only soon to fall into it again; so that finally the *ennui* of this life, either solitary or dissipated, led him to the magnanimous and mournful resolution which placed him for a moment, with a certain *éclat*, upon the stage of the world, before he disappeared for ever.

During the sojourn of Santa-Rosa in England, our correspondence did not cease to be intimate, serious, and tender, as it had always been; but it is necessarily very monotonous, singularly filled with affectionate sentiments, abortive projects, deceptive hopes; sad picture, which I cannot bear to describe, so I will only cite a few fragments of the letters of Santa-Rosa, in order to give an idea of his interior situation.

"London, November 26, 1822.

" . . . It is however necessary that I should tell you the reasons of my silence, or rather that I should prove to you that I have not ceased to think much of you. The better way of proving it would be to send you the contents of three letters I began, and then tore up, through an impulse not of impatience, but of friendship. They would have been really afflicting to you. I spoke to you with a tone so melancholy of my and my interior sadness, that it would cruelty to send them to you, persuaded as I always shall be, of the depth of ment for me. . . . Do not be alarmed; or rather I should say to you and feel that all life is in interior exis seriously alarmed. I have had days believed myself undone. Good God! to feel one's self dying! At bottom nothing with which to reproach Englan kind of life which I lead. To make receive them; insignificant coursings of the city to the other; the necessity of English, and a decided repugnance to self the trouble to learn it; a disquieting I do not make practical use of my expenses much above my means, etc. on the Congress of Verona occupies me the time, when I am able to think. I written many pages in my head on the London. I hope this small work will I shall write it in French; I shall get into English without its costing me any I shall publish it here; then I shall copy of my manuscript, authorizing you and modify every thing that might Parisian bookseller. Despite of the which will always guide my pen, it is to forget, while writing, that I am in Engla I shall put my name to this production, able, if it succeeds, to give me the commen of a reputation which will quadruple the my works. I am going to commence the soon as the Congress of Verona shall lished a declaration. This is necessarily th of departure. I am now going to speak of the acquaintances which I have acqu London.

"I put in the first rank Sir James Mack Whig member of Parliament, the brother-i Sismondi, and of Jeffrey, the principal ec the *Edinburgh Review*. Information wh appeared to me immense, and a very enlig political philosophy, characterize Mackinto am able to judge. Moreover, his reputa England is very advantageously establishe speaks French correctly rather than eas knows much of Paris. You know perhaps t defended your revolution against Burke, a voice is constantly raised in Parliament in fa the cause of national independence and ameliorations. I have also made the acquais of Austin and his family. He is a young cate, obscure as yet, but a real thinker, and ciple of Bentham, with whom he and his wi particularly acquainted. She is a person o cellent character, wonderfully learned for man, but none the less amiable. She is very ing to give me some lessons in English, by I am little profited, in spite of the attraction lessons from a lady of twenty-seven or eight of a very agreeable figure, might offer.* T

* The young and amiable woman of whom Santa here speaks, has become one of the best writers of land. Her work best known is that which she has de to Goethe.

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an interesting acquaintance which I shall cultivate with care. As to Bentham, the eccentricity of his character and the difficulty of approaching him are things known here. Bowring is his favorite; but of Bowring I have as yet seen very little. I hope soon to see Wilberforce and Brougham. I have received some invitations from several radicals; but it is not proper to show myself in very intimate connection with the extreme radical party." . . .

"December 10th, 1822.

"I have received news from my wife. She and our children are exceedingly well; but my eldest, Theodore, disquiets me: he has need of instruction, of superintendence; he has need of his father, in a word, and yet it is impossible for me to call him after me. My feeble resources are being rapidly exhausted." . . .

"December 25th.

" . . . How much cause I have to fear England! but I do not esteem it any the less for that." . . .

"February 12th, 1823.

" . . . I do not at all think of Portugal or Spain, where Collegno has gone. My political principles by no means call me thither.

"You speak to me in terms of gentleness, and I thank you for it; I love them much. It is just a year since we were together at Arcueil. What a sweet life I lived there! Only if I had not seen you suffer. But perhaps what you cost me of grief in this respect only increased my feeling for you. This feeling will end only with my existence, and I hope with Socrates that it will next end in a long time."

"April 14th, 1823.

"I must scold you for not having yet sent me the first volume of Plato. I have read it at the house of Bossange. I came near opening my purse, although so thin, and paying the bookseller ten or twelve shillings in order to carry the book in my pocket and devour it at my ease. It seemed to me a species of affront not to have in my possession this dear volume, the greater part of which I saw produced and matured. I have a real right to it.

"I hope soon to go to the country. It is absolutely impossible for me to work in London. Calls to make and receive; several dinners during the week; half the day in the endless streets of London; many evenings at the table to see bottles opened which I do not touch; in short, I do nothing but read a little, make a few notes. I do not in reality work. But I swear to you I shall not continue this sort of life, and that I shall soon busy myself in some corner of Wales.

"I have received and read with infinite pleasure the translation of Manzoni, by Fauriel; it is exquisite. The work of Manzoni on the unities has seemed to me perfect, and as it were has converted me. *Adelchi* pleases me less than *Carmagnola*, the merit of which increases in my eyes every time I read it; but the choruses of *Adelchi* are ravishingly beautiful.

"There has just been printed at Barcelona a declaration in the name of the Italian *corps*, but without signature, in which with signal bad faith I am accused of not having wished to take part in this expedition through motives unworthy of me. I do not think it my duty to reply to an anonymous production. I own it is very sad. I shall never be wanting in that kind of courage which an upright man must have against calumny. That which afflicts me is, the evil which it does to a party that I do not prefer to my country and do not confound with my country, but to which I am nevertheless attached." . . .

"May 25th, 1823.

" . . . No, I wish to accept nothing from any one. One can have only his intimate friend for a patron, and I have closed the list for ever. You have been enrolled the last, in regard to the date; but so far as affection is concerned you can have no second place: my heart very clearly tells me that. There is a very small number of persons that I love as well as you, although not in the same manner; I am sure that I love no one better than you. All that I owe to you costs me nothing, absolutely nothing. I believe if you had a million I might ask you for half of it without hesitation. I have finally left the dissipated life of London, and am established with Count Porro in a small house, called here a *cottage*, at the extremity of the city, as at Paris lodgings would be at Montrouge or at Chaillot. This is absolutely like the country: from my window I have a view of Regent Canal and the cottages built on the opposite bank. One would believe it to be a hundred leagues from a great city, and yet in twenty minutes one can be in Oxford street or in Hyde Park, in the midst of the most elegant promenaders. Our cottage belongs to Foscolo; I love it much, but Arcueil will always be my favorite. I have kept of it a souvenir—I may say a tender souvenir; sadness is mingled with it when I recollect how I saw you suffer. It is possible I may spend the coming autumn and even the winter in my cottage; I must have retirement and labor. If I can procure a livelihood I shall send for my family. With the resources of my wife, and what I can get here by working, our means of living will be sufficient. If my hopes deceive me in regard to ways of getting money, then we shall have to establish ourselves in Wurtemberg, since Switzerland is closed to us."

"August 4th, 1823.

"I have no good news to give you of myself, and I cannot tell you the reason for it; this will be the first subject of our intercourse if you come here. How many things I have to tell you, how many things to ask of you!" . . .

"September 10th, 1823.

"I work constantly, but not with pleasure. It grieves me much that I must write articles for the journals; they will hinder me from executing more serious works. This is a great objection, I think; but in the first place, the need of getting some money is imperious with me, and articles for the journals are the only means of getting it at hand. In the second place, it appears to me that when I

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shall get some exercise in it, this writing will take only half of my time, and I shall be able to give the other half to my old projects.

"I have written you that I do not much please the English, and in general this is true enough; but there are nevertheless some persons upon whose friendship I think I can rely. I know, among others, a family of Quakers, (the Fry family,) which is engaged in commerce, and rich, one of the members of which, the mother of the family, Catherine Fry, is known in England by the care which she bestows on the prisoners of Newgate. I have passed some days with them in the country, and this family has made on me a profound impression.

"I have read the *Parya* of Berchet three times. The third part is a master-piece. In the other parts there are passages spun out to considerable length, yet they are wanting in interesting and necessary details. Berchet has just published two Italian romances; the first is written with much fervor and grace, but the second has a more serious character; it is a morsel of poetry perfectly beautiful.

"Have you read Las-Casas? In truth, it would be necessary to lose one's memory in order to put any confidence in what Napoleon tells us of his beautiful liberal projects. He saw that the tendency of our age after 1814 was towards liberty; and if he played his new part badly in 1815 that does not hinder him, in the manifesto which he addresses to posterity through Las-Casas, from making poetry for us upon what he pleased, and upon what he was about to undertake for liberty. But that which recommends Napoleon with me is his successors; they work night and day at the reputation of the man whom they overturned."

"September 18th.

"I am very well, and continue to work. Dear friend, I must think of the desire which I have of pleasing you, by doing my duty, in order to surmount my dislike. I have received from Turin a letter which has done me good; I expect one with impatience from the *Villa* Santa-Rosa. I shall send in the coming spring for those poor creatures associated in my unfortunate destiny. You shall see them on their passage at Paris."

"30th September.

"I continue to labor in the same manner, earning my living at the expense of all my designs. At present I am writing an essay on Italian literature. Work has increased in my hands. How can I pass over certain men and certain epochs? In reviewing the adventurous lives of Giordano Bruno, of Campanella, and some others of this stamp, I have been forcibly reminded of you. This Florentine Platonism whence sprang a generous and valiant youth, that would have saved the country if such could have been, but they at least saved honor. We Italians of the nineteenth century have not even had this advantage. There are, my friend, thoughts that pursue a man all his life: you understand me, and you ought to pity me. How many times do I reproach myself, and at what price would I not purchase back those thirty days of a political career marked by so many errors. Forty years of my life have fled. Much have I desired happiness, and I have possessed a great faculty for feeling it. I mourn the untowardness of my better destiny. Nevertheless I have a future: I have children, and their mother I love and esteem. My children will render me happy or unhappy. Besides, if I yield to my misfortunes, I do not fear the void, the horrible oblivion in which I will not and cannot believe, and which I repel now and for ever by my will, by my instinct, in default of positive demonstration. If I write I will put my conscience in my books, and I shall also have my country before my eyes. The remembrance of my mother will also be a divinity, which will command more than one sacrifice. This sentiment is one of the excitements of my interior existence. Good or bad, so it is. This all-powerful reason will not permit me to sympathize entirely with the new ways and the new era.

"Let me hope seriously to see you during the year 1824. Your passport will not be obstinately denied. Henceforth either I am deceived, or the French government will become still more strengthened, which cannot but happen, unless great follies are committed. If you are watched, it must be seen that your whole life is devoted to philosophy. A passport then will not be refused to you, and I shall embrace you on the shores of England in spite of the eyes of gaping Englishmen.

"It wearies me to write articles for the journals. I could wish to contribute a little to the honor of this poor and unhappy country, to which I have sacrificed all the sweets of existence. The glorious example of Manzoni must inflame every Italian who has any heart or any talent. Berchet behaves well and appears to be quite happy. He has promised me to write a good number of romances similar to his last; if he keeps his word he will have created a new style."

"18th October.

"Yes, my friend, there must be in my interior life, in my affections, a certain superstition; what has just happened confirms me in this belief. This 18th day of October, this day upon which I complete my fortieth year, and upon which I am shut up, invisible in my little hermitage, meditating upon my misfortunes, upon my future, surrounding myself with my dearest recollections, with my sweetest friendships; this day, even at this moment, your letter of the 12th and your Plato are brought to me. Of the Roman race and of the Roman blood, I accept the augury, as was done in the times of Camilla and Dentatus. I seize my pen immediately to answer you in this first delicious moment of life. Oh what a mysterious and divine thing is the human heart! how much I deplore the doctrines of materialism! I was thinking of it when your Plato arrived. We both believe in what is good, in order. Philosophy is not knowing a great deal, but placing oneself high. In this respect alone I think myself a philosopher, notwithstanding my ignorance on so many things. Adieu: I leave you. To-day I belong entirely to myself, and it is only because I love you as I do, that I have written to you. Adieu once more."

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LOUIS KOSSUTH.

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# LOUIS KOSSUTH AND HIS COUNTRY.

The expected visit of Kossuth to this country—and, perhaps, by the time this shall have been put into print, he will have arrived—renders it proper that we should give some particulars concerning a man who has already filled so large a portion of modern history. In connection with the subject it may be as well to glance at the nature of the struggle of which he was the chief hero, and which seems, on this side of the Atlantic, to be but little understood. Indeed little is known, except that the oldest constitutional monarchy in the world was that of Hungary.

The Magyars are oriental in their origin. The exact country from which they came is a mystery, though a tribe in the north of China, now existing, and speaking a tongue very similar to the Magyar, may throw some light on the subject. All that we have in the way of history is an anonymous register of King Bela the Third, in 1170, which informs us that the Hungarian nation occupied Pannonia, (the modern Hungary,) which had been conquered by their ancestors, the Huns, emigrants from the centre of Asia; that the government at that time was not kingly, but conducted by seven rulers (chief leaders) chosen freely by the people. On their entrance into Pannonia, Arpad was chosen as sole ruler, and his descendants long after were elected by the people to the same dignity. Saint Stephen, the grandson of Arpad, introduced Christianity into the country in the year 1000, and was formally crowned King—two crowns having been sent to him, one by the Greek Emperor, and the other by the Pope. These two diadems, united into one, make the crown of St. Stephen, with which, by the Hungarian law, it is necessary for each King to be crowned. With King Stephen came the first written articles of the constitution, containing a series of liberal propositions, voted by the national assembly, and confirmed by the monarch; astonishing from the fact that they were created during the incipiency of civilization, and when liberalism was utterly unknown. During the reign of this dynasty, which closed in the thirteenth century, the constitution received several very important additions; amongst the rest the celebrated *Bulla Aurea*, which may be regarded as the *Magna Charta* of Hungarian freedom.

When the race of Arpad became extinct, the nation resumed the right to choose its rulers; and among the elected monarchs were some of the most illustrious. Under Louis the Great, in 1300, the frontiers of Hungary were washed by the Black, Baltic and Adriatic seas; and under Matthias Corvinus, in 1460, it became the most powerful of European nations. In 1445, when Europe was threatened by the Ottoman, who had swallowed up the Greek empire,—after Mohammed the Second, who respected his warlike neighbors, had offered in vain to divide with them the empire of Europe,—the Magyars entered the field as the champions of Christendom. Mohammed attacked Hungary with two hundred thousand men, and three hundred pieces of artillery, at that time a novel weapon. He was met at Belgrade by the celebrated John Hunyadi, the father of Matthias Corvinus, with thirty-five thousand Magyars, and, after three days' hard fighting, utterly and irretrievably routed. For nearly a century the position of Hungary was a proud one, in spite of many reverses; but the disastrous battle of Mohats, whereby the Turks were enabled to overrun Hungary, caused the nation to bestow the crown on Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the then Emperor of Germany; and with the accession of this monarch were sown the seeds of Hungarian ruin.

From that time date all the misfortunes of the Hungarian nation. The most skilful intrigues were directed toward the entire annihilation of the constitution and national existence. To further the infamous purpose, deceit, treachery and violonce were freely employed. Thus it was that the first Hapsburg sat on the Hungarian throne. And it was by a continuance of the same policy, that the Hungarians were compelled to elect



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prince after prince of the same dynasty. It is true that many patriots endeavored to avert the calamity which their clear vision saw to be impending, but were unsuccessful; and after the royalty was made hereditary in the family of Hapsburg, in 1687, these true-hearted men became objects of relentless persecution. Revolution after revolution was contrived, but invariably betrayed before each had arrived at a crisis, by some one of the foreigners introduced through policy. These plots were quenched by the blood of their projectors; the executioner received full employment; and the Zrinyi, Frangepan, Wesselenyi, Nadasdi, and other illustrious families of Hungary were rendered extinct.

Another great misfortune which took place after the battle of Mohata, was the separation of Transylvania from Hungary. From the deep hatred and distrust entertained for the new dynasty, it was an easy task for Sigismond Zápolya to cause Transylvania to revolt and form a distinct sovereignty. Thus it was that Transylvania for a century and a half existed as a separate State, ruled by its own Grand Dukes, who were elected under its constitution, and standing as a barrier between Turkey and Austria—sometimes protected by one or other of these powers, and occasionally, under illustrious rulers, the most fearful enemy of both. During the seventeenth century, the Turk, having lost pachalic after pachalic, was, after the capture of Buda, driven forth from Hungarian soil. Transylvania being under the government of a weak chief, and admiring the energy then displayed by the house of Hapsburg, submitted to the dominion of the latter. But, having been separated for some time from Hungary, her constitution was really more liberal than that of the latter. Therefore, though she accepted the same sovereign, she remained an independent State.

Of these changes it must be observed, that, though Hungary and Transylvania accepted the Austrian Archduke as their sovereign, it was done by virtue of solemn treaty, and in pursuance of their powers as independent nations. In ing the crown of Hungary, the Ar ustria was obliged to give all t uar- antees, and by the constit ces- each succeeding K ed diadem of St. Ste n-

garian soil, after swearing a solemn oath to uphold the constitution of the realm.

In the year 1687, the royalty was made hereditary in the house of Hapsburg; and in 1723, this arrangement was extended, in favor of Maria Theresa, to the descendants of King Charles the Third. This act is known in history as the Pragmatic Sanction. But this Pragmatic Sanction contains nothing but the acceptance and regulation of the law of succession, under the same conditions guaranteed by the coronation oath, and by all the laws preceding and following the compact itself. So far was Hungary from becoming a province of Austria, that to the very year of 1850, not a single Austrian was allowed to hold office in Hungary. An Austrian was a foreigner in Hungarian law and practice. An Austrian subject was not a citizen of Hungary, and to achieve the privilege of citizenship, had to be naturalized by the same process of law as an alien from any other foreign country.

To uphold the constitution, and to insure its solemn acceptance and observance by every member of the house of Hapsburg, was at all times the unremitting care of the Hungarian nation. To possess Hungary without any condition; to subject the Hungarian nobles and citizens to arbitrary measures of government; to reign over the land as though it were but one of their many conquered provinces; and finally, to merge its nationality in the Austrian empire, made up at all times the fondest wish and highest object of ambition of the house of Hapsburg. Religion and policy were made subservient to this purpose by the Austrian Emperors; religion and policy were invoked by its opponents to defeat the plans of the Court. Thus the Austrian Government was to be seen favoring ostensibly the cause of Catholicism in Hungary, and attempting to hide its passion for political conquest under the cloak of a pretended religious zeal. Protestantism in Hungary stood always by the constitution, and would have preferred a league with the Turk to submission to the absolute tendencies of Austria. The attempts, covert and open, for the purpose of d he constitutional party, made suc- the Austrian princes, have re- ed the Hungarian nation to erties by force of arms. At- wn bounds, formerly as now, it r into the territories of the

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monarch who attempted to impose his rule over it, in violation of his coronation oath. In this way the Hungarian nation was, for successive generations, exposed to all those artifices which ambitious monarchs and their wily counsellors employ to defeat a national opposition to their plans. Valuable rights were thus, by the continual agitation, gradually taken away; and had it not been for the general opposition, Hungary could not have escaped being conquered in the midst of profound peace.

After various movements made by several Kings with the design of destroying Hungarian liberty, and repeated attempts to merge Hungary in Austria, followed by corresponding insurrections, the long struggle begun by Leopold the First was ended in 1711, by Joseph the First, who by his solemn oath confirmed the ancient constitution. Joseph the Second, having united the most absolute tyranny with highly popular and winning manners, used every means to annihilate the Hungarian municipalities, and to substitute the use of the German for the Magyar language. In order to further his designs, he raised the Wallachian people against the Magyar nobles in Transylvania, in 1784; and gave the example of a war of extermination so successfully imitated by his successor at the present time. This conduct kindled a revolt which was only pacified in 1790 by Leopold the Second, who withdrew his brother's pretensions and abandoned his invasion of the constitution of the realm.

The twenty articles of the diploma of inauguration in 1790, by virtue of which Leopold the Second ascended the Hungarian throne, after generally affirming the independence of the Crown, the laws and the privileges of Hungary, among other enactments proceed to decree triennial convocations of the Diet, exclusion of foreigners, viz., Austrians, from the government, and the residence of the Emperor-King, during a portion of every year, in his Hungarian dominions. They declare that the King can neither make laws nor impose taxes without the consent of the Diet; that royal proclamations, unless countersigned by one at least of the Boards of the Hungarian Government, are null and void; and in the tenth article of the same diploma it is distinctly avowed, that "Hungary, with her appanages, is a free kingdom; and in regard to her whole legal form of government, including all the tribunals, independent, *i. e.*, entangled with no other people or kingdom, but having her own consistence and constitution, to be governed accordingly, by her legitimately crowned King, after her peculiar laws and customs."

It is evident then that, by both law and practice, the hereditary States of Austria and Hungary have been always politically separate, and that their only union existed in the identity of their sovereign. The monarch, who was prince by absolute right in his German States, was not King of Hungary until he had been crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, at Presburg, and he had bound himself by a solemn oath to govern the country, with the co-operation of the Diet, according to the constitution and the laws. Thus it was that Joseph the Second, not having given the required guarantees, nor having been crowned according to the prescribed form, was never recognized as sovereign; his acts and ordinances are void and of no effect; and his name does not appear upon the list of Hungarian Kings.

This indisputable independence of Hungary was farther acknowledged and confirmed by Francis the First, who, when the German empire ceased and determined, assumed the title of Emperor of Austria. In the act drawn up by him on that occasion, it is distinctly declared, that "the provinces of the Hungarian crown, in their quality as a separate kingdom, are quite distinct from the provinces of the Austrian realm, of which they are not, in any way, a constituent part."

These are the several compacts upon which is founded the rule of the house of Hapsburg over Hungary. Transylvania was acquired by the same house in 1690, by a compact of several points, and entered not as a portion of the imperial or archducal property, but of the crown of Hungary. In this compact, similar precautions to those previously used by Hungary were taken. But, as we have before said, no entire union took place between Transylvania and Hungary. The only connection between them was, that the King of Hungary, on having been crowned with the diadem of St. Stephen, and complied with the remaining necessary formalities, became *ipso facto* Grand Duke of Transylvania; provided that the newly-crowned King dispatched a plenipotentiary to the Transylvanian Diet, who swore in the

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name of his master to preserve the constitution. Every fresh accession was then farther ratified by a diploma of the Diet. The nobles and citizens of Hungary enjoyed the same rights in Transylvania as at home, and *vice versâ*, while there was free trade between the two States. But Transylvania had her own legislature, her own government, separate and distinct from that of Hungary. The two countries, thus separated, continued to preserve their constitutional liberties against the machinations of the Court of Vienna, and in spite of intrigue and violence remained, under the rule of the absolute Austrian Emperor, as independent States.

It is of interest to the public and of importance to our design, that the peculiar features of the Hungarian and Transylvanian constitutions should be explained. The investigation becomes doubly important from the fact that these are the oldest guaranteed forms of government in Europe; their origin lost in the forgotten past, and their provisions preserved through a lapse of ages, amidst violence, intrigues, and commotion.

The Hungarian constitution was based upon principles of the most liberal character; but its provisions, until the year 1848, were confined solely to the nobility. Till then the nobility was the nation. The Hungarian noble was the freest man in the universe, having all possible liberties and benefits, being entirely the master of his own actions, and having his personal security guaranteed by the first article of the constitution. That instrument contains the initiatory words: "*Nobilis, nisi legitimè citatus atque convictus, aggravari potest.*" — "The noble, unless justly arraigned and convicted, cannot be molested." But under this arrangement the people were nothing except slaves to the most absolute tyranny. And it is to be noted that the privileges of nobility were not alone conferred upon the Magyars; the nobles of the other races in Hungary enjoyed the same privileges. It may be remarked in connection with this, that the nobles of the different races, with the exception of a very few, joined the Magyar nobles and people during the recent struggle, and the Croatian Ban, Jellachich, was obliged to use martial force to [illegible] oatian nobles of Turopolya.

[illegible] legislative pow [illegible] h these nobl[illegible]

gary and Transylvania resided in bodies known as Diets.

The Diet of Hungary consisted of two houses, the upper, or House of Magnates, and the lower, or House of Representatives. The upper house was presided over by the Palatine, who, as the chief executive officer, or governor of Hungary, was elected for life by the Hungarian Diet. The House of Magnates was composed of the members of the various Hungarian magnate families, Prince, Count and Baron, the Ban of Croatia, the Bishops and prelates of the Catholic Church, and the Mayors of the several departments or counties, each having a vote. The lower house was presided over by a person appointed by the King, and consisted of deputies elected by the counties. Hungary was divided into fifty-two departments or counties, each of which met quarterly under the presidency of its Mayor, or in his absence, the Vice-Mayor. We have given the name of Mayor to these functionaries for want of a better English synonyme. The words in Magyar are *Fö Ispàny* and *Al Ispàny;* or in Latin,— *supremus comes* and *vice comes.* These, it is curious to note, are the Latin names of offices under the English common law, from whence arose the titles of Earl and Viscount. The duties of the Hungarian officers are not exactly the same, though their powers are somewhat analogous. As chief of the county, *supremus comes*, the word Mayor is the best that we can find to convey a meaning. Of these counties any noble residing or having property within their bounds was a member. Their duty at their meetings was to discuss and decide upon all matters of interest to the portion under their jurisdiction; to watch over the domestic administration and policy; and to amend, alter and abolish their own constitution, except when such action conflicted with the fundamental law of the realm. These local legislatures had also the power to elect the various office-holders, with the exception of the Mayors, who were nominated by the King. This election for officers was called a *restoration*, and was conducted by the Mayor. Of late years the Government, having aspired to virtually control the municipalities by electing the officers, caused a great disturbance by [illegible]ues and made the elections scenes [illegible]tement. Every county, without population or extent, was en-

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titled to send two deputies to the Diet. The National Assembly of Croatia possessed the right to send three deputies to the Diet. The capitals and convents of the Catholic Church sent deputies, but these had collectively but one vote; and the deputies of the free royal towns had the same privilege.

Some years since the lower house began to attain greater weight from the fact that its members were the representatives of the majority of the privileged class, and were provided with special instructions from their constituents, which they were sworn to obey. The attitude of the lower house assumed more importance at each succeeding session, and began to display an incontestable tendency to important reforms. In the lower house was deposited the right of initiating all measures. A bill introduced and passed by it was transmitted to the upper house; and if there successful, was submitted to the King for confirmation. At the first submission the King had the right to send the bill back with his objections, but if it again passed both houses, the monarch was obliged to confirm it upon the last day of session; appearing in person at that time to assent to the several bills and close the Diet.

As provided in the diploma of inauguration of 1790, the Hungarian Diet must be assembled every three years, convoked by a special decree of the King, and opened by the latter or a plenipotentiary. Besides the business of ordinary legislation, the Diet voted such subsidies as they thought proper for the maintenance of the army during a space of three years, and the sum they appropriated was collected and paid over to the Austrian Minister of War. The financial affairs of the nation, after the amount required for the purpose was determined by the Diet, were regulated by the several counties. It was the duty of those bodies to raise the amount voted by the Diet for the civil and military expenses of the general government, as well as to obtain and control the necessary funds required in the civil government of their own jurisdictions.

The constitution and political existence of Transylvania were based upon the very principle of absurdity; and though somewhat tolerable under their own Dukes, were necessarily disastrous under the dominion of the house of Hapsburg. The constitution seems to have been erected upon seven sins, namely, three races and four religions, each acknowledged by law and furnished with the same rights. The privileged three races were the Magyar, the Szekler, both of whom spoke the same language, and the Saxon. Each of these had its own designated territory. The Hungarian division was subdivided into thirteen counties, organized similarly to the counties in Hungary; the territory of the Szeklers into five, and that of the Saxons into eleven subdivisions, with a special organization differing each from the other, and from the Magyar. The privileged four religions were the Catholic, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, and the Unitarian. All these different races were represented in the Diet; and all the elective employments of state, from the governor of Transylvania down to the lowest counsellor, were divided equally between the four religions. According to law it made no matter if a competitor for office of another religion were better qualified, as the employments were distributed not according to the capacity of the candidates, but the nature of the religious belief they avowed. The consequence of this was an exceedingly creditable display of sectarian piety, at each election, on the part of the needy office-hunters.

The Transylvanian Diet consisted of but one house, and was composed of—

Firstly, The deputies elected by the departments of the several races, every department sending two members. In the Hungarian counties the election was the same as in Hungary proper, the fundamental institution being based upon the nobility. The Szeklers being a tribe of nobles and enjoying special privileges, every Szekler was an elector. The Szekler counties had also the right to elect their own Mayors, a privilege enjoyed by no others. The Saxons were possessed of civil institutions different from the Magyars, somewhat tinged with the principles of the old Roman constitutions, and in theory based upon liberty and equality; but in practice, through the intrigues of the Court and the influence of the bureaucratic league, they became instruments of tyranny.

Secondly, The deputies from the privileged towns, two from each.

Thirdly, The deputies from the single capital and convent of the Catholic Church. All these deputies had individually votes.

Fourthly, A portion of the magnates and wealthy nobles called to legislation by special letters of appointment, given by the Grand Duke, usually called *litteræ regales*, royal letters, whence these deputies were called Regalists. Thus it was in Transylvania, that only such of the nobles as were friends to the monarch entered the Diet.

Fifthly, The bishops of the Catholic and the united Greek Church.

This Diet was presided over by an elective president, whose station was the most important in Transylvania. Besides exercising the law-making power, the Diet elected the principal office-holders, from the governor of Transylvania down. But in these elections the four religions we have before given were obliged to be respected; and for every office three candidates of each religion were chosen and nominated to the sovereign, who selected from these. But the King was bound in his choice to respect the same principles, and divide his gift of life-offices among the favored beliefs.

According to the compact made in 1690 with the house of Hapsburg, the Diet was to be convoked annually by a special minister. The laws and resolutions which passed the Diet were submitted to the King, who had a right to send them back with his objections, which were to be respectfully considered. Unfortunately, there was no limit as to the time in which a bill should be returned, and frequently very necessary bills of immediate importance were retained some half a century by the supreme power, in order to give proper consideration. The deputies from the towns in Transylvania, and the members of the lower house, were paid from the public treasury; but the nobles and bishops, being supposed to represent their own interests, obtained no compensation.

Such were the peculiarities of the two constitutions, at the incipiency of the struggle for reform and freedom; and the formation of the legislative bodies was found to be the greatest bar to advancement. The members of the upper house in Hungary, and the regalists in Transylvania, were the principal tools employed by the Austrian Government to carry out their darling wish, and undermine the structure of Hungarian nationality. In Hungary, the majority of the magnate were conservatives, who completely checke e efforts of the progressive nobles. Thoug the lower house could initiate a bill, the upper could stop it of course; and any measure displeasing to the Court of Vienna met with a prompt negative by her noble-born instruments. In Transylvania, the number of regalists not being determined by law, the monarch could at any time control the whole legislation by his creatures. Thus it was that there crept into the Transylvanian Diet a set of miserable conservatives, whose sole ambition was to pander to the views of the Court. And the regalists were farther assisted by the twenty-two representatives of the Saxons, who never hesitated to take any position they could, antagonistic to the welfare of the Hungarian constitution; and the representatives of the Szekler and Magyar races, and of the free towns, were constantly in danger of being overwhelmed by the Saxons and an indefinite number of regalists.

A constitution so illiberal as each of these, however well it might have answered in a darker time, was manifestly out of keeping with the progress of civilization, and it became a point of national interest to effect a reform. The constitution of Hungary had a tendency, though based upon aristocratic principles, to improvement; but so active were the intrigues of the ruling house against the liberty of the nation, that the Diet for a long while had enough to do to ward off these blows of the Court. Francis the First, after having, as previously stated, accepted and sanctioned the conditions imposed on Leopold the Second, and re-affirmed his acceptance in the act by which he created himself Emperor of Austria, convoked the Diet regularly, according to law. But during that time the nation was too much occupied with wars and rumors of wars, to proceed regularly or zealously with constitutional or social reforms. The chivalrous nature of Hungary, and her loyalty to the crown of St. Stephen, led her to submit to repeated demands for men and money, without exacting in return an abatement of grievances. When the victories of Napoleon were shattering the unity of Austria, the Diet was reminded of its response to Maria Theresa at a similar crisis, and each appeal to their liberality was answered with devotion if not enthusiasm. Even when the

had grown weary of a war

had performed the giant's

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in defense of the very King who had violated their rights. When the victorious army of Napoleon crossed the frontiers of Hungary, its great commander issued a proclamation to the people, promising to maintain their national independence, and inviting them to elect any King they chose according to their national constitution. In that memorable proclamation the various violations of the constitution by the house of Hapsburg were clearly exposed, and how little of good and much of evil Hungary must necessarily expect from its perfidious royal race. Able and masterly in its style and tenor, it was correct in its conclusions; for it prophesied, as the result of a refusal to abandon the Emperor-King, the ultimate downfall of Hungarian liberty and independence. Letters were also dispatched by Napoleon to leading Hungarians, containing the same striking considerations. But the fidelity of the nation remained intact; it respected its allegiance to its sovereign, and continued a war which could never turn out to its own advantage, unless the Court, in return for such devotion, would on the restoration of peace assist in the necessary reforms. But the chivalry of the nation was ill-recompensed. From 1796 to 1811, the Diets were convoked to grant supplies, and prorogued when they began to discuss grievances; and thus for year after year the unequal contest was maintained between a generous people and a prince who forgot nothing save his promises.

At the peace of 1815, it was found that Hungary, in spite of wars, levies, and the worst of governments, had materially increased in prosperity; and it was every where hoped that peace would afford an opportunity of devising and effecting those cardinal reforms admitted to be so necessary. But it was an era of protracted disappointment. Austria, as a member of the Holy Alliance, was now more than ever determined to place Hungary on the same footing with her hereditary States. A Court party was sedulously fostered in the Diet and the country; Austrian officers were placed in command of Hungarian regiments; and every effort was made to gain the necessary strength to consummate their intrigues. In the army no Hungarian could arrive at distinction, if he were not educated as a tool of the Camarilla—unless it might be a few stubborn fellows who fought their way up in spite of all persecution. The censorship of the press was rigorously enforced; new and galling restrictions were placed upon commerce; the paper currency, immensely expanded during a long war, was depreciated by government, at two several times, 98 per centum; Francis, in infraction of his coronation oath, did not convoke the Diet from 1811 to 1825; and nearly every article of the constitution of 1790 was assailed by violence or evaded by intrigues. In 1822 and 1823, the Austrian Cabinet attempted to levy troops and collect taxes, in direct violation of the diploma of Leopold the Second. The county courts refused to put in execution the illegal orders. The Cabinet, determined to enforce its usurped authority, surrounded many of the county halls with troops, during the session of the legislative court, intending to intimidate the members. But this move was met by passive but unshaken resistance, each member declaring that he would be buried beneath the ruins of the hall where he sat rather than yield to so palpable a violation of the constitution. At length Francis was compelled to recede, and in 1825 again assembled the Hungarian Diet.

Under the lead of the distinguished Nagy Pál, or Paul Nagy, the session of this Diet was stormy; but found only time to discuss and endeavor to obtain atonement for the accumulated wrongs of thirty-five years. So resolutely did they proceed about this work, that the Emperor-King retracted, apologized, and by additional articles engaged to observe the fundamental laws of his Hungarian kingdom, to convoke the Diet triennially, and not to levy subsidies without its authority and warrant.

From that year the movements of the Austrian Government were less daring and more insidious. After the Diet of 1825, the Court of Vienna sent for Nagy Pál, the leader of the lower house, that he might hear the royal word. The exact nature of the interview is not public. But in the next Diet, Nagy Pál was dumb, took no more an active part in politics, became the recipient of a very lucrative office from the Emperor-King, and in his private conversation was ever after a strong advocate of conservative measures.

Up till that time the democratic principle in government was hardly known in Hungary, the constitution being based solely —

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the privileges of the nobles, and these last continually endangered by the acts of absolutism. The pride and alarm of the noble Diet kept it aloof from the great idea of the nineteenth century, until a leader appeared in the person of Count Stephen Szechényi, to raise the banner of democracy and progress.

Szechényi, a member of one of the most illustrious houses of Hungary, wealthy, well educated, with a mind improved by travel, and having natural talents of a high order, espoused the cause of liberalism with ardor, and soon roused the vast body of the nation to a sense of its wants, and an expression of its wishes. With him were soon found nobles, priests and people, and the popular tide began to flow with a steady and resistless motion, which at once terrified and provoked the Court. Suddenly, in the midst of the war of parties, the active agitation of the progressives, and the steady resistance of the Court party, there sprang, Minerva-like, from the head of the revolutionary Jove, that man now known as Kossuth the Exile, but to be recorded in history as Kossuth the Great.

Louis Kossuth was born of a noble Hungarian family, in the county of Zempleny. He received his education in the Protestant college at Sarospatak. As a boy he displayed every token of a strong intellect. After graduating with high honors, he commenced the study of law at Eperjes, and was finally admitted to the bar. As a young lawyer he went to Presburg to increase his knowledge of constitutional law. Arriving at or about the time when the publication of the debates and proceedings of the Diet was suppressed by a royal decree, he became an intimate acquaintance of Szechényi and Wesselenyi. By their assistance he began to prepare and disseminate, in writing, secret reports of the discussions in the Diet. This succeeded admirably, especially so long as it escaped the knowledge of the Austrian Cabinet. He wrote with great facility and dispatch, and the patriots throughout the country received early and authentic information of every measure before the legislature. But the spies of the Court soon discovered this movement, and at once subjected the volunteer reporter to determined prosecutions. Numerous other liberal members were indicted the same time, Wesselenyi for instance, and condemned. Kossuth fared no better than his associates, and was doomed to suffer two years' imprisonment at Pest.

During the time of his incarceration, he devoted himself earnestly to the study of the languages and mathematics. When the amnesty was proclaimed, he was released in common with other political prisoners, and came from the Austrian dungeon, weakened in health, but with a mind enlarged by study and reflection. His suffering in a good cause and the preëminence of his talents attracted public attention and achieved popular support; so that not long after his enlargement he was enabled to stand at the head of a journal as its editor. He gave a new character to Hungarian journalism. The carefully-prepared leading articles in his paper were ardently read over the whole country, and gave a new impulse to political movements. The most important points of the reforms demanded were explained in that lucid, stirring and eloquent style which characterized every effusion from his pen. As a noble of Hungary, and consequently member of the county legislature, he took an active part in the general meetings of the Council at Pesth, where he began his career as a public speaker. His extraordinary oratorical efforts thrilled his auditors like an electric shock, and the whole assembly vibrated with his almost magical eloquence. His masterly speeches produced a similar effect in print. Sent by thousands to all parts of Hungary, they produced the same enthusiasm as at Pest, and won for him the love and confidence of the nation. It was at this part of his career that he met the opposition of Szechényi, and hence it was that the attacks of the latter were unjustly said to be dictated by jealousy of an ascending rival.

It is scarcely possible for us to give an idea of the oratory of Kossuth. A friend of ours who heard him says that his style is more like that of Canning, the once celebrated English Minister, than any other. The most engaging manners and fine features were combined with an evidently tender feeling for the whole human race, which displayed itself in every gesture. On all occasions and on all subjects his reasoning was purely logical, and arrayed in the fittest words; his sentences, pronounced in silvery tones, pierced the very souls of his hearers. His occasional touches of pathos would draw

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tears from the most impenetrable, and his thrilling appeals excite the most impassive to the utmost of patriotic enthusiasm. When inveighing against tyranny and despotic innovations, his soft eyes changed their character, assumed a preternatural brightness, and shot forth indignant flashes; his usually kind manner changed to a stern determination; and his defiant position was that of a gladiator in the arena. Oratory such as this, combining mental and physical eloquence in excess, could not fail of its object; and beneath the storm it produced, the whole country rocked and heaved like a tempestuous sea.

This extraordinary effect, and the consequent popularity of Kossuth, were by no means to the taste of the Court; but there was no mode to act, under the letter of law, against the zealous reformer. All his proceedings were confined within the strict limits of the constitution and laws, and would not have been dangerous were they not performed in an extraordinary manner, by an extraordinary man. The Court feared to take any grossly illegal step lest it might precipitate matters to a crisis; but it neglected no means to stay the proceedings or weaken the influence of its great opponent.

The first act of the Court was to silence his editorial voice—to remove him from the editorial control of his paper. The owner of this journal was a book-seller and publisher in Pest. Him the Court commenced to persecute, and after having exposed him to numerous assaults and vexations, threatened to suppress his publications, unless he dismissed Kossuth from the editorial chair. The owner, to save his property and perhaps his liberty, acceded, and another person was obtained to attend to the editorial duties. Kossuth, thus removed from his vantage-ground, demanded, as a free citizen, the authority to become proprietor and publisher of a new journal; but this he could not obtain. All his political agitation was now concentrated in the county meetings, where he continued daily to display greater tact and talent than ever. The Court resolved to remove him from this stage, and urged its partisans to object to his admission to the meetings of the local legislature on the ground that he had no property in the bounds of the county, and consequently had no right of membership in the municipality. This objection, pitiful as it was, would have been sufficient; but the patriotic party at once united, and soon disarmed that objection by conveying to him an estate. Thus the Court was foiled in that endeavor.

Kossuth still continued his political labors. Having been made such a prominent point of attack and persecution by the Court, his adherents increased their numbers immensely, and his influence augmented in proportion. He entered into all the progressive associations; and if a society were formed for the development of any branch of industry, or the achievement of any particular or general public good, his name was to be seen among its earliest subscribers. His character at this period was as pure as it always continued to be; and of that it is enough to say, that with the control of the whole treasury in his hands, he took from the country when he fled but five hundred ducats; and his family, when in an Austrian dungeon, were absolutely exposed to want. During a number of years he continued an incessant agitation; and when the Diet of 1847 was convoked, he was elected a member of the lower house. From that time forth his biography is so intimately connected with the history of his country, that to resume our summary will readily satisfy the reader.

In spite of all the machinations of the Austrian Court, the opposition grew stronger day by day. The house of Hapsburg saw, with chagrin and mortification, that every step it had taken only served to alienate the confidence of its own partisans, and beheld its power becoming weaker every day through its own ill-judged perfidy. The common sense of the nation readily penetrated the ultimate aim of the dominant house, which was the extinction of Hungarian nationality. The bold advocacy of reform and emancipation by Kossuth and the liberalists arrayed on their side the young, the generous, and the patriotic; while the ruin that must ensue if Hungary were made a mere appanage to Austria, aroused the faltering and alarmed the conservative. A gradual and firm union, for the sake of their fatherland, ensued among all classes; and this token of a popular storm struck dismay into the hearts of the Camarilla. In 1845–6 the Court made its last constitutional efforts, by displacing all the county Mayors who were suspected of the least inclination to liberalism, and supplying their places with crea-

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tures of its own. As soon as this work of purification, as they called it, was complete, the salaries of the Mayors were considerably augmented, partly to render the office desirable to avaricious nobles, and partly to fortify their extraordinary purity with a golden armor, utterly impervious to the attacks of honor or patriotism. At the same time it made it obligatory upon these Mayors to reside constantly within the bounds of their jurisdictions, and forced them to assist and lead in all measures of legislation and administration in their several counties; thus giving them a power to which they were not entitled either by law or custom. Nor did it stop here. Determined to organize if possible a strong conservative, or rather retrograde party, the Government convoked the Transylvanian Diet in 1846 for the purpose of regulating the existing feudal system. The Camarilla judged with correctness that this subject would excite the alarm of the timid nobles, and unite at once all the strong conservative elements. It was a shrewd view of things; and the motion was proved, by its results, to have been an able one. The regalists were appointed with care, and in such great numbers that the liberalists gave way; the elections went by default, and the retrograde Diet was chosen. Elated at this success, the Court endeavored to succeed on a larger field, and proceeded, in 1847, to convoke the Diet of Hungary.

The proceedings of the Transylvanian Diet were so far satisfactory to the Court, and the hope of ultimately reducing the country to a provincial position became so strong, that it suffered the Diet to vote a new feudal law. This, however, was one which could not be popular. It did not give a single material advantage to the laboring class—the broad substructure upon which every nation must rest, and without whose content and comfort no nation can prosper. It contained a number of fine flourishes—words of encouragement and praise—but did not lift a straw's weig[illegible]om the backs of the trodder[illegible]y could not satisfy the pe[illegible] ten by egotism and stup[illegible] by ignorance and inex[illegible] deed, the royal confirm[illegible] given through a cur[illegible] of the Court, who easier it is to inv[illegible]

portion of a people is discontented with another.

The true patriot beheld with pain these triumphs of tyranny, whether of the Court or the conservative nobles, and observed with mingled anger and alarm the state of affairs in Transylvania. The hopes of the truly liberal party were now concentrated on the action of Hungary, whose Diet was to open in 1847. The county elections began, and the result was awaited by both parties with anxiety. Every measure was taken by the Court to arrest the progress of political freedom; and all these plans were frustrated by the zealous and energetic efforts of Kossuth and his compatriots. The elections over, it was found that the progressive party had achieved a decided triumph. Louis Kossuth himself and his friends were elected; and great reforms were under the circumstances to be expected.

The Court saw its hopes and designs thwarted by the sound common sense of Hungary, and as a last resort concentrated their force upon the office of Palatine, in order to obtain it for a member of the reigning house. No individual could have been chosen for such a purpose with more judgment than he whom they offered as a candidate—the Archduke Stephen. He was the son of the Archduke Joseph, who for more than half a century had exercised the office of Palatine; he was born at Buda, in Hungary; had been educated at a Hungarian university, and spoke with ease and fluency the Magyar language. The election of Palatine being fixed for the next Diet, the Archduke opened the electioneering campaign some months before the session was to begin. In the conduct of this he showed himself an able tactician, and displayed a degree of finesse which would have done no discredit to the shrewdest stump candidate that ever kissed all the ugly babies in his district, or inquired particularly and affectionately after the welfare of the wife and family of some till then unnoticed voter. He travelled around the country, visiting every place of popular[illegible]uming the most condescendi[illegible]s air possible, and declaim[illegible]earnestly on the progres[illegible]material reform which the[illegible]n be able to make. "he[illegible] people swallowed it, [illegible] was delighted with [illegible]ism of the Arch-

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e; even the most mistrustful thought
i to be "a marvellously proper man;"
Diet met, and he was elected to the
ce of Palatine.

The Diet of 1847–8, from the opening of
session, displayed a determination to effect
all peaceable and constitutional means
most decided and practical reforms.
e lower house was composed of the most
istrious patriots and statesmen in the land.
nong these Kossuth Lajos, known in Eng-
id as Louis Kossuth, stood at first con-
icuous, and ultimately preëminent. Not
ng after the opening of the debates, by
e fascination of his incomparable elo-
ience and that magical power which men
mark exercise over a deliberative body,
e became recognized as the leader of the
louse of Representatives. In the upper
ouse, through the expansion of public
pinion, liberalism obtained a strong hold.
he magnates began to discover that the
rue interest of the rich and noble was to
etter the condition of the poor and low-
orn, since no society could thrive without
t. The new generation of nobles were to a
nan reformers; and the Court beheld with
profound astonishment the whole tendency
nd character of the upper house, their once
trong ally, entirely changed. The very
nobles who had been supposed to be most
firmly in the interest of the Camarilla now
followed the lead of Count Louis Bathyani,
and strove manfully for the honor, inde-
pendence and prosperity of the country, and
the emancipation and political regeneration
of the people.

This favorable condition of affairs was no
little increased by the position assumed by
the clergy, which was utterly unexpected by
the liberals. This change in clerical action
was owing to a gross blunder committed by
the Court—a political error injurious to
themselves, and advantageous to the friends
of freedom. The Catholic clergy, being im-
mensely rich in Hungary, always had that
great influence in national affairs which
wealth and clerical position combined are
sure to confer. Regarding this body as one
of the firmest props of absolutism, the house
of Hapsburg treated it with every kindness
and consideration; and, in return, the clergy
was careful to maintain the odious position
of representative of arch-conservative doc-
trines. Some years since a decree was issued
from the Vatican at Rome, which com-
manded the suppression of mixed marriages
in the Catholic Church. The clergy of
Hungary received the same order, and hav-
ing been assured by the Court of its protec-
tion, boldly proceeded to the execution of
their duty as priests and prelates. Their
steps made the most lively impression upon
the public mind; the sessions of the county
legislatures became scenes of a quite tumultu-
ous discussion of the subject, and the warm-
est remonstrances were addressed to the
Court; but the latter remaining impassable,
the clergy proceeded to stop, by all means
in their power, the mixed marriages.

By these proceedings the Catholic Church
of Hungary lost thousands of members, who
passed over to various sects of the Protes-
tant religion. The clergy at once assailed
the Court with energetic demands for a pro-
hibition of this wholesale apostasy; but the
Court feared to make the experiment. It
rightly judged that in such a case its weak-
ened influence would be utterly destroyed;
consequently, the change of religion on the
part of all those who wished to marry in an
opposite faith continued and increased daily.

It was natural to suppose that the coming
Diet would have a stormy session, and still
more natural to expect that the course of
the clergy would be vehemently attacked in
that body. The clergy expected this, but
having a promise of assistance and support
from the Court, appeared boldly and proud-
ly in the Diet. The attack, as expected,
was made, with bitterness and freedom of
invective. But, to the utter astonishment
of the clerical members, not one of the Court
party rose to defend the Church, but re-
mained utterly unimpressed, and calm if not
amused observers of the scene. For what
reason did the Court abandon their allies?
or had they a reason at all? Was it not an
act of neglect? Judging from other cir-
cumstances, or rather in connection with
other circumstances, it might be considered
one of those blunders which the house of
Hapsburg is so liable to commit. Whatever
might have been the cause, the effect was
one of importance to the liberal movement.
For the clergy felt itself abandoned by the
Court, exposed to the continual assaults of
its enemies, and abased in the public esteem.
A blow had been struck at its influence which
could not be forgotten; and it only awaited
an opportunity to repay the treatment of
the Court, and regain its forfeited position.

The year 1847 approached; the Diet was to be opened; the signs of the times indicated that the proceedings of this Diet would possess as much interest as any that were recorded in the annals of Hungary, judging from the members elect of the lower house, and the increased number of the opposition in the upper, under the leadership of Count Louis Bathyani; but no one hoped to see the clergy take the attitude they assumed. That was an agreeable surprise for the patriotic, and a terrible shock to the Court party.

The ancient constitution of Hungary is a very liberal one for the time during which it was made. Perhaps its greatest defect was that it gave a too extravagant liberty to its citizens. But the privileges it conferred, the rights it defended, were those of a certain class alone—the nobility; and even in that class it allowed distinctions. The common people—the life's blood of a state—were excluded from a participation in the act of government, and from the full protection of the fundamental laws. It was not to be expected that such a constitution could remain in the nineteenth century. Its existence was a libel upon the intelligence of the people—a bar to the prosperity of the country. It needed, to render it of value, the most essential reforms. This the privileged class saw plainly enough, and they determined to confer upon the mass of the people the right of citizenship and political power.

The first internal reforms, indispensable to the welfare of the country, were regarded as these: To lessen or utterly remove the distinction between the privileged and unprivileged classes; to improve the principles of taxation and of land tenure; to extend perfect religious toleration to all religious sects and creeds; to establish free trade with all nations—for the Austrian Government thought to confine Hungary to Austria for a market, while treating Hungarian produce as foreign; to maintain a free press, and especially the right to publish the debates and proceedings of the Diet; to develop the great resources of the country by means of railroads, bridges, and other plans of internal improvement; and finally, but as important as any, and more so than most, to provide for a system of general education. These were the reforms demanded by all classes, and predetermined upon by the liberal party in both houses.

One mode of resistance by Austria to liberal movements was to extinguish parliamentary bills by the veto of the crown; the fear of which had paralyzed the upper house, a body naturally disposed to lean to Austria. Against this the Hungarians had no adequate constitutional weapon to use, since the Austrian Cabinet was not responsible to the Hungarian Diet. The often-repeated declaration of their independence of Austria by their sovereign, and in particular the distinct compact of Leopold the Second in 1790–91, justified them in endeavoring by peaceable means to obtain an independent ministry, directly responsible to their own Diet. Such a ministry had been long talked of and claimed in the Diet. In fact, the conservative party and the opposition had differed little as to the objects at which they aimed, but chiefly in the degree of vehemence in which matters should be urged; the conservatives pleading to give time to the Austrian Court. But in 1848 the conservatives as a separate party were destroyed, the great body of them going over to the opposition. Thus it was that Louis Kossuth carried, by a unanimous vote, the resolve that the constitution of Hungary would never be free from the eternal machinations of the Austrian Cabinet until a constitutional government was established in the foreign possessions of the crown, so as to restore the nationalities as they were at the period when the Diet conferred the sovereignty on the house of Hapsburg. A series of reforms were now carried in quick succession after the termination of a discussion which had commenced with the advent of Szechényi into political life.

Now, in looking at the events of the Hungarian struggle, the people of this country have been frequently led into gross errors, but to none more manifestly mischievous than the impression as to the nature of the commencement of the struggle. For not only was the contest no insurrection against established authority, but the reforms of 1848 were neither won by fraud nor violence. An assertion that the changes were made by force has been put forth by Austria as a sort of palliation for the commission of cruelties which made her the detestation of the world. On the contrary, every change sought in a constitutional manner by legal forms was successful, and this was

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since there was every provocation to a revolutionary movement. When a royal house continues to usurp the powers lodged elsewhere by the compact to which it owes its right of rule; when it invades that fundamental law upon which alone its own authority is based; when it endeavors to debase an independent people to a provincial position, and to put their guaranteed rights at the mercy of absolute will; then, indeed, we may hold, with Robespierre, that insurrection becomes the most sacred of rights, and the most indispensable of duties. The Hungarians took no advantage of these crimes on the part of the Court. Determined to emancipate the great mass of the people from fetters imposed by the ignorance and bigotry of past ages, and to place their country on the utmost pinnacle of civilization, they were content that the executive power should remain vested in the house of Hapsburg. They had neither design nor desire to overthrow the reigning dynasty. There was no intention to depose Ferdinand. The purpose of the reformers was an honest one. They wished to emancipate the people; to recreate the nation; not to aggrandize themselves, nor to form a new dynasty. And that could be done without any infraction of the compact between prince and people. The nobles desired to curtail themselves of privileges which were in direct antagonism to the spirit of the century; they proposed to raise the hitherto down-trodden serf to a political equality with themselves. But they felt it was consistent with the dignity of their purpose to do this remodelling of a constitution within the pale of the constitution. Every measure brought forward, every reform urged, was as strictly pressed and ultimately achieved under the forms of jurisprudence, as the most conservative champion of law and order could desire. All was done with the apparent concurrence of the viceroy, the Archduke Stephen, who seemed to identify the cause of the country with his own. The Emperor-King, Ferdinand, displayed the greatest desire to comply with and complete the wishes of the people; and the latter showed no inclination to abridge a reign which promised in its close to be so brilliant and glorious.

During that memorable Diet of 1848–9, the hopes of the patriot rose to their utmost point of culmination. The independence of the realm appeared to be assured; all the reforms immediately necessary had passed the Diet and been confirmed by the sovereign. The constitution was extended to all classes, and civil equality announced. The ancient Diet, constituted of or elected by the nobility, was changed into a true House of Representatives, whose constituents were a class hitherto excluded from the privilege of suffrage. The feudal system was abolished, and millions of inhabitants, formerly serfs, became at once citizens and freeholders, receiving, on a promise to indemnify its former proprietors for feudal services, the land they cultivated in fee-simple. Every such freeholder had a vote in the election of those who were to levy taxes upon his property; every thirty thousand inhabitants were entitled to a representative in the national Assembly; every free town to one or more representatives, according to its size and population. Thus the lower house of the Diet became representatives of the people, and not of the nobility; and to a seat in this house every citizen was made eligible. The new Diet was to be presided over by an elective chairman, and all the other officers of the Diet were chosen by itself.*

The re-organization of the upper house, or House of Magnates, was postponed to a future time. It was thus far decided, however, that there should henceforth continue to be two houses in the Diet. As it was not proper in a representative government that one part of the legislature should consist of members qualified by birth, it was determined to re-organize the upper house; but as it was a matter of grave importance, the assembly determined to make the change at a later time and after a careful deliberation. Thus the upper house was, for the time, preserved in its ancient form.

Before the end of the month of March, 1848, a deputation of members from both houses of the Diet appeared in Vienna, carrying with them the unanimous wish of the

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* Let it be here understood, however, that the Hungarian peasant was never bound to the soil as in Russia. He could settle where he chose; but he could not hold real estate. There were, to be sure, certainly some cases where the peasants held estates; but for this they were obliged to pay certain duties to the lord of the land. These duties, and the tenths, were abolished by the laws of March, 1848, giving to the peasant the real property of the soil, which hitherto he had cultivated on the payment of feudal duties.



Diet that the King would consent to various bills. Among these the greatest constitutional change was the restoration of the old union between the Diets of Hungary and Transylvania, provided the Transylvanian Diet concurred, a bill to that effect having passed the Hungarian Diet. It was provided, in case Transylvania concurred, that the members of her Diet should enter that of Hungary—the regalists in the upper, and the elected deputies in the lower house. All reasonable pretensions of the Transylvanians were to be admitted, and all privileges guaranteed. But, socially, the most important laws were those equalizing all classes and creeds, and that noble enactment which quit the peasant of feudal burthens, and converted him into a lord of the soil. This last bill had passed both houses, on February 4th, 1848, before the French revolution had broken out, so that the emancipation of the peasants was no result of revolution elsewhere, but the homage of nobles to truth and justice—the free act of men who stripped themselves of the hereditary privileges of centuries from motives of enlarged philanthropy and devotion to the real interests of their country. All these reforms, without exception, were accepted by the King, who, at the invitation of the Diet, proceeded to Presburg, in Hungary, with the Court, to ratify them. There, to the highest satisfaction and amid the liveliest manifestations of joy and loyalty, he gave the royal sanction, and after having solemnly sworn to protect and defend them, returned to Vienna.

Such is the true summary of the most important reforms adopted by the Hungarian Diet of 1848; such is the true history of their adoption. It will be seen therefore that they were the result of peaceful, calm deliberation; that they were commenced, carried on, and completed, in compliance with both the letter and spirit of law; that they were the result of neither turbulence, fear, nor insurrection. They were justly regarded by all patriotic Hungarians as their charter of rights, opening the promise of a national career whose progress and brilliancy should emulate that of the most favored constitutional government.

But by these laws both the royal oath and the rights of the people were made positive, and warranted against the absolute will of the Court. Hence it became the plan of the Court to render the reforms abortive. On the very day of signing the bills, the Croatian Ban, Jellachich, was admitted to a private council, and the overthrow of Hungarian nationality, by a war of races, deliberately planned. How that was carried out—the blood, the strife and struggles of a campaign, which would have succeeded triumphantly for Hungary, but for the treason of the infamous Görgei, which startled the civilized world—our readers well know. In the history of that strife Kossuth's own life is inseparably interwoven. Some errors of public appreciation, in regard to it, we may at a future time correct; but our paper has already reached an unusual length, and we must cease.



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# JOACHIM MURAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

At the mansion of the Comtesse de Lipona, at Florence, as soon as the piano ceased to accompany the airs of Bellini, that is to say, generally about midnight, the intimate friends of the family would draw together in a circle, and relate tales and adventures until morning. There was an inexpressible charm in these *réunions*. The saloon was still in disorder from the ball or the concert, but the dancers or the artists had disappeared. The music was scattered upon the desks; the card tables displayed their fading lamps, with their four vacant arm-chairs; to so much joyous bustle, succeeded a quiet, familiar conversation; coffee was served, together with delicious waffles, stamped with the arms of the Queen, and prepared by the former cook of Madame Dubarry.

No one thought of sleep during these delightful morning *soirées*. The Comtesse de Lipano used to say, "Three hours of sleep are enough for me; it is a good habit that I owe to my brother the Emperor." And the guests took pride in conforming to a habit which came to them thus directly from Napoleon. On leaving the palace, we often saw the gleam of the dawn upon the black colonnade of the offices, and upon the dome of San Spirito.

The Comtesse frequently related to us charming narratives, with that half French, half Italian grace, which never forsook her. The illustrious dame had witnessed so many dramas, so many festivals, so many misfortunes, that she was never at a loss when she deigned to furnish her contingent to this traffic in anecdotes.

One night the circle was closely grouped about her arm-chair; the noble dame had promised us something new, and her voice faltered with emotion; her calm and beautiful face was evidently agitated by some sad remembrance. Our silence seemed to question her respectfully, and she began:

"At the time when Italy was French, a sedition broke out in one of our regiments, that was in garrison at Leghorn. It was a much more serious affair than a common mutiny. The Emperor appeared extremely irritated when he heard the news; he resolved to make a severe example, and Joachim was charged with the duty of punishing the refractory regiment. The Emperor's orders were precise and terrible; he wished for no court martials, but for the immediate execution of the culprits.

"Joachim arrived at Leghorn, assembled the regiment upon the public square, and informed the soldiers that he had received an order from the Emperor to punish them, and that he intended to do so. The vehemence of his words, his impetuous and menacing gestures, above all, the authority of his name, had already brought the rebellious troops to submission. The soldiers cast themselves at his feet; they were humble and suppliant. Joachim was moved; he was always kind-hearted: but he had received his orders; he repressed his emotion, and with anger burning in his face, and in a voice of thunder, he declared his purpose to decimate the regiment.

"The consternation of the troops was great, as you can imagine. The regiment, confined in the barracks, sent several deputations to Murat to implore his clemency. Officers and soldiers swore to confront death in the first battle, beneath the eyes of the Emperor. Murat was for a long while inflexible, in appearance at least; at last he seemed touched by their submission. But the fault was so great, his orders so peremptory, that he demanded that three soldiers, chosen from among the most mutinous, should pay with their lives for the crime of the regiment. The three victims were soon designated; they were put in irons, and their execution announced for the following day. The regiment still remained confined in the barracks.

"In the middle of the night, Joachim directed the three soldiers to be brought

before him; a sergeant, in whose prudence he could confide, led them into his presence.

"'You will be shot to-morrow!' said Murat. The soldiers burst into tears. 'Prepare for death, and fall like brave men; it is the only way to wipe out all memory of your crime. I charge myself with the duty of transmitting your last farewells, your last regrets, to your fathers and mothers. Your families did not merit children such as you. Have you thought of your mothers? Speak!' Sobs stifled their voices. 'Those poor women would have been proud and even happy if you had fallen in battle with the Austrian; but to die thus, unfortunate men! Go! I will send you a priest to afford you the last succors of religion. Think upon France and your God; from this moment you belong no more to this world.'

"The soldiers cast themselves at Joachim's feet, not to ask for mercy, but for his pardon, before death. As they were leaving the apartment, Joachim recalled them. 'Listen!' he said: 'if I should grant you your lives, would you live henceforth like honest men?'

"'No, we wish to die,' replied one of the soldiers; 'we have deserved death; let them shoot us; it is just.'

"'But if I do not wish to have you shot?' cried Joachim. 'Wherefore would you die, when I would have you live? I have never given the word to fire, except at the enemy, and I cannot bear to give it against those who are my brothers, who are Frenchmen, although guilty.'

"And Joachim wept like a woman—he, the bravest of men! Was he not, Messieurs?"

And we wept also around the arm-chair of the Comtesse de Lipano, who spoke so touchingly of her heroic husband.

After a pause, she continued her narrative.

"'Listen to me!' said Joachim, in a milder tone. 'You are great culprits, but I am glad to find that you have energy of character; you will second my project well. I grant you your lives, but it is necessary that you should to-morrow be thought dead by all the world; abov[illegible] your regiment. To-morrow, near n[illegible] will be led out of the Pisan g[illegible] glacis; you ill receive the fi[illegible] at twenty ss' distance, an[illegible] dead; at moment the la[illegible] regiment will pass across the place of execution; the obscurity of the evening will favor the deception. A man, of whose fidelity I am assured, will place you upon a tumbrel, and transport you to the cemetery. Here you will find a change of clothing wherewith to disguise yourselves as sailors, and a thousand francs will be counted out to each of you; you will remain concealed for a few days in an inn, which will be pointed out to you; in two or three days an American vessel will sail for New-Orleans; there you will go to pass your days, and live like honest men—do you hear? You will be taken on board as soon as the wind is favorable. Be prudent, and follow my advice exactly. Go; I will take care of your families!'

"The soldiers bathed Murat's feet with their tears, and repeated, again and again, that they would do as he had directed them.

"All passed as Joachim had arranged it. A severe example was given to the regiment; but there was no blood spilled, and the Emperor, happily deceived, thanked Murat for having sacrificed but three lives to the demands of discipline. The Emperor was never informed of the generous stratagem to which my husband resorted in this affair; it was for a long time a secret between myself and a few of our faithful friends, who have never betrayed it. There is now no indiscretion in divulging it, and I divulge it therefore for your sakes."

After this narrative, Murat's widow, too deeply moved to prolong the conversation, retired to her apartment. We likewise were much affected; we kept silence. Every eye was turned upon the magnificent portrait, painted by Le Gros. It represents King Murat, in a striking attitude, galloping along the shore of the bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius, belching flames, rises in the background. Murat and Vesuvius! two volcanoes, face to face.

The conclusion of this narrative was recounted to me, several months afterwards, by a person very intimate with the imperial family. It is like the romantic *dénouement* of a drama, which seems to belong less to r[illegible] than to the imagination of the

[illegible] borders of a forest, in the vicin- Orleans, a huntsman knocked at a modest farm-house, to seek violent storm. It was in the

autumn of 1830. The hospitable door was opened, and the stranger was led by an aged woman into a neat apartment, plainly furnished, and almost entirely hung with Parisian lithographs, representing our principal deeds of arms.

"It appears," said the stranger, in the French language, "that my kind star has led me among fellow-countrymen."

"Monsieur is a Frenchman, doubtless?" said the old woman.

"Yes, madame; and a good Frenchman too. I have even relatives here in this apartment."

"My son is in the garden; I will go and call him; he will be very glad to see you."

"Is your son a Frenchman also?"

"Yes, sir."

This reply was uttered with some hesitation; she then added with more confidence:

"He has dwelt a long while in this country, and, God be praised! he does not repent it. This farm belongs to him. We live comfortably and respectably, and have no cause to complain of our fortune."

At this moment the master of the house entered the apartment.

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honor to repose, for a while, beneath our roof, until the storm has passed over; he is a fellow-countryman; he is a Frenchman."

The proprietor of the farm made a military salutation, and stammered out a few words of civility. The face of the stranger produced a singular impression upon him, and he was so agitated that he could not reply to his questions. At last he ventured, with difficulty, to address him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will find my request indiscreet perhaps, but I am constrained to inquire your name. Excuse me—your face——"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "this is the only question I cannot answer. It would be easy for me to deceive you, by giving you a false name, but I prefer to be silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to lie. Now that I have refused to tell you my name, I do not venture to demand yours."

The master of the house did not reply.

"It seems that you, also, wish to keep your name secret," added the hunter.

"Yes, sir; that which I bear in this country is not my true name; why should you desire to be made acquainted with it? I am known here by the name of Claude Gerald."

"At least," said the mother, "this gentleman must not imagine that my son need blush for the name he bore in France. There are reasons which——"

"It is the same with me," said the hunter. "I tell my name only to those who deserve to hear it, and from this moment I think you worthy of the favor. I am Achille Murat; I am the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerald and his mother fell with their faces to the earth, as if stricken down by the might of so great a name.

The Prince, at that time a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not comprehend this excess of emotion, which they seemed unable to control. No sooner had Claude overcome his agitation, than he pointed to the portrait of the King of Naples, which hung against the wall, inclosed by branches of green laurels, and he said to the son: "There is your glorious father! He is the master and saint of this dwelling; it is to him that I owe all. One day, when I was in danger of death, your father saved my life."

"Upon the field of honor?" said Achille Murat.

"No, upon the field of dishonor. I had forgotten myself; my brain was on fire; I deserved death. They conducted me to the port of Leghorn, with two of my comrades, who were as culpable as I was; they fired at us; we fell. It was Murat who had arranged it all. By his assistance I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New-York. I still live, and this life I owe to your noble father. I have labored, and I am now in comfortable circumstances. My mother, to whom a certificate of my death had been sent, received some years later a letter from her living son, inviting her to come to America. My poor mother, after having wept so much for my loss, nearly died with joy on seeing me again. And now, if the son of my royal benefactor needs my arm, my wealth, my life, all are his!"

"I recognize him in your narrative—my generous father!" said Achille Murat, with tears in his eyes.

"He has pardoned many others besides," said Gerald.

"He found none to pardon him!" replied his son.

# IMAGINATION AND FACT.

"Imagination's world of air,
And our own world."—HALLECK.

"YEAR BOOK OF FACTS."—"HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES."

THIS is a great age—a wonderful era—every thing going ahead with such unprecedented velocity. Slap, dash, all by wheels! Whirr, whizz, all by steam! Chip, chop, ding, dong, all by wires! Here we are, and here we go! Racing along the high road of progress—fulfilling our destinies at full speed—

"While panting Time toils after us in vain."

We acknowledge the fact, and do homage, from our quiet nook, to this last and loudest offspring of Chronos,—the Nineteenth Century,—a giant personification, passing shadowy before our mind's eye at times, with mightier paces than the Homeric Neptune's, when

——"three strides he took,
And at the fourth the distant Ægæ shook."

This demiourgos moves enormously—in a tempest of smoke and sound; his head wearing indistinctly the likeness of an engine chimney and the eyes of fire underneath; his long, thin arms stretched every where, and filling every thing they touch with electricity; while, for feet, he has the motion of wheels, rolling in thunder, and instinct with life, like those seen by the prophet Ezekiel! We see all this; and bid the beneficent Monster God-speed, and feel, respected Whigamore, that the material age is, indeed, a grand affair. But, in "the cosmogony of the world," as Jenkinson calls it, there are other elements and considerations beside those which touch us physically; and we have an idea that unencumbered philosophers and ponderers in quiet nooks are they who recognize them v[illegible]ess and cordiality. So, beir[illegible]s, we shall, with permiss[illegible]ore, (which being inter[illegible]ns "big Whig" or "c[illegible]he matter in a philo[illegible]ff

a few of our impressions of things in general—

"Just rattle on exactly as we'd talk
With any body in a ride or walk."

The generality of people, then, seem to think that facts are every thing in the business of the world—the only considerations in the philosophy of human progress. Opposed to what is imaginary, facts are allowed to have much dignity. Your practical reasoners look to facts decisively—facts "are the jockeys for them"—facts that they can hear, see, handle, reckon, demonstrate; while the imaginations are mostly held synonymous with the worthless, the unsubsantial, and the ridiculous. They say, with one of Congreve's characters—we forget which—"Fiddle-faddle, don't tell me of this and that and every thing in the world! Give me mathematical demonstration." Now, we do not go so far as the astute Bayle, who, on the other hand, affected to laugh at the correct pretensions of mathematics and demonstrations, but we do think, "under leave of Brutus and the rest," that facts do not seem and have not seemed to be so very essential to the course of things on this oblate spheroid of ours, to the history and business of the mind and to the law of progress, as some appear to believe. Without troubling our heads, in this gossipping paper, with the subtleties of Berkeley and others who knock all creation into the compass of a man's perceptions—establish the column of the universe on the pentagonal base of the senses—we have an idea that more of the fictitious and imaginary are mixed up with our conditions than are dreamed of in our matter-of-fact philo[illegible]nature has been always co[illegible]ng for its ginger-bread —[illegible]guises "to make the bit[illegible]down." Tasso, in his in[illegible]in Mary for a muse,

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into the vernacular;—"help angels, make essay!"):—

"For, well thou knowest, the world more fondly turns
To old Parnassus' consecrated spot;
And truths which graceful poetry adorns
Subdue in pleasing, and a spell is wrought
For the most subtle and fastidious thought.
So for the sickly child, by friendly wile,
The cup's deceptive edge with sweetness fraught,
Lures to the bitter draught; the imp the while
Drinks life and health from the judicious guile."

And not alone have the edges of the cup been touched in this way with honeyed fallacy, but the contents of it have been very much, in all ages, "dashed and brewed" with the same emollient. Reality is not such a delightful thing, after all; the feigned and the phantasmal have always been considered the necessary complement of our condition here. Voltaire says, very pleasantly:

"On court, hélas! après la vérité;
Ah, croyez-moi, l'erreur a son merite."

If we take away, from the amount of what the world possesses, that which belongs and is due to the imagination merely,—which is not authentic, and could not be sworn to in a court of justice,—what will be left? Let us be Cornelius Agrippa or Albert de Groot for the nonce—make a wafture of the hand, with "Hey, presto, begone!"—and what then? There is a sudden solitude in the world! The beautiful is vanished, and the hard, blank remnant of things is full of gaps and desert places, disastrous flaws and a strange silence. Nothing now, gentlemen, but facts in the world—facts and mathematical demonstration! But it is a very hard, cold world to live in; much worse, believe us, than it was before; and, in the opinion of that pale pessimist over the way there, that was bad enough in all conscience!

They who first found out the world and roamed about on it felt its naked materialism, its matter-of-fact aspects, to be too deficient and uninviting for their ideas. The unclothed reality of things was too cold and unlovely—beautiful as it was—for their perceptions. So they began to improve it, by informing it with a creation of their own. They looked to the elements and the infinite airy fabrics of visions and cover the universe with ingenious and beautiful mysteries. They imagined a god for the cope and clouds of heaven, and he wielded the thunder from the mountain summits; another, shaped after the most gracefully formed of men,—"the Lord of life and poetry and light,"—was the Angel of the Sun, and his sister was the Goddess of the Moon—

"Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,
To whose bright image, nightly, by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

They felt the presence of a god in the winds and in fire, to which some of the earliest altars were raised. They saw a powerful divinity in the vastness and anger of the sea, and imagined a crowd of lesser deities for its caverns and depths. The forests were sacred to the universal Pan, his fauns, sylvans and satyrs; every oak had its Dryad, every river its Naïad or its Potamid; the Oreads presided over the meadows, and the Napeæ haunted the valleys. Impatient of mere reality, men in this way covered the earth and filled the air and sea with theories, phantasms, imaginations—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets—
The fair humanities of old religion—
The power, and the beauty, and the majesty."

Apart from the mythologies, let us consider the effect of that abolition we have spoken of on the amount of what we know—on the circle of knowledge—of which, by the bye, Bacon asserts that poetry is the third part. Suppose we ignore the poetry,—as Plato would do, in his imaginary republic. The creations of these ancient *makers* and imaginative writers have filled up a space in the earlier ages of the world which, without them, would be a blank, and as much lost to the human mind as the pre-Adamite chaos is. Do away with them, and what a throng of splendid deeds, of heroic and beautiful figures,—demigods, champions, kings, heroes and heroines,—"fair women and brave men,"—moving in gorgeous panorama across the dark background of antiquity, shall be blotted out! What a dispossession it would be to abolish the Iliad and the Odyssey! To be deprived of Hector, the kind-hearted and manly hero, and Priam

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with his mighty sorrows, the beautiful Helen, and—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer"—

the splendid Achilles, the soldier-pilgrim Ulysses, and Agamemnon, king of men! Not alone would much be wanted in the want of these, but in the want of all they have suggested and given rise to in after times. The succeeding poets and dramatists of Greece and Rome drew light from Homer as Milton's stars did, in their golden urns, from the sun. They took his old imaginations and figures as their models, and reproduced them in forms which the world would not willingly let die.

Coming to our own literature, we find that the fictions of our writers—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—are as favorably remembered and as much appreciated and cited, for the purposes of life and moral progress, as the facts of our historians. In our genial moments, when the mind desires to be pleased or invigorated, it will revert with a very general preference to what is imaginary in literature; and half the world give as much and as grave attention to the men and women of Shakspeare and Scott, Irving and Longfellow, as to those of Hume and Prescott. And how intimately and lovingly we give our interest to the words and actions of these poetical creations! To be sure, the historic annals have recorded and given names to some of them. But as the dramatists and romancers present them to us, they are *bonâ fide* brain-born affairs. And thus we believe in them with an ample faith. What a world of thought and life in the plays of Shakspeare! and what a pleasure to put his grand panorama in motion, either in quiet thought or delightful colloquy! There is the venerable Lear, driven into the stormy night, and talking the truest philosophy to the elements that so feelingly persuade him what he is; and Hamlet, so sententious in his antic disposition; the fair Ophelia, the prosy "old courtier of the King's," Polonius, and the many-vested clowns knocking the jowls of dead men about and propounding conundrums for pots of ale; then the immortal bed-presser and huge hill of flesh, first of liars and of favorites; and Mrs. Quickly, ancestress of Mrs. Malaprop; then Macbeth and the terrible hags of the heath, and his more terrible wife; then Richard, and the ghosts rising in his tent and cursing him as they pass; then the witty and adventurous Rosalind; and Desdemona.

"The gentle lady wedded to the Moor;"

and Portia, the beautiful, wise young judge, and the passionate Juliet, with the south lightnings in her veins; and Miranda, enchantress of an enchanted island! And a hundred others.

Then there are the creations of Scott coming nearest of any to those of Shakspeare, and possessing even a more general popularity. Successive generations cherish them as a legacy, and the memory always recalls them with pleasure. There is Cedric the Saxon in his low-roofed hall; the swineherd; the Templar; the gorgeous tournament at Ashby; the storming of Torquestone; the Black Knight, fighting as if twenty men's strength were in his single arm; the peerless Rebecca, Locksley, and Friar Tuck: what an array of images, bringing back so truly and vividly the old feudal character of things! We shall never forget the feelings with which we first read Ivanhoe. All our vague ideas of romance and knightly doings were there put into a wonderful life and motion. We have since learned the effect of that splendid book upon the genius of Thierry and Victor Hugo, and how its *gramarye* has absolutely revolutionized the character of modern history. But the bugles are blowing, and we admire the picturesque bravery of Fergus MacIvor.

"All plaided and plumed in his tartan array;"

and the noble Flora, and the delightful Baron of Bradwardine. Balfour of Burley slays the guardsman at Drumclog, and the Covenanters preach and fight at the Brig of Bothwell. Edgar and Lucy walk to the haunted spring, and the last lord of Ravenswood disappears awfully into the "Kelpie's Flow," with an effect unsurpassed in any catastrophe of the Greek drama. Norna of the Fitful Head speaks her wild rune of the Reimkennar to the spirits of the north wind; "bold Magnus, the son of the Jarl," Minna Troil, the gallant Cleveland and Claude Halcro feast, love, fight and rhyme in the Udaller's charmed isle. Diana Vernon on horseback clears a five-barred gate, Rob Roy cries "Claymore!" and Baillie Nicol Jarvie fights his Highlander with a hot coulter, and goes up perilously into the

Maclachan of Aberfoil. Jeannie Deans stands in presence of Queen Caroline pleading for her sister's life, and Argyle puts his hand to his chin whenever the Queen or the Duchess of Suffolk are in danger of a random hit from the unconscious advocate. Monkbarns discovers a Roman *prætorium*, and Edie Ochiltree comes up with: "*Prætorium* here, *prætorium* there—I mind the bigging o't!" The Knight of the Leopard and the disguised Soldan fight their picturesque battle in the desert, and then feast together under the palms. Richard Plantagenet leaps from his sick-bed in spite of the Hakim, tears down the standard of Austria from the mound at Acre, and hurls the giant Wallenrode from the top to the bottom of it. Dominie Sampson exclaims, "Prodigious!" Dandie Dinmont rears the family of Pepper and Mustard; Dirk Hatterick strangles Glossin, and shoots Charlotte Cushman,—Meg Merrilies we should say; but 'tis all one,—who recognizes young Bertram, and dies hard. Hal o' the Wynd fights "for his ain hand" on the Inch of Perth, in the midst of the clans Chattan and Quhule. Queen Elizabeth holds high revel in the hall of Kenilworth, and Amy Robsart perishes in the fatal trap at Cumnor. Tristran l'Ermite hangs the trees around Plessis lez Tours with Zingaris like acorns. Louis XI. and Charles the Bold ride abreast in the breach of the walls of Liege, and the head of the savage De la Marck secures for the young Scottish knight the hand of Isabel Croye. The Highland widow mourns over her son with a tragic truth and pathos unrivalled. The Last Minstrel sings a wild epic of goblin gramarye—the Leaguer of Branksome, the Lists, the Festival. Roderick Dhu fights for life at Coilantogle Ford, and Allan Bane flings to the dying chief in the cell a picture of the battle of the Trosachs. Constance perishes awfully in convent cell, and Marmion dies like a courageous knight on the field of Flodden:

> "'Charge, Chester, charge; on, Stanley, on,'
> Were the last words of Marmion."

All these and more come thronging at the call of the imagination; and with them pass before the reader or thinker's eyes the extravagant hero of him who "smiled Spain's chivalry away," Dr. Primrose and his delightful family, Parson Adams, Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, Evangeline, Leatherstocking, and a thousand other personages which everybody's memory will distinguish for itself, as every eye forms its proper rainbow. These have all the distinctness of historical characters, and it is by an effort we draw the line of demarkation between both species.

And many of these last, and not the least interesting of them, are in fact little better than the fictions of poets, dramatists, and romancers. The histories of the venerable Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giraldus, Froissart, and so forth, are half imaginative. There are some of the outlines of the truth in them, but the filling up is mostly fiction: "the truth is there, but dashed and brewed with lies." The history of Scotland from the reign of Fergus, and that of Ireland from the days of Heber and Heremon down to the conquest of the country by Strongbow, are just as fanciful as the metrical romances of Scott and Moore. Then for the annals of Greece, Herodotus, who is called the father of history, sets down every thing that popular tradition and the lying priests of Egypt told him. People don't know whether to call the Cyropædia of Xenophon a romance or an authentic work. Plutarch applies the same stories sometimes to different persons, and, with the admirable attractiveness of Hume in our own times, has got a good deal of his incorrectness. Taylor, in his *Annotationes ad Lysiam*, says of this venerable biographer: "*Mendax ille Plutarchus, qui vitas oratorum, dolis et erroribus consutas, olim conscribbilavit.*" With regard to the history of Rome, "the mellifluous copiousness of Livy," says the elder D'Israeli, "conceals many a tale of wonder; the graver of Tacitus etches many a fatal stroke; and the secret history of Suetonius too often raises a suspicion of those whispers, *quid rex in aurem reginæ dixerit, quid Juno fabulata sit cum Jove.*" Niebuhr has got into our old history of Rome, and laid about him like an iconoclast—like Leo the Isaurian come to judgment! He ruthlessly destroys a whole army of our ancient beliefs, and makes almost a solitude of the first ages of Rome, so very wonderful and picturesque in our schoolboy days. He makes a solitude, and calls it history! He demolishes the venerable Numitor and Evander, Mars and Rhea Sylvia, Romulus and Remus; the wolf, too, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," finds as little mercy

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as the rest: all seem to make themselves air, into which they vanish! Then the Tarquins, their insolence and expulsion; Lars Porsenna—

> "Lars Porsenna of Clusium
> By the nine gods he swore,
> That the great house of Tarquin
> Should suffer wrong no more;"

the siege of Rome, Cocles at the bridge, and Scævola at the flaming altar, are all inventions of Ennius, Fabius Pictor, Nævius, and others! This portion of the annals, says the German critic, should not be termed history, but simply the "Lay of the Tarquins," to take its place along with the "Lay of the Nibelungen." "Livy's *pictored* page" (if we may be permitted to make a critical emendation of Byron's phrase, in the spirit of Warburton's Notes on Shakspeare) is, as we have already suggested, considered to be as fallible as it is brilliant. Thus we have a vast amount of what is called history utterly confounded with the professed creations of fanciful minds; and there seems, after all, to be no very perceptible difference between Homer's Agamemnon or Ajax and the Cecrops and Codrus of Herodotus; between Virgil's Æneas or Dido and the Numa or Clelia of Fabius Pictor: they are all equally distinct or indistinct. Scott's King Richard singing of the "Jolly Brown Bowl," and exchanging a buffet with the Clerk of Copmanhirst, seems as firm on the canvas and as true as Alfred burning the cakes in the hovel, or Knute rebuking his flatterers from a chair upon the strand of the channel.

And even as regards the more modern and authentic annals of history, we scarcely think they have paid much more respect to the actual facts of the world. Sir Robert Walpole used to say to his friends, "Don't read history; that *must* be false." And Sir Walter Raleigh, looking from the window of his prison in the Tower of London, and witnessing a quarrel in the court-yard, and the after-testimony of the by-standers concerning it, was tempted, it is said, to throw his History of the World into the fire, in despair of ever being able to gather any thing like truth from conflicting authorities. And, certainly, the differences of writers of history, their doubts concerning motives, and their disagreements concerning facts, tend to give us very unsettled ideas [illegible] in general. Historians have sent Col. Kirke down to us from James the Second's reign with a black and bloody renown. But he was not half so black as he was painted by the angry Whigs of that and the succeeding times. The story of the poor girl whose husband he hanged before her eyes, after she had too dearly purchased his life, on Kirke's own terms, is said by Ritson to be an impudent, bare-faced lie. Richard the Third enjoys a very bad character, though it is not unlikely the young princes were not murdered in the Tower, and that Perkin Warbeck was the true prince after all. The historians of those Tudor times underlie the strongest suspicions for a crowd of falsehoods calculated to secure Henry VII. and his family on the throne. Then there are Jack Cade and Wat Tyler: they have been receiving cruel wrong at the hands of the historians. They dared, in an age when the rights of the people were but imperfectly understood, and the influence of the feudal system still in its strength, to take up arms and go to war with their king and his nobles, for liberty! Their sufferings and provocations were undeniable, and their spirit was certainly heroic—kindred to that which animated Melcthal, Furst and Stauffacher, at the Brunnens of Grutli. (Pray Heaven we may have put these immortal consonants together correctly!) The Swiss peasants were successful, and are therefore held in everlasting honor. But the Englishmen failed, and are hung up as scarecrows and *ludibria* on the field of history! Wat Tyler and Jack Cade were incited by the same blood which boiled in the face of tyrants at Naseby, Marston, Dunbar, Worcester and elsewhere, which warmed the hearts of the first colonists on Plymouth Rock, and flowed so freely at Lexington and Bunker Hill. We should begin to honor these poor English heroes, in spite of history and—alas! that we should say it—in spite of Shakspeare! It is remarkable to find this myriad-minded man, so full of the finer humanities of our nature, yet incapable of sympathizing with the cause and feelings of the mass of the lower classes: we do not say *people*, because there was no such thing in his days. But Shakspeare was, after all, a man of his era; and as little dreamed of the democratic evangels of our times as he did of the Daguerreotype and the Electric Telegraph.

Then, no man can be sure of the lesser

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details of the annals, though he may put faith in some of the great facts. We are not indisposed to admit, on oath, if necessary, that there was such a man as Julius Cæsar; though whether he ever said, "*Quid times? vehis Cæsarem!*" to the boatman; or "*Et tu, Brute?*" when the republicans set upon him in the Capitol, is a matter on which our beliefs are not so decided. Most of these picturesque properties of character and of fact—so to speak—are generally furnished by the fancies and after-thoughts of the narrators for effect, or fabricated wilfully for a purpose. We need not go very far back in history to discover the truth of this. In the great naval engagement, when the French fleet was beaten by that under Lord Howe, the historians of the time set forth that the ship "Vengeur" being terribly shattered by the cannonade, and sinking, her flag still flew, and her defenders went down with her, crying, "Vive la République!" to the last. The French writers did their best to glorify this instance of devoted patriotism; and it was thus transmitted. Carlyle, in his History of the French Revolution, makes quite a cartoon of it with his own vigorous and picturesque pencil. But lo! an English naval officer who was in the battle, seeing one of his own country's writers taking the story, came out in the *Times*, just after Carlyle's book, and showed that the poor devils who manned the "Vengeur," instead of dying with "Long live the Republic" in their mouths, leaped overboard and tried to save their lives as well as they could—small blame to them!—and that some hundreds of them were saved in the British boats. The message carried from the dying Desaix to Bonaparte at Marengo, was a fabrication of the latter. The story of the Duke of Wellington lying in the hollow-square of the Guards at Waterloo, and jumping up with, "Up, Guards, and at them!" is another of the heroic figments—to be classed with those wonderfully fine sayings of the great men of antiquity on grand and critical occasions. And we are concerned to be under the impression that "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg," must be ranked in the same category.

All history, in fact, is more or less fiction. Hume, in one of his letters to Robertson, alluding to the publiction of Murdin's State Papers, which showed several of Hume's published facts in a new light, says, with a great deal of candor: "We are all in the wrong." Indeed, Hume is among those to whom we are indebted for the imaginative coloring of history. He brought a host of Tory prejudices to his task, and a cordial dislike of the tone and tendencies of Whiggery. In this respect our philosophic historian bore a resemblance to Sir Walter Scott—the Tory of a latter generation. It would be needless to go on and give more instances of the discoloration or falsifying of historic facts which the annalists are guilty of. Like the poets,

> ——"they are such liars,
> And take all colors, like the hands of dyers;"

as any body who has read history with Voltaire, or *witnessed* it, like Raleigh or Walpole, can testify for himself.

Imagination, after all, seems to be the complement of the creation, of facts and things—whenever the mind busies itself with these last—the strictly mathematical excepted. If we contemplate nature, it enhances whatever we behold. The mountains, rivers, forests, and the elements that surround them, would be but blank conditions of matter if the mind did not fling its own divinity over them. Nature was thus endowed from the beginning, when men heard voices in the winds, and saw supernatural inhabitants in the uncertain shades of the hills and forests. Beings of an ethereal nature walked the earth—

> "Meeting on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
> By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
> Or on the beached margent of the ocean;"

or were of the number of those who, with Poseidon,

> "Took in, by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
> Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles."

And the modern lovers of nature, though they no longer recognize the mythologic people of the ancient beliefs in her picturesque wildernesses, clothe her manifestations with the attributes of a great supernal power; and in the towering of her peaks, the murmur of her forests and seas, the roar of her storms, the singing of her nightly stars, find revelations or prophecies of another condition of existence above and beyond this. In this respect the modern poetry of nature has a nobler scope —

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purer inspiration than the ancient. The imaginations with which the elements about us are clothed upon are far profounder than those of the world's elder families. Shelley, Wordsworth and Byron speculate on the various aspects of nature with a more lofty philosophy and feeling than do Virgil, Theocritus or Lucretius.

In a lower sense the imagination materially imposes upon facts. In contemplating cities, works of art, or even scenes of nature, we almost always appreciate them for the associations that belong to them—the imaginations they excite; at least we seem to do so the more cordially for that consideration. Let us look at a gray, bleak sort of plateau between hills at one side, and the blue sea at the other, and we see nothing, perhaps, to admire. But let somebody come and say, "That is Marathon!" In a moment, while the blood thrills at the word, a glory seems to be lightning over the immortal ground; the air is thick with phantoms;

——"to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career;

"The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!"

It is this quality of the imagination which gives all old or storied countries that superior charm which they possess beyond new and comparatively unhistoric soils. At sight of battle-fields, religious houses, cathedrals, castles, either in ruins or otherwise, we are gratified in calling up a crowd of shadows from the dust, and finding a sort of mysterious companionship with them, during those passing reveries in which, as Campbell truly says,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

and it is generally true of the human mind that it regards *the past* with a feeling of tenderness. The philosophers or *sans culottes* of the world may say what they please, but people will have a curious sort of leaning and looking to these same "old times." There is a certain charm in Time, who is the dominator of us all; and the
[illegible] and remnants of any thing
a solemn warning of our ow
ate. That belief in the good
instinct, so to speak, which

soul of good in it. It can be very easily demonstrated that these good old times were very rude, ignorant, and, in fact, bad old times; but the innate imaginativeness of our nature will not be reasoned with, and, in spite of ourselves, we are disposed to admit, with the poet, that

"Not rough or barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

Any thing old and historic is appreciated mostly in proportion as it gives scope to the imagination "to point a moral or adorn a tale" concerning it. We gaze on the wild hill, the vale, the stream, or the forest of a new country with none of those feelings which fill us in beholding similar objects in an old land with the past history of which we are familiar. The former may be as fair or even fairer to see; but as

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him"

of whom Wordsworth speaks, so this object without association is merely what it stands for, and no more. But the other is not so much a place or object as a memory, a romance, a voice of tradition. In that valley is the legendary well, and close by is the inviolable fairy ring; by the stream is the ruined fortalice of some historic, high-handed name, and not very far from it is the old abbey of the Templars, now dwindled to a few ivied walls, three carved arches, and a broken oriel; on that moor was fought a bloody battle in which a king fell fighting with his sword in his hand; on the slope of yonder hill are Druid stones in a circle set up there, certainly, in the remote times of those giants who descended from Thor, and

"Lived in the olde days of King Artour."

It is greatly to the disadvantage of our scenery that it has not any of these old associations of history or romance. To be sure we have some of the noblest memories in the world entwined with some of our localities; but these are too much in the foreground; they are terribly authentic; they have none of that indistinctness which the imagination loves to live in; they could be sworn to, and are too closely connected with the matter-of-fact condition of things about us. Sometimes we find ourselves regretting, foolishly enough, that we have no fairies [illegible]tinent—no fairy mythology. "[illegible]of America" is a term

that sounds as *impossibly* as "Emperor of America," or as if one were to say, "The Duke of Massachusetts," or something of that kind. To be sure, in the latter case, we are ready to thank God for the impossibility. But, in the other, we should not be sorry to have a crowd of fairy traditions scattered over the flood and field of our republic. However, we must only try and be content with universal suffrage and this system of public school education; though we are poetically convinced that the other state of things would help a good deal to spiritualize the aspects of nature here, and tend to foster the imaginative faculties, now so subservient to the hard, commercial philosophy of the day. Our forests are, undoubtedly, noble objects, whether the breeze steals through their glades and shakes the upper boughs in sport, or the whole distracted army reels struggling and howling under the great buffeting of the tempest,

> "And oaks come down with all their thousand winters."

But these aspects appeal to our higher perceptions of things—to our rarer and more abstract sense of what is great or beautiful. We admire and take to them, as it were, with effort. We cannot feel cordially towards them. Give us, in preference, a sight and sound of what remains of the New Forest, where William the Second

> "By his loved huntsman's arrow bled;"

or of the forest of Arden, where Rosalind wandered in her boy's dress, and the melancholy Jacques met the motley fool. Chimborazo and the Mountains of the Moon are magnificent objects. We prefer the Alps; and so would most people, for the same reason: because they are *the Alps*, the familiar Alps; they are covered with associations as well as snow:

> "A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around them."

The shadows of Theseus, Hannibal, Alaric, Attila, Charlemagne, Napoleon pass through the gorges and under the peaks; the country of Tell lies on one side of this famous Oberland, and the immortal peninsula of the Scipios and the Cæsars on the other; and then the poetry of Byron, Shelley and others is so linked with these lofty localities! Lake Leman, for similar reasons, is preferable to Lake Superior, and the Ægean dearer to the imagination than the Atlantic. After all, we have an idea that the human associations form the most attractive elements of the sublime and beautiful of objects; just as Thomson's poetry is a greater favorite with human nature than Shelley's. The farther you remove a thing from the human associations, the less the human imagination takes to it, the less it likes it, and the seldomer it recurs to it. We could here expatiate a little into metaphysics, and show the soundness of our opinions, from the nature of our moral perceptions. But we shall take some other time for this. We are not going to turn short upon the good-natured and unsuspecting reader in that manner.

In fine, this faculty of the fancy is mixed up with what we consider most real in the world. The preacher calls the world a vain shadow; and the Berkeleyan philosopher calls it a huge delusion of the senses; and Shakspeare says:

> ——"the world is of such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded by a sleep;"

also, that "nothing is but thinking makes it so." The practical philosophers, therefore, —the makers of railways, the managers of stocks and the owners of the telegraph or telegraphs,—cannot be considered to have the matter all to themselves. The poet and the dreamer will have as much of "the thick rotundity of the world" as they, and certainly the most enchanting portion. Schiller gives us, in an admired lyric, the idea that the imaginative being was forgotten in the distribution of the properties of the earth by Jupiter, but received, as a compensation, a general invitation to the court of the divinities. This nether "maker" or "finder" does still, of course, go up to the windy platform of supernals whenever he has a mind, but not as a matter of necessity. He has vindicated a pretty share in sublunary things, and has got a great many *châteaux en Espagne*, which he lets out to a multitude of tenants, very profitably. W. D.


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# THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after, Stephen Randolph sauntered to the mansion house, and finding the Colonel standing on the back piazza, giving directions to a servant, turned away to the cheerful little sitting-room in which he was most likely to find Lucy Montgomery. She was not there at the instant, and to while away the time, he picked up a book that lay upon the table. It was an album, and he opened instinctively at the page which contained the vigorous lines written by himself, at the request of the fair owner. These having been read over with great satisfaction, he turned to the succeeding effusion—a doleful ditty, whose chirography exhibited the professional skill of its author, the master of the village school. It began:

"One sin, alas! I'm fain to confess—
Bitter envy, I mean, of this Book,
Which lovely Lucy deigns to possess,
Greeting it with so kindly a look."

Randolph smiled complacently, as he compared this poetry with his own. On the next leaf came some really fine and expressive, as well as appropriate verses. He recognized the handwriting of his hated rival, and was chagrined at the excellence of the contribution. At the bottom he read:

"Selected by Charles Middleton."

"Oh! *selected*. Pshaw!"

Some stanzas followed, which were original, with the signature "F. H.," unquestionably standing for Francis Herbert. They flowed off smoothly, and were by no means destitute of poetic merit; yet they were pervaded by a sadly plaintive tone, and testified but too clearly to the morbid sensitiveness of the writer.

Lucy entered unobserved, and glanced over his arm as he read them.

"You see my album is filling up rapidly, Mr. Randolph."

"It is, indeed; and if the pieces were all as sentimental as this last one, you will have, I think, an unique collection."

"Poor Frank deserves sympathy and encouragement," she gently answered. "He has many admirable qualities, and if they were only supported by self-reliance and vigor of purpose, he could not fail to have a noble career."

Randolph's lip curled with a slight sneer as he said: "'Tis a pity, as you say, that he, being a man, he wants sufficient sense not to pretend to be one. But don't let us talk about him any more; for if he were to know it, he would die of his blushes before he could again gasp out the 'How do you do?' which already nearly suffocates him in the utterance."

She laid the volume away *without* reply, and taking her sewing, assumed her wonted seat by the fire. Stephen drew his chair close to hers, and after some indifferent remarks had been interchanged, started a new topic.

"*Cousin* Lucy"—for, since the Colonel insisted upon his claim to receive the title of uncle from her, the nephew argued that the relationship must be shared by himself—"Cousin Lucy, the old gentleman has been scolding sharply, and tells me to reform. What must I do?"

"Obey him dutifully, to be sure."

"But he finds most fault with me for a matter of necessity; that is, mingling in the society of Delviton. Now there is but one way of escape from this calamity, and my uncle's consequent displeasure. Have you any further advice?"

"Since you know the proper course, all I can say is, adopt it."

"But, Cousin Lucy, though this is a matter in which it is very easy and pleasant for me to resolve, it unfortunately happens that the coöperation of another person is necessary."

"W[illegible] your proposed colleague is n[illegible]

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"Far from this being the case, I refer to the most kind and amiable person in the world—the most considerate and self-sacrificing that you can imagine; yet I have cause for doubt and fear."

Lucy made no observation, and he continued: "Were my now cheerless dwelling but enlivened by the presence of another, whose home it might be for the reason that it was *my* home; one who would guide my wayward fancy by gentle counsel; who, by the daily exhibition of true loveliness of character, would teach me gradually in some degree to imitate what I could not but admire; who would be to me a friend closer than a brother, my companion never to be parted from; one to be loved, cherished, adored! Can you, dear Lucy, be such a one?"

"Mr. Randolph, I cannot."

His impassioned glance was turned full upon hers, which timidly sank beneath it.

"Lucy! think that this is to me a subject vitally real and earnest. The time has *passed* when I could treat it with gayety or trifling; now I leave jesting to others. I throw my whole soul at your feet. You will not, you cannot cast it back to bitterness and despair. You will not withdraw the hand which I seize as my hope of salvation!"

He clasped her fair palm in his, so as to require some degree of force to extricate it. That force was exerted, however, and the hand withdrawn.

Instantly he stood upon his feet; his frame shook with ungovernable passion; every vein of his countenance was swollen, and his flashing eye added intensity to the cruelty of the words which burst from his lips:

"Stay then as you are, a sneaking, penniless dependent; yes! a sneaking, mercenary, hypocritical, fortune-hunting dependent! Stay where you are: rob me of my inheritance, and share it with your base confederate!"

He rushed from the room and from the house, strode down the lawn, and then along the road to the village, at a rate which few could have equalled without absolutely running. It was not till he had reached the side of the tavern that he became sensible of the singularity of his motion, and to recover composure, relaxed into a very slow walk. Around the corner, and in front of the tavern, was quite a throng, composed of inhabitants of the village and others. They had been discussing the late remarkable night occurrences at Colonel Trenchard's. One of them observed:

"I don't somehow believe that *Jim* can have done it. What's your mind, Jack?"

Our old acquaintance, Chapman, the individual addressed, merely answered: "I don't know what to say about it."

"For *my* part," remarked Skinner, the overseer, "I'm inclined to think that old Ichabod was nearer right than wiser folks, after all, and that the Colonel *hung himself*, when out of his head. Indeed, he talks wild about the business even yet. What do you think, Mr. Leach? He says *you* had a hand in it; that he heard your voice through the window."

"That's queer enough," replied Sandy. "I know that I have a rough voice, but I should hardly think it would reach 'way from Davy Chapman's parlor to the house on the hill. If the old man's mind wanders in this way, I really must agree with you, Skinner, that he did the deed himself in a temporary fit of insanity. They say, too, that he was greatly vexed about the injury of his big tobacco crop."

"But did the footprints on the roof and through the corn-field only exist in imagination?" This question was addressed to Skinner by a young man in a green frock-coat, whose fowling-piece and brace of pheasants showed that he had just returned from a hunting excursion. His chestnut hair curled about a face of almost feminine beauty, and his form, though exceedingly graceful, was slight, and had hardly attained the ordinary stature.

"I saw them with my own eyes," said Skinner; "but then it must be considered that Mercer and I thought that they led from the piazza around to the front of the house, and the doctor struck upon the trail that led to Steve Randolph's sort of by guess or haphazard, without tracking them plainly along the grass to where we started from."

"And what reason could anybody have had for doing such a thing?" asked Sandy Leach.

"Truly," said the youth in green, Francis Herbert, "I do not see what motive *Jim* could have had; but as to others, there is more ground for doubt."

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Trenchard says the man was certainly *black*."

"But how easy and common it is for ruffians to make white black with candle smut, or a coal from the chimney corner!"

"Do you then suspect Randolph?" exclaimed Leach.

"I have not said so; but if I were in his place, and innocent, I should be very restless till the mystery were cleared up."

Stephen Randolph had overheard the latter part of this conversation ere he turned the corner, and stepping up quickly to Herbert, said in a harsh tone:

"I did not understand your remark exactly: repeat it, sir."

Herbert drew back slightly, but answered with firmness, and in a tone which showed a natural resentment at the dictatorial manner of the interrogator:

"I do not remember the *words* I used; but since you desire it, I will tell you my thought: I fervently trust that you are innocent, but cannot help regretting that you do not show more zeal in searching out the culprit."

"Lend me this a moment." This was spoken by Randolph to a bystander, from whose hand he snatched a horsewhip, with which he made several smart blows upon Herbert's shoulder, saying as he did so, "You are a meddling puppy! Take that, and learn to behave yourself."

Herbert's face flushed to a deep crimson at the insult, and then sank to an almost deadly paleness. He raised his fowling-piece, and, with an arm as rigid as if cast of bronze, held it pointed at the breast of Randolph; the hammer was thrown back, and his finger touched the trigger.

Thus both parties stood without motion for a space of time that seemed an age to those around. Then Herbert lowered his gun undischarged. Randolph smiled contemptuously and turned upon his heel. The youth, maddened at the sight, clenched the weapon and again had it half raised; but again he let it sink, and withdrawing his right hand, smote his forehead in bitterness and walked away from the gro

As he left, some of the party gave utterance to a bru that discordant sound the lo of the worthy Sandy Leach tinguishable.

tent; yet he must be less than human who is unable, in some degree, to understand how hard it is to bear a "wounded spirit."

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## CHAPTER V.

Stephen Randolph's footsteps were yet audible along the hall, when Lucy burst into tears and went to throw herself into the arms of her mother. Mrs. Montgomery, surprised and grieved, clasped her head to her own sympathizing bosom and tenderly sought to know the cause of her agitation. As soon as her sobs allowed her utterance, she briefly related the conversation that had just taken place, and the harsh taunts which had been heaped upon her at its close; and then added, with her tears flowing afresh:

"Mother! mother! let us leave this place instantly; not another hour let us stay."

"But alas! my child, what home have we beside?"

"Never mind, mother; let us trust to God to provide us a resting-place. Better, far better let us be tenants of the poor-house than remain here exposed to such horrible reproaches."

"Dear Lucy, you know not what you say: here we must stay or starve."

"Then if that is the alternative, oh! let us *starve*."

"My child, be calm. What, after all, do the wild words of young Randolph concern us? It is not upon him we are living; no right of his is touched; our own consciences, as well as the candor of Mr. Trenchard, justify us against his passionate charge. Why then should it leave a sting?"

"But, mother, it is dreadful to be subjected to the *suspicion* of such a thing. If we were away from here, the uncharitableness of Mr. Randolph himself could not soil our name with so much as a whisper. Let us pack up and go this very evening."

"*Pack and go?* Who talks about going! Why, what's all this—crying? Lucy, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Trenchard! Colonel! is this you?"

"Mis uel? Why in the name of the n't you learn to call me *uncle!* mother's my sister-in-law—an so, I shall ever regard her. Be u say about going?"

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Why, sir, mother and I have come to conclusion that it is best we should leave mansion, bidding you good-bye with re gratitude in our hearts for your kind- s than our lips can express. Her health, ı know, sir, is not very good."

"Well," said Trenchard, with a frown, this place sickly? just tell me that!"

"In truth, sir, there are other circum- nces which forbid us to trespass longer on your liberality."

"Come, come, I reckon I understand all out it. Stephen has been here; he left in towering passion, I'm sure, by his savage alk; he's been saying something to you at he ought not. Confound the rascal! wouldn't give a dozen like him for one air of your head. So now be cheerful and ke yourself, and I'll cane him if he so uch as speaks to you again."

"But really, uncle, I think it is best that ve should leave."

"Hush, Lucy! you shan't go; you shan't alk about it; you shan't so much as *think* bout it: so be quiet. But whose step was hat? Here, Ichabod! Ichabod!"

"Well, Marser."

"Who was it, Ichabod, that came in at the front door just now?"

"Marser Frank. He went right up to his room."

"Not Skinner, then? Ah, well! when Mr. Skinner comes back from Delviton watch out for him and tell him I want to see him about the wheat to be sown in the new field. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; an' I reckon that's him now: I heard the little gate slam what leads to his house."

"Run then and head him; I'll go to the back piazza."

Thus speaking, the old man trudged away, and was not seen again by Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter till an hour afterwards, when they met him at the dinner-table along with the other member of that family of four, Francis Herbert. The latter was very pale, and spoke less than usual during the meal.

After the garniture of the table was removed, and the servant had left, they remained in their seats some moments according to custom, Colonel Trenchard glancing over the newspaper, and the others conversing. Presently he lifted up his eyes from the journal, and said in his blunt way:

"Frank, is it true, as I hear, that you have taken a horsewhipping in the village this morning?"

The two ladies started and bent their eyes instantly upon the youth. He too was startled by the sudden interrogatory; the crimson current rushed at once to his cheeks, which just before seemed bloodless, and he felt his heart throbbing in his throat. It was some moments before he answered; when he did speak, it was in a tone wonderfully calm:

"Yes, sir, I have received some blows of a whip from Mr. Randolph."

Trenchard replied:

"Well, the Herberts used to be a spunky breed; they must be changed a great sight since. I suppose, however, you are going to challenge him; but that's a poor business. Have no duels, but settle your quarrels, you youngsters, when your blood's warm and there's no sin in it. It is a pity indeed that you let the minute slip. I don't see what other course you have left open for yourself. It's wrong, though, very wrong; but Stephen's not a fellow to back out and ask pardon: it's a pity—pity—pity."

"I agree with you, sir, that duels are sinful, and have no thought of challenging Randolph to one."

"The mischief you haven't! And what then will you do?"

"What can I do?"

"Yes, sure enough, what can you do *now?*"

"What other course, sir, would you have had me pursue *then?* I was fearfully tempted: may I never again have such a struggle to endure. Thank God, I conquered."

"Conquered!" echoed Trenchard. "I don't understand your story: whom did you conquer?"

"Myself."

"Oh, is that it? So you take pleasure in the recollection of your cowhiding?"

All the youth's former agitation, so hardly repressed, returned. His evident suffering excited some compassion even in the stern breast of Trenchard. The ladies showed *their* deep sympathy without disguise upon their countenances, and Herbert, wretched as he was, drew comfort from the sight. Hastily dashing away a struggling tear, he said:

"What, sir, would you have had me do?"

"Had you do when a man struck you?

injuries of us both are inflicted
ne person. We have a common
ed by a common author. Cannot
sympathize?"

at! has Stephen Randolph pre-
to offer you discourtesy? Tell it

e youth, as he uttered these words,
ng up as one transformed, and his
eye sparkled with anger.

Nay, it was nothing; I merely wished
divert your thoughts."

"Lucy! Lucy! I must know it! What
as he done?"

said——some inconsiderate words."

"He has done nothing; he merely

not vex me with such vague information."

"Well, what were those words? Do
"though I had no thought of repeating
it, since you will have me relate so trifling
a matter, he called me"—she blushed
and hesitated—"Mr. Randolph called me
'a fortune-hunting dependent,'"

"By heavens! the scoundrel shall rue
it!" cried Herbert, pacing the floor ve-
hemently; "he shall retract the base, un-
manly slander, or I will cram it down the
bully's throat!"

He started to leave the room, but Lucy
quietly restrained him.

"What would you do? Will you so
soon cease to obey the sacred duty of for-
bearance?"

"Oh, I forgot—*forgot*." There was
something in the *tone* with which these
simple words were spoken that must long
have rung in the ears of any one who had
heard them, so much was there that told
of abandonment of hope and energy; of
a grief bordering upon despair; of a heart
well nigh broken. He resumed his seat
by the table, and as at the first, his head
rested upon his folded arms.

Lucy was awed by an intensity of emo-
tion so surpassing any thing that can be
felt by minds of ordinary organization,
and made no sound to disturb his sad
revery. What space of time thus elapsed,
we have no means of exactly a
the sun, however, in its descer
reached the horizon, when th
with a countenance as
if years of a

come to a conclusion,"—he smiled fright-
fully,—"it is this, that I am, as Colonel
Trenchard says, a *coward*: is it not so?"

The maiden looked at him with sur-
prise and apprehension, for she believed
his mind wandering.

"Yes, I see," he continued; "your si-
lence acknowledges that you believe me
correct."

"No, Frank, you are not a coward; your
own heart tells you you are not."

"I am—I must be. This accounts for
every thing. No wonder that my guar-
dian reproaches me, that you pity me; no
wonder that men cast upon me differen
looks from what other persons receive; no
wonder"—here the muscles of his mouth
contracted spasmodically—"that I am—
horsewhipped! Wherefore am I made of
feebler sinews than any other of man-
kind? Why is an excess of bodily vigor
given to one who is disposed to abuse it
gift, rather than to me who would use it
to raise, and to heal, and to succor the op-
pressed?"

"Ah, Frank, ought you not rather to
bless God for the *disposition* than to envy
those who, without that disposition, incur
his fearful displeasure? Choose for your-
self. If the Almighty thinks not fit t
confer all his gifts upon any one, how ca
you complain if you possess those whic
are most desirable?"

"True, dear Lucy. What a wretch am
I to dare call in question the propriety o
the appointments of my Creator! Yo
are right, you are right. Why should
care for the judgment of man? To do s
is not only wicked but weak and foolish."

"I am glad," said Miss Montgomery
"to hear you speak thus once more. Tha
which the devotees of the world might r
gard as a disgrace, ought rather, as it is
obedience of the law of God, to be reckone
an honor."

"Yes, yes," replied Herbert; "but th
thought will recur, What do men think
To be *dishonored*—dishonored for eve
Oh! Lucy, what a fate!"

"Frank! have you never admired t
martyrs of ancient time! Have you nev
that noble army? could endure like things
indeed; and were I
pel, I think I shou
bove all others whi

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should most signally try my faith; were it hedged in with pestilence or with fagot, the more eager, I think, I would be to press on."

"Then why not count your present sufferings a martyrdom, and summon a martyr's temper to endure them?"

"So I could, Lucy, were it not for one distinction, which you overlook. Those glorious men who died to bear testimony to the gospel, suffered indeed pangs which I dare not equal mine to, yet they had this happiness, that their *courage* was never called in question. I undergo an agony which to my frail strength is almost intolerable, and I undergo it, I trust, from *principle*; but men—and this makes the bitterness of my lot—men attribute my conduct to pusillanimity. If now some opportunity would only occur, without the sin of my seeking it, to prove my courage in some dreadful danger—but what am I saying? Do I know myself so well? Might not I succumb under such a trial, and then my condition become worse than it is? God Omniscient knoweth, and will direct the matter in mercy. But I dismiss all my doubts and distress. I am a coward indeed, so long as I remain enthralled by them. I see my duty before me, and I will follow it—may Heaven bless the determination—follow it, whatever obstacles interpose, whether it be danger, or, what is harder to bear—yet which I *will* bear—the hatred and scorn of my fellow-men."

"Frank! you are now like yourself."

"I *am* myself, dearest Lucy, thanks to you. How many, alas! have been as sorely tempted, and have not had ... tor. But fear no longer for ... indeed sometimes fail to perfo... but never again, so help me G... grief or shame at *having* perfor... stay; why do you go?"

"I am not sorry to have staye... but see! it is almost night. It w... supper: remember—meet the Co... ly."

"Doubt it not. Watch me wel... I prove unequal to this occasion ... other, then call me craven, and forb... Lucy, to tell you how I love you."

Frank perceived, dark as it was, th... observation had brought up a blush ... sprang forward so quickly as to obstru... passage through the door.

"Stop, Lucy! you must tell me. In ... I *should* prove a resolute champion of ... truth, will you allow me to whisper wh... if you reject it not, I will dare avow on t... house-tops?"

"Fy!" exclaimed the maiden, "there ... magic at work. Where is that bashfu... gentleman whom I saw here just now? He ... has quite vanished and left no trace."

"He is here still," said Frank, at once ... changing his tone and manner; "have you ... nothing, Lu—I mean Miss Montgomery—to ... say to him?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, coolly; "I advise ... him by all means to refrain from imitating ... a certain wild youngster, not far off, who ... presumes to lay restraint upon the liberty ... of young ladies. So good evening to you." Thus speaking, she tripped by him and disappeared in the passage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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# JOURNALISM IN NEW-YORK.*

e appearance of three new dailies in
month in this city is sufficient to dispel
doubts as to the enterprise of New-York
olishers or the capacity of New-York
aders. If the establishment of newspa-
pers depended solely on literary men, we
should not be surprised at witnessing a much
greater number of these too fascinating
enterprises than exist among us at present.
Writers as a class have not usually very
much to lose. They are not particularly
distinguished for a distaste to running in
debt. They are not given to the calculation
of probabilities in the matter of profit and
loss, and are always ready for new schemes
that may happen to consort with their
ambition for fame or their desire of filling
their pockets. But men of capital—and
publishers now-a-days cannot be otherwise—
are more chary of their fortunes, and calcu-
late before they embark in any new enter-
prise how much they may expect to "realize"
from their venture. With them the "uncer-
tainty of human affairs" is ever a living text,
and their general sagacity and good sense
sufficiently indicate the training which a
firm disbelief in what is commonly called
"good luck" has given them. We must
admit, therefore, that the sudden production
of three cheap daily papers in a city which
we had imagined overstocked with journals,
somewhat startled our confidence in the
discernment of New-York publishers. Our
established prints already form a portly
catalogue. Of commercial sheets we have
the Journal of Commerce, senior and junior,
the Courier and Enquirer, the Evening Post,
and the Commercial Advertiser; among
their cheaper and more popular brotherhood,
the Express, the Tribune, the Herald, the
Day Book, the Mirror, the Sun, the Morn-
ing Star, and the New-Yorker; the three
latter distributed at the low rate of one cent
each. This, it will be seen, is a large
number of daily journals for

size of New-York, and would seem sufficiently great to satisfy our wants and to deter capitalists from embarking in rival specula-tions. New-York, including Brooklyn and one or two other suburbs, is inferior in size to three of the European capitals, London, Paris, or Constantinople. We might there-fore be contented if we did not support as many daily journals as either of the two first-mentioned cities. Yet we find that our newspapers, aided by their new reinforce-ment, actually outnumber those of Paris or London, or indeed of any other city of the world. And having already so many, we are far from supposing that we shall have no more.

The gentlemen who are severally con-nected with the Times, the Verdict, and the National Democrat, have probably very good grounds for assuming their present responsibilities. We take pleasure in recog-nizing most of them, and we speak more particularly at present of the business depart-ment, as old hands at getting up new papers; and we feel sure that they would not have committed themselves to the recent undertakings without first sitting down and counting the cost. They can have been deceived by false estimates, or unfounded advice from interested parties. They cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the public pulse, or of the vexatious c riety of opinions and difficulty of among the readers who are to furn ultimate means for the support journals. We are certain, therefo having allowed for all necessary tingent expenses, they confidently paying all claims and dividing No one will deny, in view of prise and their reliance on the the public, that they merit which they assure us they nati Taking it into considerati published new papers

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sions favorable or unfavorable to the spirit of our institutions and people. As a specimen of this generalization, which, however gratifying to our vanity, or to a desire for notoriety which may exist in a portion of our journalism, can hardly be said to proceed from a fair review of facts, we quote the following from an article in the Foreign Quarterly, published a few years since in reply to certain statements on the part of one or two American prints, which had given great offense in England :—

"It will not do, after this," says the reviewer, "to speak of the 'Herald' but as the most popular and largely circulated sheet in America. It is popular in the proportion of its infamy and indecency. It is accounted clever, only because frightfully reckless of all moral restraints; a recklessness most effective in that condition of society. 'Have no money dealings with my father, for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you.' What money gives to the miser, the utterly reckless man, no matter how imbecile and ignorant, is endowed with by the party passion of America. It gives him what stands in the stead of intellect, of honesty and virtue. The extraordinary influence of a great English advocate used to be explained by the remark, that there were twelve Scarletts in the witness box. We cannot explain the hundred thousand readers of the 'New-York Herald' except on the supposition of a hundred thousand Bennetts in America." * * * * *

"If we are asked whether we suppose it possible to check the further advances of the democratic tendency in the United States, we answer, No; but that most possible and practicable it would be, by a very different course from that which is now pursued, to guide, to elevate, to redeem it, to conduct it to a noble and enduring destiny. As it is, every thing swells the forces of society in one direction, against which not a single effective stand is made in any one quarter. In this state of things the 'New York Herald' made its appearance, some eight or nine years ago, and found society thoroughly prepared for its career of infamous success. In one immense division, utter recklessness; in the other, where safety lay, utter indifference. And what a lesson for some present resistance against dangers still to come, is embodied in the past course and influence of this terrible foe to decency and order! All those vices of the republic which should have been gradually wearing away—the prying, inquisitive, unwholesome growth of a young and prematurely forced society—have been pampered and bloated to increased enormity. For as nothing breeds so rapidly as vermin, the 'Herald' brood, within this brief space of years, has almost covered the land. We are told, and we can well believe it, that the 'Herald' has imitators and worthy disciples in very nearly every small village, town, or city in America. It seems at first incredible that no strong effort should have been made to resist all this, but a little reflection explains the cause."

With the charges against the Herald contained in the above extract we have, of course, nothing to do. But its strictures are precisely like those of the entire English press. It accuses us, as a nation, of a proclivity to political and social recklessness from which we are, to say the least, as free as most of our neighbors; and ascribes to New-York newspapers an influence which, in their vanity, even in its most inflated moments, can hardly lay claim. And we are aware that the New-York press is imitated by the press of other cities, and the nation at large. We claim, in its literary excellence, or its enterprise, or even in its range of information, but in that baseness and grossness from which it has at all times been exempt. We are given to understand that New-York is the centre of criminality for the United States, and that its journals are the radiations by which the evil influences extend to all parts of the Union. We think differently. We believe that the newspapers of New-York may have the larger share of that influence which they may possess throughout the country, through the commercial and industrial power of the metropolis whence they emanate. Their ability, the good sense and the good morals which their columns contain, and the sagacity for which we must give them especial credit, are also not without weight in recommending them to the careful notice of the American readers. But their occasional derelictions from political honesty or personal candor do not meet with that general sympathy which our national enemies could wish to see. Many of the severest lectures they have received have been read them by the country press. Many of the sharpest criticisms to which their sentiments have been subjected have proceeded from journals in other cities, or in the interior. And so well are their opinions sifted before they are received into the creed of our citizens that it is a little surprising they should not entirely represent the nation abroad. For we are safe in saying that one half of intelligent Englishmen and Frenchmen who read their own papers imagine, from the origin of the transatlantic extracts therein contained, that New-York is to the United States what London is to England, or Paris to France. This may pass for what it is worth, as a tribute to our metropolitan vanity.

If it were not that the cheapness of American newspapers has ceased to elicit

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in the history of the American press. Leaving their qualities out of view, of which indeed it would be invidious to speak, in the matter of cheapness they are without rivals in our largest cities after New-York—Philadelphia, Boston and New-Orleans; and we need hardly say, in the country at large. The wonder they excite abroad is perfectly natural. The Londoner who pays five pence for a copy of the Times may well be surprised at seeing the Tribune, containing nine tenths the quantity of reading matter of his favorite journal, sold for a penny. And his surprise is all the greater because he has all along regarded its more costly neighbors, such as the Courier and Enquirer and Journal of Commerce, as prodigies of cheapness—papers which most of our citizens would think it decidedly extravagant to buy.

A singular feature in the journalism of New-York is its political complexion. Most of our readers know that the two great parties are about evenly balanced in this city. From an acquaintance among our business men one would conclude that New-York was Whig, but the election returns show that we may safely calculate upon an equal number of ins and outs between the Whigs and Democrats. Our journals, however, would not seem to indicate this. Whig sheets crowd upon us as we write their names—the Courier and Enquirer, the Tribune, the Express, the Commercial Advertiser, and others; but until the appearance of our latest acquisition, the National Democrat, the Evening Post has represented the entire Democratic press of the city. As may be readily supposed, this state of things has not been quietly suffered, and numerous attempts have been made from time to time by our Democratic friends to establish a journal around which, to use their favorite expression, "the masses might rally." Singularly enough in the history of a party that polls votes in this city by tens of thousands, these attempts, although backed, as we have reason to know, by a good deal of hard work, have uniformly been failures. Had we written this article a year ago, [illegible] would have been in time to chronicle [illegible] of the "Globe," a Dem[illegible], after struggling for a [illegible] discontinued for lack of [illegible]

well-conducted sheet, and seemed killed more by fatality than by bad management. It was very much better than any of its predecessors, and died much harder; and as its successor is decidedly better than all, we hope it may hold on to life with more tenacity. We like the tone in which the editor of the National Democrat speaks of his paper, and the causes of the ill success of its forerunners:—

"We have had some experience in writing the editorials of *first numbers* of new papers, and especially Democratic papers in this city. If they have failed, after we left them, to make their appearance daily, the fault was not ours. We never had any charge of them when it became necessary to write their valedictory; nor have we ever mourned over their exit. They often did more good by dying than they did while living. The vitality that was in them was of that effeminate character that it would have been difficult to decide whether it did really belong to any active, intelligent, and living commodity.

"But our thirty-odd thousand Democrats in this city have been so long without a daily morning sheet, that they will, undoubtedly, look upon a pure specimen of the article as quite a curiosity; and will at least introduce it into their families just to see how it looks and what it says. We intend to furnish it to them, we hope, for many years to come. We do not enter the field this time at the suggestion of others, having no care except to receive a certain number of dollars and cents for what we contribute to the columns of our journal. We wish to try the experiment with a view of ascertaining whether it is not possible to build up a permanent Democratic daily morning sheet in this great metropolitan city. Many are of opinion that it requires a large capital to accomplish this. This we have not got, nor do we expect to have. But we believe there is enterprise and means enough among our Democracy to give our project a fair trial. The majority of our city population is Democratic; the majority of the people of the Union is Democratic; and so is the majority of the people of this State. When it is asserted that they will not support a well-conducted journal that advocates pure Democratic doctrine, a stigma is cast upon the intelligence and liberality of the Democratic party. It will be our object to prove that this disparaging assertion is untrue. We will labor with energy and zeal in our new vocation. * * *

"It cannot be denied that every Democratic journal which has been started of late years in this city has lingered out a brief and sickly existence, and then yielded up the ghost, without even a natural spasmodic struggle to prolong its life, amid much seeming disappointment on the [illegible] proprietors, or regret of the party [illegible] vice its columns had been devotees [illegible] ment of their principles. So [illegible] the failure of Democratic

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urnals in this city, that it is generally supposed at after the election is over the paper must go own. So often has this prediction been verified, ithout even a single exception, that the people ppear to be anxiously awaiting the anticipated sult, as though it were a fixed fact. We have o doubt that there are a great many honest and ell-meaning Democrats who would, for the moent, feel disappointed if our paper did not break own immediately after the election. We can see o good reason why a Democratic paper should ot succeed in a city of more than half a million f inhabitants, and with a natural majority of emocrats. At all events, we intend to try what ndustry, energy, and perseverance will do."—*National Democrat*, Vol. I., No. 1.

It is even true that a city which yields to none other in the world in readiness to imbibe political feeling and foment political excitement, has for many years supported more or less neutral papers, while with a solitary exception those journals that have been devoted to one of its two great parties have languished and died. The "Sun," a neutral sheet, possesses a larger daily circulation than any other journal in New-York, and perhaps than any other in the world. The Herald has never suffered from lack of patronage, and several smaller neutral papers within the shadow of the Sun and Herald establishments are enjoying the stimulus of very healthy incomes. We are not aware of any other city whose journalism presents so anomalous a feature.

The weekly papers of New-York are many in number, and of various characteristics, exhibiting in a marked degree the enterprise that distinguishes our daily press. They outnumber the dailies some two or three to one, and one who is disposed to ascertain their exact number by personal research will weary himself in stumbling through the intricacies of Nassau and Ann streets before he has half completed his task. Although English writers are apt to speak their weekly journalism as the most perfect he world, we are persuaded that our dignifi and semi-naturalized "Albion" will not yie to the "Examiner," memorable though it be the name of Albany Fonblanque; and t the "Spirit of the Times" may very w compare with "Bell's Life in London." e must, however, confess that our various he lomadal imitations of inimitable "Punch" ve been failures. We are of the opinion hat a paper precisely like Punch canno be sustained by us at present. The eperiment has been tried, often and faithfully, and "our first humorists" have been engaged to contribute, but such dismal sheets as "Yankee Doodle" and "The Town" have been the sole consequences. Punch's wit is emphatically the wit of society; society of long duration, complex institutions and clearly defined features, open alike to the most trenchant and the most delicate satire, and sufficiently rigid to be often attacked at the same points without losing those peculiarities that have provoked assailants. Foreigners are obtuse to the wit of Punch. It plays wholly on the national, and would cease to exist if it ceased to be English. But as a matter of fact, we have as yet no society, if we may in the term include those different conditions of ancestry, education, modes of thinking and modes of living which make up the social life of a body of people whose disposition of circumstances has not been broken in upon by revolutions or immigration. And so it results that when our pictorial satirists have used up the "B'hoys" of the Bowery and the "Suckers" of the West, they have very little left to fall back upon. This may partly explain our lack of a national Charivari; and it is also true that we cannot at once change Brother Jonathan's long face to a round one, or occupy ourselves in hunting up materials for laughter when each one of us has quite enough to do at getting his dinner.

Most of the New-York weeklies, like their contemporaries of Philadelphia and Boston, are intended expressly for country circulation, and are of large size and very heterogeneous contents. It is not uncommon to find one of them devoted to a dozen or twenty different objects of interest, taste or study, among which literature and the fine arts have hardly enough elbow room to make themselves visible. Very many of our cheap "blood and thunder" novels, written by "Harry Hazel," or "a distinguished naval officer," or "the most eminent of our rising novelists," have first appeared serially in the columns of certain of these weeklies, where, we doubt not, they gave great satisfaction. We have also seen in the columns of these identical sheets valuable disquisitions on the deepest matters of philosophy, essays on religious subjects that might have been penned by a Doctor of Divinity, agricultural treatises whose perusal would benefit a thorough-bred farmer and

it, has been also profitably adopted by the Sunday press, in whose columns, in addition to their overwhelming mass of town gossip, theatrical criticism, and serial fiction, one often meets with sermons from our celebrated clergymen, appearing a little awkwardly, it must be owned, among their unwonted companions; like a sober youth suddenly tossed into a party of gay roysterers whose amusements he is somewhat puzzled to share.

Notwithstanding the reputation of hard work and inadequate remuneration attendant upon the profession of a journalist in a large city, and the precarious future which is ever represented as forming the bounding horizon of his path, there is no lack of recruits of all ages and of all degrees of talent to the great army of writers for the press who find subsistence in New-York. The advice constantly given to all such eager aspirants for the honors and rewards of literature by our leading editors and journalists, is regarded by them as fallacious and unfounded; and never having been called on to undergo the difficulties against which they are cautioned, and from which it is in their own power to remain aloof, they feel very little hesitation in committing themselves to an undertaking which presents so many attractive features to the man of talent without capital, and yet in whose successful prosecution capital is so largely and vitally concerned. Upon the establishment of a new paper, therefore, in this city, offers of service in its various departments are sure to come in upon the proprietors with most perplexing obtrusiveness, and with a pertinacity that in most cases seems to admit of no denial. As an instance of this, we may mention that the conductors of the Times, in addition to the numberless negatives which they dispatched to applicants during the summer preceding the appearance of their journal, were obliged to let sixty or seventy applications lie over to be publicly answered in their first number, owing to sheer want of time to attend to them [illegible] letter. And there is no one of our le[illegible] journals that does not daily receive o[illegible] literary service from writers in variou[illegible] he country, many of them pro[illegible]

or day laborer out of a hundred.

To one of impulsive sentiments and little forethought, the profession of a writer for the city press is undoubtedly fascinating. In sober truth, and without arrogating to newspapers any purities of honor or dignities of thought which our common sense tells us they can never possess, the position of a journalist, and especially a journalist in a large and influential city, is necessarily even more than respectable, and can be made of eminent reputation if its incumbent practise those manly virtues which are deemed necessary to the integrities of private life. It disowns all circumstances of wealth and fashion, and bespeaks for the man who holds it a reception into the society of refined and intelligent men and women, which property, unaided by education, might seek after in vain, and which can only be forfeited by violations of good breeding, or derelictions from personal honor. It at once inducts him into the free-masonry of intellect and art. It throws him professionally among authors, painters, musicians, and the favored few whom fortune makes the Mæcenases of current genius. It gives him the *entrée* of the concert room, the gallery, the senate chamber, and the studio. It spreads before him an array of privileges, whose purchase would demand a fortune, and which renders him for the time contented with what pecuniary recompense he may receive, and oblivious of all drawbacks which the future may have in store for him.

Nor are the duties of the novitiate journalist so severe as to discourage his ambition, or his ardor for his vocation. Your[illegible] is strong and healthy, and the effects of t[illegible] close atmosphere amid which he perfo[illegible] his work, and the sedentary constraint [illegible] is obliged to undergo, may be nullifi[illegible] by that exercise in the fresh air, and [illegible] some carelessness in hours of re[illegible]cation, which is common to most young [illegible]n who are placed within reach of the [illegible]mulating activities of busy life. His duti[illegible] have not yet palled upon him, and [illegible] has not [illegible]ched those am[illegible]f existence, those [illegible]ourings a[illegible]r success of [illegible]. those s[illegible]gs after better [illegible], which [illegible]riably to men

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large degree of native talent: it demands little more than that ability which moderate intelligence may acquire by faithful practice. "Men may think," says Bulwer Lytton, "that it is a deuced easy thing to write for the papers; but if they try it once, they will see how much they were mistaken." We agree with this remark. It is *not* an easy thing to write a creditable newspaper article. In our own observation, men of undoubted abilities, but of small experience in writing, have appeared very discreditably in print. But they would not have made a much better figure at laying brick, or at navigating vessels, or at any other craft with which they were not practically acquainted. Writing for the press is a profession—a craft. Men of ordinary abilities may labor at it to good advantage, and between the respective productions of any two newspaper writers, the eye may see no more difference than between two contiguous brick walls laid by different masons. And then it is not until after years of service, that journalists are allowed the privileges of the strictly editorial columns, where genius, and certain kinds of talent, native to but few men, and acquired only by infinite difficulty, can alone display themselves. One man may write a better leader than another; may be acquainted with more facts, and have a better faculty of drawing inferences from his stock of information; may have a more copious fund of allusion; may be better able to satirize a political enemy, or dignify a party friend; may reason away prejudices more skilfully, and advance doubtful propositions with a better grace: but genius is not a better hand at the scissors than industry; and "city items," fatal accidents, military parades, freaks of mad oxen, personal rencontres, variations of the thermometer, and horse-thief committals, may be chronicled as well by unknown scribblers as by Messrs. Greeley or Bryant themselves. It is among such themes as these that young journalism finds its occupation, and those of its members are wise who seek in the exciting task of making them known to the public a source of pecuniary profit, as a backer in after years, rather than a fame, whose attainment is, to say the least, problematical.

But if a writer be sufficiently healthy in mind and body to withstand the wearing effects of a long probation in duties which often lose their interest, and seem but drudgery in comparison with the higher labors of the press; and sufficient forethought to save his money, while there are no special drafts upon his purse; the eminence he will eventually gain in the journalism of a great city will be both honorable and profitable, and will seem not unworthy of the sacrifices that have purchased its attainment. For in no other country beside our own can the journalist—the editor—speak his mind fully on the great topics of social and political welfare, and thus perform his real and whole duty. We would not lower the freedom of the American press, by comparing it with that of any of the continental monarchies, and we shall look in vain among the servilities and the aristocracy-worship of London journals, for that independence and boldness which characterize our own. It will be difficult to find a foreign sheet that dare speak its real sentiments upon prominent national subjects, till it has first ascertained that what it may say will not provoke the active wrath of government. London newspapers find it for their interest to be obsequious to court dictates; the Parisian press, enjoying a larger liberty than any other in Europe, is constantly watched by the police. With us it is needless to say, there are no such restraints. Our press, expected, and in most cases disposed, to observe the rules of decency and order, is privileged to speak its mind on all subjects with which it is concerned, with the assurance that its opinions will meet with such a reception as their honesty and value may bespeak. And although no one pretends that newspapers form public sentiment, or create creeds and systems of belief where none before existed, it is a grateful truth to the journalist, that he has the privilege of laying the results of extended information and practised reasoning powers before a large audience of intelligent men and women, and of compelling the assent of candid minds to what is undeniably true, whether fact or theory, which, had it not been proved, might have ever remained disbelieved. A well-informed, truth-loving, and independent editor has the satisfaction of knowing that his readers are predisposed to side with his views, regarding him as a closer student of public affairs than themselves, and as better authority in doubtful and difficult questions. Thus, although they may think for themselves, and even obstinately for their

e inclined for the sake of bettering and rtifying their main conclusions, to square ith the expressed views of one whose pecial business it is to record and draw ferences from facts with which he is better cquainted than themselves. Perhaps their leas are misty about certain matters not of very-day mention; the refracting medium f editorial intelligence clears away the fog, nd presents to them their former notions in lefinite and tangible form. And often, for he mere sake of convenience, they permit pinions, of whose ultimate issue they are areless, and whose paternity they would leny, if at any time proved to be unfounded or mischievous, to flow in such channels as the practised hand of the journalist may indicate.

Without assuming to the journalism of New-York an influence over the thoughts of this nation greater than that enjoyed by the press of large and emulous cities on either side, it is not too much to say that it is vastly more influential abroad. A fact mentioned a few pages back readily explains this. The papers of New-York represent the American press throughout all Europe. The Philadelphia "North American" and the Boston "Atlas" may scarcely be known at London, at Paris, or at Berlin; but the Tribune, the Herald, the Courier and Enquirer, are in all foreign reading rooms, on the tables of all literary men, whether German, English, French, or Italian; read by diplomatists, scholars, politicians, merchants, and circulated to an astonishing extent among the common people. We need not enlarge upon the importance of the field thus open to the inculcation of republican opinion, or the privilege our journalism thus enjoys, of being the medium of free opinion from our highly favored nation to others less advanced in the study of those first truths which despotism has ever striven to keep in obscurity. It will, indeed, be an unpardonable fault, if a press so peculiarly honored shall ever retrograde in honest thinking or honest speaking, or shall content itself with looking on while freedom is at war with oppression.

In conclusion, we would congratulate the entire American press on its many improvements in style and tone which it has been our pleasure to witness of late years. That spirit of rancor, of jealousy, of low abusiveness, of unwillingness to see any thing of good in opponents, of blind subserviency to the basest uses of party, in which so many of our journals were steeped, has, we are glad to say, wonderfully diminished, and the courtesies and refinement of education and manliness are fast taking its place. We do not err in saying that scurrility is no longer at a premium, and that a reputation for political malice and personal abusiveness is bad capital on which to build up a newspaper. We are creating a name for national enterprise and good behavior, which the mass of our citizens are unwilling should be perilled to gratify dishonest editors, or bribe-taking publishers. Foreign advances, too, are stimulating our own ambition, and American journalists are mending their style as well as their spirit; are learning to say what they have to say in the best manner, and with the aid of those graces of which their predecessors were ignoramt. And there are no reasons why we may not augur constant improvements in future, and predict a time when our journals shall be models to the world for courtesy and literary grace, as well as for independence, enterprise, and adaptation to popular wants.

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# EVENINGS WITH SOME FEMALE POETS.

## SECOND EVENING.

*Scene:* In the midst of our books. Table with papers, decanter, glasses, and smoking machines.
*Present:* JOHANNES; BELLOWS.

JOHANNES.—Well, I have not been disappointed by glancing over that book. I expected to find nothing in it, and I have found *very* little, and that little was not new to me. Imitation seems to be the great burial-ground of our female poets, and I might add, of our male poets too, with few exceptions. Our ladies, more than those of any country on the blooming countenance of the jocund earth, have the faculty of making verses, and respectable verses too, at times; but the high art of poetry, in the general hurry of stitching *lace* and *face*, *love*, *dove* and *glove* together, is entirely forgotten, or if not forgotten, only recollected to be discountenanced and sneered at. A perfect defiance seems to be cast at Thought. Ideality, the faculty of imagining, creating or making, is only used in making clean paper ridiculous, and fancy is only paramount in the evidence that those ladies write fancying they are poets. It would be a great blessing for readers if the five sixths of our ladies who now deluge the magazines and journals with verses, to the infinite destruction of nice white paper, would adopt Moore's lines as their creed, and ponder well on the third line:

> "Take back the virgin page,
> White and unwritten still:
> *Some hand more calm and sage*
> The leaf must fill."

You may say that the very fact of their continually writing shows what a great imagination they must have; and I will agree with you that it takes a long stretch of that faculty in themselves to believe what they write is poetry. Yes, I will say, in that respect they do not lack imagination. I should decidedly say that the faculty in them was of the order called India-rubber. Apropos of this, I have made a discovery: there are three or four orders of this faculty, concerning which I am going to correspond with my physiognomical and philosophic friend Redfield, to direct his attention to them, that he may arrange them with the scientific references which their great characteristics demand. First, I have the *Papier Maché* order of Ideality, which has the effect of keeping the brain in that sort of softness indicated by the title *maché*, which fits it essentially for receiving impressions and for rolling itself into the moulds of other minds, and coming out with an appearance, not altogether original as may be expected, not altogether displeasing, which is not to be wondered at, for the shape is not its own; not altogether imperfect, which may be anticipated, for it wears otherbodies' spectacles; not altogether perfect, for it does not see through those spectacles as the otherbodies from whom they are stolen do; nor altogether contemptible, for all these several reasons. This *Papier Maché* order of the faculty is that which actuates and facilitates a benevolence on the part of the possessor, which, though it may seem to the possessor very philanthropic, appears to be rather cheap and selfish, inasmuch as it costs nothing and tends to self-glorification: this benevolence is that which the rearers of others' offspring term *adoption*. And it is not at all to be wondered at if the adopted some day seek their rightful parent. Another order of the faculty is the *Gutta Percha* one; which also, in a state of softness, is in effect much the same as the former, save that its pliancy is greater, and its piquancy not so great. When this faculty by circumstances becomes heated, its adhesiveness to every thing irrespective of ownership is very remarkable, and its stubbornness on cooling down so determined, that it is almost impossible to prove that it clings to what did not naturally belong to it. Its *adoption* is of a very redoubtable character, and seems to carry with it an illustration to

certain theological dogma, that out of its ip "there is no redemption." A third der is one which I would classify as the *Monkey*, and which fully explains its pecu- ar reference, that of *imitation*, at the same me that it admirably characterizes the an- es by which this imitation is made visible, id which is the sole consolation to the ader of such; the ludicrous cunning that erreaches itself, amusing from its sheer allowness, where a serious attempt at imicry of another's thoughts would only ommand our contempt. A fourth I would ame as the *India-rubber* order, and which, s I hinted, explains its characteristic. The xercise of this order of the faculty has di- ect reference more to the state of the pos- essor's mind than to the matter which the aid possessor pens, though the latter is the eacon by which a reader detects the exist- nce of such in the mind of the writer. In he case of our female poets it is drawn on o an amazing length, and stretched to an lmost inconceivable tension. It is the most elf-pacifying of the orders of the faculty of Ideality, and when in full action tends to much danger in making its possessor be- lieve he or she is gifted with the divine afflatus. In some writers it is painfully evi- dent to an immense degree, and is only tolerable on account of the amount of au- dacity it brings to its aid; and we all know as well as Danton that "audacity" is a most commendable appendage in this age of for- wardness and go-aheaditiveness. Vanity is nearly allied to this order, and would be more so, if the shallowness by which it is made evident was not so rudely visible. The abuse of the order is seen when the possessor, not satisfied with stretching it to even a more than usual length, tugs at it unnaturally till it snaps and ruins the hopes and aims of the too insatiate adventurer.

Bellows.—But, Doctor, don't you think that few would be so incautious as to trifle with such a faculty when they know they have naught to retreat on?

Johannes.—Vanity is unconscious of a climax, Morton; and the very use of the faculty in the manner I mention, and to such purposes, deludes itself. Their stretch of imagination is wonderful, and from con- stantly fancying they are poets, they become utterly regardless of their true position, and like the gnat around the lamp, they never desist until they immolate themselves to their daring. It is one blessing that they carry their surest destroyer with them: like the phœnix, which, as the Easterns believe, flaps his wings with such velocity that he sets fire to the wood which consumes him- self. You see they virtually flap themselves to utter annihilation—*blow* themselves out; and, thank Heaven, have not the consola- tion of the phœnix, that of rising juvenescent from their graves. Sometimes, unfortu- nately, a witch of Endor in the shape of an editor holds up their living ghosts to the public, tricking them out to more advantage than they ever could possibly attain if left to themselves.

Bellows.—Then they carry out the simil- itude of the bird more completely: they *die* to *live*.

Johannes.—By the hand of my body, to borrow an oath from Mr. Hardcastle, you're improving, boy. Yet, in the end, you will find that they are but mere mortals, and live to die. It is a fact that the sun, about the warmth of which there is so much said, is cool, *remarkably* cool, as some of your Broadway-parading juveniles would say. This is an ascertained fact; and so of your lady writers, they make a good deal of noise, but if there were a few experiments played off on their productions we should find them pulseless and frigid. Reichenbach the German philosopher, in his very interest- ing work on his researches into the dyna- mics of magnetism, heat, light, and elec- tricity, says that "experience shows that all stars with reflected light appear warm to the sensitive, while all others with proper light are cool." Just like most of our poets, male and female; and if the light which they stole from Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Keats, Mrs. Hemans, some of the elder dramatists, and those of the time of Gold- smith, Murphy, and Sheridan, was returned to the "places from whence it came," we would find that very little of themselves would be left, and that little would be *left out* of all consideration; for, like the M. Val- demar that Poe wrote about, they would sink into miserable dust. It is the mes- meric influence of other minds that holds their frail carcasses together.

Bellows.—They are not all so, I hope, Doctor?

Johannes.—*They—all* of whom I speak —are so; but there are a few whom I would not, nor could consider in the same position,

BELLOWS.—Well, positively, that is the first sentence you have uttered to-night, Doctor, which allows me to breathe. I had almost made my mind up that you were a gone man as regards the poets—especially the female ones. Now since you have a favorable opinion of a *few*, I have some hopes, and long to hear who they may be. Who are the ladies who have been so fortunate as to win the critical sympathies of so ferocious a commentator?

JOHANNES.—I will tell you. First—ha! I perceive my speech has not had the same effect on the liquor as it had on your breath; you have drawn on that considerable.

BELLOWS.—Well, you know yourself said that it takes ardent spirits to discuss the female poets.

JOHANNES.—No apology, boy. Here, fill my cup, thou witty Ganymede. Now fill your own, and just hand me that meerschaum. (Lights it—puff, puff.) Now I will tell you. Well, as poets, I have the greatest regard for Alice Carey and "Edith May" of all the women writers in the country. I believe they have more of the *mens divinior* in its truth than any of their competitors. I spoke to you of the former and some of her merits before. Both of those writers are highly imaginative. The first perhaps has the more originality, the latter the more graceful expressiveness of the two. The first loses in effect by not having a sufficiency of language in her best pieces ("Lyra" excepted) to make her ideas plain to a casual reader; the second gives a more favorable idea of her imagination by the bounding expressiveness with which she conveys her thoughts. Miss Carey seems to have a dreamy imagination, giving every thing that misty force and present concentration which is so remarkable in dreams; while Miss May appears like one of our modern revolutionists, full of the spirit of energy and vigor. Miss Carey is abstracted, lingers much round the sorrowful, and broods over it in the temples of her imagination. Miss May is a propagandist of her thoughts, and as such makes them catching at a glance. You have read Gulliver's Travels, Morton?

BELLOWS.—Oh, yes. He that lived with the Brobdig — what-d'ye-call-'em — people, in a box like Tom Thumb? Capital, eh?

JOHANNES.—Confound you and Tom Thumb! You've read the book? (Morton nods.) Well, I should liken Alice Carey Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians in shape of the English language; "Edith May" to Gulliver escaping from the by the aid of ditto. The Carey is an in a cage; the May is an eagle on the You can look longer on and study the you see the other passing, and are delig I have directed your attention to some Miss Carey's poems on our last evening shall now show you why I think so w "Edith May." You must not imagine cause she is bold and vigorous, that she not depth of sentiment beside. She is for at the same time that she dashes with a brilliant exterior like the revolu ists I compared her to, she has like the purpose. Here is a fine chant:—

### TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

BY EDITH MAY.

"*Te Deum laudamus!*" through the green meadows,
Where noon, pacing slow, holds in leash the shadows,
Blown like a cloud from St. Agatha's altar.
Drifts down the south wind the loud-chanted Psalter:
Under the light of the tapers lies sleeping
One whose fair soul was not whitened by weeping.

Sorrow stood far from her—love, in mute reverence,
Knelt to the shrine of her starry intelligence.
Charmed by her music of being, dull cavil
Lay coiled in her presence; and lion-like evil,
Lying in wait for her soul frail and tender,
Crouched at the blaze of its virginal splendor.

Over her calm face a radiance immortal
Flows from the smile of her mouth's silent portal.
They who kneel round her from matins till even
As they kneel at the tombs of the blessed in heaven,
Think not to question that presence resplendent
Where fled the soul that is shining ascendant.

Down from the gray clouds the March winds are swooping,
Out of the low soil pale phantoms are trooping,
Lift on the wings of St. Agatha's choir,
The great "*De Profundis*" rolls solemnly higher.
Under the light of the tapers is lying
One whom keen anguish made ready for dying.

Sorrow, that writes, with the pen of an angel,
God's burning thoughts through her mystic Evangel;
Passion, that, laden with memories tender,
Crowns himself king with their tropical splendor
Weeping Repentance, with hands lifted palely—
These were the spirits that walked with her daily.

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ath, creeping near while she knelt in devotion,
ze on her features their mournful emotion.
y who reluctant draw nearer, to falter
ve," or vow at the steps of the altar,
rking it thence, ask, in fear, if the sorrow
ing slain on her lips will not quicken to-morrow!

It is really a noble hymn. The picture the second stanza is beautifully imagined, d the music of the rhythm, which flows like judicious light on a grand painting, only marred by the rhyming of *cavil* and *il*, which, though it has naught to do with o especial music of the verse, inasmuch as ythm and rhyme are two very different ings, breaks and ripples the perfect grace- lness, like a solitary rock in an otherwise disturbed and smooth river. In regard f art, too, one or two corrections might be ade which would serve the music of the oem. The second line of the fourth stanza, or instance,

"Out of the *low soil pale* phantoms are trooping,"

s rough in its construction. "Low soil ale" is very inharmonious. To read the ine correctly we must divide it into five eet of one dactyl, two spondees, one iambus, and one trochee; thus,

Out of the | low soil | pale phan | toms are |
troop-ing:

which will not read to the preceding line, which is composed of three consecutive dactyls and an ending trochee. All this disorder is created by the injudicious selection of the three words "low soil pale," which cannot by any means be made a dactyl, and which is the metrical foot necessary to their place. I might say, if I was an Irishman, that the *foot* is exactly two *ells* too long. The letter *l* comes in too quick; if its appearance in the line was like "angels' visits," et cetera, the music would be better, and my remarks unneeded. I would not take this trouble, boy, to show you her faults, save that I think Miss May is worthy of a serious study, and far above a mere puffing exclamation of approval. Good ore is always worth refining. Some of "Edith May's" blank verse is remarkably beautiful—full in felicities of diction, and rich in conceits of fancy and imaginative passages. "October Twilight" affords some extracts of beauty. Her appreciation of the beauties of nature under its various guises is all worthy and congenial to her high poetic temperament. Horace was right: nature, not art, makes the poet; and it is evident that Edith May is a true lover of nature. Art to her is secondary, at the same time that without a full appreciation of its power as an ally, and a steady and judicious acquaintace with it in consequence, she would do herself and her nature an irretrievable wrong, and but half display the gifts which nature has presented her with. Art is a sort of showman; the more experience, the more to advantage can it display the beauties of its charge, and the better can it costume it for the captivation of all visitors. Art is to poetry what Barnum was to your friend Tom Thumb or Jenny Lind. He tricked out the diminutive freak of nature in such artistic equipments, and presented him so knowingly, that he shall in future times take rank with the Faustus, Paracelsus, Cardan and Cagliostro of the past, who strove to make people believe that they possessed the knowledge of making gold from every thing. He has proved his more than right to such an association; for with a dexterity that showed all his fingers were not *thumbs*, he made the pigmy carriage of the Lilliputian a perfect gold wagon, his woolly horse a conductor of auriferous intelligence; and by the daring dispensation of a "bird song" he charmed—what is far more wonderful and difficult than stealing the heavenly fire—the money from the purses of the enlightened "Yankee Nation." Barnum is the art of existence, and art is the Barnum of poetry. And insomuch as Barnum (be that commodity ever so great or little a component) is a necessity to existence as Bunkum seems to politics, so is art a necessity to poetry.

Bellows (*yawning*).—Y-e-s, I always thought so; in fact, I know by myself. I love to converse with nature; it is so delicious to lounge at Hoboken and fancy one's self in the groves of Arca—of Arcadia; to feel one's self a poet. I feel like writing a pastoral then—I *really do;* I feel as though I was some heathen god; and, curse them lutes! if I could only play one I should feel capable of something great. I really think I should abandon myself to the woods altogether if I could manage to pipe some melodious reed. Did I ever read you my

poem on an evening at Staten Island, commencing—

"O Staten, loveliest of isles
On which the sunlight ever smiles!
O Staten, Nature's sweetest prize
That ever met my longing eyes!
O brightest pearl in Hudson's mouth,
Which opens to the ocean's foam,
A welcome for the sons of South,
And all who ever lost a home!
O son of Europe, hither flee!
O God——"

Hang it! my memory's getting weak from study. That's a pretty piece of imagination, Doctor?—that allusion to the isle in the mouth of the Hudson—daring, you know. I love the Byronic—Moore-ish too.

JOHANNES.—Ha! ha! ha! You'll—you'll be the death of me. Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! Yes, a pretty piece of imagination, surely. I wish the island was in your mouth, you confounded fool!

BELLOWS.—Doctor, I contend that——

JOHANNES.—An empty head ought to be silent. Morton, be quiet! You can no more write a poem, or even a tolerable verse, than I could stand on my head on a liberty pole.

BELLOWS.—You take a great *liberty* with my *pole*, Doctor: really, now, you won't listen——

JOHANNES.—Now don't be a fool, boy. Fill your pitcher, like a sensible man, and listen to me; fill your pitcher.

BELLOWS (*filling and singing*).—

"Give me but this; I ask no more:
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher."

JOHANNES.—Stay; that *pitcher* puts me in mind of a capital little Servian poem which "Talvi" gives in her "History of Slavic Literature." It is very good, and runs thus. A woman speaks, or rather sings:—

"Come, companion, let us hurry,
That we may be early home,
For my mother-in-law is cross.
Only yestreen she accused me,
Said that I had beat my husband,
When, poor soul, I had not touched him:
Only bid him wash the dishes,
And he would not wash the dishes;
Threw then at his head the pitcher,
Knocked a hole in head and pitcher.
For the head I do not care much,
But I care much for the pitcher,
As I paid for it right dearly;
Paid for it with one wild apple,
Yes, and half a one besides."

Now the whole question of the right of the "gude wife's" proceeding rests on the question, Had the husband a right to wash dishes? Now your silence admitting the question, I fear me, unless you [illegible] shall have to heave the pitcher (when empty) at your head, (and one shall be as hollow as the other.) Keep cool, boy, and let us return to "Edith May." Of the poetic fancies I spoke of, we find some flagrant evidences in "October Twilight:"—

"Oh, mute among the months, October, thou
Like a hot reaper when the sun goes down,
Reposing in the twilight of the year!
Is yon the silver glitter of thy scythe,
Drawn thread-like on the west? Sere [illegible] comes
Humming those waifs of song June's charm [illegible]
Left in the forest; but thy tuneless lips
Breathe only a pervading haze that seems
Visible silence, and thy Sabbath face
Scares swart November—from yon northern [illegible]
Foreboding like a raven; yellow ferns
Make thee a couch; thou sittest listless there
Plucking red leaves for idleness; full streams
Coil at thy feet, where fawns that come at eve
Drink with up-glancing eyes."

And again:—

——"Evening comes
Up from the valleys; over-lapping hills
Tipped by the sunset, burn like funeral [illegible]
For the dead day."

This last passage would be much improved if for the word *over-lapping* some other were substituted. Here is a passage and a picture which has all the healthiness of tone and finish of Thomson:—

——"Mark how the wind, like one
That gathers simples, flits from herb to herb
Through the damp valley, muttering the while
Low incantations! From the wooded lanes
Loiters a bell's dull tinkle, keeping time
To the slow tread of kine; and I can see,
By the rude trough the waters overbrim,
The unyoked oxen gathered; some, athirst,
Stoop drinking steadily, and some have linked
Their horns in playful war."

The authoress is evidently a student of Tennyson. These passages full of beauty remind me of his neatness of expression, while the conception of the pictures, especially the last one, has the grouping of Jamie Thomson. You must read the entire poem for yourself, boy; I am not going to cull you the choicest bits; but here, i' faith, I can't pass without reading these aloud: they are remarkably happy in expression, and rich in imaginative conceit:—

——"The dusk sits like a bird
Up in the tree-tops, and swart, elvish shadows
Dart from the wooded pathways."

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nd—.

——"Amid the faded brakes
The wind, retreating, hides, and cowering there,
Whines at thy coming like a hound afraid!"

Her descriptions bear the same relation to Thomson's that the mind of woman does to that of man, partaking more of the fanciful and less of the strength of ideality. Her diction bears the same ratio, with an evident study of Tennyson, in her best passages, at times equalling either of those poets. Her "Chaplet of Bronze" is a beautiful poem. Alice Carey has more genius, "Edith May" more force; Alice Carey more thought, "Edith May" more facility; "Edith May" more briliancy, Alice Carey more terseness; "Edith May" more heartiness, Alice Carey more heartfulness, than each other respectively; and from which I should imagine that "Edith May's" writings will have more immediate popularity, Alice Carey's more longevity.

Bellows (*looking thoughtful*).—Ah, yes, I suppose so.

Johannes.—Very different from "Edith" is Caroline May. A great lover of nature also, she is entirely devoted to the sentimental and pensive. Without a sufficiency of imagination to make it a characteristic of her mind, she is thoughtful, quiet and sensible. Her fancy is subdued and temperate, and she never fails, because she has the good sense to know her own mind. With an ardent love for poetry in its truest sense, she never dares when she is doubtful; and she has too high a sense of her duty as a woman to fall in the track of most female writers, and scream herself to death like the Grecian Cicala. Here are a couple of sonnets which embody much of Miss May's character and felicity of expression: they are the more pleasing for that they are so unambitious; and the thought running through them the more welcome because it conveys a true sense of the poet's necessity happily and sometimes *very* happily expressed:—

QUIET.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

I.

As well might that pale artist, whose keen eye
At home, abroad, in sunshine, or in storm,
Seeks in light, shade, position, color, form,
Something his picture-love to gratify;
As well might he in utter darkness try
To paint on canvas the sweet images
That, mocking nature, yet can fancy please,
As the poor poet strive, amid the cry
Of careless tongues, to think, much less to write,
His thoughts of music in such words as may
Be music too; for even as good light
Is to the painter's work, so quiet day,
Or if that cannot be, then quiet night,
Is to the poet's well-beloved lay.

II.

Yes! quiet to the poet is what light
Is to the painter. It disposes well,
In pleasant order, thoughts that else would dwell
In chaos, painful to his inner sight;
It brings out Feeling's softest tints aright;
Gay Fancy's gorgeous gloss it can correct,
And give the shades of reason due effect
To mellow what would else appear too bright.
Without it he becomes morose and sad,
Through the deep longings that are pent within,
To try those God-sent powers, which never had
Kindred communion with the world's vain din;
Though oft the master-poet is made glad
From lessons taught by slaves of strife and sin.

The last sonnet shows the writer an artist in the painter's sense. The comparison of quiet and light to the poet and painter is done very picturesquely, and betrays a true appreciation of the wants of each. Miss May is an amateur in the pictorial art, and these sonnets may be taken as some of her experience in the double capacity of author and artist. In both she is a student of the fields and the hills; and better than all, Morton, boy, she comes up to my idea, which I told you of before, and oftener has the bodkin and the needle in her hand than the pen. She makes suitable time however for both, and in the use of them is alike graceful and sensible. Her lines "To a Student" give her own character and likings:—

"Lift up thy face in gladness
To the sky so soft and warm,
And watch the frolic madness
Of the changeful clouds, that form
A mimic shape, in every change,
Of something beautiful and strange.

"The love of nature heightens
Our love to God and man;
And a spirit, love enlightens
Farther than others can,
Pierces with clear and steady eyes
Into the land where true thought lies."

All her own writings carry out, at least in intent, what she preaches.

Bellows.—Do you admire the verses of Mrs. Welby? I think they are extremely pretty.

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JOHANNES.—Extremely pretty? Bah! If prettiness is a poet's chief characteristic, the writings of such are extremely useless. Prettiness in poetry is like prettiness in woman, for that it is generally unaccompanied by any thing more substantial. I say generally, for we have *some* exceptions. Some of the handsomest, prettiest people I ever met, were complete fools and idiots; as Carlyle says, mere "clothes screens." It is a matter of fact that numbers of light-headed people were and *are* very pretty. No doubt, this prettiness, bringing on vanity, especially in women, facilitates a monomania on the subject of *self*, until the unhappy "prettiness" becomes insanity, and "wastes its sweetness" in a very pretty edifice, 'ycleped a lunatic asylum. The most diabolical piece of furniture ever invented was a looking-glass. It has ruined more women and sent more mustachioed young gentlemen to destruction than can possibly be comfortably situated in the next world. If any piece of domestic intelligence ever was concocted by Lucifer, it must have been the looking-glass. It is a sort of decoy for human geese, seducing them within the long range of flattery; then consequently follow confusion, weakness, and annihilation. Nature carries out her laws through every thing. Some of the most delicate and *pretty* flowers have not the slightest perfume to delight the sense of smell. They are great on *appearances*, like very many human and quadruped animals. Some of the most seemingly delightful and plausible mortals are the most infernal scoundrels behind their appearances; and some of the most beautiful animals are the most treacherous and vicious you can hunt up in natural history. As to your "prettiness" as characteristic of Mrs. Welby's poetry, you are as shallow as you usually are. Whom did you hear say it was pretty? You don't know of yourself what it is! I advise you to read her verses; but as you asked my opinion, I will give it to you beforehand. Don't shake your head, Morton; I won't make the old joke about there being nothing in it, for that is a fact too well established. You remind me of some persons I know who have attained a reputation (but, by-the-bye, which you have not) for a vast amount of sense because they never say any thing; and I cannot refrain from smiling when I hear them characterized for wisdom. They don't say any thing because they haven't any thing to say, as all empty spaces, their brains but a good echo to whatever is said last. These people, such are the most contemptible. man without an opinion, be it right wrong, is like a withered tree which cannot shelter one from either the sunshine or storm, and is indicative of naught but present barrenness. And——

BELLOWS.—Yes, Doctor, exactly; but to the poems of "Amelia!"

JOHANNES.—Well, as to the poems Mrs. Welby, I think them musical: puts me in mind that my voice is quite opposite. Just fill my glass, boy; my throat is as dry as——

BELLOWS.—A fish's.

JOHANNES.—Or a work on political economy. (*Drinking.*) Ha! the machine can't work without oiling. Well, Mrs. Welby's verses I consider not only pretty but musical; sometimes hearty, sometimes faulty, when she rhymes *hers* and *tears* with *years*, which occur in her "Amelia." *Riven* and *heaven* and *sinner* and *world* are allowable, where the thought more than balances the execution; but recurring in poems, the chief beauty of which is in the music, are scarcely to be admitted. Such rhymes as *torches* and *arches* think not "according to law," nor *entrances* *glances*, and *enhances* with *fancies*. Mrs. Welby rhymes too often on the same word. Her rhythm has a pleasant bound, and her conceits are generally happy, but want strength. I agree with Dr. Griswold, that "she walks the Temple of the Muses with no children of the imagination; but her fancy is lively and discriminating." In a notice of her life he says, perhaps in extenuation of her lack of remarkable force, that "No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies." It is not strange that the tide of misfortune, like the Nile to its banks, should fructify the poet's brain. I believe it. True stamen only shows itself when there are obstacles to overcome; and mankind is never so happy, hopeful and trustful, take my word for it, as when it has tugged with, and overcome, evil fortune. Man, *so* made strong, fears not the future, save that his strength be taken from him by disease. He always has a force in himself, an army in his brain, that will cross Alps and ford oceans. *I* know it, Morton.

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and I would rather see a young man with a crust and an empty pocket, beginning the world, than with his pouch full of golden eagles. Yes, sir, "a beggarly account of empty" pockets before the wealth of Astor for a young man. He *may* become a MAN in its truest sense, but with a bank behind him the chances are against him. Misfortune, like a dark eye, has fire in it; and if I had a daughter, Morton, I should give her to one whom misfortune had assailed, and not beaten, though claimed the victory over, or to a brainful, penniless youth. I *would*, believe me. I am experienced, and know the strength to be found in such. Misfortune may come in various shapes, but if he whom it fronts *is* a man, he will be a "man for a' that," and have a chance to show his nobility, by claiming that honest, fearless title. If he never writes, he enacts, an epic, and proves himself the truest poet. Think you that Maternus, the noble slave bandit, who to avenge his wrongs on the Roman Emperor Commodus trod in danger, and through his great enemy's camp, from the recesses of Transylvanian woods, passing months of hope and patience, wandering through Illyrian forests and Alpine passes, from the "Danube to the Tiber," to gain the gates of Rome,—think you that he was not a poet? Think you that the pagan maid who sought the father of Thomas à Becket in the streets of London from the Saracen-land, with but two words of the land's language to which she was flying in her mouth,—those words her lover's name and the town he lived in,—think you she was not a poet? Think you that in our day Humboldt, traversing the earth from the Himalayan peaks to the summits of the Andes, having Cotopaxi and Chimborazo for his watch-fires, and the heretofore untouched token-marks of God for his study and inspiration, making to our senses all nature rhyme with primal nature's laws,—think you he is not a poet? Or think you that Peter the Great, working in the dock-yards of Britain, toiling for knowledge to make *his* navy perfect; that Napoleon wanting his dinner in Paris, and afterward planning to make Paris the Rome of his day, and rule the world; that Wolfe Tone struggling against fate almost, in Dublin, London, Paris, gaining new vigor for his restless soul, returns from America to die on the altar he had hoped to redeem; that Washington and Jackson—were not all poets? They *were*, every one of them. They lived *poets*, which is but another name for the truest *men*, and acted more poetry than could be written by the world's bards in a century. Here's to all their healths: stay—no—their memory; Humboldt is the only one living.

> "Well, here's their memory: may it be
> To us a guiding light."

We've wandered somewhat from the ladies—not *quite gallant*, as you say, Morton. Well, we'll return to them, and that's more than the future, I fear, will do.

BELLOWS (*yawning*).—And what poetry *will* live, Doctor? It appears to me you would like to commit murder on all the poets and poetesses; you will not allow any of them even a short existence.

JOHANNES.—Poetry to live, then, sir, must be either very good or very bad. A poet will only live in being the best or the worst of his time. If their writings are good, they will *command* existence; if bad,—so ludicrously bad as not to be verse at all,—they will live to be laughed at, simply for the amusement they will afford; but all between falls like the sitter between two stools. Byron will live, and Fitzgerald, the miserable "small beer poet," as Cobbett called him, will live; while all between—your Barry Cornwall, Alaric Watts, *et hoc genus omne*—will have evaporated into the "airy nothing" which they ambitiously sought to give "a local habitation and a name" to. Ditto of Poe as the greatest mind, and Smith as the most ridiculous, (in proof of which overhaul his "Black Hawk,") when your crowd of asthmatic filibusteros and kid-gloved sonneteers who hover about the sacred stream are smothered and buried where they fell in the sheets which they so laboriously begrimed.

BELLOWS.—Heigho! And do you really believe as you say?

JOHANNES.—I never say aught that I do not believe, and I talk to you as I would to them, and as *I have spoken* to some of them. The philosopher's stone, my boy, could not keep them alive.

BELLOWS.—But there's the "Columbiad," and lately Mr. Landis's large poem on "Liberty," and Mr. Foster's "New-York by Gaslight," which I consider a prose "Don Juan;" and then there's——

JOHANNES.—Out on such stuff! I tell

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you that if those men swallowed at a dose all the pills of old Parr, or if they were mummied by some resuscitated Egyptian, they never could by any accident be remembered, save indeed they passed through the alembic of Barnum's Museum. But let us change the subject, for I feel like dying suddenly myself under the blighting influence of even a consideration of such mere earthy stuff.

BELLOWS.—Well, suppose we take a glance at Mrs. Hewitt?

JOHANNES.—Yes; we shall find in her something to please. Mary E. Hewitt has considerable force and fancy, and altogether is much superior to the crowd who crush each other in the magazines. Her love poems are happy, and convey the passionate anxiety of a true and loving woman. Here are a few verses from "Love's Pleading:"—

"Speak tender words lest doubt with me prevail:
Call me thy rose—thy queen rose! throned apart,
That all unheedful of the nightingale,
Folds close the dew within her burning heart.

"For thou'rt the sun that makes my heaven fair;
Thy love, the blest dew that sustains me here;
And like the plant that hath its root in air,
I only live within thy atmosphere!

"Say I am dearer to thee than renown,
My praise more treasured than the world's acclaim;
Call me thy laurel, thy victorious crown,
Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name."

In all of Mrs. Hewitt's poems there is much earnestness, which is a pleasing contrast to the sentimental lack-a-daisy of the "female poets." In the following stanza there is a trite observation very artistically told:—

"God bless the hardy mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait
Like a ship before the sea."

And a very beautiful appreciation in this:—

"But oh, a spirit looketh
From out his clear blue eye,
With a truthful childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky."

The trustful spirit of woman is combined with a happy fancy in the following stanza from "Green Places in the City:"—

"Breath of our nostrils—Thou! whose love embraces,
Whose light shall never from our souls depart,
Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis
Amid the arid desert of my heart.

"Thy sun and rain call forth the bud of promise
And with fresh leaves in spring time deck the tree,
That where man's hand hath shut out nature from us,
We, by these glimpses, may remember thee."

And—

"Think the dew drops there each blade adorning
Are angels' tears for mortal frailty shed."

There are some capital lines in "A Yarn," the tale of a sailor who was the lone survivor of a vessel that was lost in a hail-storm on her passage home from Labrador. Ere he began his tale,

"Jack's brawny chest like the broad sea heaved,
While his loving lip to the beaker cleaved."

You must read the poem, Morton, for yourself. I'm not as good a reader as I used to be, but I will "pipe" you a few stanzas which are striking, and which ought to make you anxious to peruse it yourself:—

——"The pattering hail
Had coated each spar as 'twere in mail;
Loud swelled the tempest, and rose the shriek—
'Save, save; we are sinking!—a leak! a leak!'
And the hale old skipper's tawny cheek
Was cold, as 'twere sculptured in marble there,
*And white as the foam, or his own white hair.*
The wind piped shrilly, the wind piped loud;
*It shrieked 'mong the cordage, it howled in the shroud,*
And the sleet fell thick from the cold, dun cloud."

Those lines make us as chill and stiff as Coleridge's picture of the icebergs:—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound."

Or the opening of Keats' "Agnes' Eve." Here's another stanza quite in keeping. It is the morning after the wreck, and "the dead lay around him every where." The mate had been quite hopeful through the storm, and cheered his comrades to work the vessel:

"True to his trust, to his last chill gasp,
The helm lay clutched in his stiff, cold grasp—
You might scarcely in death undo the clasp;
And his crisp brown locks were dank and thin,
And the icicles hung from his bearded chin."

Sometimes Mrs. Hewitt betrays a fine imagination and exhibits some lofty thought. She is often forcible and not seldom unequal. "The Last Chant of Corinne" is in her best love style. My attention was lately directed to it by a maiden with as candid a mouth, and as brilliant a pair of eyes, as

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one could wish to light upon him, and which even at the advanced age of Johannes are things which are not altogether resistible.

BELLOWS.—I suppose they were like Kathleen's eyes that destroyed St. Kevin's peace of mind, and which Moore tells were

"Eyes of most unholy blue."

JOHANNES.—No, boy; they were wholly (holy?) black. The lady read me the chant, and I agreed with her that it is very good. But I am getting tired, and will close the book with one word: Don't read much of the female poetry, or female any thing. If you wish to improve your mind, eschew the feminines, with one or two exceptions; perhaps it is best to eschew them altogether until you can form an opinion on the strength you shall have acquired by a study of the best male models. By making them (the women) your primal study, you will be adopting the Bloomer costume of literature, which, however we may admire it on a handsome female figure, can never suit the *mind* of a man. You might as well

"Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs;"

for, as regards the mind, one would be just as indicative of strength as the other. If you study women's writings before you can laugh at them, you will be a perfect Bloomer; with an approach to the appearance of a man you will in reality be a woman, and Heaven knows there is quite enough of nonsense in that sex already without your augmenting it. Come now, don't get angry; you'll be a good fellow and an honorable citizen if you take to read, and mature your mind. You will think better of me, no doubt, at a future day than you do just now. Come, boy,

"One bumper at parting."

BELLOWS.—Faith, you've been bumping me all the night.

JOHANNES.—Here's more common sense to the ladies, and more patience to you!

BELLOWS.—Nothing about the black eyes?

JOHANNES.—If you're not off presently you shall have a pair of them.

BELLOWS.—Doctor?

JOHANNES.—Well.

BELLOWS.—Here's more patience to you, and more common sense to both of us—black eyes included.

JOHANNES.—Young Impudence——

BELLOWS (closing the door after him).—Good night, Doctor. (Singing on the stairs.)

"'Tis all round my hat."

JOHANNES (*smokes*).

J. S.

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## MASS

WHO FELL IN THE

[The following fine lyric, from the
the author, Mr. Wm. R. Wallace, as
an article in this number. Our rea
our pages by the same hand. They
as rare as it is inspiring to the poetic
called for.—Ed.]

Alone and in
The mass t
For the brav
Through th
The Shades o
Tell, Was
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And their br
On the fun

Alone and in
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And Kossu

The tapers th
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By the bloc

Then rest, He
We trample
That for Fact
For Freedo
Yes, rest, Her
O'er the ba
Oh, yet shall
Of your own
Where the



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# CONSTANTINOPLE NOW.

THE whole approach to Constantinople through the Dardanelles is the most exquisite thing in the world. On either side you are presented with spots of undying interest and classical renown: like Paul you "sail under Cyprus;" you anchor in full sight of that stronghold of chivalry, Rhodes; every island as you pass has its separate story of ancient or modern fame, and many of the spots are beautiful of themselves. Tenedos appeared finely as the steamer swept by; the low coast of Troy, with the Achilles' mound, was full in sight; next came the spot where Leander and afterwards Byron swam diagonally across the Hellespont; and then we were amongst a small fleet off Dardanelles, waiting permission to pass between these forts, whose immense guns the traveller has no opportunity to see or hear. Fortifications abound along these thinly-settled hills on either side, which directed by European science might give a very warm welcome to any intruder, but at present are of very little account. If a ship of war were only obliging enough to anchor right under a battery, after some trial the Turks might manage to hit; but to a steamer in rapid motion they could do no mischief. So that their capital city lies at the mercy of the world by sea as well as by land, and yet in its long history it boasts of having been but twice taken. It is more than twelve hours of steaming from the Dardanelles up to the city; but a world of fatigue is richly repaid by the view as you draw near Constantinople. If there is a great disappointment laid up for one inside, outside the most excited imagination is surpassed. I saw it when the morning sun was just gilding its lofty, needle-like minarets and vast domes (almost without number) with a flood of gold. Golden points and glittering crescents rise from every part of the city; high over all tower the mosque of Achmet and the superb dome of the once Christian St. Sophia, and above the gloomy turrets which girdle the whole rise up palace and seraglio-walls of dazzling white. The effect of the entire view, so far exceeding that of any other city, is owing to the number, beauty and size of the domes and minarets. The latter are not confined to the mosques, though St. Sophia has nine; but every public bath here, as in Cairo and Damascus, is distinguished by a huge dome, and there are one hundred and thirty of these; then each khan and large bazaar has one or more; so that Stamboul (as the Turks call it) may well be named the city of domes.

The "Golden Horn," the inner harbor, has no equal. The "Sweet Waters" flowing into it, upon which stand many summer-houses and small palaces, serve to keep it clean; the depth of the water allows the largest vessel to discharge its cargo right at the quays; only two bridges interrupt its navigation. Its shelter is as perfect as that of a Liverpool dock; and a thousand large vessels would not crowd one another. Here is the favorite promenade of the Turk. Whole fleets of light canoes, called caïques, are shooting all the day up and down these quiet waters. On the Christians' side are arsenals, barracks, military schools, naval and military hospitals, and dock-yards belonging to the government; on the opposite side a row of mean, half-painted, decaying wooden houses, a wonderful contrast to the fine view from the Sea of Marmora. Next on the Turkish side is the holy suburb of Eyoub, the palace of the Sultan's mother, the country-houses of wealthy citizens, each with its little boat-house. Then the arm of the sea contracts, and you are floating past kiosks, gardens and fountains, until you leap ashore at the favorite spring-house of the last Sultan, and see where his horses were buried, and where he and his ministers smoked away many a sultry hour in the sweetest of marble pavilions, in the midst of the falling waters. Europe has nothing more refreshing, and the Orient nothing more oriental, than this rural little palace.

The most holy cemetery deserves a special notice. Its beautiful little mosque, which no Christian ever entered, and in which every

the Prophet who fell at the siege of the city; and back of it commence the tombs of the royal families; and opposite is a convent of priests, a fact slightly at variance with the usual statement that Mohammedanism has no priesthood. Having lived nearly a fortnight with a party of fourteen of the Turkish clergy, and witnessed their frequent chants and prayers, I cannot but regard this matter as settled, notwithstanding the guide-books.

All the way from the water-side and along a mountain-side for miles, the tombs of the turbaned believers stand as thick as possible among the cypress trees. A dead uniformity of pattern, though a constant variety of finish, is observed among them. There is always the marble post at the foot and another at the head, the latter bearing the turban, in case its owner has not been decapitated, and frequently inscribed in flaming blue and gold with the name and occupation of the deceased; the pyramidal marble slab between generally containing a hollow full of water for the birds, but in the small mosques groaning under a load of magnificent rugs and shawls. The tombs nearest to this holiest of mosques are commonly built over with graceful iron-worked roofs to keep away the birds, and are exceedingly rich in Moslem style; that of the murdered Sultan Selim is one of the most conspicuous. Near by are those of the children of Sultana Ateya, who wept herself to death because one after another of her sons was bow-stringed to prevent any dispute in the succession to the throne. Except some of the oldest tombs on the hill, all others are in perfect repair, a wonderful thing in the East, where a structure begins to decay about as soon as it is built, and never is cared for after the clumsy architect has left his work. Scutari, which I crossed the Bosphorus to visit, is vastly larger than Eyoub, containing twenty times as many tombs as there are now inhabitants in the "Queen of the East;" but is not near so impressive except by its decay and apparent antiquity and almost endless extent. Scutari itself is an exceedingly shabby vil-
re. Guide-books tell us that every house
a color according to
ies it; a pure inve
imagina-
cept the elegant marble tomb of Sultan Mahmoud's favorite horse and a new stone barrack for the military, there is no structure of any pretension in this far-famed Asiatic suburb, the peculiarly-preferred resting-place of the Turk, in obedience to the tradition that he holds no permanent abode on the European shore.

This ancient faith that they are to lose their capital city, the common feeling that the hour of downfall is near at hand, a destiny that has been proclaimed for nearly five centuries by all writers upon Turkey, seems reflected from the melancholy face of the Sultan and confirmed by his constant failures in efforts at reform. It is true that no other country has changed more; he that would see the genuine Mussulman conqueror has come on the stage already too late. The flowing robes of the high officers and their picturesque turbans are no more to be seen; from the Sultan down, the military, the police, and the various officials, wear a blue European uniform, and the ungainly tarboosh, or round, red cap of Fez. No longer do the traitors' heads grin from the seraglio gate; no more faithless wives are slipped through that wide trough into a sea-green grave. Neither are the packs of wolfish hounds as numerous and formidable in the streets; nor the merchants as honest, hospitable, lazy and pious as of yore. Snake-charmers are rare, slave-markets nearly deserted, opium-smokers all but unknown; richly-paying "Howadjis" can enter nearly every place unmolested, and detect nothing of the ancient bigotry of the all-conquering Moslem. And yet, decaying as it is at heart, every effort to improve failing through the corruption of the agents of government, European after European throwing up his employment in disgust or dismissed to give place to some court favorite or Armenian pretender,—with an army of three hundred thousand men, forty ships of war, several steam-vessels, the control of all the force of Egypt, and a revenue increased by the abolition of several monopolies, the Ottoman Empire may outlive the predictions of strangers and the expectations of friends. Sustained by the strong arms of England
it may weather worse gales than
wing upon it from the North.

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Generosity to the suff
feature in Abdul Medjid
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offer of a high place unde
he could not do better at h
nuncio of Austria, under
stances, having intimated tha
be acceptable instead of the
received the salary of an Ar
dent as a parting gift; and
that the poet-statesman Lama
cept and occupy the wide acr
him by the Sultan in the vicini
na. The detention of Kossut
explained by the fact that the ri
manity, as understood in Turke
that he should be hospitably e
but did not require that he shoul
dismissed in face of the Russian d
that this would be regarded as a
reason for war.

But the Pope's countenance, prai
is for benevolence, expresses no m
this sad young Sultan's. As we sa
passing to worship one Friday noon,
ed by all his high officers on hors
with a number of beautiful led horses
train, a row of military with music
one side of the street, a crowd gazi
silence, you seemed to see the destiny o
race in his sickly, effeminate, pensive
rather handsome face. The chief thing,
to the beauty of the Sultan's stud, was
uniform obesity of his officials: none
his servants seemed at all worn with wor
and many an Ethiopian eunuch looked t
perfect picture of animal comfort. Th
bands played tolerably, the soldiers coughe
sadly, the crowd was the quietest I ever

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in Constantinople, and but twice at Damascus. But the peculiarity of the Constantinople bazaars is, that they are so well built; and, instead of being covered with ragged mats, like those of Damascus, or only here and there a grim arch, as at Acre, the vast extent is covered with a solid stone roof, arching over the street for miles. From the main trunk run smaller ones, also arched, at right angles, and at intervals occur the khans or lodging houses for strange merchants, and exchanges for the wholesale trade. These bear the name of some Sultan or Sultana by whom they were built, and are pretty nearly free to the public. In these the storage room is of course larger, but not to compare with what our own merchants require, and I found them everywhere dark, dingy and old. In Damascus the shops were framed of rough, unpainted wood, and the covers or shutters, which were locked every night, but never closed if the merchant only went to the mosque, were no better than the commonest barn door in Connecticut. In Constantinople, these were always finished with neatness, with a low, carved balustrade in front; the same idea very differently expressed. The most striking articles here were some Persian embroidered merinoes and silks, which attracted much notice at the London Exhibition. It struck me there were fewer conveniences for sleeping, and fewer still so pleasantly occupied, than in the other great Eastern cities. The truth is, the almost daily arrival of steamers in the Golden Horn has sadly disturbed this Sleepy Hollow; has really excited many a quiet Mussulman; has made sad havoc in all his habits, good and bad, and made him familiar with cheating in business, intemperance in drink, intrigue and inhospitality.

The slave mart, I have said, was nearly closed. My dragoman insisted upon it that the vigorous efforts of the British Ambassador had entirely swept it away. He has done all he could, and no single man could do more. Long familiar with this court, his tact, decision, energy, fearlessness, have all but triumphed. Yet, in the old spot, right under the m nificent mosque in the world, in n f small apartments, were sund ls and a few white ones, very a purchaser and occasionally a rved study-

persons of the living merchandise. Be alone, excepting my timid servant, wh was worse than being quite by myse could not discover much; only that th were the best dressed slaves I had se far better than the almost naked thing the Nile, that they had the muffled like Turkish ladies, were exceedingly ju even to singing out to me "Good, g and desirous to "find a new home" where as soon as possible. I saw no ties among them—those are reserv Sultans and Pachas; but none so filth chimney-sweepish as at Cairo and As

I was struck by the honesty of a n servant close by. We were alone: I him several dollars just to enter the edifice, which was empty at that m There can hardly be a doubt that poor enough to be tempted: but h not yield; perhaps he said with the "Thy gold perish with thee." I h content with a distant peep at th carpet-covered floor, and the fin hanging with many lamps, and re how many Turkish houses of pray already seen. For, without a Sul man and janissary, what I had fr at Cairo was forbidden fruit here. culiarities of the Constantinople m not their size or age, nor their co peculiar sanctity. The "Taglioun is far older, and the St. Omar at far holier. But these, besides hav domes and minarets, have more grounds, better conveniences for finer sepulchral monuments, and leges of priests. One of them markable for a pile of chests an jewels and treasures, deposited viduals for safe keeping, which re century to century untouched, q cure in an open gallery of the pla prayer, as if guarded by all the of Christendom. Some of the f Sibeels are very singular struct agine a round marble house, with dows grated with bronze, and m within all day long to pass fres the windows—each cup a pres me pious deceased person metimes you ascend a fli and suck the water ; and often the overh re building, is very

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ed. In a sultry land, and a general of water, there is a mercy in all

whirling dervishes, very improperly "dancing," seemed utterly spiritless, ed with the howling brethren of the ame whom I had met in Egypt. The of the exercise was merely that forty n long but full woollen robes, sailed their circular hall to some monoto- nusic, bowing to their superior once h revolution, and receiving the same in return. There was no religious about it, nothing of the mad excite- I had witnessed before; the whole was formal and stupid enough. They ttended prayers at the mosque before, generally have the Koran read or re- afterwards, and profess to be still a of monkish ascetics, but are charged being sad hypocrites, making only a of their godliness. When fanaticism es, in a body like this, it is succeeded ie worst kind of pharisaism. A good about the present Sultan is that, a voice ng from a previous Sultan's tomb, say- "I burn," instead of paying for prayers et the poor fellow out of the fires of atory, he tore open the tomb, and found scally dervish, whose "burning" was kly cooled down in the Bosphorus.

very strange sort of cistern is that ch bears the name of "the thousand and " columns, containing at present less n half that number in an underground of two hundred and forty feet by two dred, and occupied now by wretched- ting silk weavers—not so naked, how- , or sickly as the books declare. Every t of this structure marks the barbarous iod of art.

The Seraglio is supposed by strangers to merely the residence of the Sultan's ies: so far from that, the principal gov- ment offices are included within its walls, l you have perfectly free entrance as far the outer court. Near the over-praised sque of St. Sophia is the "Sublime rte," the outside gate of the Palace, a me now transferred to a stiff pile of state ices at a little distance; then on the right one enters is a Pacha's palace, evidently great place of resort, but a huge pile of anness. Opposite to it stands the arsenal ancient armor. once the church of St. ne; and adjoining that some red tombs of an unknown antiquity, but placed here by the Turk for safe keeping; then come the mint and treasury. An ordinary gateway leads to the palace proper, whose grounds are filled with trees and occupied by build- ings of every shape, except the beautiful or magnificent, erected by different Sultans according to the caprice of the moment; an irregular and vast expanse (those say who have visited it all) of kiosks, baths, foun- tains, and cypress groves.

The common streets of Constantinople are mean, filthy, and uninteresting in the ex- treme: not named or numbered, nor laid down upon maps, a stranger is absolutely helpless; and, as there are no lamps at nights, and some danger of dogs, and an awkward feeling that you might be robbed and murdered without anybody's knowing it, and then the most miserable of stone pavements to stumble over, and a very raw, uncomfortable wind from the Black Sea, one may be pardoned for not liking Stamboul any too well. Byron says that "five days out of every seven you might d—n the climate, and complain of spleen at Constan- tinople." The never-cleaned streets, the half-open graves, the extensive burial- grounds in the city, the extreme filth of the greater part of the population, and the absence of suitable medical treatment, more than explain the frequency of disease and death.

To leave Constantinople and not mention a bath would be unpardonable. Even the smallest Oriental town is thus provided, and the "queen city" has over three hun- dred for the public, besides many private ones for the wealthy. The exterior is al- ways unpromising. The first apartment to which I was admitted was very lofty and spacious, dome-lighted, and pierced with nu- merous air-holes. In recesses along the walls persons were reclining with sherbet and the chibouque, as if to recover from extreme fatigue: a small café makes a corner of this reception and dressing-room. A half-naked fellow assists you to strip, ties up your cloth- ing in a separate parcel, and girding a towel around your loins, and putting clogs on your feet, leads you to the next warmer apartment. Not familiar with the mystery of pattens, I preferred to walk bare foot over the warm marble, but actually fled with terror from the inner apartment, where the heat exceeded a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. After a

while, however, mustering courage for the worst, I gave myself up to a half-naked, shaven-headed Turk, who laid me on my back, and watered and soaped, and rubbed with a hair-glove, and bathed, till with the excessive perspiration I felt quite dissolved. Then a white napkin was bound round the head, and a dry linen around the waist, and the same attendant led forth to a lounge in the great hall, with whatever ... pleased to order. After passing ... dreamy half hour, to a Turk the ... in existence, I returned to my ... parboiled state, enervated and ... for work, and hardly fit for ... equipped with fleas, and quite ... the customary extravagance ... equalled delights of the Turkish ...

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## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1852.

We anticipate more than ordinary interest and excitement in the approaching canvass for the next President of the United States. All parties are burnishing their armor and providing and collecting their warlike munitions for the impending contest. The disunionist of the North has already uttered his battle cry of "Free Soil or Disunion;" and in reply to this announcement of his political creed, is heard the response of the distant South, in accents imperions and threatening, of "Slave Labor and Disunion." The Democratic party, still writhing under the defeat of "forty-eight," and in a measure suffering the privations of the treasury spoils, are desperately engaged in creating new issues on which to rally their forces, and on which they hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes in the coming contest. The Whig party, too, have interests in the political struggle for supremacy. After a contest of twenty years against the assumptions of the arrogant and self-styled Democracy, they have succeeded in the vanquishment of their opponents, and have given to the country an administration distinguished for talent, for political wisdom, and undisputed integrity. Yet an administration qualified to accomplish so much for the prosperity of the country has been circumvented and trammelled, its energies crippled and prostrated, and its action rendered inefficient, by a Congress which has thrown every obstacle in the way of reform. Every expedient has been resorted to by the disaffected and defeated ranks of Locofocoism, to divert the public mind from the discussion and establishment of the important principles which the party in ... organized to secure. For the ac... ment of this sinister object, sections ... ies, which had slumbered from ti... Andrew Jackson until now, have ... cited and aroused. Fanaticism a... extremes of the nation has been re... and excited to unprecedented activ... insidious wiles of defeated demag... It has been publicly proclaimed, th... preservation of the "Union," old ... be abandoned, old parties dissol... new ones organized. This absurd ... has been propagated with as mu... activity, and earnestness, as if the ... were actually in danger of dissolution ... whole of the *inflammatory* declamat... ative to the dissolution of the Uni... least now, unnecessary, and *only* pro... of evil. True, infatuated and mis... fanaticism at the North has been ... clamorous, and treasonable in its ... nunciation of the Union; but however ... friendly their sentiments, and vigorous ... united their action to accomplish its ... throw, their numbers and influence ... contemptible to justify any apprehensi... the part of the true and patriotic fri... his country. This position is fully susta... by reference to the contest of 1848, ... the abolitionists of the North had ... own candidate in the field, who received ... undivided support of the party, and al... disaffected "Free Democracy" of the ... of New-York. Yet under circumstances ... favorable for the triumph of their prin... if such principles ever could triumph, ... were unable to carry the vote of a ...

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r even to secure a respectable minor-
ıny State, save in New-York, where
alesced with the Van Buren school
ıocrats.

her, do we apprehend, need there any
larm be excited relative to the action
more impulsive nullifier of the South.
under of his eloquence, when he first
med disunion, was indeed startling;
it rolled peal after peal through the
al heavens, many there were who had
nisgivings, until it was discovered that
)lt of the thunderer was pointless and
ompanied by the vivid and destructive
)f the electric fluid. Long since has
ıost timid friend of the Republic taken
ge, and forgotten to tremble at the di-
naledictions of the most turbulent agi-

The disunionist of the South has no
cal influence out of his particular and
ed circle. He has not the power to
taxes, organize armies, fight battles, or
Presidents. True, he has openly ad-
ted treason in the most decided and
acing tone. Long has he labored to
le an incendiary flame which should
ıtually consume the fair prrportions of
temple of liberty in which the freemen
ı continent are destined to assemble and
ship. Yet notwithstanding the energy
ıis treasonable appeals to the people, no
) has been taken towards the accomplish-
nt of his treasonable purpose; no dis-
on banner has yet been given to the
ıds of heaven; there has been no "assem-
ng of the hosts to battle." The laws of
) *United* States still continue to be fully
ecuted in the infected district, without
position from the most chivalrous of the
nspirators, and the earthquake rumblings
revolution have receded and diminished,
ıtil its loudest note of discord is but faintly
ıdible. They have finally appealed to the
ıllot-box, and found that the people were
ıainst them. They have taken the last lesson
the demagogue, and it has taught them
ıat the masses of the South are as firm for
ıe Union as those of any other section.

Granting then from these facts that the
Jnion is in no danger, it is absurd folly to
ırganize a political party for its preservation.
The American people, with the exceptions
ılluded to, regardless of sect or party, are
ihe true conservative party into whose hands
the destinies of the Republic may be safely
committed. No inflammatory declamation, no sectional jealousies, no "Fugitive Slave Law," can ever alienate their deep and abiding affection from the American Union. Full well do they know that political liberty, national independence and prosperity, are the direct and grand results of this glorious confederacy of republics. Let the revolutionary and disorganizing demagogue but make his treasonable appeal to the people, and from the grave descendant of the Puritan, still clinging to the rocks and hills of his Pilgrim Fathers; from the impulsive son of the South, amid his luxuriant and productive fields; from the rude borderer on the wilderness shores of the northern lakes; and even from those distant and romantic regions where all the gorgeous wealth of oriental fable appears to have been realized; from the wide extremes of this broad continent comes the responding shout of the nation as the voice of one man, proclaiming unchanging and eternal devotion to the Union.

At this period no inconsiderable portion of the newspaper press of the country, under the management of both political parties, is claiming precedence for certain distinguished statesmen in the impending contest, on account of the patriotism and vigor with which they sustained the Union when assailed by Southern and Northern nullification. It is shown by the journalists, that independent of the arduous Congressional duties imposed upon their favorites, which they have discharged with such distinguished ability, they have accomplished much more, and all for the Union.* They have visited all the

* It is necessary for us here to enter a caveat against the too unguarded sweep of our contributor's observations. Doubtless there have been many attempts to ride into consideration on the wave of this excitement, as is usual with political aspirants; and their lack of other qualifications was expected to be hidden under the veil of this sublime devotion eulogised by our friend; but there *were men* who thought it necessary to step (from positions already attained by all the qualifications necessary for any) down into the popular arena, and with words of power and wisdom cool the heats, clear the perplexities, and arouse the patriotism that the strife had engendered. This, in these men, was legitimate and grand. *They had* fought the battle in other forms; had staked themselves upon it, when the issue was not known; throwing aside their sectional predilections, and taking a national and judicial attitude—just to all, and fearless of none.

*They* properly therefore came among the people

ground, stands in the same position, and leaves the nation resting on the same political basis on which it rested before the battle for the Union was fought. Nothing has been accomplished; no new principles have been developed; no new policy has been marked out for the progress of the nation in its march to greatness.

The same results will naturally flow from adopting as an article of party creed the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. This would give additional cause for dissatisfaction on the part of the disunionist of the South, and add more fuel to the flames of disaffection and nullification which have already burnt with so much fury. It would give strength and consistency to their action, and add numbers to their ranks. Many who have heretofore been silent in the discussion of these exciting issues, or who have manfully defended the Union, would be driven into the ranks of nullification by the repeal of a law which tended to guard their private interests from infraction. Even States distinguished for their high-souled patriotism would waver in their devotion to a government which had failed to recognize their peculiar institutions, and afforded no protection to their distinctive rights. They may even be tempted to desert the national banner under whose protecting folds they have won imperishable glory on many a hard-fought field, and range themselves under the flag of treason given to the winds by the hands of nullification.

All our experience proves that any issue whatever made on the subject of slavery must tend to foster and strengthen those sectional jealousies which may yet become formidable to the harmony and perpetuity of the Union. The feeling of enmity between the hostile parties has never been harmonized, but always increased, by a discussion of their matters of difference.

In the mean time the nation has lost years in this age of progress in raising new and fruitless issues, whilst the practical interests of the nation—its commerce, its manufactures and mechanical arts—are languishing for want of adequate protection. Notwithstanding mines have been discovered in our wide domain unexampled in richness and extent, although millions may have rewarded the industry and enterprise of the pioneer to the distant El Dorado, yet is the nation daily stripped of its vast resources, and the gold of California is found insufficient to pay the cost of imported fabrics. American skill is idle and unproductive, matters not to the enervated Mexican that his native mountains sparkle with golden ores. Whilst millions are daily added to the earth, this nation is impoverished and bankrupt. And it matters not to the Mexican that the California steamer discharges at our sea-ports her freight of massive gold; that the same gazette which announces the arrival and comments upon the increased wealth of the nation, heralds the departure of the European steamer freighted with the same precious metal for the purchase of cotton, woollen, and iron fabrics. At the same time American machinery is idle, her manufacturing skill paralyzed, her factories many of them closed, and the rest tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, and the commercial interests of the country threatened with a revulsion unprecedented in American history.

In the tempest of discussion relative to the "Fugitive Slave Law," the internal commerce of the country is perishing for want of accumulated obstructions to river navigation. Whilst sage politicians are gravely discussing the constitutionality and expediency of a law in which the great majority of American citizens have no direct or practical interest, the boatman on our western waters, uncared for by Congress, finds a deep grave beneath the treacherous wave. Ask the Democratic sages who control the action of that great party, and a portion of them will tell you that the "noise and confusion" incident to the settlement of the "Union question" is so great that you cannot now be heard. Others, who unscrupulously voted for the annexation of Texas and California, and are now encouraging the conquest of Cuba, without inquiring or caring for the constitutionality of any of these measures, will tell you that the improvement of such a river as the Mississippi, rolling its mighty waters from one extremity of the nation to the other, bearing on its broad and ample bosom the products of half the confederated States of this Republic, is an object merely local in its character, and that its improvement was never contemplated by the American Constitution. Such counsels will continue to prevail so long as Congress continues to be the centre of the agitation on the subject of slavery. It will, then, be the height of

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folly and madness for the Whig party to admit into the coming Presidential contest any of those unprofitable and exciting topics that have been for the present professedly settled. Any attempt to revive them should be "frowned down," for they tend to weaken the Union, and will continue to prevent the triumph of any of those principles for which the party exists; and keep us under the iron theories from which we are now suffering.

R. W. M.

*Nauvoo, Illinois, Sept. 24.*

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# OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

## AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

ENGLAND.—In England the closing of the Crystal Palace was permitting the press and people to direct their attention once more to the affairs of the world in general. It was closed on the 11th ult., after having proved one of the most successful and splendid speculations of the age. The structure will probably be removed, in spite of the popular desire to the contrary. Hyde Park is an appanage of the Court and the aristocracy, and it is thought a show-box or other property of the commonalty would be out of place within its precincts.

The English were making great preparations for the reception of Kossuth, who was expected at Southampton in the American ship of war. Upwards of a score mayors of towns and cities wrote to the Mayor of Southampton to express a desire to join in the popular welcome. London and its municipality were prepared to give the Hungarian exile a polite and kindly reception. The desire to do honor to him is very general; for the Ministers are not disposed to curry favor with the despotisms just now. Two of them—the Secretary of War (Lord Palmerston) and Mr. Gladstone—have publicly denounced or condemned the high-handed doings in Naples and elsewhere on the Continent. So that no government consideration seems to stand in the way of a general English welcome. And it is a good and a cordial thing to see the two great and powerful families of English tongue and name, forgetful of past differences, standing side by side and foremost in the cause of humanity in the midst of such frowning and threatening despotisms. After all, there is no fear of the ultimate triumph of free governments all over the world, when England and America join hands in so noble a cause as this. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet against the King of Naples has called forth a wrathful reply from his Majesty, implicating and taunting the English Government; while the speech of Lord Palmerston at Tiverton has excited a general indignation among the continental rulers—Louis Napoleon included; and it has been stated in a German newspaper, (the *Ober Post Amt Zeitung,*) that the toleration extended to the band of Teutonic conspirators now in London is a breach of good faith towards the German rulers, who are about to make remonstrances against it. London is, in fact, looked upon as the centre of the European democrats. The object of these is a steady radical revolution in Europe, to be brought about by the union of the people and by their contributions. The German Committee propose that shares shall be bought in national loans, which the chief men of the movement shall guarantee, and which shall be repaid on the liberation of the nations. Mazzini has been trying to get up such a loan for the particular behoof of Italy. Just now Professor Kinkel, the poet, is travelling through the United States for the purpose of expounding and furthering, particularly among our German population, this grand liberating project.

The *prestige* of our American republicanism is beginning to impress and agitate the United Kingdom in a very remarkable manner. The English press has become greatly occupied with these States, and its tone has become vastly more respectful and conciliatory. Latterly the Hon. Mr. Lawrence has been creating a sensation in Ireland, far more deep and general than that caused by the visit of the Queen to that island. The *Times* allows that he was every where received "with almost royal honors." And indeed the sincerity with which he was followed and *fêted* was the more emphatically proved, that he did not go among the people to promise them any thing or to flatter their passions or political leanings. His speeches, throughout, tended the other way—were full of calm advice to rely upon themselves and help themselves. Nevertheless, there he was—an American—from that great and rich land of their dreams—the land in which millions of their countrymen had a home and a refuge, and from which within the last few years over two millions of pounds sterling had come from poor Irish laborers to their poorer friends in the cabins at home; so that, if Mr. Lawrence were really the grandson of Brien Boru himself, he could not have been received with more cordial respect and enthusiasm. Furthermore, they identified him with that spirit of American enterprise which, in the matter of steamships and railways, is making such wonderful changes in the world, and hoped something was about to be done for the country at last. Some of the people actually had an idea that he



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was in secret the agent of some invading *propaganda* who came to spy out the nakedness of the land and prepare the way for the descent of an army of Americans! Some vague notions of Cuba and the *filibustieros* were running through their heads; and certainly such ideas were not calculated to diminish the fervor of their welcome on the occasion! Mr. Lawrence went from Dublin to Galway to see the bay which it is proposed to make a packet station, between Ireland and America. He afterwards visited Limerick, and then proceeded to Cork. These localities and one or two others are respectively contending for the honor and profit of being the "station;" and it required all the ingenious politeness which the Hon. gentleman could command, to order his phraseology in the midst of such rival claims. But he got through it admirably, and praising the localities generally, disclaimed any desire to decide on the most eligible place for the station. The hospitality of the Irish seems to have overcome his diplomacy in a great measure, and though the fact is not stated, we strongly suspect that, while at Cork, the Hon. gentleman must have kissed the celebrated Blarney stone. However this may be, it is very certain that his visit produced a salutary agitation in the Irish mind, and made a strong impression on the English press. The *Times* says that Mr. Lawrence, in visiting Ireland, went to take a look over what was shortly to become *his own*—that is, his country's; for "every Celt will one day renounce the sceptres and coronets of the old word." This great exponent of English sentiment seems to acknowledge, frankly, that the Irish are justified by circumstances in running away from the place of their birth to America; and prophesies that they will "fulfil the great law of Providence which seems to enjoin and reward the *union of races*. They will mix with the Anglo-Americans, and be known no more as a jealous and separate people." Strange sentiments these, coming from the grand organ of British supremacy.

The submarine telegraph between France and England has been laid down in the English Channel, from South Foreland to Sanngate, near Calais. The line consists of four copper wires, like bell-wires, cased in gutta percha, and twined with hempen strands into the size of a rope an inch in diameter. More hempen strands and wires of galvanized iron are twined round this, and all form a flexible casing 4½ inches thick. Messages have been flashed through very satisfactorily, and the communication with Paris will doubtless be shortly completed.

In Ireland the Catholic Association, which was about to be got up in opposition to the late Anti-Popish Bill, has been a failure. The Catholic people and hierarchy are not agreed upon the matter. Many of the Irish bishops are in favor of the Queen's Colleges and the government system of education. But Dr. Cullen, Primate of all Ireland, is bent on an exclusively Roman system—separating, in all things, the sheep from the goats—the Catholics from the Protestants, with whom no terms, no faith, is to be kept. All the Irish priests and bishops are not prepared to go these very Catholic and consistent lengths, and hence one more element of Irish discord. All this may re time, in a sort of ecclesiastical indepe Ireland, like the Gallican in France.

Fergus O'Connor's great scheme of a "L Land Company" (under which the soil wa apportioned in small lots, with houses, holding shares in the business) has fallen They say near £100,000 has disappeared. Fergus, the manager, "does not know w find it." The whole affair is in Chancery. O'Connell, with whom Fergus worked in tating line in Ireland some twenty yea so, used to call the descendant of the last Ireland "feather-headed Fergus." Dan Turkish in his tastes, "bearing no brother throne;" and he managed to cast off his o who went to England and set up for h Chartist. His occupation, in any character gone, like Othello's.

The Queen of England and her family journing at the royal seat, Balmoral, in the lands of Scotland.

England is preparing to get up her new world. The Royal West India Mail Steam Company is about to place five new steamers on the line between Southamp the Isthmus of Panama—the Amazon Parana, Magdalena and Demarara. The sea-horses will be churning the great Atla in the beginning of next year, and turn amount of the trade between the East Western hemispheres into a central chan company has been also formed in Liverp the purpose of increasing the trade and in of England with the Brazilian empire. Th steamships of large size, and on the screw ple, are to be put upon the line as a b They will be of 300 horse-power each, average speed of ten knots an hour. It is ca that the distance will be run in twenty-fiv In this connection we may observe that the are just now trembling for the continuanc trade with Brazil. For some time past efforts to put down the slave-trade, the B have been domineering somewhat over the ships trading to the ports of Brazil—a proce which has caused some discontent on the p the Brazilian Government, which feeling ha aggravated by the support which England fording Rosas, Dictator of Buenos Ayres, and whom Brazil has been making some hosti monstrations. The Emperor now threaten demand the interference of other powers; and merchants of Manchester, being among those deeply interested in the trade with Brazil requested Lord Palmerston to interfere and vent any rupture of the relations between the countries.

The London *Morning Post* contemplates larger steam project than the foregoing—to regular communication with Australia; giving a chief reason the rapid advances of the Ame cans in the Pacific, and the advantages offered their commercial marine by the repeal of th Navigation Laws. The *Post* says that if Englan will not place efficient ships upon that easter line, the steamers of America will anticipate the and manage the trade and intercourse of the Pa

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:. The peaceful rivalry of England and Ame- ı is apparently destined to hasten the progress civilization in a very rapid and unexampled .nner.

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FRANCE.—With all the elements of society in a ıte of ferment and omirous fluctuation all about m, Louis Napoleon holds right on, without ıting a jot of heart or hope. He lately assisted laying the foundation of a great central market Paris, and told the people on the occasion that ɜ was only carrying out the old *imperial* inten- on; that, forty years ago, the French Govern- ıent was about to do what he had now such sat- faction in performing; thus linking himself with ıe popular associations of his uncle's time. He hen said that, as he then laid the foundation of a uilding which would shelter the market people rom the inclemencies of the seasons, so he hoped o be able to lay the foundations of a social edifice which would afford sufficient shelter from the vio- ence and fickleness of the passions. He then in- vited a deputation of the market-women to visit him at the Elysée, and they visited him accord- ingly,—

"These daughters of the *Halle*, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labor,"—

when he most gallantly kissed half a dozen of them, and so made the fair descendants of the famous old *poissardes* all over Paris his fast ad- herents for life! The Prince-President affects to treat the French people as his uncle treated them before—as a light, unreasoning race, fiill of en- thusiams, and liable to be easily impressed. A little time will tell if he has made a correct esti- mate of the national mind.

One hundred and seventy-eight persons were arrested for the Paris plot. After being regularly interrogated, seventy-two foreigners and four Frenchmen were set at liberty; eleven others were afterwards let go. The Department of the Ardèche was put under martial law. This is a broken and rugged district, containing a great many secret societies; and, on a recent occasion, the soldiers and gendarmerie had been attacked by mobs, in two or three places.

Prosecutions of the press continue. Five or six editors of the *Evénement*—a bold republican paper—were knocked off, one after the other, by the angry mace of the law. Among these coura- geous children of the pen were two sons of the celebrated poet Victor Hugo, Charles and Victor, who were sentenced to several months' imprison- ment. The old gentleman, like Torquil of the Oak, in the Fair Maid of Perth, encouraged his sons to throw themselves forward in the fight, and when the last was carried off, wrote a letter to the succeeding editor, Vacquerie, which brought down one more prosecution. The old man says that the earth still moved, though the Italian in- quisitors tried to make Galileo and the world be- lieve it did not; and that, in the same way, the cause of liberty still moved and would move, in spite of all the tyrants of the globe. A hearty old cock this!

"Coquerico coequerico,
France! met ton schako!"

As for M. Auguste Vacquerie, he has hit upon a plan by which he probably hopes to touch the hearts of the tyrants. He sits down to a leading art cle and begins:

"Two and two are four;

"The elephant is one of the largest of quadru- peds; what a flexible trunk and what sharp tusks he has!

"It is generally considered that his late Ma- jesty, King Henry IV., was killed by the stroke of an assassin, in the Rue de la Ferronerie. Political causes were certainly connected with this bloody act, so grievously to be deplored by the nation.

"The Queen of England has seven children."

And so on! Other unfortunate editors, who write as Damocles feasted, with a sword sus- pended over their head, leave the leading columns blank—to remind the President of his old enemy, Louis *Blanc*, we suppose. Vacquerie has appeal- ed to the Court of Cassation against his sentence of six months' imprisonment and 1000 francs fine, being doubtless ready to exclaim with Béran- ger:

"Mille francs! mille francs d'amende!
Dieu, quel loger pour six mois de prison!"

"A thousand francs! what a rent for six months' lodging in jail!" Rouy, the editor of the *Presse*, has also appealed against his sentence; and Bar- reste, the editor of the *République*, was to be tried for libel on the 14th ult. Altogether, the lawyers of Paris were in high feather. It has been stated by the Marquis de Jouffroy, a legitimist, and editor of the *Europe Monarchique* at Brussels, that all negotiations for the fusion of the two Bourbon houses have failed. The *Ordre* continues its canvass for the Prince de Joinville as next President. The same paper published a long list of fires that have lately blazed in the neighborhood of Paris, giving the Government no little uneasiness.

Several of the Paris journals hint that Louis Napoleon meditates against the red-republicans of the National Assembly such another measure as that by which Napoleon purged the Tribunate, and sent a body of his enemies to exile at Cayenne. The red-republicans oppose the revision of the Constitution, and it is asserted the lawyers of the Elysée have advised the President they may be removed "at one full swoop," seeing they have subscribed to the democratic loan which Mazzini has set on foot to liberate Italy. This, it is re- ported, can be tortured into a matter of impeach- ment; and if it can, we think Louis Napoleon will certainly impeach, and thus remove the Mountain.

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GERMANY.—The thirty or forty powers and principalities of Germany are all busily engaged in bringing that multifarious nation to its previous condition, and obliterating every trace of 1848. The Frankfort Diet is leading the way in this busi- ness of recalcitration. A little time ago it passed a resolution to demand of the several federal gov- ernments of the fatherland that they examine their several constitutions granted since 1848, and to alter the same in all cases where they may not be found in perfect harmony with the constitution of the despotic Bund, represented by the Diet. If it should so happen that the people of any federal

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State will not quietly go "back again," the Bund will appoint a commission to investigate the matter, and settle it, when called upon. This central power has also determined to draw up a general federal *law of the press*, to oppose and correct the existing abuses of the press, and thus help the grand scheme of arrangement it has in view. This Frankfort Diet, of course, expresses and sustains the policy of the rulers of Germany who have thus agreed to nullify all their late concessions, on the plea, doubtless, that they were frightened into the granting of them, which was indeed the case.

The King of Prussia—always considered to be one of the mildest and most liberal of the German governors—(we recollect the *bonhomie* of his manners when he visited London a few years ago, and went with Mrs. Fry to see the prisoners in Newgate, where, with that good lady, he knelt down and said his prayers among them)—this King, we say, shows himself as anxious as any of them to get back to the old ground. Cologne, that city "of three and seventy stenches," according to Coleridge, is at present in very bad odor with his Majesty, who finds the political airs of the people the worst of all. He first put down the Cologne *Gazette*, and he lately directed a prosecution to be commenced against six of the municipal councillors, who, in a debate concerning an address to the King, were considered to have cast reflections upon the government. The poor Burgomaster who presided at the meeting of the town-councillors was severely reprimanded for allowing them to go on speaking. On the 24th of September, the Diet of the province of Brandenburg were suddenly prorogued because some of the members on the day before ventured to allude to old guaranteed rights and such things. On the same day the establishment of the *Constitutional* newspaper of Berlin was confiscated and put to silence, and the editor and all hands left to join the nearest club of secret conspirators for want of something to do. These clubs, which are scattered all over Germany, and called Communities of Free *Religion*, have lately fallen under the suspicion of the governments, in consequence of information transmitted from Paris by the agents of Louis Napoleon, to the effect that the Paris plot comprehended some designs against the rulers of Germany. The consequence has been that the houses of the leaders of these "communities" have undergone a general search, and every thing suspicious has been seized by the authorities.

A commercial treaty has been made between Hanover and Prussia, by which the former virtually enters the Zollverein, or Customs Union of Germany—the objects of which are protection and equal tariffs among the States of the Union.

The finances of Austria are in a very debilitated condition. The Government lately called on all Europe for a loan; but the money has come but slowly in, and there is a chance that the amount will not be forthcoming. The Emperor relied very much upon the Londoners; but the recent sentiments of Gladstone and Palmerston, and the excitement about Kossuth, have done away with his chances in that quarter. In the mean time Francis Joseph has been to visit his Italian dominions, lately pacificated by Radetsky. He made a grand entry into Milan on the 21st of September. Surrounded by soldiers he rode along, while the people preserved a calm demeanor which has been called respectful. He held a military review, and heard high mass in the cathedral. Several houses in the city were illuminated in the evening, but more as a matter of fear or policy than loyalty. The Emperor took up his quarters at Monza, the country palace of Radetsky, twelve miles from the city. During his absence, his uncle's old minister, the Nestor of politicians, Prince Metternich, (who also ran away with such celerity in 1848,) came back to Vienna. He entered it on the 23d September, and was received by Prince Esterhazy and other members of his family. The crowd are said to have received him with respect, that is, they did not pelt him with any thing, and said nothing. The Prince, who is very old, will not, it is stated, meddle with statesman-craft any more.

On the 22d Pesth was the scene of a horrible ridiculous spectacle. Louis Kossuth and thirty-six of his brave companions were hanged upon the public gallows—in effigy. As they could not strangle them literally, the Austrian officials resolved to do execution upon them by strong effort of imagination. And so while our good ship Mississippi was bearing the rescued Magyars up through the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic, the soldiers of Francis Joseph were drawn up in square about the gallows in the public place of Pesth, and the sentence of each of the contumacious Hungarians (to the number of thirty-six,) having been read, the hangman took thirty-six black wooden *simulacra*, and launched them into eternity, according to the forms in such cases made and provided. To each wooden traitor was attached his name and brief biography. Kossuth's cartel was as follows:—

"Ludwig Kossuth, born in Monok, county of Remplin, Hungary, forty-seven years old, of the Protestant religion, married, father of three children, advocate, and newspaper editor, Hungarian Finance Minister, and deputy of the city of Pesth at the Hungarian Diet, has from the beginning to the end of the Hungarian revolution played the principal part, and this preëminence was particularly shown in October, 1848, when he prevailed upon the Diet to remain together and not obey the Imperial mandate dissolving it; further, that he took upon himself the presidency of the Provisional Government, or so-called Committee of National Safety, and issued paper money, in order to furnish means for an armed resistance to the Imperial Government, which he developed in a dangerous manner, by recruitings, organization of a National Guard, and 'Landsturm;' that he himself joined the army in its invasion of the Austrian archduchy, declared the succession of Francis Joseph a usurpation, transferred the seat of the Diet from Pesth to Debrecsin on the approach of the royal forces under Windischgrätz; that by means of exhortations and proclamations, by rewards and martial courts, he raised the enthusiasm of the army and the people, and excited them to go on with the revolution, and tried to gain the sympathy of foreign countries through his agents abroad; that he, finally, on the 13th of April, in a private conference, and on the 14th in a public

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ing, proclaimed the total separation of Hungary n the Empire, outlawed the sacred dynasty, sse a Ministry in his character of Governor, took : oath of independence on the 14th of May, and June 27, 1849, preached a crusade against the ied forces of Austria and Russia, and ruled ngary with the power of dictator, till at last was compelled by the events of the war to re- gn, (August 11, at Arad,) and soon afterwards ed into Turkey."

Then followed Richard Guyon, born at Bath, in ngland. On the same day, thirty-eight others ere summoned to come and be hanged within a pecified time. Of course they'll be hanged if ney do. On this fatal occasion, the bodies having ung the usual time were cut down, and then uried, doubtless, in unconsecrated ground.

The Elector of Hesse has got a great number f political prisoners in his fortress of Spanzen- berg—counsellors, burgomasters, directors, gen- rals, and colonels. The editor of a paper at Mayence was imprisoned for quoting from the *Berlin Gazette* a report of one of Gavazzi's Lon- lon lectures which was rather hard on the Catholic Church. The son of privy councillor Welcher, of Baden, who had given medical advice to some wounded rebels, was let out of prison, on condition that he should emigrate to America.

Every thing, in fact, seems to show the design of the German rulers—a design which, as we have already said, has given rise to a very general conspiracy, the head quarters of which is in London, and the object of which is a German revolution. Professor Kinkel has come to this country to raise funds for that object among the German population here, and the lovers of revolution in general. His purpose has been announced, and he has collected, it is said, over $40,000 in these States. The peoples of Europe now perceive that no sudden outbreak and victory of the masses can succeed in beating down the despotisms of Europe, with all the influences of custom and the formidable strength of armies on their side; and that the people must first agree to act every where in concert, and take care to have every where the proper sinews, weapons, and munitions of war, when the time of rebellion shall come

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Turkey.—Turkey has let Kossuth go, after a detention of two years. This act may involve the Porte in serious difficulties. Austria has already begun to concentrate her troops on the frontiers of Bosnia, Servia, and Wallachia. Turkey is just now full of difficulties, present and prospective. Her finances are at a very low ebb; so much so, that the Government lately took the extreme and somewhat disgraceful course of demanding back again the diamonds which had been for some time past given with orders of honor. The various provinces of the empire are in a state of great confusion; and not the least of her troubles is her difference with the Pasha of Egypt, who is about building a long railway from Cairo to Suez, and that without any recognition of the Turkish supremacy. The English Government, which, of course, would benefit by the railway more than any other in the world, is trying to make peace in the matter, by the mediation of Sir Stratford Canning. The making of the road will go on whether the Sultan permits it or not.

On the 7th of September the Hungarian prisoners, fifty-five in number, arrived in the Dardanelles in a Turkish ship; whereupon the captain of the Mississippi went on board, and going up to Kossuth, saluted him in the name of the Republic, said the ship of war was at his disposal, and quite in Oriental fashion, which, however, was not at all disgraceful to the West, presented him a purse of money—$15,000. It was a great scene when Kossuth found himself on the quarter-deck of the Mississippi; seeing he was now as much out of the power of Padisha or Kaiser as if he was sitting on New-York Battery! He was quite overcome, and spoke of his liberators and friends with tears rolling down his face. Capt. Long, too, caught the contagion, and, stammering at the commencement of a regular address, could only come out with—"You are welcome to this ship, sir! Three cheers for Governor Kossuth!" Which mode of salutation, seeing he could bring out nothing better under the circumstances, he repeated: "Three cheers more for Governor Kossuth!" And if there was little oratory, there was a great deal of shouting and genuine emotion.

We see it stated that Sir Stratford Canning and Mr. Lavalette proceeded to the Dardanelles to congratulate Kossuth on his departure. On her way up the Mediterranean, the Mississippi touched at Genoa, Spezzia, and Marseilles. The Sardinian authorities, though friendly to the patriot, were reluctant to give him permission to land; and though he desired to touch the soil of Piedmont, he acquiesced, and remained on board. It has been stated that he will make a stay in England, on his way to the States; but at this moment it is uncertain whether he will turn aside from the direct course to New-York.

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Spain and Cuba.—The Spaniards, who were at first terribly indignant at the invasion of Cuba, have subsided into a state of calm satisfaction, on hearing that General Lopez was *garotted*. They are also satisfied, it is said, with the intentions of England towards them; and they have complimented Lord Palmerston for his desire that Cuba shall not be taken by the *flibustiers*. But the shrewdest speculators are of opinion that this Spanish gratitude is rather premature, for it is believed that England will only agree to guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain on condition that some sort of reform shall be introduced into the island; this guarantee to be against foreign invaders *alone*, not against the efforts of the Cubans themselves. It is further reported that a rich and influential merchant of Cuba has gone to London to induce the English Government to interfere for the suppression of the slave-trade, a fixed yearly payment by Cuba to Spain, and the participation of native Cubans in the government of the island. The present temper of the English nation and ministry seems to show that England will not guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain in the present condition of the island. The organs of the Government at Madrid were at first inclined

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of American vessels to compensate for the loss of Cuba, but that mood is over. And the results to Cuba will probably be that some alterations will be made in the government of the island, to meet the wishes, not of the islanders, but England.

A letter written to the London *Morning Post* by a Spanish officer, offers an explanation of the enmity of Lopez against the Spanish Government. In August, 1836, Lopez, then a Brigadier-General, at the head of 2,000 men, was sent from Madrid to join the army operating against Cabrera in Arragon. About 60 miles from Madrid, he allowed himself (being at breakfast at the time) to be surprised by the Carlist General Gomez, who captured his entire column with the exception of a few cavalry fugitives. Lopez was confined by Cabrera for several months in the citadel of Canta Vieja, till liberated by the Christino General San Miguel. From that time to the last hour of his existence Lopez was never reëmployed by the Spanish Government. His friend Valdez gave him an appointment in Havana, some years since, when he was Captain-General; but the Government at Madrid did not recognize it, and Lopez was dismissed when the successor of Valdez arrived. The high spirit of Lopez brooded bitterly over this, and his resentment against the Spanish Government incited all his future attempts on Cuba.

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ITALY.—It is stated on authority that, in the recent consistory held at Rome, the chief question under debate was, not the regulation of cardinals or bishops, but the probability of some general outbreak in 1852. A letter received from Vienna, in answer to one sent to the Austrian Ministry by the Pope, was also discussed. It is described as giving His Holiness every assurance of assistance against the people, who, he now sees with fear, regard his priestly government with abhorrence, and are ready to defy it on the first favorable opportunity. Should a Roman Republic be proclaimed, Austria will send an army to Rome capable of quelling all rebellion. Attempts at assassination continually take place at Rome. Letters from Milan state that the attempted rejoicing to welcome the Emperor Francis Joseph to that city had failed. The majority of the population quitted the town while the Emperor remained, and left to their servants the *compulsory* duty of illuminating, &c.

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THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The monarchy of Hawaii is favorably progressing under the fostering care of John Bull. The King is assuming the customary state of all the rest of the potentates; and the court of Hawaii is a faithful miniature of that of Buckingham Palace. T[illegible]ident of Peru has sent to let his "august[illegible] Kame-hameha know that he was Presi[illegible] King tells his "great and good frie[illegible]lant he is extremely well pleased to [illegible]ly-[illegible] publishes the treaty rec[illegible]n [illegible] and Hawaii. It confor[illegible] of [illegible]h these States, and will [illegible] It guarantees the com[illegible]

certain privileges of inter-island navigation has been granted by the King, empowering Mr. Howard to establish steam navigation between all the ports of the kingdom. The first steamer is at work by this time. The anniversary of the restoration of the Sandwich Islands by the English Rear-Admiral Thomas in 1843 was celebrated on the 31st July, in great state. Admiral Moresby in the *Portland*, and H. M. brig *Swift*, were contributing to the splendor of the jubilee. On the report of the discovery of gold in Australia, a great excitement rose at Honolulu, and five vessels were at once advertised for Sydney, and four or five thousand bags of flour changed hands in a day.

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PLAGUE AT THE CANARY ISLANDS.—A terrible plague has been lately raging at the Canary Islands, to which, it is said, it was brought by some fishermen, who caught it on the coast of Africa. A letter from the islands says that "History does not record any thing so sad as the spectacle which the island of Grand Canary has presented and still presents. The best directed pen attempts in vain to relate such misfortunes and horrors, and words would not be sufficient to depict their intensity."

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VOLCANO IN MARTINIQUE.—About the first week in August last, the Montagne Pelée, in Martinique, began to vomit sulphurous vapor with a terrible noise, like the trampling of cavalry. The top of the mountain was hitherto regarded as an extinct crater, and the recent explosion threw up its old coatings of soil, burnt and impregnated with sulphur. Montagne Pelée continues to exhale poisonous sulphuretted gases.

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REBELLION IN MEXICO.—Mexico has been lately—and perhaps is still—in a perilous predicament between bankruptcy and rebellion. She has an empty exchequer, and has been for a good while puzzled how to raise the wind. A sort of States General, (ominous name!) that is, a Junta of the Governors and Representatives of States, met about the middle of August, to devise some means of recruiting the national finances. But they did nothing decisive. In the mean time, the people of the Northern States of Tamaulipas and New Leon became dissatisfied, chiefly with the Government prohibition which forbids them to bring into their States duty-free goods obtained by them from the Americans in exchange of commodities of their own. The Central Government wished, in fact, to raise taxes, and raised a rebellion instead. For lo! a proclamation was issued against it on the 3d September, signed Canales (Governor of Tamaulipas) and Gonzales; and another [illegible] the 16th, signed by Colonel Carvaj[illegible] with, "Long live Liberty," and "L[illegible]ts." In justification of the movem[illegible] festoos dwelt upon the inefficienc[illegible]uct of the central power, which p[illegible]ians to massacre a great many of [illegible]nd which distressed and hindered [illegible]ommunity, by an unjus

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system of prohibitions and duties. They specified about a dozen demands, and offered them with a belligerent alternative. The alternative came first; for, on 19th September, Carvajal, assisted by two companies of Texans, under the command of Colonels Tremble and Lewis, attacked the Mexican troops at Camargo, and drove them out after killing sixty of them. Other advantages followed, and then the insurgents succeeded in taking possession of the town of Reynosa, where they found a field-piece and a quantity of small arms. In the mean time, the Mexican General, Avalajos, proceeded to put Matamoras in a state of defense and await the approach of the revolutionists, who by this time had circulated their pronunciamento and the account of their successes very generally. General Canalez, Governor of Tamaulipas, was said to be approaching Matamoras, and Avalajos preparing to meet him, either to fight or negotiate. The two Texan companies, hearing that Canalez was about to take the chief command of the revolutionists, declined to coöperate any farther. It is now confidently reported that negotiations are pending between Carvajal and the Government, and that if the latter shall agree to redress the grievances of Tamaulipas and Leon, the rebel forces will be disbanded.

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THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.—All the ships which went to the Arctic Circle last year, from England and America, have returned without finding the whereabouts of poor Sir John Franklin or his ominously-named vessels, the *Terror* and *Erebus*. The crews of eleven ships have in vain tried to reach the secret so closely concealed in the terrible wildernesses that lie around the pole. Captain Austin's four ships, the Resolute, Assistance, Intrepid, and Pioneer; Sir John Ross's two, the Felix and Mary; Captain Penny's two, the Lady Franklin and Sophia; the Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Commodore Pullen, (sent by the Hudson's Bay Company,) and Mr. Grinnell's two, the Advance and Rescue, have only succeeded in discovering that Sir John spent the winter of 1845–6 on Beechey Island. Detailed accounts of these expeditions will doubtless be given in time.

On the 26th of August last year, the Advance and Rescue entered Wellington Sound, and there found Captain Penny's two ships. Captain Penny had then made the only discovery the expeditions were enabled to make. He had found three graves in a spot on Beechey Island, and knew by the wooden head-boards—the dates on which were so late as April, 1846—that they were men of Sir John Franklin's crew. A direction post found near the graves was formed of a boarding pike-staff, seven feet long. The spike end had been broken off within five inches of the point of the iron, and the staff was found lying on the ground. Some canvas which was found was proved by several persons to be part of a trysail of one of the vessels; the letters N. C., ("naval canvas,") and a yellow sort of Government thread in it, showed that it did not belong to the mercantile marine of England or any other country. Shortly after the American ships, those of Captain Austin and Sir John Ross arrived at the same place.

On the 8th September, the Advance and Rescue proceeded through the ice to Barrow's Inlet, and on the 11th reached Griffith's Island, beyond which they did not go in a westerly direction. They left this on the 13th, intending to return home, but were locked in near the mouth of Wellington Chanel. They were then drifted by the ice-drift to 75° 25′ N. latitude, and thence southerly into Lancaster Sound. Here both ships were kept for five months. While thus frozen in, the terrible night of the Arctic regions fell upon them, and for eighty days they remained in darkness! The thermometer (Fahrenheit) ranged 40 degrees below zero. About the 5th of November the Rescue was abandoned to economize fuel and let the men *come together*. For a long time they expected the vessel (the Advance) would have been crushed in the awful commotion of the bergs about them, and slept in their clothes with their knapsacks on, ready to take to the ice in the last extremity! At last, on the 18th of February, the sun rose, and it was morning; whereupon the crews cheered the luminary as if they were Fire-worshipers! On the 13th of May the Rescue was re-occupied; and on the 10th of June the ships came into the open sea. Captain De Haven then proceeded to Greenland, where he refitted, and then proceeded northward once more. On the 11th of July he had reached Baffin's Island. He continued warping through the ice till the 8th of August, when he became again perilously entangled in a sea of icebergs. He there found that the north and west were already closed against him, and seeing that further effort would be useless, he returned. The ships of the different expeditions reached their respective homes about the same time—the last week in September.

The Arctic explorers, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Captain Beechey, hearing the accounts of the expeditions, were of opinion that Sir John Franklin had taken the northwest passage out of Wellington Channel, which in the opinion of a great many would lead into a *more open expanse* of sea. The Danish interpreter who went out with the Lady Franklin is of opinion that Sir John and his ships are still safe. Captain Penny says that nothing effective can be done among the icebergs of the high latitudes without a screw-steamer. He expressed himself ready to go back again with such a vessel, and addressed the Admiralty for the purpose. But they decline to aid any further attempts this season. Sir John Ross, differing from the rest, believes that Sir John Franklin did not proceed to the northwest. He credits the report of certain Esquimaux that Franklin's ships were wrecked in Baffin's Bay, and a portion of the crews murdered by the natives. Captain Penny, however, with a greater show of correctness, disbelieves the Esquimaux statements—interprets them differently. For, this matter turns upon the meaning of some words in the savage dialect of those miserable polar human beings. Considering every thing, we think it probable that still further efforts will be made to learn something of Franklin's fate.

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## HOME NEWS.

Accounts from California are always interesting. Those received toward the beginning of last month were of terrible import. The Vigilance Committees of San Francisco and Sacramento had been hanging several men for robberies. Two men, named Whitaker and Mackenzie, had fallen into the hands of the San Francisco Committee, who prepared to bring them to punishment; but they were taken away by the regular authorities, and the Committee then plotted to get them again by stratagem. After three days' confinement, these prisoners were taken, on Sunday, 24th of August, from their cells, to hear divine service in the jail of the city. Just as they had taken their places, the outer doors of the prison were burst open, and a crowd of citizens, rushing in, seized Whitaker and Mackenzie, and carried them out, in spite of all resistance. At the same time, the bell of the Monumental Engine Company began ringing, and the people, who guessed or suspected the nature of the signal, rushed in the direction of the rooms of the Vigilance Committee. In a few minutes a carriage drawn by two gray horses dashed impetuously into the midst of them, and in it sat the pale and terrified prisoners, with pistols at their heads. They were quickly carried into the Committee chambers, (the first story of a large store,) and the enormous crowd waited in a state of agitated suspense for the result. In twelve minutes, the wooden doors of the store windows were thrown open, and several of the Committee appeared leading out the condemned men. Two ropes were "reeved" to a pair of blocks above the opening, and the ends of these being put round the necks of Whitaker and Mackenzie, the miserable men were pushed out and suspended in the air, in sight of the agitated multitude. After they had hung till life was extinct, the coroner was admitted to hold his inquest. In Sacramento, also, a body of the citizens took the law into their own hands, and hanged a man whom the Governor had reprieved. At Monterey, William Otis Hall, convicted of grand larceny, was murdered in his cell, after the marshal of the prison had been gagged by five or six men in disguise. The latest accounts say that these executions have ceased, and that crime has materially diminished. The Illinois steamer lately brought two millions in gold. The auriferous harvest continues undiminished. The quartz veins continue to be worked with great success. A disease had broken out among the Chinese resembling the cholera. Dr. Wozencraft, United States' Indian Agent, has been busy making treaties with the Indians of the middle counties of the State, and nearly one hundred clans or tribes have agreed to be peaceably disposed towards the whites. The searchers are every where turning the rivers out of their beds, damming the streams and blasting the quartz rocks in all directions. The prophecies of those who said the gold of California would be quickly exhausted seem to be very far removed from their fulfilment.

A great robbery took place on the Isthmus lately. The specie train of the Pacific Company was set upon by robbers seven miles from Panama, three of the guards were shot down, two mortally, and the thieves carried off the gold, which they expected to contain two of dollars. Just then Capt. Garrison and others came up and pursued them. The delayed them, whereupon they left it and Several were taken, and it was thought would be caught. Two colored men Scott and Cromwell, of New-York, were among captured; two others were Dr. Berry, of Orleans, and Laban Manning, of Illinois and others are in prison.

The Panama Railroad was progressing ably. The engineers expected to run a locomotive to Gatoon by the 12th ult.

A Woman's Rights Convention took Worcester, Mass., in the middle of last Several ladies and gentlemen contended women did not occupy their proper position society; that custom and education conspired keep their natural powers in a state of development. In the course of the proceedings letter was read from the "mannish Miss Martineau, the meaning of which was that women, instead of theorizing too much, should choose certain avocations and lines of thought life, and follow them out. "The success of in this way," she said, "would determine the tion of their fitness for those strenuous pursuits which now belong to men." Miss Martineau that a short ante-marital application to any order of business will not have any worthy the calling or course of life should be followed to the end. She seems to put aside the maternal instincts very unceremoniously. But, indeed, less women agree to do so, they can hardly find for themselves any better avocations and than those that now belong to them. The nurture of a young family is one of the noblest and most sacred callings that a woman or an angel could be engaged in. Nothing so dignified as bringing up the young immortals. Calculating editors haranguing from stumps or platforms, or bleeding patients in a hospital, are certainly not comparable to it. But if women generally abjure that bringing up of the little immortalities, of course they may turn their hands to any thing they please, though then the question intrudes itself, "How the world to get along?" "What about our posterity!" The female Convention should think of this. We hope they are not going to abolish *maternity.*

An immense coal-field has been surveyed in Iowa. Dr. Owen, the geologist, says that between Johnson and Iowa counties an uplift of carboniferous sandstone is encountered. The entire area of this new coal-field is not less than 20,000 square miles, an extent nearly as large as the State of Indiana. He estimates the beds of coal to be 12 feet in thickness, and lying near the surface. The beautiful river Des Moines runs through this large coal-field. Seeing that we are not to have in any very great hurry the cheap fire which Mr. Parkes and others have promised to obtain from hydrogen gas, this coal discovery will have a highly beneficial effect upon the machinery and manufactures of the West; though it is not improbable that, in time, coal will be entirely superseded as a means of combustion and heat.

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a large benefit not alone upon t
upon society at large. The Hon.
suggested that a subscription be
sate the Rev. gentleman in some
services, and commenced it hims
thew is a very poor man and a
but we are of opinion that if, inst
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of *dust* into his friar's wallet.

A telegraph line is at present i

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exceedingly interesting narrative,

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies, after the Conquest of Canada.* By Francis Parkman, Jr. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. London: Richard Bentley.

This is a truly valuable contribution to our historical literature. It is a work of great original research into a "strange eventful history," prosecuted with unwearied industry among the buried archives of governments, and through obscure private records of adventure; and when we add to this, that the author, in order that nothing might be wanting to a conscientious performance of his task, spent much time by the camp fires and in the canoes of the people who are the principal subjects of his work, that their character and habits might be more effectually studied, we have indicated a book which should at least attract the attention of all intelligent readers. It will be found worthy of a place by the side of the famous histories of Mr. Prescott. Admirable in manner, and profoundly interesting in the matter of it, no library should be without it.

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*The Captains of the Old World, as compared with the great Modern Strategists; their Campaigns, Characters, and Conduct; from the Persian to the Punic Wars.* By Henry William Herbert. New-York: Charles Scribner.

Although this is a work intended for popular circulation, it is a laborious and a learned one. The subject will necessarily commend it to the general attention of the public; and when it is observed that the author has gone to the original sources for the information necessary to his design, it will be considered a work of excellent authority on the subjects of which it treats. We hope that the success of the present volume will encourage Mr. Herbert to carry out his intention of giving us others on "the Captains of Rome, the Captains of the Eastern Empire, the Captains of the Barbarians, the Captains of the Middle Ages, and the Statesmen and Orators of each of these periods in succession." Such a series of works would be a most interesting and valuable addition to our literature, executed by a gentleman of such learning and taste. The volume before us is very elegantly gotten up by the enterprising publisher, and is illustrated by designs of the author's own drawing. The "Onset of Numidian Horse" is exceedingly spirited.

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*Memoirs of the Queens of France, including a Memoir of her Majesty the late Queen of the French, Marie Amelia.* By Mrs. Forbes Bush. From the second London edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. Two volumes.

These are very graceful and interesting sketches the Queens of France from the earliest records of the nation down to the present time authoress, with great tact and admirable of style, presents in a succinct form the facts in the lives of these personages their character and actions without or circumlocution. She has made a interesting and instructive.

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*Naval Life; or, Observations both A Shore.* By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. Charles Scribner. 1851.

Sketches of the lives and adventures are probably, as a class, the most readable books. This one is exceedingly so, and repay perusal. Lieutenant Lynch is well the reading public by his narrative of the tion of the Dead Sea.

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*The Ladies of the Covenant: Memoirs of guished Female Characters, embracing th of the Covenant and the Persecution.* James Anderson. New-York: J. S.

If the times, in Scotland, of which this treats were literally those which tried men these most interesting and instructive memo show that for heroism, fortitude, and self-sac devotion to their faith and their duty, the sex were no less worthy of the crown of gl their illustrious fathers, brothers and husba

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*Watching Spirits.* By Mrs. Ellet. New Charles Scribner. 1851.

Mrs. Ellet, in this elegant little work, has e a new field. Her graceful pen could have no more fitting one. She has divided her in the following manner: "Watching Sp "The Ministry of Angels;" "The Lesson Angels;" "Elect Angels, or Angelic Relat the Work of Christ;" "Departed Spirits;" tate Spirits." The book is elegantly printe illustrated by fine engravings from pictures by old masters.

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*Margaret; a Tale of the Real and the Ide* By the Author of "Philo" and "Richard and the Governor's Family." Boston: P lips, Sampson & Co.

A revised edition of this remarkable bo Those who have not read it will be surpris the remarkable genius displayed by the au Primitive New-England scenes and chara drawn with singular vividness and individua at least, if not in accordance with our preconce ideas of them, are formed by the author int most matter-of-fact background of a canvas whe on are displayed the loveliest ideals of his fa and through which he causes to gleam fitfully, a sometimes with an uncertain radiance, flashes poetry, moral teachings, and religious thoug wonderful for their boldness and power.

THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXIV.

FOR DECEMBER, 1851.

## THE DALLAS LETTER.

It is refreshing, after so long and profound a silence in that quarter, to obtain a declaration of opinion on national politics from a leading Democrat. So great has been the demand and so limited the supply of late, that it is not surprising that there should be some inquiry for the political opinions of the lesser lights that shine only in the absence of stars of the first magnitude. Verily it is in the sphere of mind as in that of material things: when genius, the divine luminary, shines not forth, the illuminating qualities of gas provide a pale and wan substitute.

Such are the reflections awakened by a perusal of the letter recently addressed by the Hon. George M. Dallas, through the Hon. Guy M. Bryan, of Texas, to twenty odd millions of glorious republicans. Mountain scenery is supposed to exert an enlarging influence upon the ideas. Its images of grandeur awaken all that is sublime in thought; its grand elevations are suggestive of dignity and power; and its pure atmosphere removes far into the obscure distance the intellectual horizon. Who will doubt the verity of this influence after listening to the Delphic voice which has been uttered from Schooley's Mountain? Hear and judge:—

SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN SPRING, NEW-JERSEY, July 25, 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Having escaped the heats of the city, I am almost inclined, amid the beauties of nature which surround me here,—the high hills, the pure, cool air, the fragrant forests, and the ripening harvests,—to postpone, until my return to arid streets and studies, the attention to which your request is entitled. I cannot, however, feel at rest while imagining that my silence may possibly be misinterpreted, and therefore hasten to send you the views which you are kind enough to wish repeated.

"Of the topics of your letter, dated the 4th inst., from Peach Point, Brazoria county, Texas, I have long entertained definite and decided opinions. As they are somewhat different from any avowed by public men in this quarter, I should feel diffident in holding or confessing them, were it not that every day's progress in our great federal experiment confirms to me their soundness, indeed their absolute necessity. I cannot work out the safety of the Union in their absence. That union was designed and is fitted to be the best and most permanent security for as much of combined freedom and happiness as societies are permitted to enjoy; and it has always seemed to me not merely rash and irrational, but grossly illogical, to disclaim or doubt any of its essential springs of vitality. Union, in its political sense, is the opposite of consolidation. The elements necessary to a bare idea of a union are antagonistic to those of a consolidation; and yet I cannot help thinking that all the mistakes and mischiefs to which we have been subjected, found an origin in the habitual tendency of many very able statesmen to import from old consolidated empires their products of legislation and government, and to fasten them upon the new American condition of mere federal union. How often do we hear and see the strictly deconstitutionalized term 'nation' substituted for that of 'union!'—a substitute plausible and innocent in the sphere of foreign nations, but full of insinuating and pernicious encroachment wherever the domestic limits, reservations and guaranties are involved. It found no place in the structure framed by the Convention of 1787. Were I not at this moment away from home, more



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in search of health than disposed to labor, I should be tempted to note, from Congressional and Executive records, some of the errors apparently run into, both of reasoning and of policy, under the seductive influence of round language. No stronger illustrations could be given of Mirabeau's assertion that 'words are things,' (ay, and fatally serious things, too,) than the extent to which, with such aids, the meaning of our Constitution, if not the nature of our government, has been affected. I am not so unjust as to question the motives of those who have thus deviated; they must rather be regarded as misled by a sort of ambitious patriotism, so intently aiming to augment the greatness, wealth and power of their country, as unguardedly to overlook the peculiar complications and nice adjustment of its political system.

"As a people, we are generally calm and conservative—perhaps more tamely so than is congenial with the spirit and anticipations of the Constitution. There is one provision of that instrument, which more strongly than any other marks its practical wisdom, and yet it is curious to see with what almost superstitious dread we shrink from bringing it into action. I refer to the power and process of amendment. Our organic law was put in writing, its delegations and restrictions of jurisdiction were given express and visible certainty; but as all human fabrics are confessedly imperfect, and should ever be adaptable to the times, the mode of peaceful change, correction or addition, was prescribed with equal exactness. Why is it that we endure years of dangerous agitation, unsettling our sentiments as fellow-citizens, and winding gradually up to a social convulsion, rather than frankly resort to this proffered expedient? Certainly, the Constitution cannot be touched with too much reverence; certainly, what is usually stigmatized as 'tinkering' at it should be resolutely avoided; but when it is plain that the proper occasion has arisen, that nothing less solemn can be efficacious, and that the very Union it creates and conservates is at risk, why are we to recoil from the provided sanctuary? One of the authorized forms of amending is unaccompanied by hazard of any kind—that of Congressional recommendation, to be followed by the approval of three fourths of the local Legislatures. Such a process seems just now to be unpromising, but it may, after candid and diffuse discussion, turn out otherwise. Surely the Union is valued sufficiently to rally for its risk and renovation twenty-four of the thirty-one States; or are we already prepared to admit that the American people have become incapable of self-government, incapable of appreciating the true sources of their wonderful progress, and incapable of discarding the blind though boisterous guides, ready to lead them, through disunion, into mutual and rancorous jealousies, into dependence on foreign guardianship, into civil and servile wars, and into the poor feuds of village trades and tariffs. I think it always a mistake to falter in reliance upon the shrewd and sober judgment of the great body of our fellow-citizens. They were wise enough to discern the untried excellence of the Constitution; they were wise enough to amend, ay, and most admirably, the work as it came from the hands of Washington, Madison, Franklin and Hamilton. Are we not wise enough, then, to apply a single and secure cure for a disease which, after many years latent torpor, has suddenly alarmingly developed? With me there is no doubt that if my countrymen be given the legitimate opportunity, they will expressly and unqualifiedly prohibit, sooner or later, what I have heretofore humbly believed they have by the strongest implication already prohibited. They will prohibit from being forced by the machinations of zealots to enact the part of consolidation; they will place the constitutional canon too long and ably for misconstruction against the self-elected usurpers of intermeddling with institutions and rights exclusively of State creation, State responsibility and State control; they will render it impossible by any process short of treason or revolution to convert the confederacy into the means of destroying the equality of its own members, or to divert its energies to fulfil the behests of some higher power starting up from the ever-ranging and incalculable phantasies of the inner man.

"I have dispassionately, but anxiously watched the manifest of political sentiment in the North and East, since the adjournment of Congress, and shall be most happy to find my impression dispelled in the future. At first the movements of the masses were independent of leadership, and gave a new earnestness to indicate their good faith, and to maintain the institutions and harmony of the Union; but—and I say it with reluctance—the horizon was not long permitted to remain so flattering. The abolitionists beat again their barbaric gong, the love of representative assemblages, regular or casual, was again taunting and vindictive; party and personal ambition renewed the agitation on which alone its hopes are fed; Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, New-York, and even Pennsylvania exhibited in succession sad proof that their respective portions of the great Whig party were unwilling to forego the customary rallying outcry against the South. They affected not to know, to disbelieve as fanciful, or to despise, if real, the danger of their course; the bold bully of Anti-slavery defied to his face the eloquent apostle of Union, and defied him with impunity. The newspaper editorials, with exceptions few and far between, merged in the common current; at last it has become quite manifest (has it not? and why repress our convictions?) that the expectation fondly indulged of tranquilizing the country by the legislative measures, is delusive. The act for the extradition of fugitives is the pretext for protracted and persevering war upon the guaranties of the Constitution; and if we are to raise the siege to which that instrument is still subjected, can we do better than reinforce it from the arsenal, and with the orders of the people? I desire nothing so much as the safety of the Union. Place it beyond the striking distance of cunning, as well as mad fanaticism. Do this, if you can, without resorting to the final remedy; but if you cannot, then give to the Constitution an express, positive, prohibitory amendment, which shall for ever end the entanglements and pretexts of interpretation.

"But what, you may ask, if this doubtful and dilatory course should prove abortive? Much time and opportunity will have been afforded

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ngress, the Executive, and the people will have received that the resources of the Constitution the defense of the State rights were patiently hausted, and may become sensible that a single ther step of invasion will, like the last feather the camel's back, break down the confederacy. t all events, the responsibility of pertinaciously erverting, after reiterated warning, the functions the Union, will, even more strongly than now, st with those who dare gravely claim to domeer the condition and consciences of others. stead of forbearing remonstrance, of reasoning, nd of appeals to the bulwark of the fundamental ompact, the quick instinct of self-preservation will lone be left. Even at that crisis, when disunion, artial or temporary, shall seem the alternative on hich to shun consolidation, I shall not cease to ope that faction may yet be stunned into sobriety, and that the confronting presence of liberty and usurpation may, in this western world of ours, terify the latter into retreat.

"I do not think that I misjudge my countrymen in saying, that the party in the wrong must ultimately yield; but it is well to remember, that in order to retain the position of right, extreme forbearance is necessary, and that perhaps gross oppression may for a season be most honorably borne. In contests of speculative politics, a salutary something can always be anticipated from the soothing and truth-disclosing influence of time. To fling the gauntlet while yet the civil controversy is undecided; to mutiny from, and quit a garrison within which you may really have more friends than foes, is chivalry of the kind painted by Cervantes. Napoleon, the restive and intractable, owned and inculcated, as to all projects, the wisdom of waiting 'till the pear is ripe,' and not imitate the savage who cuts down the tree to reach the fruit. Southern men whose faith wavers in the meaning and purpose of the Constitution, as to State equality and non-intervention, are naturally made testy and choleric by their own misgivings; but it is the province of conscious justice and perfection to be patient, and to abide the inevitable triumph of truth. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that however convenient and admissible in ordinary parlance the language is, there are, under the Constitution, no such separate realities as 'Southern rights;' that an outrage upon reserved sovereignty, on any subject, is just as much an infringement of my right in Pennsylvania as of yours in Texas, and that a large proportion of the people on this side of Mason and Dixon's line have been taught by experience and reflection to know that their dangers, in peace or in war, have their sources in the North. A citizen who truly estimates and loves the Union, who is capable of comprehending that to the domestic tranquillity and enduring freedom of the American people it is a political necessity, feels as sensitively a blow inflicted upon one great interest or region as upon another—upon the fisheries, the navigation of the Mississippi, the liberty of the seas, the freedom of the press, or the local sovereignty over soil and slavery. The right to fish is no more Northern than Southern; the right which was in momentary jeopardy at Ghent, of exclusive use of the waters of the Mississippi, is no more Western than Eastern; and the right not to be impressed by British naval audacity was cherished alike in the fields of Kentucky and on the Atlantic coast; and so I tell you that the right of each State to be accounted an equal of every other State, and to secure, if she so pleases, to her inhabitants the enjoyment of as ample and unrestricted a scope for the exercise of their minds and means as can be secured elsewhere, is not a sectional, not a Southern, but a common Union or constitutional right. Such, I am sure, was the design of all those who, as master workmen, built on the basis of the confederation the United States; such I believe to have been the sense of those who, after the most widely popular form of consultation, adopted the structure, and entered upon its occupancy; and such must be—for the truth is mighty and will prevail—the ultimate judgment even of those who, with the bigoted frenzy of crusaders, would attain what their delirium deceives them by depicting as 'the will of God.'" * * * *

Such are the opinions of a sometime Vice President upon the great topics that have agitated the Union. We propose briefly to review the opinions here presented, not as possessing any intrinsic merit, nor as likely to exercise any important influence upon thought or action in reference to any great interests, nor yet as emanating from a source likely to give weight to any opinion by the prestige of an established political leadership; but simply because the transparent Machiavelism of the distinguished writer has displayed, what his more adroit competitors for the Presidency would fain conceal, the aims and thoughts of the leaders of the Democratic party.

Mr. Dallas, in company with a few of the same sort, distinguished for the intensity of their partisan antipathies, regards consolidation as the especial evil genius of this Republic. The federal bond he regards as too strong, and likely to merge the separate sovereignties of the States into one vast, overshadowing empire. And while professing admiration and devoted attachment for the Union, he proposes to weaken its bond for the sake of enhancing the dignity of the State sovereignties. An occasion more opportune than the present might have been selected for the promulgation of such denationalizing opinions; for if the destiny of the Union is likely to be affected in any way by the discussion of the great question of the day, it will inevitably arise from the preponderance of the centrifugal over the centralizing force. While the harmony of the States is disturbed by the conflict of a diversity of policy and interest, there is little

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to fear from consolidation. At such times our study should be to discover how we may cement most firmly the Union, while the discussion of such dangerous abstractions should be deferred to times when more is to be feared from apathy than from agitation. That there exists no pressing and immediate necessity for the discussion of this topic, is strikingly evinced by the fact that such acute politicians as Mr. Dallas discover so strong an opposite tendency, that they are willing to hazard their expectations and reputations, if they have any, upon an effort to ride into place and power upon the current of State-right opinions.

If there ever arrives a time when the well-balanced structure of our Union will be in danger from consolidation, it will happen when some grand scheme of conquest, like that conceived for the administration of which Mr. Dallas was a member, shall absorb the thought and feeling of the nation. Such unholy bandings to pillage and annex territory exert the very influence which Mr. Dallas dreads. The strongest governments are those which exist among plundering hordes; while the peaceful pursuits of industry, intellectual and moral culture, the legitimate pursuits of civilized societies, have a tendency to distribute and equalize political powers. In ages widely separated by time, and under dissimilar conditions of social existence, the republics of Rome and France sank under the weight of an imperial ambition.

The sentiments of Mr. Dallas call to mind the days of the Titans, when similar doctrines were propounded by a Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun impressed his age with a conviction of his earnestness. Those who differed from him saw more reason to regret the overwrought sensibility of his temperament than to censure his motives or doubt his power. He was Southern in heart and impulse, and actuated by a generous warmth, that ennobled the man, notwithstanding his errors of judgment. The prophetic warnings of such a mind challenge the attention, however they may fail to convince the reason, and become the rallying-cry of devoted partisans.

The history of the severest struggle through which our Union has yet been called to pass, leaves little to fear from the same weapon in hands such as those of Mr. Dallas. It is the club of Hercules in the h[illegible] Paris.

The author of the Schooley's Mountain letter has displayed presumption if not praiseworthy ambition in attempting to mount the rostrum so recently left by the great master-spirit of discontent. He draws about his meagre limbs the robe of his master, with less dignity than self-satisfaction, and glances with complacency at his admired proportions, as he counterfeits the tone and manner of his ideal. We will listen to the voice of the oracle.

The great error of the day, reasons this first-born of wisdom's children, consists in a misapplication of the term "*nation*," an "*import from old consolidated empires*," unsuited to "*the new American condition of men federal union.*" We have been taught by the poets that there is but little in a name; but we venture to assert that a *nation* has not half the fragrance that invests a *men federal union* for the delicate sense of the philosophic Pickwickian. It is left in uncertainty whether Mr. Dallas aims his critical thrust against those devoted self-laudators who delight to distinguish ourselves and our country as "a great nation," or whether the objects that excite his indignation are those inoffensive beings, the makers of dictionaries, whose single and humane effort is to rescue good English from the hands of murderers; but it is evident that Mr. Dallas is deeply concerned for the safety of our country, while there are those who are silly enough or wicked enough to call it a nation. If the stability of our institutions is endangered by it, however much we may regret the loss of a euphonious word from our language, interwoven as it is with not a few pleasant associations, we solemnly declare, and write it with a firm pen, that dangerous word, that emissary from old consolidated empires, must be forthwith banished from the dictionaries.

We cannot restrain an emotion of pity for one who sees air-drawn daggers in such minute and inoffensive objects; but as such hallucinations are confirmed by opposition, we will pass without disputing the reality of the phantom to graver topics suggested by this subject.

It would have been gratifying to have learned from Mr. Dallas the precise causes which in his judgment are productive of danger to the existence of the State sover[illegible]nties, and it would hardly be deemed un[illegible]onable to have [illegible]uired him to establish

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yet exists among us enough of forbearance with the opinions of others, and of fraternal sympathy, to transmit our noble Constitution—the gift of a generation that is past—in all its purity to the generation which shall succeed to us.

To minds constituted like that of Mr. Dallas, these considerations are inappreciable. But fortunately, if they do not possess the power of appreciating that which is noble and dignified, they are themselves the more easily appreciated in their length and breadth, compass and volume.

Mr. Dallas has mistaken the indications of the political horoscope. From the lofty elevations of Schooley's Mountain he may have observed all the stars in the firmament in their courses, but he has failed to discover their conjunctions; his astrology is as much at fault as his philosophy. The most sensitive and jealous among the sisterhood of States have no need nor desire for his sympathy, and can gain as little from his championship as the Union can lose by the worst act of treason of which his genius is capable.

Mr. Dallas thinks that we are, as a people, rather too conservative and calm; too much so for our good; too much so to fulfil the destiny marked out for us by our Constitution. It may be so; but it seems strange that so apathetic a race "*should endure years of dangerous agitation, unsettling our sentiments as fellow-citizens, and winding gradually up to a social convulsion.*" That must be a strange conservatism that can agitate to the verge of a social crisis, but cannot remove the cause of agitation without belying its own principles; that a most desirable calmness that can maintain itself throughout such fermentations.

But it matters little whether we be conservative or radical, calm or impetuous, if the fact be that we are winding up to a social convulsion. Let us stand upon this firm ground—not so elevated as the summit of Schooley's Mountain—and look about us for the portents of the coming storm. Is it in the honor recently achieved by our commercial marine? Is it in the widely-expanding wings of our commerce? Are railroads, telegraph lines and canals, stretching into and subduing forests, the emissaries of the infernal power, forging chains for freedom in the dark caverns of the earth? All these agents are about us, coiling their folds tighter and tighter, and straining their activities to achieve some strange destiny? Does the secret lie in prosperity at home and honor abroad—in industry, abundance and contentment? It may perhaps be pretended in the silence that pervades and surrounds certain closed and deserted buildings not long since noisy with the clang of wheel and anvil. Then again may it not lurk in the necessity for electing a Democratic successor to Fillmore?

It would seem highly probable that the last is the true origin of Mr. Dallas's apprehensions for the future; for throughout his patriotic letter he nowhere loses sight of the means of accomplishing that beneficent summation.

We will venture, then, to assume that the impending ruin can only be averted by the election of a Democratic President at the approaching presidential election; and that, having placed ourselves in sympathy of purpose and feeling with Mr. Dallas, we will examine in order to admire the adroitness with which he applies the means required to that end, or to wonder at the presumption involved in the attempt, as the result may warrant.

Two notable champions of Democracy are at this moment watching each other over the wide regions that separate the peninsula of the North from the farthest South, ready to meet in terrible encounter some day:

> "Two planets rushing with aspect malign
> Of fiercest opposition in mid sky."

But for a certain "noise and confusion," one would long since have spoken to some purpose; while the other prudently keeps silence, lest a worse noise and confusion should ensue.

At this juncture, a feeble trumpet-note is heard in an unexpected quarter. A former politician, supposed long since to have been dead and buried and embalmed, is lustily piping away like a very Anthony Van Corlaer, till the little valleys of the Schooley ring again with the clangor, though the sound is scarcely audible so far off as the Atlantic.

With a composure worthy of the highest conscious rectitude, the discontented are invited to unite in an agitation for an amendment of the Constitution designed to guarantee more effectually and for ever to secure the rights of the States from federal encroachments. There is—what a politician

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stands most in need of, next to a God and a party—an issue, a something to attach adherents, to inflame zeal, to turn the breath of patriotic enthusiasm full into the sail of the fortunate craft that has been lucky enough to *trim* for a breeze from the right quarter. The time was, when personal superiority attracted the admiration and determined the choice of the millions; when heroic fortitude and self-devotion were idealized and worshipped. In those days heroes were magnified to demi-gods, and men were but slaves; but now-a-days ideas are the heroes, and those who ride them in the race for glory are their squires and lackeys. The time may yet come when a joint consulship of ideas and ideal men will control the destiny of mankind. That will be a happy day for the world, but a sad one for such politicians as Mr. Dallas.

Will not our calm and conservative people seize upon this real and tangible proposition, for lack of something better to contend and wrangle about? Shall not mass meetings be assembled, and sharp quills be dipped in gall for such an occasion? We think not; though the voice that has spoken from Schooley's Mountain should be uttered from every peak of the Alleghanies, though Mr. Dallas should prove a false prophet and a worse politician.

But we are told that we ought not to falter in our reliance on the *shrewd and sober judgment* of our fellow-citizens, and we are assured that they will rally in their might to prop up the tottering fragments of the Union. A more cunning demagogue would have professed to trust that sober judgment to work a happy issue out of that impending crisis, without the aid of paper barriers to keep apart the warlike spirits of the States. It would be a notable example of forbearance, worthy of beginning a new chapter in the history of human actions, should an infuriated people, rushing headlong to the accomplishment of a result dictated by passion, stop in their career to erect bulwarks strong enough to resist their impetuosity. In that day madmen will erect cells and forge chains to curb their own fury.

But Mr. Dallas is not much out of his reckoning, for all this inconsistency. His dramatic talent has been overtasked in sketching the characters of his *dramatis personæ*, and in contriving his plot; but in the catastrophe he displays his highest tragic mood.

"What," he inquires, "*if this doubtful and dilatory course should prove abortive?*" A world of despair for the experiment of free government and for the shrewdness and sobriety of the popular judgment is implied in those portentous words *doubtful* and *dilatory*. When this crisis arrives, we are assured that the *quick instinct of self-preservation* will grasp at disunion as the only alternative left. So Mr. Dallas can look through the present and calmly contemplate disunion as a possible, nay, a probable resolution of impending difficulties. Much allowance ought at all times to be made for differences of judgment and feeling; but it is safe to say of any citizen of the United States, with the opportunities that Mr. Dallas has wasted to understand the purest system of political freedom the world has yet produced, and to become imbued with a generous attachment to its principles, and who yet can calmly look disunion in the face, and calculate its present and future advantages that the air he breathes and the food he consumes were better bestowed upon the humblest drudge that has a warm and honest heart. Fratricide may, under possible circumstances, be justified by the quick instinct of self-preservation; but the man who suffers his mind to become familiar with such a thought, under any degree of provocation however great, is guilty of the crime without the justification. To such a mind the principle of union is expediency, and that which to other minds is sacred and reverend is valued by it from the dollar-and-cent standard.

It is time that we should all, North and South, East and West, come to an understanding about this much talked-of disunion. And we might as well know it first as last, that the thing is impossible. Union is indelibly stamped upon the geographic features of our continent; it is a part of our political and social being; it is determined for us, whether we will or no, by our physical and moral constitutions; and, to express the whole in a phrase vastly popular at this day with those of Mr. Dallas's way of thinking, it is our manifest destiny.

The indissoluble character of the marriage bond is by all civilized societies acknowledged to be the strongest means of repressing domestic discords and dissensions; and if we

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would be good citizens, we must train our minds to regard the Union as equally indissoluble, and our charities to fit us to live harmoniously together under it. So long as threats of disunion are tolerated, and disunion is regarded as an alternative for any, even the worst of conditions, there will be no end to the haughty demands fostered by local and sectional interests and peculiarities, whether at the North or South, East or West, and backed by threats of secession which must inevitably spring from the misconducted warmth of an active, enthusiastic and ambitious people.

We repeat what under other words we have already said, there is no peaceful and legal means by which this Union can be dissolved. Revolution may overwhelm it, anarchy may paralyze it, but no method exists by which it can be torn asunder short of violence. No tribunal exists, or can exist, possessing authority adequate to pronounce a decree of divorce that shall remit the States to a condition of absolute independence. That which destroys the Constitution must be superior to it. Where shall such transcendent authority be found? Not in Congress, for that is the creature of the Constitution; the national legislature derives its authority from no inherent right in the people's representatives to govern, nor from any gift of power independent of the Constitution, but from the Constitution itself. The right to impair or annul the guaranties of the Constitution has not been conferred upon Congress, and therefore cannot be exercised by it. The framers of the Constitution wisely provided a means of future amendment; but like Cortez, when once they were united under a common standard upon the firm soil of a new world, they destroyed the ships in which they had been tossed upon a tempestuous sea, and trusted their all to a common destiny. While any number of the States remain loyal to the Union, there is but one power that can adjudge its overthrow, and those who deem themselves equal to the undertaking must, with arms in their hands, appeal to the God of war.

We are not among those who believe in passive submission under all circumstances to constituted authority. The right of revolution—a right absolutely inalienable among mankind—sets the limit of obedience to constituted authority; but that right is the last and most solemn appeal from oppression, and he who resorts to it is cur... as a traitor or revered as a hero, ac... to the justice and necessity of resistan... the moderation with which it is cond...

A proper regard for the conseq... which must ensue from a determine... of the rights of any member of the co... racy cannot fail to inspire due resp... the guaranties of the Constitution; and ... on the one hand it will deter aggress... the other it teaches those who take ... any fancied interference with their ri... folly and imprudence of their re... threats of disunion. Were these co... quences less terrible, a necessary check ... passion would be lost, and there wo... main less hope for the experiment of ... government than the history of our co... has hitherto justified.

Reflecting minds in every section of ... Union are deeply weighing those consi... tions vividly presented by the recent ... tions. A generous and enduring att... ment for the Union is every where gai... strength, and the clamor of demago... finds fewer listeners at the present day ... at any previous time.

There are a few turbulent spirits left ... with Mr. Dallas fan the flame of discon... their personal advantage, and who, under ... pretense of an ardent desire to preserve ... State sovereignties, hope to ingratiate the... selves with the discontented; who raise ... cry against consolidation as a mere stepp... stone to an ambition that would erect it... over the fragments of the Union rather th... submit to occupy the position for wh... nature, in the unequal distribution of h... gifts, designed them. But Mr. Dallas is n... yet the only public man who has ventured ... while asserting that there are elements of ... agitation at work threatening social convul... sion and the forcible dissolution of the na... tion, to propose a course which, if adopted ... under such circumstances, would blow the ... embers into a flame of resistless fury.

In striking contrast to the extravagance... of Mr. Dallas, let us turn to the masterly ... discriminations of these subjects—secession, nullification and revolution—presented in a recent letter from the Hon. Henry Clay. This most gifted of living statesmen, who has carried an intellect of unsurpassed comprehensiveness, a judgment remarkable not less for its solidity and sobriety than for its rich stores of well-considered

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erience, and a sway over the minds and rts of his countrymen seldom possessed more than one man in a century, far ond the period when grosser natures cumb to the conflict of their own discor- it elements, still thinks and feels in uni- with the brightest intellects and the rnest hearts that enrich our country and r age. The letter to which we have uded is one of the noblest emanations of s pen, and should be seriously considered r its intrinsic merit and wise teachings. r. Clay presents in the following paragraphs vivid idea of the identity of secession and ullification in reference to the false principle rom which they have their origin:—

"Nullification and secession have sprung from he same metaphysical school; and the latter is he ally, if not the offspring of the former. They both agree that a single State is invested with power to nullify the laws of all the other States, passed by Congress; but nullification claims a right to accomplish that object, and to remain at the same time in the Union; whilst secession asserts a right to attain it by withdrawing from the Union, and absolving the State from all obligation to the Constitution and laws of the United States. They both maintain that a resort to either process is peaceful and legitimate. Nullification derived an ambiguous but contested support from the memorable resolutions of the States of Virginia and Kentucky, adopted in 1798-9; but these resolutions afford no color or countenance to the pretensions of secession.

"The doctrine of secession assumes, that any one of the thirty-one States composing the Union, wherever or however situated, whether in the interior or on the frontier, has a right, upon its own separate will, and according to the dictates of its exclusive judgment, to withdraw from the Union whenever it pleases; that this act of secession is peaceful, and not to be controverted or obstructed by the rest of the States, or by the application of any force, within the limits of the seceding State, to execute the laws of the United States; and that thereupon, the State and its citizens are absolved from all obligations and duties to the United States, and become a power as independent and sovereign as any of the nations of the earth. The doctrine maintains that this right of secession may be exercised whenever the State deems it has sufficient cause; at all times—in a state of profound peace and prosperity, or in the midst of a furious war raging in all our borders; and that, in the latter case, transforming itself into a distinct and independent nation, it may escape the calamities of war, make a separate treaty of peace with the common enemy, become neutral, or even ally itself with that enemy, and take up arms against the United States. It asserts this right, although it may lead, in process of time, to the promiscuous dotting over, upon the surface of the territory of the United States, of petty independent nations, establishing for themselves any form of government, free or despotic, known to mankind, and interrupting the intercourse and violating or menacing the execution of the laws of the dismembered confederacy. It contends for this right as well for Louisiana as for South Carolina, although the province of Louisiana cost us so much money, and was nigh involving us in a foreign war; for Texas, although it occasioned us a war with Mexico, the payment of ten millions of dollars to arrange its boundaries and to acquire it, many were willing to risk a war with England; and for distant California, although that was acquired by the double title of conquest and the payment of an ample pecuniary consideration.

"The alleged right of secession is, I apprehend, sometimes confounded with a right of revolution; but its partisans mean a totally different thing. They contend that it is a peaceful, lawful, and, if not constitutional remedy, that it is not forbidden by the Constitution. They insist that it is a State right, to be recognized and respected; and that, whenever exercised by a State, far from being censured or condemned, the State, if necessary, is entitled to the co-operation of other States. The prudent valor of these partisans, in imitation of the previous example of the friends of nullification, disclaims the purpose of using themselves, and protests against the application to them of any physical force.

"The right of revolution is that right which an unjustly oppressed people, threatened with, or borne down by, intolerable and insupportable tyranny and injustice, have, of resorting to forcible resistance to prevent or redress the wrongs with which they are menaced, or under which they are suffering. It may aim simply at a removal of grievances, or it may seek totally to change the existing government, or to establish within its limits a new government. It is a right not confined by the boundaries of States, (although, being organized political bodies, they may be capable of giving greater effect to revolutionary efforts,) but it belongs to oppressed man, whatever may be his condition. In all revolutions, however, there are two parties—those who revolt, and the government which they forcibly resist. There are generally two opposite opinions, also, entertained of the cause of resistance—that of those who rise in rebellion, believing themselves to be wronged, and that of the existing government, which denies having inflicted any oppression or injustice. It is incumbent upon wise and considerate men, before they hastily engage in a revolution, deliberately to consider the motives and causes of revolt, and carefully to calculate the probable consequences of forcible resistance. If unsuccessful, they know that they will be guilty of treason, and incur the penalty inflicted upon traitors."

It is proper that those who profess doctrines which, in any country where the freedom of speech is less absolute than in our own, would be deemed to have a tincture of treasonable license in them, should understand distinctly what it is they profess; so that those who have been misled, through want of reflection, may return to allegiance

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quickly, and had nearly overtaken him, when the object of his pursuit turned suddenly around and said:

"Sir, what have you to do with me?"

Trenchard replied in a low, deep tone, "Suppose I sought to do murder, how could *you* complain?"

"Man! ruffian!" exclaimed the other with agitation; "keep off; I am armed."

"What the deuce do I care for your arms, you paltry coward! When did a Trenchard ever fear any thing? Do you remember New-Orleans? Don't you gasp for breath at the recollection?"

Leach's face did indeed assume a livid hue, but Trenchard continued:

"Do you remember the famine at Havana, when you brought a ship thither with a cargo of grain, for which you had paid a double price, and by the sale of which you expected to make a quadruple profit? Do you remember how three large ship loads came in the day after, and how much you lost in consequence?"

"It reduced me for the time to beggary!" cried Leach. "But for that cursed mischance I should now have been worth three hundred thousand dollars. Yet *you* surely had no hand in that?"

"There you are mistaken, sir; nobody else would have been willing to lose money to ruin you. I *was;* and I did *not* lose by that transaction, for I gained revenge—*some* revenge; but there's more to be gained yet, man!"

"Mr. Trenchard," rejoined Sandy, in honeyed accents, "we are both advanced in years; neither of us can expect to live a great while longer. You have done me a great deal of hurt. I myself, I confess it, have wronged you. Let us hold the score balanced; let us seek the pardon of Heaven, by pardoning each other; let us forget and forgive."

"Forget and forgive!" echoed Trenchard; "you do well to couple the terms. Sandy, Sandy, I could forgive were it possible to *forget;* but, treacherous villain! I have a MEMORY! I will follow you up to the last; no peace nor pardon shall you have! My revenge would be incomplete were you to die calmly. Scoundrel, hypocrite, perjured liar, viper, adder, most loathsome of reptiles, for ever I will hate you!"

"And d'ye think," said the other, speaking through his teeth, "that I cannot hate so? You have enjoyed your revenge; you shall taste mine. See who's the best at the game."

"Blood-sucking Leach! low-born and lower-lived rascal, I scorn and defy you!"

"Ha, ha! defy me, do you?"

"Yes, I do defy you. You have twice tried to kill me, once when I was sick, and last at night; but you can't succeed! How you chuckled when you were on the roof; your joy sounded in your voice. But, Alexander Leach, *I live!* Stingless scorpion, I live to trample you under my heel!"

"*You heard my voice, do you say?*" Leach cast a searching glance around to ascertain that no listeners were nigh. "You heard my voice. Now, what words did the voice say? What person was addressed? Was it a black man's name that was called? tell me that! Was it Jim's? Was it not that of some one nearer to you! was it not——"

"Hold!" cried Trenchard, in a voice of thunder; then he added, almost whispering, "I heard indeed too much. I mean, *dreamed* I heard it; for never could he who bears *that* name have joined in a vile, cowardly assassination. Impossible! it cannot be."

"You heard——"

"Alexander, hush! Say not that it was he, or I'll grind you to ashes!"

"Stephen Trenchard, you say I wronged you, and heap bitter names on me. You have an excellent memory for all this. Your wife, so beautiful, so beloved, died the first year of her marriage, killed by your cruelty—killed by her husband. Ha, ha, ha! And you say I was at the bottom of all this ridiculous notion, truly. Ha, ha! Why you don't remember, I suppose, how you had treated *me* before that? You had a sister, Alexander Leach, a poor man, of a poor family, wasn't good enough for her. No! you married her to Brewster Randolph; and what a fine youth has sprung from that happy marriage! A nice young man, in truth, who hangs up his own dear uncle, namesake too! Stephen chokes Stephen. Ha, ha!"

Colonel Trenchard, violently enraged, drew a knife and sprang, with almost the vigor of youth, at the breast of his enemy; but Leach, too wary not to foresee such consequence, stepped suddenly back, drew a pistol, and fired. Trenchard tottered forward, made a second vehement plunge with

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his weapon, but not reaching his mark, fell at full length, whilst the knife was buried to the handle in the hard clay.

Leach leaned over the wounded man, and said in a soft, hypocritical tone, "You are studying forgiveness now, I hope, sir. Don't scorn me, Mr. Trenchard, don't scorn me *now*; pray don't!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Trenchard, raising himself on one arm; "Villain! I abominate you—yes, I loathe, I scorn you still! I believe you have killed me, Leach." Here his eyes rolled in their sockets so dreadfully that even the hardened wretch before him was struck with affright. "I believe you have killed me. Hear my last words: I die; but if ever the dead revisit the earth, your bed, Alexander Leach, shall be sleepless." As the last word left his lips, he sank back; but he soon revived, and his countenance wore a less death-like expression.

Sandy Leach, who was stricken with horror so long as he believed he had expired, also recovered his faculties. "Yes, Trenchard," he hissed, "no son of mine should call you uncle, and now you have a nephew of other begetting, though of my *training*, to be sure; a handsome, gallant fellow, strong as Goliath too! Do you recollect how easily he doubled you up in that rope? Don't grumble and grieve now, my dear fellow; it was not Sandy Leach, but Stephen Randolph, that tried to murder you the night of the 15th of September."

"Traitor! scoundrel! what have you told? Would you betray me?" The speaker was Randolph, who, in seeking his boon companion, had stumbled on this scene and overheard Leach's last declaration. "I have told you," he added vehemently, "what to expect; take that!" He raised his arm in anger, and as Leach held up the pistol to ward off the blow, wrenched it from him, presented it, drew the trigger, and, the second barrel having been cocked in the struggle, discharged it into the owner's side. Leach fell to the earth with a groan. "Heaven save me!" exclaimed Randolph, shuddering; "I believe I am doubly a murderer."

A great throng of men now rushed in, drawn by some vague rumor of a fight, as well as by the pistol shots.

"There he is—Stephen Randolph—seize him!" cried Leach, with labored and broken utterance. "Seize him! he has slain—me—me—and—*Trenchard*."

Randolph's despairing words had been heard and partly misinterpreted, and the declaration of Alexander Leach, a person of popular character and well esteemed, appeared to fix the deepest guilt upon the unfortunate young man. It deserves to be remarked, too, that his conduct at the meeting with Middleton in the morning had excited much doubt, if not suspicion.

Jack Chapman, who happened to be foremost of the crowd, addressing his companions, said gruffly, "That business of the *boots* was never cleared up, was it? And to my certain knowledge, it was a lying charge that black *Jim* had any hand in the hanging——"

"Mind your own business, sir!" cried Randolph, striking him. But young Chapman, a stout, able-bodied man, was as hot-tempered as Randolph himself, and raising a cudgel, struck his powerful antagonist to the ground with a blow. Not content with this, when Randolph had got upon one knee, and in the struggle to rise had thrown over one of the most burly of his assailants, he rushed forward, knocked him a second time prostrate, and manifested his purpose to proceed to measures still more extreme. The mob around, excited to a pitch of fury, seconded him heartily, with violent gestures and imprecations against the "murderer."

It was at this moment that Francis Herbert entered. In the confusion, he noticed not the bloody forms of Leach and his guardian, but saw before him, stretched out and senseless, Stephen Randolph, about to be trampled upon, and perhaps slain. He rushed forward and placed his own person between the angry multitude and their proposed victim.

"Stand out of the way!" shouted Jack Chapman.

"I will not, to see a defenseless person murdered."

"Mr. Herbert, you endanger yourself to no purpose. Move away, sir," reiterated the other.

"Kick him out of the road! knock him down!" roared the crowd behind.

"Why are you standing for such as him, Jack?" said David Chapman, the father, endeavoring to push the new-comer aside; but the thrust was so vigorously returned, that the old man went down upon hands and knees.

At this the younger Chapman swung his



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club high above his shoulder, as if to decide the matter at once. To ward off a blow like that which had felled the Herculean Randolph, Herbert had only his umbrella. The crowd instantly ceased their various noise, and even Dave Chapman, who was again on his feet, held his breath to watch the descent of that fearful hickory staff. Jack himself caught the infectious pause, and said:

"Frank Herbert! I would not hurt you if I could help it; but do not stop the path any longer. That man is a murderer—the murderer of your guardian!"

"Of Mr. Trenchard? Good heavens! Where is he? But," added Herbert, firmly, "if Randolph were ten times a murderer, you have the law."

"Don't talk of law!" interrupted one in the centre of the crowd. "If we let him up now, he'll get off, and every body will be afraid to say any thing. He deserves it all; why shouldn't he have it? So hurrah, boys, let's clear the track! There, he's moving now; he'll be up; let's into him!"

The mob, excited afresh, pressed close together, and bore Chapman forward against the slight but undaunted champion of mercy.

"My friends!" said Herbert, in a firm, deep tone, "hear me one instant. You say this man has committed murder?"

"He has," answered many voices.

"Well, now, suppose that one of you had committed such a crime—and if you scout at the supposition, just consider how near you all are to it at this very moment! Suppose that this man, Randolph, who is now prostrate here, should be stricken with a mortal hurt, and that you, John Chapman, should be charged with murder for having slain him; what would you claim as your right? What, but a fair trial by an impanelled jury? My friends—gentlemen—I tell you, and your own hearts tell you, if you are only calm enough to listen, that he who takes away that breath which God alone can bestow, sins to the peril of his own soul, unless the Almighty himself gives the authority; and to none does God give it, but to those that execute the law. Let him be tried; and who, in that case, would constitute the jury? Some of yourselves; and are you afraid of your own quiet judgment? Or if not of yourselves, of other true Virginians, surely, who hate murder as much as ". He has killed Mr. Trenchard—did any body see him do it?" Herbert paused, but no reply broke the profound stillness. "*Is* Mr. Trenchard killed?"

"Ay," said the elder Chapman; "yonder he lies under that tree, shot bad enough to die, and Steve had the pistol in his hand when we came."

"Did no one, then, see Colonel Trenchard shot?"

"Yes, sir, I seed it from the stable window."

There was a simultaneous turning of heads in the direction of the speaker, who was no other than the black hostler of the tavern.

"I seed it all. Colonel Trenchard and Misser Leach fou't; and Marster Sandy shot the Colonel, and Marster Stephen shot Marster Sandy."

"Don't you lie, you black rascal!"

"It's no lie at all, Marster Jack, but fac' an' truth. I seed just what I tell, and nothin' more and nothin' shorter."

This account at once put a new face upon the matter; and though Randolph had recovered from the stun and regained his feet, no one felt inclined to molest him. The younger Chapman stepped up, extending his hand, and said in a frank tone, "Don't bear a grudge, Steve; you oughtn't to have struck me, you know."

But Randolph, without listening to the apology or taking note of any one, with a haughty air, turned his back upon the scene. Trenchard and Leach were severally removed to their homes; the former receiving the sedulous attentions of his ward.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Middleton could not be found, but several other physicians who were called into the mansion declared themselves unable to ascertain the precise situation of the ball. There was much reason to fear that it was lodged in the neighborhood of the lungs, in which case it could scarcely be hoped that Colonel Trenchard would survive twenty-four hours; yet at evening he seemed to suffer little pain, and was in the possession of his faculties. After remaining with him till a late hour and perceiving no change in his condition, the medical gentlemen administered an opiate and withdrew. Herbert and a friendly neighbor undertook to attend upon him till morning, arranging together that the latter should recline upon a pallet in an

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ning room, ready to give his assistance
n called upon by the other.
erbert sat by the bedside whilst his
dian slumbered uneasily for some hours.
ut two or three o'clock in the morning,
wounded man awoke and asked for water.
en he had emptied the tumbler which
nk brought him, he again lay in silence
without motion for a considerable space
ime, but not, as before, asleep.
"Frank," he said at length, "read me
ne chapters from the Bible."
The young man read several passages
m the epistles, the account of our Saviour's
cifixion, and two or three Psalms.
Trenchard listened with profound atten-
on, and when he paused, said: "Read me
at chapter which tells how we ought to
eat our enemies."
Herbert accordingly read the sermon on
e mount, and some other passages in the
ospels inculcating forgiveness of injuries.
"Frank," said Trenchard, when he had
nded, "you have studied a good deal; tell
ne, do you think the spirit ever visits the
arth after death?"
"I know not, sir. I have not, myself,
ever seen sufficient reason to believe that it
is so; yet without the declaration of Deity,
no man may presume positively to deny
it."
"Francis, I told Alexander Leach yester-
day that when I died I meant to haunt his
couch and break his slumbers. In my heart
I felt determined, if it were possible, to dog
his footsteps even by day, so that in the
thickest crowds a ghostly form should ever
be at his elbow. I purposed that every
night, though he might fence himself in the
innermost room of his house, and doubly
bolt the door,—I purposed that though
every other creature were asleep unmolested,
he should awake in horror and feel the
clutch of skeleton fingers upon his guilty
throat! Was not that a wicked thought to
think, and a wicked word to say? I may
die to-night, and I would not have a hea-
then's death. Yet, Frank, though I know I
have been a bitter foe to those who have
done me wrong, have I ever forsaken a
friend? Surely, villains like Leach are not
to be loved?"
"But, sir," replied the young watcher,
"do you not remember a sentence that I
read just now: 'If ye love them that love
you, what thank have ye?'"
ringing in my ears ever since you read
them."
"And then, Mr. Trenchard, our Saviour,
notwithstanding the infinite blessing of re-
demption he has purchased for us, gives us
no warrant so much as to *pray* for the for-
giveness of God in any higher degree than
we ourselves forgive those who have tres-
passed against us."
"Am I, then," said Trenchard with a sup-
pressed groan, "certainly a reprobate and
castaway, unless I pardon Leach?"
"Oh, sir, what am I that you ask me such
questions? The Bible is a common guide
for us all."
"Frank—Frank—but—it hurts me to talk."
"And you know, sir, the doctor forbade
your speaking."
"My head feels dull too, and my eyelids
heavy."
"This is probably the effect of the opiate,
sir."
"Well, Francis, listen to me; I want to
speak it out before I die. I forgive—yes,
I forgive him without reserve—from my
heart—Alexander Leach; and so may God
in his mercy forgive me!"
His head sank back upon the pillow from
which he had raised it to assist his labored
enunciation, and such a solemn stillness at
once pervaded the apartment, that Herbert
thought the spirit must have left its tene-
ment; yet when the young man bent over
him in deep anxiety, to catch, if possible,
the sound of breathing, Trenchard opened
his eyes for an instant, and said:
"I am not dead, Frank; not—yet."
Afterwards he dropped into a deep slum-
ber, which was not broken when the morning
rays fell upon his bed. Mr. Mercer and a
number of other friends stood or sat in dif-
ferent parts of the chamber. The physi-
cians were expected, but had not arrived.
His pulse was very full, and his respiration
difficult and attended with noise.
At length he awoke, coughing violently.
Suddenly there was a gush of blood from his
mouth, which streamed over his breast. All
were struck with consternation. One of the
physicians, who entered at the instant, de-
clared, as well by his countenance as by
words, that there was no hope, and that his
very moments were numbered.
Trenchard spoke with a countenance in-
deed ghastly and appalling, for an attendant,
in endeavoring to wipe away the blood fro[illegible]

face; he said, "I want somebody quickly to write my will."

"Lawyer Blapp passed along the road an instant ago," said Skinner, the overseer; "shall I send to overtake him?"

"Is there nobody else? I don't like Walter Blapp. Where is Selden?"

"He started over the mountain yesterday morning, sir."

"Well, time is precious; let me have Blapp: time is very precious—be quick!"

But a few moments elapsed before the lawyer entered the apartment, yet in that space Trenchard's strength had perceptibly diminished. He made a prodigious effort, however, after Blapp saluted him, and his utterance became much more distinct than it had been.

"Mr. Blapp, I see pen and paper have been set before you. I want you now to write my last will and testament: use as few words as will satisfy legal requirements. And look you, Walter Blapp! I charge you, as you would shun a dying man's curse, to put down my wishes as I tell them to you, and not to use hereafter any of the devilish craft of your profession to overthrow or misinterpret them. And you, gentlemen—my friends in the room here, Mercer and the rest of you—I beg all, as you ever felt regard for me, to mark every word I shall speak, and to testify to the same, if need be, in a court of justice, to the shame and confusion of the attorney who shall dare to betray the trust of the dead."

Another burst of blood followed this exertion, and he sank back exhausted. In a little while he again raised his head and supported himself on his right elbow.

It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Through the gore which disfigured every feature of his countenance, his eyes gleamed with a more than natural brightness, and Blapp shrank within himself at a look so steadfast and unearthly.

"I bequeath to my ward, Francis Herbert, the farm which I own on the Rappahannock, together with all the stock now upon it, and five thousand dollars in money."

There was a pause, while the lawyer's pen flew rapidly over the paper; but as he wrote, the soul-piercing glance of Trenchard was not for an instant removed.

"Next, I wish my servant Ichabod to have his liberty, and to be comfortably maintained so long [illegible]. All the residue of my property of every description, real and personal, and by whatsoever [illegible] any part of it may in law be [illegible] tinguished, the whole of it, after [illegible] ment of my just debts, I give and [illegible] without qualification or reserve, [illegible] *Charles Middleton*; feeling assured this way I am taking the best means vide for Lucy Montgomery and her the only child and the widow of my ed friend Frederick Montgomery."

"But, sir," suggested the lawyer, you altogether exclude your nephew"

"Not one cent do I leave to Randolph. I freely forgive all the he has committed against me, but cent shall he have from me. Write I have told you."

Blapp was a considerable time in and had finished nearly a page, w made a gesture of impatience; and "Pshaw! I have committed an error, menced on a new sheet.

At length, when he had finished t ment, which was after a lapse of tim denoted either a want of professiona ness or something worse, he, as well rest of the group, turned to the bed found Mr. Trenchard lying on his while the rigidity of his whole person ed to show that the debt of nature ha paid.

The physician felt his wrist and fou pulse very unequal, now sinking so l to be scarcely perceptible, and again bing vehemently. He remarked in a wi to the company, "He has not yet ex

"Oh, he must surely be dead," sai lawyer; "at any rate, it is useless to d him while in this state;" and he began ily to fold up the document he had engaged upon.

Trenchard, however, spoke in a slow, low tone, but distinctly: "I am—not—d Mercer, read me what he has written."

Mercer took the paper from the shak lawyer, and upon reading it, found it to press correctly, though in rather more wo than were necessary, what had been dictated. Trenchard seemed to listen, and s at the close, "I wish it to be added, that I desire John Mercer and Charles Middleto to act as my executors."

The attorney did as was requested, an the will was then laid upon the bed for th signature. Trenchard, after vainly endeavoring to clasp the pen in his hand as he

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-3, motioned to Herbert, for he was ›eechless, to support his back; then, ing the pen with his whole hand, he his name in large upright characters. e very time that he was writing, the ıders heard a gurgling sound in his t, and the instant that Herbert's arm elaxed, he sank back on the pillow.

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›out a week after Colonel Trenchard's -al, Dr. Middleton seized an opportunity ı Mrs. Montgomery left the parlor, dur- a call which he was making at the man- , to exchange a few words in private ı Lucy. He commenced abruptly:

My dear Miss Montgomery, it is now, -ou will remember, nearly a month since I openly avowed to you my affection. You lied to me with great and most consider- kindness, yet in such a way as to show arly that you were not then prepared to ›iprocate my attachment. Will you par- -n me for asking whether the time which ıs since elapsed has made any change -vorable to my happiness?" His voice, ›ry firm and distinct at the outset, faltered little at the close.

Lucy was embarrassed, and seemed to esitate for want of words, but her head nade the sign of negation.

"Can you then give me reason to hope hat a longer time may advantage my suit?"

"It grieves me indeed to utter what may give you pain; but truth compels me to say, that as time is not able to increase the high esteem I have for you, sir, time cannot cre- ate a deeper feeling."

This answer, though it evidently affected him profoundly, did not seem to be unex- pected, and he said: "I thank you, Lucy,— permit me to call you so now; and I would not that, feeling as you do, your answer should be otherwise. And am I not right in supposing that Francis Herbert has won that place in your heart which is closed to me?"

Lucy blushed, and he hastened to add: "Pardon me, and believe that I do not ask out of the enviousness of disappointment, or from an impertinent curiosity still more un- becoming. I hold Mr. Trenchard's proper- ty, as I understand his will, under a trust, for your benefit. It was you whom he de- signed to inherit his estate. He left it to my charge, thinking thus to secure it most certainly to you. Probably he supposed, erroneously, that we would some time have a common name and a common fortune; but this is no matter. Francis Herbert I believe worthy of you. He has fine tal- ents, and what is more valuable, principle, and has lately shown himself to possess that which alone seemed wanting to complete an admirable and noble character—firmness and self-reliance. In view of all this, I should be recreant to honor and duty were I to hesitate to make over this property, for which I am trustee, to you its rightful owner."

"Dr. Middleton, I entreat you to enter- tain no such thought. You yourself, did not your lofty generosity blind you, would be the first to see through the unsubstantial reasons you assign."

"No, Miss Montgomery, I am satisfied, and have never doubted as to the course I ought to pursue. I foresaw but too plainly, previous to this interview, what must prove its result, and have already taken the pre- liminary steps in the performance of that which the merest principles of justice im- peratively demand. In a few weeks Mr. Selden and I will have wound up the settle- ment of the estate, and then the whole shall be made over to you."

Nothing that could be urged by Lucy or her mother, or by Herbert, could move his determination, nor induce him to retain any portion of the property to which he had unexpectedly fallen heir.

Dr. Middleton has ever since been a fre- quent visitor and intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Herbert, and many persons, from this fact and some others, have inferred that he was never very deeply in love; yet it is certain that to this day he remains un- married. During his long and successful practice, he has accumulated a handsome fortune, with which it is not improbable that he means to provide for some member of the numerous family which must eventually break the Trenchard estate, great as it is, into comparatively small fragments.

Alexander Leach expired at the very mo- ment that the hearse which bore the body of Mr. Trenchard to the burial passed his door.

Stephen Randolph left the neighborhood immediately, and has never since been heard from, though it is probable, from his reck- less and unfortunate habits, that his career has long since been teminated.

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# ALBAN.*

THERE are few of our readers who cannot recollect "Lady Alice," Mr. Huntington's first-born, and the precursor of "Alban." Lady Alice came to us very well introduced. Mr. Huntington, with a sagacity that does infinite credit to his observation, published his novel in London, and our brother critics across the water reviewed it as a production of their own soil. American readers were therefore favorably inclined to the fair *débutante*, and behaved toward her in a manner every way most flattering to herself. In other words, supposing "Lady Alice" to be English, we were disposed to read it, and finding it superior to the general run of novels in point of style and interest, we commented upon its excellences with a good deal of enthusiasm. Nor, when we discovered that we met its author every day in Broadway, did we retract any of our eulogiums. Lady Alice was really a very readable book, and uncommonly good for a first effort. Its occasional inflations of sentiment and fripperies of language were easily accounted for and excused. Its plot was not more improbable than that of very many a novel which the common voice of critics has made classic. Bulwer's first novels were much worse than Lady Alice, and Mr. James has written nothing so good in a dozen years. We were not of the number of those who apprehended danger from the theological or political opinions which Mr. Huntington advanced in his very fascinating book. And we think we had good reasons for our apathy. Novels have never yet revolutionized churches or governments, and whatever is advanced in them must be addressed rather to the sentiment than the reason; must influence but temporarily if it influence at all. Our satisfaction with Mr. Huntington was only lessened by a distrust in the purity of his motives. We saw no reason for many sentences and pages which we read in Lady Alice. They seemed not only uncalled for, but obtrusive. It appeared to us that Mr. Huntington had determined to make war on our notions of morality. In his descriptions of statues and paintings, and in his on art, he seemed to linger with cessary fondness on every point calc inflame a voluptuous imagination: think no sarcasm sufficiently sever as were of the opinion that modes might not always be synonymous w tive nakedness. No one so generou rious bed-chambers; of couches disp shrouded; of female toilets, to w deed, from first to last we were a of fleshly and prurient stories to w were assured we might listen witho since "to the pure all things ar And a more profuse and dangerou osity is manifested in Alban. Ind Huntington, in this his second wor plays a license which no respectable a would allow him to assume in conver and for which a precedent can only be in the very worst of foreign fiction his characters nothing seems unfit f and general remark. Upon the partic of revelations made by them we dar enlarge. They are too unnatural an revolting to be made subjects for our templation.

And it renders such narrations the monstrous that they are written, n George Sand or De Kock, but by a fessed moral teacher: one who was not since a clergyman, and was only debar from the Romish priesthood by his dome relations. Mr. Huntington gives us to u derstand that he is the sworn foe of all i purity, and that he writes with a view bettering the morals of the community Therefore, to make his readers better, gives them every facility for becoming mo corrupt. To inculcate purity, he remove all bounds to license. For the purpose showing us what it is to possess a clea heart and an unsullied imagination, he di courses to us of matters about which the worst of men talk only in whispers. This may be Mr. Huntington's method of indoctrinating us into perfect virtue, but our common sense declares it a very dangerous and unsuccessful

* Alban: A Tale of the New World. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

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. And in pursuing it, he reminds thing so much as of an adventurous kless guide, who should attempt to to a distant point through wilder- choked with briers, and through l defiles thickly set with pitfalls and when a straight and shorter road lay open to his choice.

he unsophisticated sentiments of this y, both in and out of the Church whose he advocates, instead of bettering, this pear to them as though Mr. Huntington ht it necessary to corrupt the morals e community in order to change their ! We think they can have no confi- e in the religious principles of one from n proceed such fruits. To many this re of the work will confirm the charge nst the sect he advocates, that the laxity norals of countries in which it has sway be attributed to the form of religion essed. And he will, therefore, no less ear to have insulted the sincere of the class than have given fresh cause of tility to the other.

But, leaving this most unpleasant part of subject, we proceed to our discussion of literary and artistic merits of the work. In one respect, Alban is a decided im- ovement on Lady Alice. The scene of e latter novel was laid abroad, in countries cessarily unfamiliar to most American aders, and amid associations in which we uld only feel a comparatively trifling in- erest. Its characters were chiefly high-born nd noble;—towering and brilliant peers of England, magnificent grandees of the south, aristocratic and gifted women,—the younger ons and minor personages nothing less than Nevilles and Cliffords. Before such an array of circumstance and condition our republican simplicity may well be pardoned for having been abashed. We were not to blame for not feeling at our ease in the society of titled patricians and coroneted premiers. It was a slight mistake to introduce us into such august company. And Mr. Huntington has done wisely in shifting his scenes and bringing his *dramatis personæ* from the clouds to the earth. As American readers, our veneration has been sufficiently taxed, and our patience amply exercised, by a distant and frigid acquaintance with the wearers of a foreign and aristocratic nomenclature—the Stanleys and Belmonts and De Courcys of every fashionable tale since a time beyond which no man's memory extends. We have become tired of people who are much too grand to be cordial, and whose conversation possesses scarcely sufficient value to compensate for the strain it imposes on our attention and obsequiousness. Most of us are satisfied that characters drawn from society about us are much more real and interesting than the representatives of a foreign and exclusive society of which we know very little, and whose concerns are in no way connected with our own. It requires much fine writing and lavish coloring to make such company agreeable; and even if the result is attained, and we confess ourselves interested in spite of our prejudices, it may be doubted after all if labor has not been uselessly expended. To use a homely phrase, "the game has not been worth the candle."

Alban, then, has the merit of being an American book. The hero is a descendant of an ancient and honorable New-England family, and the rest of the principal personages are either of a kindred stock, or of that race about whose patronymic appellations—De Groot, Brevoort, Stuyvesant—there exist so many associations of sturdy patriotism and genial citizenship. The scene of the story is divided about equally between New-York and New-Haven, and its interest is evolved from such unpretending materials as may be furnished by student life, theological discussion, and the every-day occurrences of American society.

Mr. Huntington's religious opinions constitute the prominent feature of his book. In fact, Alban may be regarded as the exposition of that change in his belief whose initiatory steps were plainly visible in the rhapsodies of Lady Alice. Alban Atherton, a young man of family and talent, enters Yale University a Protestant and Presbyterian. As his faculties become matured by education and years, he first inclines to doubt; then to negation; then to an acceptance of those ecclesiastical claims that fix the mind of the believer in unwavering confidence, while they remove from sight the primary occasions of religious distrust. In his successive transitions he is met by the rebukes and solicitations of parties from whom such friendly offices would naturally proceed; he is expostulated with by family and college authorities; he is encouraged in his progress toward the Romish Church by ecclesiastics and devotees. The various arguments em-

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ployed by these rival claimants for the guardianship of Alban's faith occupy no inconsiderable number of pages, are introduced into every variety of conversation, and are perhaps displayed in as fair a manner as the author's violent religious prejudices will allow. Mr. Huntington has not intended to be impartial in his summary of contending reasons and irreconcilable claims, and if he had meant ever so well, the colloquial form of argument is the worst he could have chosen. And the reader cannot help noticing how, throughout this book, the opponents of the author's religious creed are made to utter not only sentiments open to attack, but sentiments which no one possessing common sense can for a moment tolerate. On one side piles of false logic are heaped up for the express purpose of being battered down by the artillery of the other. And the points assailed are so weak, that in their easy overthrow we are tempted to overlook or over-estimate the quality of the ammunition by which they are destroyed. Controversalists have a vast advantage over militants in a more sanguinary warfare, in the power they possess of locating their opponents. Many a pusillanimous and unskilful captain would make short work with braver men, if he had the privilege of bringing them before his muskets in such quantities and with such a disposition of their ranks as were most satisfactory to himself. It is easy to destroy either an army of men or an array of opinions which you have set point-blank to your fire, and have incapacitated for resistance. "You see," said the painter to his shaggy guest, "that in this picture of the man bestriding the lion, I have represented the supremacy of our species over your own." "True," was the reply; "but give me the brush, and I will paint you the lion bestriding the man!"

Mr. Huntington's hero is converted by tedious and circuitous processes, and his final deliverance from error is attended with a good deal of restless and worldly ambition. But in his heroine he has given us his ideal of a beautiful and perfect change from Protestant error to the blissful and unmarred serenity enjoyed by the [illegible] of the Romish Church. In defiance [illegible] authority and adverse circums[illegible] De Gro[illegible] determines to becom[illegible] tholic; untimely hours and [illegible] season[illegible] attended at one time [illegible], at a[illegible]

other by a group of domestics met by chance in the street, without counsel at home and unacquainted with influential members of the Church, visits mass and waits with all humility and zeal upon the ministrations of an obscure missionary priest, in whose teachings she has discovered a spirit and a reality which she has never before witnessed. Her mental exercises are described with great minuteness. That part which consists of feeling and emotion is natural and not without attractiveness; that which is made up of reasoning and internal argument is not only unsatisfactory to us in accounting for her change of belief, but is so weak that we wonder how it could have seemed convincing to herself. From first to last, during her transition struggles, the externals of religion share her attention equally with its inward truth. The comparative baldness, the scanty vestments of one religion repel her, and she turns to another in which, besides all that the first possesses, she finds the invigorating aids of unusual and sacred raiments, august and mysterious ceremony, and a well-fortified claim to the most hidden secrets of all its devotees.

Such is the character of this book. It is a narrative of a peculiar religious experience, which may or may not have been originally passed through by the author, but which is evidently proposed to the admiration and the imitation of those who read it. The synonym attached to the title, "Alban," might have been "The Difficulties of Protestantism," or the book might have been entitled "Romanism made Easy;" and if a few pages of irrelevant matter had been omitted, and dialogue been substituted for narration, it might have appeared as a polemical pamphlet. And as a direct controversial treatise, we think it would have had much more influence. Its sentiments might have been more masculine, its attacks upon opponents more open and pointed; and above all, its opinions would have been invested with a sincerity and an authority which in their present dress, however much they may deserve, they cannot obtain.

[illegible] the risk of uttering a truism, we will [illegible] fiction is not a legitimate means by [illegible] argue or enforce doctrines. Fiction [illegible] properly be used to inculcate sen[illegible] to revive old and universally ad[illegible]th, but it manifestly parts with its

and loses its power when it attempts it over disputed propositions, and to en's opinions by what is at best indi- opinion speaking through suppositi- prepared *ex parte*, and with direct ice to a pre-determined conclusion. ne doubts the validity of conclusions sound and open logic evolves from but if I make my facts to suit my tablished opinions, my opponent very y doubts the correctness of whatever I in this manner offer for his acceptance. ı equal right I may demur at a propo- ı which has its base in my adversary's gination. What security can there be ogic, or even for fair discussion, where ər party in the argument enjoys an un- ted range among wild suppositions and ginary precedents, where the stature of may be magnified or dwarfed at plea- e, and where the only security against a version of such unwarranted privileges o be found in the candor of heated and ger disputants? What reason is there to ieve that as one or the other party shall ld the brush, the canvas shall not alter- tely display the most hideous monstrosi- s — pictures more unnatural than the ldest fancy, unaided by the stimulus of ssion, has ever been able to produce?

Mr. Cooper, it was universally acknow- dged, committed a great error in arguing pon the Anti-Rent question in his latest nd by no means his best novel, the "Ways f the Hour." And yet Mr. Cooper had a nuch better plea than Mr. Huntington's nost ardent admirer can interpose for the uthor of Alban. The Anti-Rent question s a local question, and comparatively un- important. It is a question about which the majority of readers care just enough to view its discussion with impartial interest. Out of its own limited region, it has created neither parties nor animosities. Many of the associations connected with it are romantic and impressive; and in a few years Anti-Rentism will become historical, and no longer unfit to become a medium of fiction. But the great moot between Protestantism and the Roman Church is neither local nor temporary. It cannot be argued hastily or superficially. Whenever agitated, it deserves candid and elaborate investigation. It is to be remembered that the issue between these religious institutions arrays one large portion of the civilized world against the other, and that the most ungovernable of all passions, and the deadliest of all animosities, have proceeded from the rashness or the dishonesty of religious partisans. Setting aside, therefore, the violence done to the laws of fiction by making the novel subservient to the ends of controversy, it is nothing short of absolute recklessness to tamper with this great dispute by means of the one-sided and hypothetical representations of fiction. If Mr. Huntington had written a novel to prove belief in the Divine Presence to be idolatry, or everlasting perdition a certain consequence of attending Mass, our judgment would have rendered the same verdict upon his efforts. We condemn the plan and purpose of Alban, not as a Protestant or a Catholic, but as a respecter of fair play, and as an admirer of none but legitimate fiction. It is not our duty to determine the comparative value of Mr. Huntington's anti-Protestant arguments. We do not intend to imitate the author of Alban in mingling religious controversy with pure literature. And when we have occasion to enter the field of theological polemics, we should wish for more tangible opposition than is to be found in the unwarranted propositions and slenderly drawn conclusions which seem to form the basis of Mr. Huntington's model creed.

The latter part of Alban is taken up by an episode quite in keeping with the discursive character of the work, in which the "Rapping Spirits" are brought very prominently before the reader, and made to give their unwilling testimony to the power of the Holy Church. Alban goes up from college to spend a few weeks in a lonely village in the north-eastern part of Connecticut, at the desire of the Faculty, who are somewhat disgusted with his abandonment of Protestantism. His temporary home is at Dr. Cone's, a worthy Congregational clergyman, and his acquaintance with the spirits begins immediately after his arrival.

"After tea, family prayers were attended in the same apartment. Alban, unwilling any longer to join, even in appearance, in Protestant worship, took the opportunity of the noise this general change of position occasioned, to escape into the room which the young girl had quitted. Seating himself by the parlor fire, he could listen to Dr. Cone's prayer.

"Suddenly, in the midst of it, while the good minister was praying, as our hero thought, with unusual earnestness for protection during the

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night, particularly from the malice of demons and the assaults of evil spirits, there was a scream in the kitchen, followed by a crash of porcelain and a heavy fall. Alban sprang to the open door; the tea things were half off the table; some broken cups and plates strewed the floor, and Mrs. Cone was endeavoring to save others which were just on the point of falling. Dr. Cone concluded his prayer rather abruptly, and the family sprang to their feet with a variety of exclamations.

"'I told you that you had come to a strange house, Mr. Atherton,' said Dr. Cone, passing his hand over his forehead, and drawing a deep sigh.

"'Oh, look what they have done in the parlor!' cried little Rosamond Fay; and Alban, turning, beheld, to his astonishment, all the heavy chairs in the room behind him piled one on another, nearly to the ceiling, the stool of the piano being perched on top of all.

"'Who are they?' Alban innocently demanded of the child.

"'The Spirits!'

"'My daughter!' said Mrs. Fay, reprovingly; for the little witch clapped her hands with glee.

"It seemed indeed that the devil was really in the house. The tea table was again lifted up at one end, sending some half-dozen more cups and plates upon the floor with a crash; the pretty Harriet, while picking them up, screamed, and cried out that some one pinched her; Bridget fell upon her knees, and began to call upon the Virgin and saints for help; and in the midst of all, a noise like some heavy body rolling down stairs was heard in the front entry or hall, the door leading from which into the parlor was suddenly burst open with violence, and Alban's trunk hurled into the room as if from a battering-ram. The hasp of the lock snapped with the violence of the concussion, the lid flew open, and with another turn the entire contents of the trunk, consisting of books and clothes, were scattered over the carpet. Alban flew out of the room, and up the stairs, but in a few minutes returned with an aspect of blank astonishment. He had found the outer door of the hall bolted on the inside, and every thing in the story above quiet and orderly as a sepulchre.

"The loud and deafening raps now recommenced below, and from several quarters at once, on the table, on the floor, the walls, the doors. Some were feebler than others, and they were repeated at longer or shorter intervals, and the family listened in silence. Dr. Cone and the females were pale, and even the children began to look frightened. The youngest boy sobbed, and having seized Alban's hand, held it with a convulsive force. Little Rosamond alone, although excited to the last degree, and clinging to her mother for protection, showed more curiosity than fear; and all at once she approached Alban and the little boy, who still grasped his hand, and whom our hero had taken upon his knee.

"'What is the matter with your clothes, Eddy!' she said. She touched the little fellow, but instantly drew back screaming, and ran away, covering her eyes with both hands.

"The boy's garments were cut in strips from head to foot." (Pp. 427–429.)

This reminds us of what is repor occurred in the Phelps family a But this is only a beginning. The more violent day by day, and make of poor Dr. Cone an object of mo able notoriety. An Episcopal clergy Soapstone, is invited to dispers come visitors by an exorcism mo and unfamiliar than simple praye erance. But the spirits show a tion for Episcopacy. The table Mr. Soapstone has deposited his upset in the midst of his exercise surplice catching fire from an o candle, he is nearly burned alive feat of the minister is signalized by roar which surpasses all previous the mischievous spirits. In the mi confusion, the family are startled by rival of a Catholic priest, whose carr just broken down before the door stranger is informed of the cause of turbance which meets his eyes, and at Mr. Soapstone's vain attempts to A conversation ensues, in which the spect of the spirits for the attempted cism is thus explained :—

"'My greatest difficulty in ascribing things to diabolical agency,' said Mr. Sa 'is the absence of apparent motive. Satan should *he* play such tricks? They are unw the prince of darkness.'

"'Well, I think there are several clear of his presence,' returned the clear-headed dent: 'a power above human; malice in e a restraint upon its exercise; and a p tendency of the whole in the long run to the Eternal Ruler by whom it is permitted.

"'Yet seems it not strange even to you, ton, that these infernal powers are permitt defy and insult our religion in any form, to a it by sacrilegious representations?'

"'Not stranger than that heretics are perm to travesty the priesthood, the sacrifice, and Sacrament of the Lord's Body, in their pr and perverted rites. Is it not enough,' said A warmly, 'that you impose your trumpery mira upon men, but you expect the very devils to ne the cheat! Earth, no doubt, has some respect solemn shams; Hell has none!'" (Pp. 468, 4

Mr. Soapstone having left the field, th priest commences his exorcism, having fir confessed Alban and given him the absolu tion of the Church. As might have been expected from Mr. Huntington's power t invest any one of his characters with as great influence over evil spirits as he sees fit, the disturbances are at once quelled, and the house is declared free from demoniac pres

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ɔnceforth and for ever. Such is the taken to prove the superior efficacy ·orite religious creed. The painter ıe brush, and we are allowed to look ır assent is demanded to the truth of held up to our eyes, when it would ɔen a very easy thing to paint pre- ıe reverse. A Catholic priest is rep- l as driving away a horde of evil from a persecuted mansion, where ant ministers have by the same mis- ıs agents been treated with the most d-of indignities. Very well, says some ɔpponent of the Church, I will write a in which a body of Catholic priests ɔe shamefully abused by a set of de- who shall instantly vanish away at ɔproach of a Protestant clergyman. It cult to believe that the author of "Al- intended this legend of the "rapping ;" for any thing else than a joke. As gument for his creed it is beneath no- ınd as a joke it labors under the diffi- of being obscure. We are surely not ɔted to believe it to be a fact. We are dubious as to the actual appearance of spirits any where, and we have never ·e heard of any recipe for driving them r. We must, therefore, until better in- ıed, hold Mr. Huntington guilty either very unreasonable argument or a very joke.

ɔut we have delayed sufficiently long on ɜe features of "Alban" which present ınselves in the most prominent and the ɜt unsatisfactory light to the reader. We uld not have done our duty in quitting book without remarking that it has many ɜitive and distinguishing excellences, ong which may be noticed a graceful le, a happy facility of description, and a althy nationality of sentiment. Mr. Hunt- gton allows himself to regard certain things thout foreclosed judgment, and in an un- ıckneyed vein of feeling. Many of his pic- res of American in-door life are charming ıd true, and they are none the less charming ɔcause very few of our writers have ventured think an American fireside worthy of being ıithfully studied and honestly described. ımong his young lady characters are genu- ıe American girls, such as most of us know ınd like. We do not turn from them, some- ıow, as we have been accustomed to turn rom the general run of young ladies in ıovels. They act and talk naturally, except when they are discussing theology. And we can forgive the author of a novel who is unable to make the conversation of his female characters sustain the unaccustomed weight of theological disquisition. The vehicle is unequal to the load. To make the vehicle stronger is to transform it into that for which it was never intended; to lighten the load is to divest it of all that is valuable. It were best for any writer to avoid placing himself in such a dilemma.

The profession of literature has been touched upon in most of our recent fictions of note. What Mr. Huntington says about authorship in Alban may have been said before; but his remarks are well put, and we make no apology for quoting them:—

"'Letters,' resumed Mr. De Groot, after a long glance around his endless book-shelves, 'are a pursuit that surpasses every other in enjoyment, and nearly every other in dignity. We must have our own literary men. We can't afford to let other nations write our books for us. That were worse than the policy which would hire them to fight our battles. There is a thought and there is a sentiment which belongs to *us*, and which we are in a manner bound to elicit. But—I am sorry to interpose so many *buts*, young sir—you are to consider that you must live. You cannot live by literature. It is difficult any where, but in this country it is impossible. As pride distinguishes the Spaniard, revenge the Italian, lust the Saxon, and sanguinary violence (they say) the Celt, so pecuniary injustice is our national trait. We steal the author's right in every book we publish, native or foreign. Now, Atherton, you can't live by a craft where people hold themselves at liberty to *steal* what you have produced.'

"'You are very kind, sir, to give me all this advice,' said Atherton.

"'We are a rich people,' pursued Mr. De Groot. 'A virgin soil, the untouched mould of centuries, yields us—fortunate proprietors—its overflowing returns, and yet we are mean enough to be willing to enjoy the fruit of others' labor without paying for it. And who are those others? Our brethren, whom nature, distributing the faculties and inspiring the tendencies of men according to a law not to be violated with impunity, has compelled to construct out of meditation and passion, through the divine art of language, our mental habitations, and whom we are not ashamed to compel to find straw as well as brick, and to rob of their just wages. It is a thief's mistake to suppose that we derive any benefit, except of the most temporary and illusive kind, from the cheapness of our pirated literature. No doubt we have a selfish pleasure in getting something for nothing, but it is a pleasure which pollutes and degrades. We are such a reading people, forsooth! Yes, it is one of our vices; for the endless reading of cheap books is a vice. I am an old Knickerbocker, a plain Dutchman—not sharp, perhaps, but honest; and I detest excuse me, Atherton) these Yankee notions

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of property. I thank Heaven I am pure in this matter. I can look round these walls without a reproving conscience. There is not an American reprint in my whole library. No poor devil of an author, starving in a garret while I weep over his pathos or smile at his wit, curses me over my shoulder with his spectre face.'" (Pp. 214, 215.)

When Mr. Huntington shall have completed the sequel to Alban, and packed it away on the shelf with Lady Alice, labelled "Youthful Follies, No. II.," we hope that he will sit down in earnest to write a fiction on correct principles, and with a design of making his reputation something more than an ephemeral notoriety. We can conceive of no reason why he should continue longer to devote, or rather to misapply, his talents to the absurd project of making proselytes to a religious creed by writing theological novels. We regret to see any man committing injuries where he might confer benefits. It pains us almost as much to see a man injuring himself, when, by a different course of action, and with no more labor, he might command respect and honor. It is no light praise to Mr. Huntington to say that his works are readable in spite of their crying faults. But this should not satisfy a man of wholesome ambition, and we trust it will not satisfy Mr. Huntington. If he wilfully throws away his chance of becoming eminent, we shall none the less believe that he might have risen if he would. If he shall hereafter write novels inferior to Alban, his ill success will only proceed from following his own unhappy precedents.

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## SOME SHAKSPEARIAN AND SPENSERIAN MSS.

[We have had placed in our hands the manuscripts of an eminent antiquary and scholar, from which the papers which will follow under this head have been selected. They will be found extremely interesting and able. The first of these, on Shakspeare, we offer no apology for, as the theme seems almost as inexhaustible as that of nature itself; and therefore every discussion of it from a profound or original mind is eagerly welcomed by all readers who

"Speak the tongue that Shakspeare spake."

An entirely new fact, we think, will be found to have been brought to light in the personal and mental history of the great bard, by the research of our author; and that much has been contributed towards an understanding of the *acquirements* and *training* of that great intelligence.]

It may have been said before—but, if not, we do not scruple to say it now—that of all classes of books professing to deal with truth, the biographical is least trustworthy. The generality are written with a bias. If hostile, we need not anticipate the result: there is little too bad to be set down of the victim; if friendly, nothing too good to be reported of the hero: his virtues are paraded and magnified, and his infirmities (for absolute vices he has none) become at the worst splendid errors—the mere exuberance of genius—the evidence of that moral *myth* which teaches that

"The light which leads astray
Is light from heaven."

If there be not many exceptio
we are not aware of many-

least a single and almost unaccountable one, which sets all reason at defiance and stands out in relief, *unum instar omnium*. No contemporary wrote the life of William Shakspeare. About a century after his death, "a poor player,"* enthusiastically admiring his genius, collected all the surviving traditions of the poet he could find at the place of his birth and burial; and these were with little examination or care compiled by the earliest of his modern editors,† into "Some Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. William Shakspeare." That essay, brief, unpretending and uncertain as it is, recorded no traits of singular moral virtue, but it left no impression of signal moral failures in the life of its The character of the poet

† Rowe.

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heralds* as "a gentleman of worship." But we cannot sum up this part of our subject more briefly than in the words of a recent essayist, who observes:—

"Shakspeare was of gentle birth on both sides of the house. His father, though engaged in trade, had hereditary claims to the rank of a gentleman and to coat-armor; at least from the reign of Henry VII., by whom, 'in reward of faithful and approved service,' there were conferred on his ancestor 'lands and tenements in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit.' He had himself filled the office of high bailiff—equivalent to that of mayor or sovereign—in the corporation of Stratford, was a justice of the peace, and at that time in prosperous circumstances. On the other, and (as some physiologists maintain) the better side, the birth of our poet was distinguished. His mother was the heiress of Robert Arden of Wilnecote, a branch of one of the most ancient and most illustrious of the Warwickshire aristocracy. The head of the elder branch of this family, at the time when Leicester was at his pitch of pride and glory, looked down upon the Dudleys as 'upstarts,' and 'disdained to wear the Earl's livery, which many in that county of his rank thought in those days no small honor to them.' That the family of Shakspeare (himself inclusive) were not indifferent to the distinction of rank, is evident from their having thrice taken out their patent of arms at the College of Heralds; and on the last occasion, particularly, having the arms of Arden impaled with those of Shakspeare."

"I cannot imagine," adds the author in a note, "why Malone should gratuitously labor to depreciate the Shakspeares, and transfer to the Ardens the foregoing [heraldic] description of their original settlement in Warwickshire. The words 'some descents' imply *a few*, and are quite consistent with a line of ancestry which claimed an origin no more remote than the reign of Henry VII.; but surely they are not the terms in which heralds would speak of a family deriving its origin from *Turchill de Arden*, in the reign of William the Conqueror, and which could at that time show an unbroken descent of *eighteen* generations, holding extensive property in the woodlands of Warwickshire, from whence they derived their name, and maintaining the family dignity by intermarriages with the best blood in that and the neighboring counties."

To the moralist it may be a matter of indifference from what family a man may be sprung: high birth cannot add to his merits, nor low detract from his greatness. But to those who would trace the development of such a mind as Shakspeare's,—who would account, without a miracle, for the dignity and propriety of thought and language which pervade his works, the discrimination of manners and sentiments which marks all the gradations of life in his characters, from the prince to the tinker, from the drab to the princess,—it is a matter of much importance to know whether he had in early life the opportunity of habitual observation and study in the manners and principles of well-bred and well-educated society; or whether, in the subsequent course of his life,—and such a life, be it remembered, as that of a "poor player,"—he had to pick up casually the dignified manners, the courtly language, and the refined sentiments of classes of men with whom in the early and pliant season of acquiring knowledge he had not and could not, from the meanness of his station, have had the slightest familiar intercourse. His kings and queens and nobles, his gentlemen and (particularly) his ladies, are models of the manners appropriate to their conditions, dignified in their behavior, refined and elegant in their modes of expression, and—according to the politeness of the age in which he lived—polite and accomplished. Nor does there appear to be any labor or art in the production of those effects. They seem to flow from his pen spontaneously, with all the familiarity of habit, and all the unconscious ease of natural and inherent right. Such a style of thought and expression was not the result of vulgar training; could not be acquired among low-bred, ignorant, or common-place people, the tutors of his infancy and the associates of his youth; not in the stores of the wool-stapler, the slaughter-house of the butcher, the shop of the glover, at the desk of the scrivener, or on the stand of the horse-boy. We are therefore compelled to look for their origin and growth in the station and circumstances in which they are generated; and finding that Shakspeare had to his father a gentleman in easy though not affluent circumstances, and to his mother a lady of high and ancient family, we gladly resort to his breeding under such parents to account for his manners as displayed in his works, rather than solve the difficulty which would otherwise remain by having recourse to a miracle. He who put into the mouth of the fallen statesman the dignified rebuke of, "I blush to see a nobleman lack manners," was doubtless himself a gentleman in thought, language, and habits. How Shakspeare became possessed of such qualities is traceable to his birth and family connections.

* Patent of arms impaling those of Arden and Shakspeare together.

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and it is satisfactory that we are able to find in the circumstances of his parentage a natural and a rational account of his acquisition of them.

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## CHAPTER II.

### HIS SCHOOL-BOY DAYS AND EDUCATION.

Of the education of our poet, the low condition assigned to his parents, and the poverty into which they are gratuitously supposed to have fallen,* have confirmed the prejudices raised by Rowe's account of it, and not corrected by the research of any subsequent biographer. "His father," says Rowe, "had so large a family, that, though he (William) was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free school, where, it is probable, he received what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, prevented his further proficiency in that language." From this statement we find little or no dissent among the biographers; and coupled with Ben Jonson's sneer at his friend's "little Latin and less Greek," it has led to the twofold conclusion that our young poet's elementary education was unusually brief and imperfect, and that he was withdrawn from school to follow some mercantile or mechanic pursuit: Rowe says, that of a wool-stapler; Aubrey, that of a butcher; and Malone believed that on leaving school he was placed in the office of some country attorney, or seneschal of some manor court, whence he emerged to the dignity of schoolmaster to a class of scriveners' clerks.

These derogatory conclusions are founded on nothing more reasonable than the argument drawn from a present state of things to a past condition, and the assumption that all the circumstances and consequences are, or ought to be, the same. His father, forsooth, could do no better for him than send him to *a free school!* Why, what better could he do for him? That school was doubtless the grammar-school of Stratford, founded in the reign of Edward IV., and again chartered and endowed by Edward VI. Like other

* For ample confutation of which, see Knight's Biography of Shakspeare.

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* Knight's Will
p. 45.

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Whether young Shakspeare did so or not, and to what profession he most probably devoted himself, or was devoted by his parents, shall be the subject of the following chapter.

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## CHAPTER III.

### HIS YOUTH AND PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION—THE UNIVERSITIES—THE INNS OF COURT.

DIVIDING the life of Shakspeare into three periods, his boyhood, his youthhood, and his manhood, we have of the first and the last sufficient general information. His boyhood was shared between the nursery and the grammar-school, his manhood employed in his dramatic pursuits, &c.; but his youth—the period intervening between his withdrawal from school and his connection with the stage—forms an interval of which we know nothing but his marriage, and which is otherwise filled up with nothing (if we except his *escapades* in Sir Thomas Lucy's deer-park) beyond the most unsatisfactory and burlesque conjectures. And yet this is the period—ranging from his fourteenth to his one-and-twentieth year—to which we are to look for the laying down of that vast foundation of learning and knowledge and wisdom on which his boundless and imperishable fame is built. Filled up it is indeed, but with nothing except rubbish, not one particle of which could ever nourish his intellectual growth, or tend to the formation of a great poet. Rowe is, on this occasion, the biographical bell-wether, and he is followed implicitly by the whole flock. His traditions (in many instances now well known to be false) told him that Master John Shakspeare could give his eldest son no better education than his own employment, and our embryo poet thenceforth becomes, in the hands of his biographers, by turns a wool-stapler, a butcher's boy, a glover's 'prentice, a scrivener's clerk, a teacher of young scriveners; and, the series being diversified by the episodes of an improvident marriage and an unlucky adventure in poaching, the young candidate for poetical immortality is finally qualified for his vocation by graduating as a master horse-boy at the doors of a theatre! F… our own poor parts, we could not cone… …t such an amount of general know… …learning as his works exhibit—a… an extent which no poet, no man, whose knowledge and learning are embodied in books, ever transcended—was the result of intuition, or even of casual, interrupted, and immethodical reading. Neither can we be persuaded that a taste so correct, a judgment so perfectly judicious, and a skill so profoundly artistic, grew up of themselves, without the guidance and modification which (what is called) a regular education affords. We therefore cannot help thinking that Shakspeare had the advantage of a regular education; and that in one or other of the great seats of learning—or perhaps in more than one—he devoted himself to study, and laid down the foundation at least of his subsequent acquisitions, and learned the methods of using them and his wondrous intellectual faculties to his immediate profit and his permanent glory. Nor do we rely for this conclusion on the arguments *à priori*, or *ab interno;* nor do we write upon unsupported conjecture. We have before us evidence which, hitherto, through the prepossessions and inadvertence of the biographers, misunderstood or overlooked, is quite sufficient to establish the opinion; and upon its testimony we are bold to assert that, at one or other (or perhaps more than one) of the great seats of learning, as they were then esteemed, viz., Oxford, Cambridge and the Inns of Court,* William Shakspeare was for some time a student; and that *that* time was the interval between his removal from the grammar-school and his final devotion to the stage.

In 1595 was published, by an anonymous hand, a tract entitled *Polimanteia.*† "Some researches," says the British Bibliographer, "have been made to ascertain the author's

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* The Inns of Court in our author's time bore (and we believe deservedly) a much higher rank as seats of learning than at present, and were accounted as the several colleges of a Law University. "All these Inns of Court and Chancery," says Sir Edward Coke, "do make the most famous university for the profession of law only, or of any one human science, that is in the world, and advanceth itself above all others, quantum inter viburna cupressus."—*Coke, Pref. to 8 Report.*

† *Polimanteia,* or the Meanes, lawful and unlawful, to iudge of the Fall of a Common Wealth, against the friuolous and foolish coniectures of this age. Whereunto is added, A Letter from England to her three Daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Innes Court, and to all the rest of her Inhabitants, &c. Printed by Iohn Legate, Printer to the Vniuersitie… 1595.

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but without success. He was evi- a man of learning, and well acquainted e works of contemporary writers, both and domestic."* This little work is ıtly quoted by Oldys in his MS. notes ngbaine; a copy of it was possessed . Farmer; and since 1810, when the ial portion of it was reprinted in the h Bibliographer, might have been in ands even of Malone and all the more t biographers: but the only use hither- ade of it is to ascertain that, two years ır than the publication of Meres's *Palla- Tamia*, the name of Shakspeare is re- ed in print as a distinguished poet. It vided into three parts; the first treating he subtilties and unlawfulness of Divina- ; the second being an address from Eng- l to her three daughters, [the Universi- , to wit, of] *Cambridge, Oxford and the ıs of Court;* and the third, another ad- ss of England to all her inhabitants gen- ılly.

It is with the second part alone that we ve to do; and as it is printed at large in e British Bibliographer, the evidence on nich we rely is accessible to every reader. is, in fact, the self-gratulation of England ı the glory she derives from her three reat seats of learning; and a compliment ɔ them, in turn, on the honor reflected ıpon them from the renown of their re- pective *alumni*. "For if I, (iustly fortu- ıate,)" quoth she, "haue high cause to com- mend you, and Europe, for your sake, hath greater cause to commend mee; then may not I lawfully, with a mother's loue, shew the affection of a grandmother, to commend *your children?*" From the phraseology of this passage it is evident that the author's int ɔntion, in this part of his essay, was to restrict his eulogy to the students of those respective seats of learning, and that whoso- ever he commends in the sequel is to be un- derstood as having received his education at one or more of them. In the body of the text, accordingly, but much more frequently in the margin, he enumerates a considera- ble number of the most popular contempo- rary writers, not assigning them always to their respective schools, but sharing their honors for the most part amongst them. In this remarkable catalogue are enrolled, either in the text or the margin indifferent- ly, the names of Sidney, Spenser, Rainoldes, Harvey, Nashe, Campion, Fraunce, Britton, Percy, Willobie, Lodge, Drayton, Plat, Kid, Daniel, Watson, Alabaster Davis, of L. I., (Sir John Davis, of Lincoln's Inn,) Sir Chris- topher Hatton, Robert, Earl of Essex, Fer- dinando, Earl of Derbie, &c., all of them poets contemporary with the author, and whom we know from other sources to have been students of one or other of the cele- brated seats of learning. Amongst this brilliant inventory of England's learned jewels, with a reference also to the *poetical* (as distinguished from the *dramatic*) works for which he was then famous, is to be found in the margin, inserted opposite to those of Spenser and Daniel, the name of William Shakspeare, in the following manner:—

| TEXT. | MARGIN. |
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| . . . "let other countries (sweet *Cambridge*) enuie (yet admire) my *Virgil*, thy Petrarch, deuine *Spenser*. And vnlesse I erre, (a thing easie in such simplicitie,) deluded by dearlie beloved Delia and fortunatelie for- tunate *Cleopatra; Oxford*, thou maist extoll thy courte-deare verse-happie *Daniell*, whose sweet refined muse, in contracted shape," &c., &c. | "All praise worthie *Lu- cretia*, sweet Shakspeare, eloquent Ga- uueston, wan- ton Adonis." |

It would be singular indeed if, of all the living and recently deceased poets thus specified as of the Universities or Inns of Court, Shakspeare's name were to occur, and to be the only exception from the qualifica- tion of a regular education which the author is commending. We therefore conclude, on the authority of this record, that of one or other (or perhaps more) of those celebrated seats of learning William Shakspeare had been a student.

It may, perhaps, be objected that our poet found his way into the catalogue as coming under the address, (loosely given on the title- page, and even at the head of part the sec- ond,) "and to all the rest of her (England's) inhabitants." But there is nothing in the objection. The second part of the *Polimanteia* is addressed exclusively to the Universi- ties and the Inns of Court; and the third, which is kept by the author quite distinct, "to the rest of her inhabitants" in general. If then we confound the enumeration of par- ticulars with the general title, we confound matters which, having no relation to each other, the author studiously keeps apart and repeatedly distinguishes. In a passage already quoted, England informs her *three*

* Brit. Bibl., ii. 274.

*daughters* that, in her address to them, she will merely "show the affection of a grandmother in commending *their* children." Here is a complete limitation fixed, and it is further confirmed by the contempt with which he treats all pretensions to literary renown outside the pale of the three great schools. All poets but theirs are, in her estimate, "bald balladers," whom she calls upon those seats of the muses to aid her in denouncing. "Take their course," quoth she, "to canonize *your own* writers, that not euery bald ballader, to the preiudice of arte, may passe currant with a poet's name; but that *they onlie* may bee reputed honourable by that tearme, that shall liue priuiledged under your pennes;" dissuading them, at the same time, from "the fault of the common people, the cruel mislike of their owne, and the intolerable flatterie of straungers' wits." Those externs of the courts of learning (if we may call them so) are, in the author's estimation, "base grocers," whom he "charges upon pain of learninge's curse, not to handle a leafe of his." They are the *profanum vulgus*, whom he dismisses with a contumelious "Procul hinc, procul ite, profani;" and having once more called on the favored semiuaries to "canonize their own children in learninge's catalogue," he abruptly concludes the second part with saying, "But heere (children) I must ende with *you*, and speake to the *rest of my wise inhabitants*;" after which he proceeds with part the third.

From all this it is impossible to imagine that Shakspeare's name could have crept into this catalogue of learning's worthies, had he not been known to the zealous and fastidious author as a student at one of the seats of the arts and sciences. Indeed, the idea that he might be included as one of the *other* inhabitants of England is, against such testimony, absurd and untenable.

It thus appears as certain as the evidence of a learned contemporary, writing expressly on the subject, can make it, that at one of the Universities or at one of the Inns of Court William Shakspeare was for some time a student; and the question, At which of them? irresistibly suggests itself. Beyond the general fact, however, we have, in our present state of information, no positive or written testimony; and whatever further conclusions we may arrive at must rest upon conjecture and inference. But these are no illegitimate instruments of discovery, so long as the inference flows naturally fr known facts it connects itself with, conjecture is restrained within the li the nearest probability. The convict bring to the mind, according to the may be compared to that of circum evidence in a court of justice; which and clearly connected with the case is frequently as conclusive on the of judge and jury as evidence th direct and positive. The question be is interesting enough to justify an a to approach the more speculative tru if, guiding our course by the lights, h faint, which still flicker in the distan steering by the land-marks which, h dilapidated, are still to be found, we a at a high degree of probability, we sha done some service to the world of l and perhaps succeed in establishing rational account of the progress th which the intellect of the great po gradually developed, strengthened an tured for its glorious career.

Combining then the general fact academic or legal education above estab with the internal evidence of his profes vocation, furnished profusely through his works, we do not scruple to ave entire persuasion that, with a view to q himself for the practice of the law, W Shakspeare was, for some time at le student at one of the Inns of Court. It Malone, we believe, who first noticed profusion and technical accuracy of phraseolgy which pervades all the work poems as well as plays—of our great dram tist. He produced a considerable muste such passages, (a muster which might easily swelled to any amount of cumulat evidence necessary to produce conviction and coupling this with the fact that, so ea as 1589, the authorship of Hamlet had be assigned by Thomas Nash to a person wh dealt in "the trade of *Noverint*," he ver judiciously concluded that, in some way other, the youth of our poet had been spen in part at least, in the study of the law. Had he not been misled by his prepossession respecting the poverty of the poet's family, he would not have fixed his interpretation of the by-name *Noverint* on the lowest branch of the legal profession to which it was applicable—that of a scrivener; for he hardly could have been ignorant that, in the slang dialect of the time, usurers, attorneys,

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ers, and, in fact, every person connected the legal transfer of money, on bonds eeds beginning with the technical form ‘ *Noverint* universi per has presentes,” e so designated; and perhaps he would e found in Shakspeare's application of language something above the mere chanical skill of an attorney's clerk. ;ain, had he been acquainted with and derstood the true import of the passage the *Polimanteia* on which we rely, he ›uld, if actuated by the entire candor which comes a biographer, have coupled Shakeare, the young *Noverint* of Nash's essay, ith Shakspeare, the (probable) law student the *Polimanteia;* and knowing that in ›ose days neither scriveners nor attorneys :udied their professions in the Inns of Court, .e would have concluded, in harmony with ›ur view, that both the *sobriquet* of the atirist and the technical language of the ›oet himself indicated his vocation to be that ›f a barrister.

Another and an analogous series of internal evidence in the works of our poet leads to the same conclusion that his professional studies were legal. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* remarks upon the works of Sir Walter Scott, how strongly that eminent genius was determined in the choice and structure of his fables, &c., by his professional pursuits; and he illustrates his opinion by numerous instances in which the development of the tale depends on the construction of a legal document. We know not that the observation has occurred to others; but to us it has always appeared that, amongst the many points of similarity between these distinguished poets, a coincidence in this respect is one of the most signal. Shakspeare seems to have delighted in the exercise or exhibition of his legal acquirements, his acuteness, his skill, his forensic eloquence as a pleader. He has, in truth, brought the practice of the superior courts of law, and the usages of the minor departments in the administration of justice, more frequently and fully upon the stage than any dramatic poet, or even any writer of fiction, with whose works we are at all acquainted; and if he has not always assigned those scenes to the formal tribunals and places with which they are now associated in the dispatch of public business, he has given them the nearest resemblance of which the dramatic form is capable, and only set such limits to their full development as the necessity of the drama requires. In many instances, however, he has given us the scene and court of justice with all its formalities. Thus, in the Merchant of Venice, we have the trial of Antonio conducted in open court, under the presidency of the Duke; in Henry VIII. the trial of the validity of Henry's marriage with Queen Catharine, held in the Consistory Court, before the cardinal-judges. In the Winter's Tale, Hermione is tried on a charge of adultery at a solemn “session” of a court of justice. In Measure for Measure, we have a formal trial for seduction before the Lord Deputy, in which himself is judge and criminal, held at the city gates. In the Comedy of Errors, the trial of Ægeon for a breach of maritime law is held, and proceeds to the verge of execution, before the Duke in the public forum. In Richard II., we have the trial and pardon of Aumerle for high treason, and a formal trial in the lists by single combat; with another example of which (for the common people) we are favored in the Second Part of Henry VI. In this play also will be found a hall of justice, in which judicial sentence is passed on the Duchess of Gloucester and her accomplices, for the crime of witchcraft. In Henry VIII., (besides Queen Catharine's trial,) we have the legal arrest of Buckingham on a charge of high treason; the preliminary examination of witnesses; a report of his trial, and all the formal preparations for his execution, together with his dying declaration. In Henry V., the trial before the Privy Council of the Lords Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, for high treason, with their confession and sentence. In Coriolanus, we have the public trial of the haughty patrician before the tribunes of the people. In All's Well that Ends Well, a mock court-martial and the adjudication of an appeal to the King upon the marital rights of Helena. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, an appeal to the Duke, with his decision, on the parental right in the marriage of children. In Othello, the same before the Duke in Senate on the clandestine marriage of Desdemona. In King John, an appeal to the King, promoted by the high sheriff, on the rights of primogeniture and inheritance; the law of legitimate succession is also discussed in the case of Prince Arthur. In

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sanque law. Need we add the minor and satirical and humorous cases of a threatened appeal to the star-chamber, (the proper tribunal,) on a case of poaching, settled by arbitration; and the prevention of a duel by the magistrate, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; the law of city watch and ward, together with the ludicrous investigations before the watch and the magistrate, in Measure for Measure, and Much Ado about Nothing; the quasi case *de lunatico inquirendo*, in Twelfth Night; the "crowner's quest" law as laid down by the grave-diggers and mitigated by the priest in Hamlet; the two more serious instances of it in Romeo and Juliet, on the death of Mercutio and the lover; the arrest and trial of highway robbers; arrest for debt, and imprisonment of riotous livers in the two parts of Henry IV.? We shall only observe in closing this catalogue that, in the non-fulfilment of the will of Sir Rowland de Bois, originates the adventure on which the fable rolls; and that the whole story of Measure for Measure is founded on a revival of obsolete statutes. The discussion on the validity of oaths and vows also in Love's Labor's Lost, has a striking analogy with the *mootings* of technical difficulties which formed the exercise and the amusement of the students of law in the various Inns of Court, or still more resembling a playful but perfect specimen of the art of special pleading at the bar.

What then is the legitimate conclusion from the premises before us? Let us sum up the process.

1. The author of the *Polimanteia* gives us reason to be assured that the author of Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, was a student of either of the Universities, or of one of the Inns of Court.

2. Thomas Nash, in the address prefixed to Robert Greene's Arcadia, (and the statement has thus the sanction of both,) informs us that the author of Hamlet was a person who had been engaged in "the trade of *Noverint*," that is to say, of a lawyer.

3. It is a mere gratuitous assumption of modern critics and commentators to say that there ever existed, p[illegible]ly to that of Shakspeare, a play o[illegible]

4. Shakspeare is [illegible]xpressly r[illegible] ied in the *Poli*[illegible] author [illegible] two poems the[illegible] and as [illegible]

figured by Nash as the author of Hamlet, and as a law student, if not actually a lawyer.

5. But besides the two poems referred to in the *Polimanteia*, and a volume of sonnets and some miscellaneous pieces, Shakspeare was the author of several dramatic works, as well as the Hamlet alluded to by Nash; and all his poetical as well as his dramatic works abound in the technical language of the law, and in the forms and proceedings of the superior and minor courts of justice, to a very surprising extent; and this language and those forms are all used with such a familiarity of tone, applied with such an unerring correctness of meaning, and managed with such consummate skill, that it is quite inconceivable how the author of them could have attained such a perfection of knowledge in their peculiar phraseology, or such a decided bias towards such a line of *argument*, (we use the word in its critical sense,) whether in the main subject of his fictions, or in the episodes by which he conducts and enlivens their progress, had he not made himself acquainted with the language by study, and been (unconsciously perhaps) led by professional bias in the selection of his materials.

If then the premises be true, if they be admissible, we can come to no other just conclusion on them than that, amongst the great schools of learning, the gates of which have been opened for his admission by the tract before us, a school of law is one of which Shakspeare was undoubtedly a student.

But this is not the whole of what may be fairly deduced from the statement of the *Polimanteia*. Shakspeare may, according to the text, have frequented more than one of those schools of learning. He may have been a member of one or both of the Universities, consistently with the letter and spirit of the tract, and with the usual habits of the age. The Universities were then, even more than now, the preparatory schools of law and medicine; and with special application to the Inns of Court, the author makes England address the Universities in the following terms: "And howsoeuer I haue heard [illegible]ts that she [the law school] hath [illegible]ome of your children, and cherished [illegible]ich that she hath made them wan-

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ton," &c. It will be hardly necessary to illustrate this position by quoting the names of the illustrious men whom we know to have proceeded from the Universities, either with or without a degree, to the Inns of Court; we shall content ourselves with the fact that so regular and habitual was the practice, that Shakspeare himself appears to have considered it a matter of course. Thus:

"*Shallow.*—I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?

"*Silence.*—Indeed, sir, to my cost.

"*Shallow.*—He must then to the Inns of Court, shortly."—2 *Hen. IV.*, *iii.*

Assuming our poet's enrollment as a law student to be sufficiently established, it is not to be supposed that he passed at once from his grammar-school to his Inn of Court. There is an interval of at least seven years to be filled up with studies preparatory and professional ere his fixed connection with the stage; and that we must dispose of in the way most concording with the habits and discipline of his times. We conclude, then, that though he may not have *graduated* at either of the Universities, (and we admit that he did not,) he spent some time at one of them; and for "this faith which fire cannot burn out of us," we proceed to give our reasons.

In the absence of all positive evidence on either side of the question, we are of course driven to rely once more upon such *internal evidence* as his works afford. We do not mean to include under this term the evidence of his general learning and scholar-like attainments in the studies which colleges and universities profess to cultivate, such as the learned languages, logic, mathematics, ethics, divinity, &c., but the evidence of his familiar and habitual acquaintance with the technical language and forms in which the economical and formal business of a university is carried on, and which could not be learned, much less applied with unerring propriety, except from habitual use within the university walls. We allude to the terms in which the table arrangements of the inmates and the graduation of the students are technically spoken of; things conventional in university life, and varying in the several Universities, and unpractised elsewhere. In this language Shakspeare was thoroughly conversant, and speaks of "sizings" and "commencements" and "acts," with an accuracy which has struck many of the critics with surprise, though they do not appear to have sought for an explanation in the only channel where it could be found, namely, in the habits of a university student. Thus, Mr. Tyrwhitte, commenting upon a passage in one of Falstaff's soliloquies,* is of opinion, that "Shakspeare, in the first part of this speech, probably alludes to the *Cambridge commencement* and the *Oxford act;* for (as he archly observes) by these different names our two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic and divinity."

Mr. Whyter,† in his ingenious essay on the doctrine of association as influencing the language of our poet, does not believe that "a direct allusion was intended," but confirms our hypothesis in a very forcible manner by solving the allusion into an unconscious and incidental association of ideas with which the poet was perfectly familiar. "The poet," says he, "was well acquainted with the names of those eras of learning in our two Universities, and though he was unconscious in the present instance of their peculiar application, they were undoubtedly impressed on his recollection by the subject which occupied his attention. For we may observe, that the speech of Falstaff has not only relation to the subject of *learning* and the *culture* of youth, but it seems likewise to abound with *academical* terms and discussions." Indeed, if the critic's attention had been more closely turned to the subject, he would have found in this speech an exquisite parody on some of those pedantic disputations and conclusions which, under the name of public exercises, must at that time have often provoked the wits of the academics to a smile at the expense of the University authorities. The value of the argument drawn from the use of technical language will be fully apreciated, if we compare Falconer's Shipwreck, in this respect,

* See note on Falstaff's soliloquy, 2 Hen. IV., Act iv. Sc. 3, Variorum Edition.

† "A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare, containing, I. Notes on *As You Like It;* and II. An Attempt to explain and illustrate various passages on a new principle of criticism derived from Mr. Locke's doctrine of the Association of Ideas." Lond., 1796, p. 98.

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with a volume of Dibdin's sea-songs. They both profess to treat of maritime matters in the language of mariners; but the unerring correctness of the one, and the numberless misapplications of nautical terms in the other, will at once convince the mind of any reader competent to make the distinction, that Falconer was bred up in the sea-service, and that Dibdin had only picked up as much of the peculiar phraseology as might give his compositions a nautical cast. Our poet also has given us an opportunity of comparing himself with himself in this respect. His use of nautical terms in the opening scene (or induction, as it may be called) of the Tempest, exhibits, as Doctor Johnson was "informed by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders;" but the exactest criticism may, we believe, be safely challenged to produce an error in his application of the technical language of those schools of learning, respectively, in which we conclude him to have been a student.

But we shall be told that the whole current of tradition, borne out by his presumed ignorance of the dramatic unities, proclaims Shakspeare to have been no scholar, and therefore not likely to have received an academic education; we shall be told that Nash describes the author of Hamlet as one of those that could "*scarcely* latinize their neck verse in time of need;" that Ben Jonson says he had but "small Latin and less Greek;" that Hales, extolling his original genius, admitted his want of learning; that Milton found nothing in his works but "wood notes wild;" that Rowe laments the check which his studies received from the reduced circumstances of his father; that Farmer proves him to have been utterly ignorant of any language but the English; and that Malone, Steevens, and the subsequent flock of biographers, have acquiesced in the decision. It may be both immodest and dangerous to confront such a host of authorities; but with such a sword and buckler in our hands as the great volume of the works of William Shakspeare, we would not, if we had sufficient power and skill to wield them aright, fear the encounter. That service, however, which we can render to the cause of good letters in the unequal contest, we are willing to offer; and we feel that we cannot so thoroughly fail in the enterprise, as not to reopen the question, and bring into the field champions of greater ability and more leisure than our own to strike for the right.

The adverse opinions of Nash and Jonson are to be taken with a large allowance for the personal enmity and literary envy which influenced those contemporary rivals. Nash was one of the co-conspirators of Robert Greene in the attempt of that worthy to run down the rising reputation of our young bard, by a charge of plagiary; and Jonson was a universal detractor of all contemporary merit, especially if it interfered with his own pretensions. Their evidence, however, taken at the worst, is but the *exaggeration* in which pretenders to great learning would speak of the less extensive acquirements of another. "Scarcely Latinize," and "small Latin," are terms which admit of the existence of some knowledge of that language; and though it may not have been as great as the one affected and the other really possessed, it might still amount to as much as one third, if not one half of the students of the Universities usually carry away with them. What Shakspeare's proportion was is a question which must remain for further examination.

[From the perusal of the paper which shall follow this, our readers, we think, will be convinced that the existing popular impressions upon the subject are decidedly erroneous.]

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# JOURNALISM:

## THE LONDON PRESS.

In our last number we briefly glanced at the New-York Press: we now propose to give a short account of London Journalism, that most powerful but most ephemeral of all literature—indeed, scarcely deserving to come under the definition, notwithstanding its permanent results. Coleridge defined journalism as "the universal Parliament; a written Babel of thought; a confusion of tongues; the cauldron of discussion, whence come the armed heads of popular will; the extempore eloquence of the world; the daily pulpit of practical religion."

Its influence on the world is too obvious to need any thing beyond the mere fact that wherever the Press is free, the march of Progress is certain. Great men, such as Milton, Cromwell, or Alfred, may accomplish much; but the moment of their death may be the downfall of their system, and a second restoration obliterate for a time their improvements. Not so when there is a press to become the disciples, continuing the doctrines, which become the more potential through the very departure of the great teacher. This is natural. A Cromwell and a Hampden are isolated efforts, while a free and well regulated press is the powerful wedge which widens every hour till the last abuse falls before its *momentum*.

Journalism thus being the popular voice, of course partakes of the national characteristics: that of England being sententious, dignified and profound; of France, vivacious, witty and stylish; of Germany, philosophical, dreamy and abstract; while our own surpasses all for its vigor, personality, and extemporaneous force.

It has been questioned by some, whether the press is the pioneer or the encourager; whether it leads or follows. Is it a sound or an echo? Does it initiate or receive? There are of course exceptions, but we believe it will be found not an *originative* power. Such men as Barnes, who for thirty years was the editor of the Times, and Mr. Greeley of the Tribune, are mere exponents of certain parties, formed long before they lived, or indeed the press were in existence. What eloquence was to Greece and Rome, folios and pamphlets to Milton, Salmasius, and St. Thomas Aquinas, the press is to modern times. Demosthenes, Ecchines, Pericles, indeed every great orator and preacher, have been editors and contributors of the spoken press of their country. That a powerful press can operate upon the masses and overthrow a minister, is undoubted; for what is said and resaid every day, like water constantly dripping upon stone, wears away the firmest faith. Reiteration thus becomes in time the creator of truth; habit turns into nature. This is not only true of so fleeting a thing as public opinion, but holds good of morals too; for, as Pope says,

> "Vice is a monster of so vile a mien,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But when at last accustomed to her face,
> We first endure, then welcome, then embrace."

This, however, presupposes that the press is all on one side, a case which never can happen, except when humanity itself is wounded, as in the atrocities of the King of Naples and Haynau; although even here the rule was proved by the London Times extenuating the tyrants.

It would perhaps be nearer the fact to consider journalism as the argumentative conversation of civilized nations, the most influential paper being that which has the tact to speak most in accordance with the wishes of the million. Feeling, and not reason, is the great power to move: a man is seldom *urged* out of any opinion, however absurd. Butler was right when he said,

> "A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

That a publication like the Tribune, and Times has immense power, is undoubted; but it must after all advocate some leading principle, on which a great party is founded. When it has become identified with such a party, it then has power to run a man or a ministry down; but it will seldom or never be found attacking the *party*.

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This is conclusive that its influence is based upon making the bulk of its readers believe it is advocating *their* cause.

We shall now give a brief account of the London press. The morning papers are the Times, Chronicle, Herald, Daily News, Public Ledger, Advertiser, and Post; the evening, the Courier, Standard, Globe, St. James's Chronicle, and Sun. There is also a religious paper published every Thursday evening, called the Record.

The principal weekly papers are the Despatch, Examiner, Spectator, Atlas, Era, Times, Lloyd's, The Age, Illustrated News, Jerrold's, the Leader, Observer, Britannia, Bell's Messenger, one or two sporting papers, and some cheap Sunday prints, which, although their circulation is large, are not recognized as organs of public opinion—though very probably their influence upon the lower orders is greater than all the rest combined.

The Times enjoys the *prestige* (somewhat fabulous, we believe) of being considered the leading journal of the world. That it is the wealthiest and most quoted, is undoubted. The former enables it to secure priority of news, and has gathered around it the ablest writers of the day. In addition to this, the business tact of Mr. Walter, its chief proprietor, gave it a commercial position which has secured its success in every department. It had also the good fortune, forty years ago, to secure for editor Thomas Barnes, at once a scholar, a wit, and (rare combination) a man of great common sense. He had in perfection that Midas-like faculty of converting a heavy article, by a few touches of his felicitous pen, into a leader of considerable force. No man knew better than he did how to place an argument in the best possible light. It was this power of rapid revision, this facility of pruning a writer's verbiage without hurting the trunk of his argument, which made the leading articles of the Times for so many years seem written by one man without being monotonous or repetitive.

Its popularity is chiefly owing to the wonderful agility with which it has danced the tight-rope of public opinion: in this respect it is a perfect Leon Javelli. The sagacity of the conductors of this journal in discovering the signs of the times is very re[illegible] if [illegible] worth the space, it w[illegible] show that the "leading [illegible] rope" has advocated and opposed, in turn, every prominent measure of the last forty years. De Lane, the late editor, used to justify this apparent tergiversation by quoting the trite saying, that all truth is comparative, and that circumstances alter facts. There is considerable truth in Sheridan's joke, when he argued a friend out of breaking up a party at three o'clock in the morning, by declaring no faith could be put in the watchman's bawling out the time, since he changed his note every hour of the night. A pretty authority, quoth the wit, to go by!

This applies to all statesmen, but more especially to Peel. He was pertinaciously abused for changing his opinion on several important political measures; but we feel sure a calm survey of the circumstances surrounding him would narrow the question to the simple point, whether he ought not to have allowed Lord John Russell to carry Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws. This may be answered by quoting Gladstone's opinion, "that no man except Sir Robert Peel could have passed either."

Writers on this side the Atlantic are too prone to consider the Times as the Government organ, and frequently assume a leading article as the sentiments of the Cabinet. We are aware that the better informed of our citizens, more especially those who have been abroad, do not share this error; but still, as many pin their faith to its columns, a few words will not be out of place. To those who believe it, we have merely to call their attention to the frequent and persevering attacks made by this journal upon Lord Palmerston, the most important of the English Ministers, more especially so far as our own country is concerned. If this be not conclusive, it will be necessary to refer to the parliamentary career of Mr. Walter, member for Berkshire, the principal proprietor of the Times. It will be found that his voice and vote have been almost invariably given against the Ministerial measures. All conversant with the mechanism of the paper will know that the will of Mr. Walter is as despotic in Printing-house Square as that of Nicholas is in Petersburg.

In the good old days of borough-mongering the Government organ was the Courier, which was as regularly turned over from one Minis[illegible]other, as though it were a piece of c[illegible]ire.

t is, the Times being the richest journ- ristendom, and possessing a greater necessarily gathers round it a supe- of writers, whose position enables approach nearer the Ministerial an the *employés* of other papers. ables them to learn more of the ment intentions and opinions, which ally become reflected in the articles rite. Thus it frequently occurs that es are discussed in the columns of the before they are brought into the of Commons, and thus what is the accident of position is by some con- d as the result of either sympathy or ration. Ministers have been known to advantage of these premature discus- , and make a cat's-paw of the Times to the pulse of the public, before they in- uce their intended measure.

ince the death of the old proprietor, this nal has become far more conservative, tically speaking; but the secret lies, not Russian or Austrian influence, but in free de, which is considered by the Times as true commercial creed. If revolutions re calculated to benefit trade, the conduct- of this paper would, as a matter of urse, be their advocate; but statistics prove at all violent transition periods are fatal mercantile prosperity, and although tran- tion is the inevitable pace of the world, yet hey wish to keep it as slow as possible, lest t interfere with the worship of Mammon. This is the undoubted cause of its recent at- tacks upon Kossuth, Mazzini, and in short upon every political malcontent. Here this paper is unwaveringly consistent, never di- verging from its path. Self-interest rules here, as it does elsewhere; for whatever dis- turbs trade attacks the treasury of the Times. Thus its conservatism, like that of others, is founded upon finance. A revolution is looked upon as a bad debt, and consequently most zealously denounced. In point of morals, it is the most ungrateful paper on record, worshipping prosperity like a thorough par- venu. Hudson is a recent case. When this celebrated man was railway monarch, Al- sager, De Lane and Walter were themselves large speculators. Then every morning's issue teemed with eulogies to the genius of the York linen-draper, which had fostered so many gigantic enterprises; but the sagacity of the trio observing a pause in the tide, they wisely sold out before it began to turn. A large profit was the result of their fore- thought. No sooner were they themselves clear than the oracle predicted woe, and the panic began. It was charged against them at the time that *private wrong*, and not *public good*, dictated this crusade, occasioned chiefly by a *pique* against Hudson himself, and from a desire to ruin Bradbury & Evans, who were then organizing the Daily News, and whose capital was much locked up in railroad shares. Whatever the cause, the re- sult was most disastrous to thousands, as the sudden onslaught of so powerful an enemy materially increased the horrors of the rout that ensued. In this respect the Times is the most unscrupulous publication in Eng- land. Its ruling passion is love of power— that first; then gain. As the former in- variably secures the other, this will account for an occasional apparent deviation from the *premium mobile*.

We ought to name that its hostility to Palmerston springs from the general impres- sion in England that he is too fond of med- dling with other governments, which of course increases the chance of war while he is Foreign Secretary. This opinion is not confined to the conservative press, but is also shared by the Whig portion, more especially of its leading organ the Examiner; for, in a recent article, Fonblanque, its witty propri- etor, likened Lord Palmerston to a venture- some driver, who delighted in driving his chariot within a hair's breadth of a precipice, just to show the dexterity with which he could turn a corner; thus suffering his vanity to jeopardize his passengers.

The circulation of the Times is about 20,000 daily. It is about three times the size of the Tribune, and contains, with its supplement, every morning, including the advertisements, about an octavo volume of *three hundred and sixty* pages of reading matter. The supplement generally accom- panies it four times a week. The lowest charge for advertising is about three dollars a square; even a line announcing a marriage, birth, or death, costs seven shillings English (nearly two dollars). It is published every morning about seven o'clock.

The establishment in Printing-house Square is quite a little city in itself, being ad- mirably arranged. So carefully is every sheet corrected, that a misprint rarely occurs, even in an advertisement. The strictest *incognito* is preserved as to the writers of the articles,

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and it requires considerable influence to get an interview with the editor, every transaction being managed through the under-officials. Suits for libel are conducted against Mr. Lawson, the printer; the editors and proprietors, though known to a select few, being of the Junius family. *Stat nominis umbra.*

The Morning Chronicle is generally considered the leading opponent of the leviathan of Printing-house Square; but generally speaking, the journals of London seldom notice each other, thus imitating Shakspeare, whose plays contain but two personal allusions to a contemporary: one to Marlowe in the couplet:

> "*Dead shepherd*, now I *see* thy *saw* of might,
> 'He never loved who loved not at first sight;'"

the last line being a quotation from a poem of "Old Kit" (just dead) called "Hero and Leander," afterwards finished by Chapman. The other allusion is even more obscure, and consists merely in making Malvolio quote the commencement of one of Lord Bacon's essays: "Some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and some men have greatness thrust upon them." By the way, while it is upon the tip of the pen, we may as well state that Coleridge was of opinion that Malvolio was meant as a sarcastic picture of the great Chancellor, and that the Lady Olivia was intended for Queen Elizabeth. That Shakspeare could have no respect or affection for Bacon is undoubted, on account of his ungrateful conduct to Essex, the bard's great friend and patron.

We must, however, return to the Morning Chronicle.

Some years ago, this paper had a large circulation and a great reputation; but it has lost both since the Times became a reforming organ. In its best days, when it was edited by Dr. Black and Fox, its articles were distinguished for a more brilliant style of writing than its great rival, and materially helped along the great machine of social progress. It passed from their hands to Charles Mackay and other writers, who were too much of mere *littérateurs* to conduct a paper of the high pretensions which once belonged to the Chronicle. It consequently declined till its circulation barely reached 3,000 copies, when it was purchased by Sir John Easthope, a member of the House of Commons and the Stock Exchange, generally on the side of the

Next to the Times in circulation is the Herald, owned by Mr. Baldwin, who is also the proprietor of the Standard. In consequence of these two papers quoting and praising each other, the "Thunderer" of Printing-house Square affixed the sobriquet of Betsey Prig and Sairey Gamp to the two publications, which annoyed the editors to such an extent that they forgot the usual dignity of English journalism, and commenced a war of the vernacular very unbecoming. In 1846, when Sir R. Peel had determined to repeal the Corn Laws, the Times astonished the good citizens of London one morning by announcing *on authority* the important fact. The same evening the Standard denied the report most unequivocally, likewise *by authority*. The next morning the Times returned to the charge, reiterating their previous announcement, while the same day's Herald confirmed the Standard's contradiction, and adding that they were authorized to do so by one of the Ministers themselves. This caused considerable interest, as the Times has never been known to make a blunder in these matters, while the positive announcement that a Cabinet Minister had requested the Herald to deny it made the matter very perplexing. When the truth came out, each paper had been requested by a member of the Cabinet to break the fact to the world. Peel had communicated his intention to Gladstone before naming it to the rest of his colleagues, who communicated it to the Times; while the Duke of Richmond requested Mr. Bell to win to deny what he considered the absurd report. These instances, however, of direct communication with the Government are very rare.

In one respect the Herald deserves great praise. It has ever been the advocate of moderate reform; the abolition of capital punishment it has steadily and ably argued, and it is the decided opponent to all measures that more immediately press on the people. Since Mr. Baldwin became its proprietor it has become Protectionist, but it is liberal in all its other views. It contains much excellent and amusing reading, and is very popular in the households both of London and the country. Its circulation has been estimated at 12,000 to 14,000. Its advertising connection is very valuable, being next to the Times.

The Morning Post is the fashionable

per of the modern Babylon, being termed the West End organ. It is the register and announcer of balls, fashionable arrivals and departures, aristocratical marriages, divorces, births and deaths. It is the daily history of *haut ton*. Lord A can hardly look at Lady B, but they will find it chronicled in the next morning's Post. A flirtation is certain of a column, and a fashionable ball, funeral or wedding is a banquet. Fifty years since, when Stuart and Coleridge were its editors, it had a political importance; but of late years it has been merely the High Tory organ, and of little influence in the city. It has, however, still able writers, and its dramatic and musical *critiques* have been generally well and fairly done. Mr. Rosenberg, now a resident here, was for some years its chief writer on music, drama, fine arts and French politics. He is, perhaps, better known to our readers on account of his long war with the redoubtable Punch; of itself a compliment, as he would not be likely to select any but a man of mark for an antagonist. Morris Barnett, the author of the Serious Family, fills the position Mr. Rosenberg so long and ably held. Michele is the chief proprietor and editor.

The Morning Advertiser has a large circulation, and is the organ of the publicans and brewers. It is violently democratic, written with more force than elegance, and is a great authority with "pot-house politicians." It has no influence out of the bar-room.

The Public Ledger is the Nestor of the English press, and in our great-grandfathers' times was held in high repute. It is now engrossed with commerce, and only occasionally comments on politics. Kings are expelled, thrones overthrown, emperors abdicated, popes disappear, and presidents are made, without moving one muscle of the Ledger's countenance; but a fall in hides, tallow, sugar, cotton or grain, brings tears from its venerable eyes. The only military operations it recognizes are blockades, for that affects trade and arouses its ancient wrath. As for a musical or dramatic critic, they would as soon think of keeping an alligator. Now and then some forlorn notice of a concert, or new tragedy, appears in their grim columns, having possibly lost its way from some other paper; but the editor generally apologizes for the inadvertence, should he ever discover it. It is the smallest paper printed in London, being a single sheet about the size of the New-Yorker. We should say its editor must be a model Tim Linkinwater.

The youngest paper is the Daily News, which was started some five years ago on the joint-stock plan, the chief proprietors being Dwarganauth Tagore, Bradbury & Evans, Samuel Rogers, and a few merchants. The editing was intrusted to Charles Dickens, under the mistaken notion that his name would give it a *prestige* equal to that of the Times, which paper it was intended to rival. Now as no paper, more especially in London, can exist without a large advertising connection, and as these invariably come from the mercantile classes, it is important to select a man of undoubted experience and business habits, one who is conversant with markets and funds. Now, the brilliant author of Pickwick was just the man whose opinions on tallow, stocks, the lumber trade, foreign exchanges and cotton, would be sure to be considered wrong by the dealers in those unpoetical articles. They no doubt knew that Dickens was so depraved as to joke, although the markets were falling and cotton a drug. Possibly he did not know Muscovadoes from Mauritius sugar. Even before the first number appeared the paper was doomed. He was not even fit to keep a curiosity *shop!* The eventful morning, January 26, 1846, came. The first number was born. All conspired against it: it was badly printed; it abounded in typographical errors; but the climax of blunder occurred in the city article, where one of the stocks was, owing to a misprint, *frightfully wrong;* as Horne said, "ludicrously wrong." This horrified the merchants generally, more especially those who dealt in the article thus irreverently treated. What confidence could be placed in a journal who was careless in three per cent. consols, East India bonds, or exchequer bills? As Shakspeare says, or ought to have said:

"Oh, the offense was rank and smelt to London."

This amputated the mercantile leg, and the next number took off its remaining *moral* leg.

All who know the English people are aware of the external respect they pay to the Sabbath. Now, in commencing his pleasant travelling letters, (afterwards published under the title of Pictures from Italy,) the vivacious editor, with more candor than pru-

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dence, not only somewhat ostentatiously announced that he had commenced his journey on the Sunday, but humorously (as he innocently thought) defended it upon the old adage, "The better the day the better the deed." This left the paper legless; so that, between the merchants and the churchmen a newspaper which was expected to supersede the Chronicle entirely, and prove a formidable rival to the Times, was crippled at once, and placed almost *hors de combat*. After these *escapades*, the plodding Londoners came to the conclusion, that so long as Dickens edited the paper, the Daily News might be considered as a sort of supplement to the Pickwick Papers. Dickens himself grew tired of it directly he found that it had *not* made the hit he expected, and resigned the editorship, which was bestowed upon John Forster; a better choice than the other certainly, but still not the *man* wanted. Of all the men we have ever met, Charles Dickens is the one least able to sustain an adverse cause. He is the child of sunshine, and loses all his energy when it ceases.

After four months' hard struggle, Forster resigned his post to Dilke, the proprietor and editor of the Athenæum, who proposed to the managers, Bradbury & Evans, to try the experiment of a cheap paper. It consequently appeared as a three-penny paper on the 1st of June. Owing to its admirable management, it steadily increased its circulation, but it never reached over 15,000, which, although large for an English paper, was insufficient to pay a profit. It has since been put at its old price of five pence English, nearly ten cents of our money.

There never was a journal projected, which had so brilliant a staff of writers. Among them we can number Dickens, Jerrold, Mackay, Horne, Dudley, Costello, Landor, Angus Beach, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, and the Punch contributors. So confident did the conductors feel of success, that they actually entered into engagements for three years with several of their *employés*. Horne, the author of Orion, was dispatched to Ireland as their commissioner, and his letters are perhaps the most reliable accounts we have had of that unhappy island; for with a rare freedom from all party bias, the poet-commissioner spoke the truth, and did justice to both sides of the question.

We have not space to give the details of the evening papers, the principal of which are the Standard, Globe and Sun. The former is a mere echo of the Herald, belonging to the same proprietor, while the Globe is a moderate Whig paper. The Sun is, like its New-York namesake, very radical. The evening papers, like those here, have little circulation or influence.

The Shipping and Mercantile Gazette is an evening paper, entirely devoted to the shipping interest; it has a large circulation among ship-owners and the maritime profession. Here the sailings and arrivals of every ship may be seen at a glance. The proprietors have agents in every known port in the world, and considering its multifarious correspondence, its accuracy is truly wonderful.

It has sometimes struck us as a neglect in our commercial system, that we have no institution like the Lloyds of London. What the British consular power is to politics, this is to commerce. There is scarcely a nook in the ocean shores of the globe, where vessels are likely to touch, but this singular maritime inquisition have an agent, specially appointed, armed with powers confirmed by Parliament, and authorized to draw upon the committee in London. Next to the East India Company, this is the most curious display of English perseverance and method existing. In one respect, its omnipresence, it is far more surpassing than even the empire of the Leadenhall-street traders, who really deserve a title of Merchant Princes.

After the morning, the weekly papers have the greater weight; indeed, in a mere intellectual point of view, they are superior to the former. They are all carefully written, and systematically prepared; their course is uniform, and each bears visibly stamped upon it the impress of some particular man. There is an individuality about the very paper. The first in political importance is also the most intellectual—the Examiner, partly owned by Albany Fonblanque, its political editor. The dramatic and literary portions are under the control of John Forster, the ablest general writer connected with the press. Devoid of all pretensions to genius, few men write more pleasantly, clearly and plausibly. His Life of Goldsmith, to which Mr. W. Irving was so largely indebted, is a model of style at once simple and elegant. We question if a man of

genius ever had a finer monument reared to his memory since burying began. Forster's criticisms in the Examiner are equally appropriate; and with the exception of a few pet affections and antipathies, he is as honest a *general* critic as can be found. But let no one expect to hear the truth if he has either Macready, Dickens, or Tennyson under review. Here he has a special lunacy, and in London these special *critiques* count for nothing. Savage Landor now and then contributes to this paper, and Leigh Hunt's graceful and *piquant* pen is occasionally visible. It originally belonged to him and his brother John, but the prosecution for libel brought against them by the Prince Regent, resulting in fine and imprisonment, killed it so far as they were concerned. There are many pleasant associations connected with it belonging to its youth. In its columns Keats first tried his pen. Shelley wrote for it; Byron corrected some of its proofs; Lamb contributed some of his genial fancies; and Hazlitt wrote fiercely on politics, and wisely and philosophically on the drama and fine arts. As a little landmark to show how freedom of the press has progressed, we may name that the offense for which the brothers Hunt suffered was a sarcastic article upon some address which had been presented to the Regent, in which he had been called an Adonis and the first gentleman in Europe. L. Hunt, in commenting upon this remarkable piece of absurdity, says: "This Adonis happens to be a fat man of fifty, and this first gentleman of Europe is notorious for his infamous conduct to his wife." For this he was imprisoned and fined. Upon his restoration to freedom, he congratulated the public in the Examiner upon the improvements he observed around him; he himself was a wiser and more tolerant man. He was happy to find that his incarceration had been attended with the happiest result to the Prince Regent himself; for two years ago he was fat, fifty, and a bad husband, while now he was young, thin, and lived with his wife. Upon receiving notice of another prosecution for this atrocious joking upon one of the Lord's anointed, in a humorous, half-complaining article, he declared his inability to know how to please the Prince; concluding his Jeremiad by declaring that he was punished for calling the Prince fat and old, and when he said he was young and thin, they were also threatening him. The matter here dropped, but L. Hunt was a ruined man. Since then his life has been a series of struggles ending in defeat.

After the Examiner, the Spectator is the best written paper, and for methodical arrangement it is even superior. It has a place for every thing, and every thing can be found in its place. It has the reputation of being the most cold-blooded journal in existence. It has no more geniality than Babbage's calculating machine. A constant perusal of it for many years justifies us in the assertion, that we have never met with an elevated or noble thought in its cold-water columns. The presiding spirit of this frigidity of literature is Mr. Rintoul, a cannie Scot of the worst description, being heartless, selfish, mean, grasping and bigoted; he is consequently a first-rate man of business, and has secured the fortunes of his paper. In the earlier numbers, when Egerton Webbe and Augustine Wade wrote for him, there was a slight approach to human feeling, but the supervision of the northern proprietor reduced it to near freezing point. Since their death it has been below zero! Thornton, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, was for some years the sub-editor, and his industry, taste and correct style lent it reputation; but the inadvertent admission of some generous sentiment roused the spleen of Rintoul, (or Squint-owl, as he is called by the Punch people,) and a quarrel ensued which ended in his expulsion. Lewis, the novelist and infidel, is one of the literary critics now engaged upon it, and his flippant *persiflage* can be readily traced. Rintoul is now and then made the victim of jokes which he never forgives. We remember Horne, to whom he had a mortal aversion, sending him the copy of Chaucer Modernized, (a work he edited,) and a box of anti-bilious pills. On the medicine was written, "To be taken before writing." On the book, "To be reviewed one hour after the pills." Strange enough, a tolerably fair notice was given of the volume. Of late years a great change has come over the Spectator. At its birth, (some time about 1835 or 1836,) it was a vehement denouncer of Peel. Since 1841 it has been one of his most zealous supporters. Its politics are Tory radical, utilitarian,—a lover of order, and a decided free-trader. It is the highest priced of all the papers, costing nine pence English

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each number. It is published every Saturday afternoon, and its circulation is about 5,000. It is also the neatest of the public press.

The Atlas is one of the most respectable and moderate of its class, but has of late years been declining. It is now, we believe, edited by Robert Bell, the author of the "Ladder of Gold," one of those peculiar men whose very good sense has "tilted" out of genius. He is one of the few Irishmen who have no enthusiasm, being entirely deficient of a gift that has made the first men of that nation so renowned. As we write "currente calamo," brilliant examples drop from our pen in corroboration of our opinion. Wellington in war; Palmerston in diplomacy; Moore in lyrical power; Faraday in chemistry; Burke in oratory and philosophical statesmanship, (a rare instance;) Sheridan in wit, eloquence and comedy; Goldsmith in general literature; Bell himself in biography; Curran in pleading: in a word, wherever the brilliant and the fanciful are concerned, the Irish race is unapproached; while in the "higher law" of mind—in the purer intellect, the Anglo-Norman reigns supreme under the triumvirate of Shakspeare, Bacon and Bentham; saying nothing of such small men as Samuel Johnson, Locke, Milton, Hobbes, Fielding, Chatterton, Ben Jonson, *cum multis aliis*, whose inspirations have made the Shakspearian tongue the destined language of the great globe itself.

It is no less true that in a calm collation of facts, and in clear deduction from them, the Scotch are unrivalled, as evidenced by Hume, Smollett, Robertson and Blair. Gibbon is possibly an exception to this rule, but we consider him rather an accident than a design. Although somewhat discursive, we cannot help glancing at the no less singular peculiarity of the French intellect. Bayle (for after all, his *nature* was thoroughly French) and Voltaire have done more than any two writers to clear the world of *cant*. What Johnson said to the young theologian ought to be said to all: "Clear your head of cant, young man." Cant is the Barnum of the age. It is the dramatic aside of the human race, of which the true William the Conqueror wrote:

"All the ... ge,
I all the men and wo ... yers."

Cant is the insincerity of the heart; wh it has been taught, parrot-like, but which does not believe. It is the understood decency, or rather disguise, of the age; t masquerade which Truth wears to av recognition and mobbing. It is the nig mare of the world; the first sin which mak Adam afraid to meet his God; the great which paralyzes Cain when he is asked the question, "Where is thy brother?" "I am my brother's keeper," is the cant which t wealthy now utter when God's voice, Co science, demands an account of his broth man; and a quibbling lie, the worst of falhoods, is all modern philosophy can ut stammer.

But we must return to our subject. T Weekly Despatch has the *best* circulat with the *worst* reputation of all the hig priced press. It is stated they sell nin thousand copies, which equals the rest the Sunday papers put together. Al man Harmer is the proprietor. Miss E Cook is a frequent contributor. Its prin ples are decidedly republican. Althou ably written, it is of no authority with t middle and upper classes, on account of incessant and virulent attacks upon t Throne and the Church. The previous i of the proprietor is also very much again its good standing in literary society.

The Era is a theatrical and sporting pap and the most respectable of its class. I politics are liberal, and for general news it one of the best published.

The Britannia is a High Tory paper, a devotes more space and attention to liter ture than any of its contemporaries. It staunch defender of Church and State.

Jerrold's Weekly Review promised at commencement in July, 1846, to be t *people's* paper; but the characteristic inter perance of the editor's pen, in less th three months, reduced its circulation fr 18,000 copies to 7,000. The greatest cau of offense he gave was a fierce attack up the Queeen, who is a "pet" with *all* part in England. Finding the paper declinin Jerrold grew disgusted with it, and sold h interest to F. G. Tomlins, who had been t dramatic critic from its commencement, an he now conducts it with moderate succe He is one of those men, very unusual in t English press, who have little or no educ ught up as a stone-mason, with ting, he soared to the sublim

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heights of a clerk in the St. Catharine Docks. Becoming tired of that employ, so uncongenial to a man strongly inclined to "penny-a-lining," he entered the service of Whittakers of Paternoster Row, the well-known publishers. Becoming connected with the press, he engaged as dramatic critic to a Sunday paper, where his natural shrewdness and independence of opinion found fitting employ. He then purchased the old Monthly Magazine, which expired in his editorial hands after an existence of nearly a century. We may mention, as a proof of his defective education, that when he published his play Garcia, he put every line upon the Procrustean bed of ten syllables, and printed it with a stoical indifference to the sufferings of metre and sense. The consequent result was, that many a line commenced with the concluding word of the previous sentence. Jerrold likened it to a disciplinarian who cuts all his regiment to the same stature; taking the tall man's head off to place upon the short man's shoulders; presenting the strange appearance of, here a leg cut off at the ankle, and so on, thrown in like odds and ends to make up so many distinct homogeneities.

The failure of Jerrold and Dickens, two men of such undoubted talent, to make even decent editors, is by no means surprising. An editor's life is one of sustained effort; there are no fits and starts in his *duties*. Now, men of quick and lively parts are the slaves of their inclinations; all routine is distasteful; and when the first excitement of a novel position has died away, apathy soon ripens into disgust, and the public are amazed to find that the most brilliant contributors are the worst possible conductors of a journal or review. It may be taken as a settled fact, that a man of genius is precluded by nature from being an efficient editor. The same applies to all superintending positions, such as managers, and may possibly account for Brougham's comparative failure at the Lyceum.

Jerrold has originated some score of periodicals. They have begun brilliantly, and died miserably. The Illuminated Magazine, the Shilling Magazine, and the paper above named, are the last three instances of his inability to lead such undertakings to a successful issue. It seems that men of genius are admirable horses when properly harnessed, but they are incapable of driving the coach. The high mettle of Pegasus requires an Apollo, and not a Phæton.

Bell's Life in London is a sporting paper, and has no political or literary influence.

Bell's Weekly Messenger is a favorite with the old-fashioned, half-educated Whigs, and is a good family paper. It is twaddling in its opinions, and may be called a slow-paced, half-asleep chronicle. We are not aware that any man of intellectual mark is or has been connected with it. It has a large circulation among the pudding-headed country squires and farmers.

During the last two years a new paper called the Leader has appeared, under the editorial care of Thornton Hunt. This is understood to be the organ of the Unitarians and liberals, and if continued with the same tact, energy and ability that have characterized its present management, cannot fail to supersede the Examiner. Southwood Smith, Fox, Horne, Leigh Hunt, and several of that "school," are its chief contributors. We observe that it is frequently quoted by our own publications, more especially by Griswold in that judicious *melange* of literature, the International.

The best of the cheap papers is the Weekly Times, the cost of which is three pence English. This is really a very well conducted publication, containing all the news, chit-chat, and a few tolerably well written editorials. It is printed, however, on an inferior paper, and is only circulated among the poorer classes.

Although the Illustrated London News was first commenced merely to puff a quack medicine, it has grown up to a circulation and reputation which confer considerable influence upon it. Its principal editors are Charles Mackay and R. H. Horne. It is so well known on this side the Atlantic, that it is needless to call attention to the excellence of its pictorial embellishments. The only approach to it here is the New-York Illustrated News, published by Strong. Still this is very inferior to its London and Paris prototypes.

The Ladies' Paper is also another London pictorial periodical, deserving of high praise for the spirit and finish of its designs. The Pictorial Times, commenced by Spottiswood, the great printer, as a rival to the London Illustrated News, some ten years since, is now incorporated with it. Spottiswood sunk

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the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds before he abandoned the Pictorial Times.

We shall not recapitulate the cheaper Sunday publications, as they belong to a vicious school, both of politics and morals. They are rather the mental and moral filth of English literature than wholesome food—the offal of the public mind. They are unfortunately very numerous, and have a wide circulation. After the Sunday Times possibly Lloyd's is the best; but they are all bad, and are sad evidences of the depraved taste of the inferior classes of the British people.

A calm review of the London Press leads us to this conclusion: that although not so immediately and locally influential as either of those of New-York or Paris, it is practically freer than either. It is true, that many obstacles to the establishment of a newspaper exist there, which do not here; but this may be an advantage.

Another marked difference between our press and that of France and England, is the emolument. The editor of the Times has from $6,000 to $8,000 per annum. Lockhart of the Quarterly has $8,000,—nearly $2,000 for each number of the Review he issues. Contrast these emoluments with the miserable stipend paid to our editors and contributors, (the result of the want of an international copyright law,) and you have at once the secret of our inferiority.

The wonder is that we do so well, when we are obliged to compete with the *pirated* editions of these costly journals.

An article in one of the leading papers of London, being well paid for, is elaborately written. Every available authority is considered; and at all events, whatever may be the party bias of the writer, the *data* are correct. The proprietors and editors watch very jealously any personal influence an actor, manager, singer or author may wish to exert upon their columns. A solitary instance may now and then occur, as in that of the Examiner, where Forster's intimacy with Dickens and Macready renders his *critiques* upon either of those mere laudations; but even here it is cautiously done, and is partly owing to the proprietor Fonblanque himself being also a friend to those "favored ones." Generally speaking, intriguing with the press in London is playing with edge tools, the chances [illegible] more than equal that you will cut own fingers in the experiment.

In some cases the intimacy of an author with a critic is positively injurious. We know of several instances in which Oxenford, the dramatic critic of the Times, was compelled (owing to the jealous supervision of De Lane, the editor) to be more severe than he was really justified in, owing to his intimacy with Marston and Traughton, whose plays had been recently produced.

Another point of contrast is in the care with which the Reviews preserve the *incognito* of their contributors. Mr. Herand lost his engagement on the Quarterly Review entirely on account of informing some friends in a party that he had written an article in the forthcoming number.

We must not omit to notice another difference in the press of London and New-York: it is in libel. Nothing is more difficult in London than to get an attack upon personal character inserted in any paper; even the most abandoned, such as the Age and Satirist, require strong proof and heavy bribing. Few things surprise foreigners more than the facility afforded here for the attack on private character. This eagerness for scandal is attended with the bad effect of an indifference to public opinion; thus curing one evil by establishing a greater. The punishment in England for libel is very severe, and almost immediate. No legal subterfuges can defer the evil day if the offense is proved. It matters not how unpopular the abused man may be, the judge invariably charges without fear or favor. There was a case of this some years ago in the matter of the Duke of Brunswick versus Gregory. The former, although almost an outlaw, got heavy damages, which consigned his libeller to Newgate.

In presenting this brief sketch of English Journalism to our readers, it is not our intention to compare it with our own. One or two strong contrasts have been noticed; but they were so self-evident as to suggest themselves to all. It would be unjust to expect from our young press the refinement, depth, finish and scholarship of a nation whose literature is the greatest existing; whose dramatists surpass Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Euripides; whose philosophers throw Aristotle, Plato and Xenophon in the shade; whose poets equal Homer; and whose historians surpass Herodotus and Thucydides. This is a task we prefer leaving to our journalists themselves,

that they may see where they fall short, and supply the deficiency.

Journalism is well worthy of being made as perfect as possible. Its importance is becoming more apparent every day. It is not too much to assert, that the welfare of mankind materially rests in its hands. We all know the important results of one earnest preacher; empires have been shaken, creeds destroyed, and crusades undertaken. It took years, *then*, to accomplish these great ends, because the preachers were few; still the objects, however great, were achieved. *Now*, instead of one man, the laborers are legion. The newspaper alone dispatches an army of preachers every morning, and public opinion, the great motor of the age, is thus more powerfully affected in one day than in a generation of the olden times. When it is borne in mind, that on an average five persons read each paper it is not stating too much, that nearly a quarter of a million of people are canvassed every day on this or that side of the great questions that agitate the public mind. We all know the influence of a personal canvass, that in short it determines the success of an election. Now, the mind is so constituted as to give greater credence to the silent, unimpassioned advocacy of a well-written article, than to the obsequious or pompous argument of a man who may say that *one word* too much, which destroys all that has gone before; that overproving so fatal to conviction. It also avoids those chances of personal antipathies which belong by nature to all of us. A newspaper has a still more powerful advantage over a personal advocate, in its facility of reiteration, till the man is convinced by insensible degrees, and his old prejudices worn away. If a verbal applicant fails in the first instance, common courtesy precludes a repetition, while a newspaper returns every morning to the charge, and wearies a man into the surrender of his opinion. What is true of one, affects all; and thus, by almost imperceptible proselytism, political questions are carried, frequently by the very men who had till then followed an adverse creed.

The press has this great virtue: its tendency is *progress;* its watchword, like Napoleon's, is ever "forward;" it cannot retrace its steps. A man, however great his devotion to liberty, may turn traitor; he may outgrow his youthful and glorious as-

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abuse. With this glorious mission before it, how lamentable is it to see the miserable personal animosities existing among so many of the leading journalists. Surely the very prominence of their position ought to counsel forbearance. They should remember they squabble on the *house-tops*. These exhibitons are, however, becoming less frequent, and will, as a matter of course, gradually soon be altogether extinct. It will be seen that we have merely considered journalism as a political power. This, although the most prominent, and eventually the most important, as producing the most massive, visible results, does not so immediately come home to the million as its function of universal informer and confidential adviser.

The dweller in the nineteenth century, in a free country, with a free press, has much to be thankful for—to be proud of; and much, too, to be ashamed of. These all imply responsibilities; much is required of those to whom much is given. Every man is the journalist of his own houshold; there he is bound, as much as any other editor, to take care that nothing offensive to morals, freedom, religion or taste, finds entrance. We will not go so far as a celebrated English poet, that every man is a prophet; but we will adopt his other doctrine, that he has a mission to perform, the complete fulfilment of which will constitute the perfect happiness of mankind. How greatly the press of the world can further this "consummation most devoutly to be wished," is apparent, and needs no argument on our part. We have the most unquestionable evidence of the rapid improvement of this Fourth Estate, and every day increases its utility and power.

In our next we shall treat of the Parisian press, now or *lately* one of the most *immediate* political agents in the world.

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# THEORIES OF EVIL,

### FROM THE POETS "FESTUS"—"FAUST"—"MANFRED"—"PARADISE LOST"—BOOK OF JOB.

The impenetrable mystery involved in the question of the origin of evil seems in all ages to have been a fruitful cause of that excitation of the imaginative faculty from which has flowed the profoundest poetical thoughts which, upon the pages of literature, stir the souls of men.

"Festus," the last of the productions of genius having this origin, has been condemned by an able writer in our pages for its false theology, its evil tendency, and its want of artistic merit.

It has, however, merits which cannot be denied. Some of these have suggested the present paper; and, although we give the work a prominent position for our present purpose, we will not be considered as allowing it a precedence of, or equality with, those immortal works with which we bring it into comparison.

The origin of evil was and is the great difficulty and stumbling-block of all theologies. We cannot discuss the subject here, and are not qualified ("Open [illegible]sion is good for the soul," says the [illegible] discuss it anywhere. But if the origin of evil is a mystery, its continued existence is equally so. It causes the first step—which "counts" more than all after—in the genuine thought of every lifetime; it is the initiative of doubt—the Shadow on the Threshold of manhood. It is symbolized in every creed and mythology. Jupiter, Pluto — Oromaedes, Arimines—God, Lucifer; good and evil were always divinities and demons for humanity. Man finds himself to be a composite creature. His nature is dual. Conscience and the flesh are in eternal antagonism, and he has invested the opposing principles with form and power, and given them supermundane attributes. But, withal, he never ceases to inquire whence it is that, in a creation of good, he is made half evil; why the light has a companion shadow; why he is not able to reach the ideal perfection which exists in every mind, as a pure statue in a dark niche; why he is

> "A love in desolation masqued; a power
> Girt round with weakness;"

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newed existence when he apostrophizes the midnight of their fate:

"Hail, horrors; hail,
Infernal world; and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own palace, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be—all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy—will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, even in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

This is the ultimatum of Pride. We find the same motive principle in the subsequent history of Satan. That which is his own strength he makes the weakness of man; he tempts through pride, and our great progenitor falls. It is evident, then, that Milton believed pride to be the root of all evil; and the moral of his grand epic is plain, viz., that as we lost Heaven by pride, we can regain it only by humility. Such is the purpose of his immortal labor.

Very differently from him does Göethe reason on the nature of evil. The poet is influenced by the spirit of his time, and fashions his faith by the thoughts of the day. The great Teuton lived in an age of organized skepticism, when faith was banished from the souls of men. The Encyclopædists had commenced the revolution, and issued their declaration of rights. France was skeptical, and France was then the pioneer of Europe. The spirit of Voltaire was the spirit of his time, and the poet was resolved to grapple with its creed, and throw it. Faust, therefore, represents the intellect of civilized man, beset and haunted by skepticism or evil, which is called Mephistopheles. The poem, which has often been condemned as irreligious by ignorant canters, is either the most fearful sarcasm on all human creeds, or it is the grandest argument for faith and against the skepticism of the last century ever known to the world. To us, it means the latter. We know not whether our opinion is shared by the critics generally, and, sooth to say, we care not; but we can spell out of the Mephistopheles of Göethe nothing but the [illegible] that infidelity is the real evil of the

What is Mephistophel[illegible], Vol-
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a theologian! Of a verity, this Devil can talk Scripture. His daring is equal to his bitterness. We see him first at the threshold of Heaven, parleying with the Divinity; nay, sneering at the Heaven which he had lost for ever. And did not the genius of France actually climb the skies, and enter with uncovered head into the presence of the One? And, on its lip, was there not a smile of sarcasm, and a blasphemy in its heart! Faust opens with a grand chant, like the music of the spheres, in which the angels and archangels take part. The rhythm is suddenly jarred by the voice of Mephistopheles, who addresses the Lord:—

"As thou, O Lord! once more art kind enough
To interest thyself in our affairs,
And ask, How goes it with you there below!
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,
Thou seest me here once more among thy household,
Though I should scandalize this company.
You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which we call fashionable;
My pathos would certainly make you laugh, to
Had you not long since given over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
I observe only how men plague themselves.
The little god o' th' world keeps the same stam
As wonderful as on creation's day.
A little better would he live, hadst thou
Not given him a glimpse of Heaven's light,
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastily than any beast.
With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken
He's like one of those long-legged grasshopp-
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever
The same old song i' th' grass. There let him
Burying his nose in every heap of dung." *

A truly flippant and impertinent Dev this; one to tremble before and hate. Th Satan of Milton is a saint compared to hi If Burns had read the sayings and doings Mephistopheles, he would never have said, his "Address to the Deil"—

"Old Nickie ben,
Ye still may ha'e a chance;"

for Mephistopheles is damned to the low

* We quote from Shelley's translation of first scene of "Faust." Pity that he did not fin the work! He was the man of his day best qu fied for the task. There have been many *attem* at translation of the great drama. Haywar Blackie's, Sir Egerton Brydges', for instance; th is only *one*, however, which deserves the nam the translation by John Anster, LL.D., publish some twenty years ago, which, if not literal, i- all e[illegible]poetical, an assertion which cannot ma[illegible]ther version we are acquainted wi

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because he is a sneerer. Milton's Devil oo proud to be flippant. Napoleon rarely ulged in mere verbiage, like Voltaire. eat ambition, which cannot exist without eat pride, is always self-concentrated, col-cted, above mere smartness; terrible in its ence. But Göethe has represented evil by aking its personification an Encyclopædist.

Byron too has grappled with the nature f evil. A Lucifer, in his hands, means in-ellect. His Devil is not the demon of pride, ike Milton's, nor the demon of skepticism, ike Goëthe's; but, if we may be permitted the phrase, the demon of metaphysical analysis. He is a logician, a reasoner, a bold theorizer. He represents pure reason, unsupported by faith. We do not assert that the poet intended that it should be so; but as Cain, in the drama, personifies a metaphysical and analytic intellect, Lucifer very evidently is its attendant shadow, which we may call daring Doubt. Byron does not make the primal murderer a commonplace villain; he is none of his capricious Corsairs or lack-a-daisical Laras; but a strong, gloomy man, of the John Forster school, pursued by his own thoughts to destruction, like Actæon by his hounds. Evil, according to Byron's creed, is not in the universe, but in ourselves. It follows us as closely and naturally as our shadow. It is not mean pride or mockery; it means an impossibility of faith. And what Hell so fitting a residence for a fallen, seared spirit, as a mind which sees a skeleton beneath every form—which says, with Tennyson's "lean and gay-toothed man,"

> "Every face, however full,
> Padded round with flesh and fat,
> Is but modelled on a skull!"

This is the worst Hell of all. Though we cannot assert, with Pierre Leroux and his brother *philosophers*, that Hell and Heaven exist only in the human heart—for we leave such questions to the constituted authorities—we may be allowed to remark, that a mind self-tortured by religious doubts is the type of the utterest misery known to us. Poe has given us involuntarily a terrible picture of such a mind in one of his tales—"The Premature Burial"—which will confirm our assertion:—"My fancy grew charnal. I talked of worms, of tombs, of epitaphs. I was lost in reveries of death, and the idea of premature burial held continual possession of my brain. The ghastly danger to which I was subjected haunted me day and night. In the former, the torture of meditation was excessive; in the latter, supreme. When the grim darkness overspread the earth, then, with the very horror of thought, I shook—shook as the quivering plumes upon the hearse. When nature could endure wakefulness no longer, it was with a struggle that I consented to sleep; for I shuddered to reflect that, upon awaking, I might find myself the tenant of a grave. And when, finally, I sank into slumber, it was only to rush at once into the world of phantasms, above which, with vast, sable, overshadowing wings, hovered predominant the one sepulchral idea."* This is an accurate picture of a strong intellect, harassed by doubt.

Mrs. Browning is the author of a noble poem, called "The Drama of Exile." While writing it, the lady sat beneath the shadow of Milton's soul. She is, all through the poem, like her own Corneille, "an orator of rhyme." The subject is the exile of our first parents from Eden. The story commences where Paradise Lost terminated—with the banishment. The latter concludes, like a sad and lofty dirge, when the afflicted two disappear through the cherubim-guarded gate,

> "With solemn steps and slow."

And the poetess continues the strain, as if a mourner with a softer voice caught up the dying note, and prolonged it. Of course, Evil or Lucifer plays a part in the drama. But he is sadly altered since we saw him last, holding high court in Pandemonium, surrounded by his grim and ghastly brethren. He has become quite human; a polished and insidious gentleman; in fact, quite a lady's ideal of a Devil. He is very eloquent, and bad enough—a supernatural Danton. He is more of a rhetorician than Satan, and less of a demon than Mephistopheles. Occasionally, even through his modern phrases and arguments, we recognize the proud spirit which

> "Clashed on the sounding shield the din of war"

against the Highest. He is a composite demon; and his eighteenth century sarcasm cannot altogether conceal the old audacity and pride. For has Milton ever coined

* *Vide* Collected Edition of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe, published by Redfield, vo

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more ringing sentences than the following?

"Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;
It holds, like mine, immortal. Presently
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green,
Or greener, certes, than its knowledge-tree!
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,
More eminent for shadow;—for the rest,
We'll build it dark with towns and pyramids,
And temples, if it please you. We'll have feasts
And funerals also—merry-makes and wars,
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along,
Right on the edges! And, good Gabriel,—
(Ye like that word in Heaven!)—*I* too have strength—
Strength to behold Him, and not worship Him;
Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on Him;
Strength to be in the universe; and yet
Neither God, nor his servant. The red sign,
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,
Is God's sign that it bows not unto God;
The potter's mark upon his work, to show
It rings well to the striker. I and the earth
Can bear more curse.

"GABRIEL. O miserable earth!
O ruined angel!

"LUCIFER. Well! and if it be,
I CHOSE this ruin,—I elected it
Of my will, not of my service. What I do,
I do volitient, not obedient,
And overtop thy crown with my despair.
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to Heaven,
And leave me to the earth, which is mine own,
In virtue of her misery,—as I hers,
In virtue of my ruin! Turn from both
That bright, impassive, passive angelhood,
And spare to read us backward any more
Of your spent hallelujahs!"

So spake the arch-fiend. The words are worthy of him—proud, bold, defiant, "sad as fate and salt of life."

And now we come to the Lucifer of Festus—a strange creation, powerful, original, unique. The author believes that Evil is a phantasm, not a reality; or we may say with more accuracy, he believes that, if it does exist, it is but the mask which conceals the features of Good. He regards it as a necessary shadow of the highest throne, darkening the world momentarily, but not disfiguring it. It is a necessity, like the mountains or the atmosphere; it is the complement of Good. As salt must have a sweet—as sun implies shade, or night day—Good, in his opinion, necessitates that shadow which is [illegible] Evil. We do not commit ourselves [illegible] views and sp[illegible]s of our author[illegible] we endea[illegible]yze them[illegible]

come at their real meaning. The present writer might be permitted to quote, without being accused of presumption, a few lines from an unpublished poem, in which he has thrown his weak arms round this subject and striven to clasp it. If they have no other effect, they will show, at all events, that he is able to appreciate the genius of a poet, without being committed to his creed. Dealing with this very question of Evil, he says:

"The good preponderates:
For good and God are synonyms. Strong Faith
Which breaks the shell of life, and spreads its wings
In the broad sunshine of Jehovah's throne,—
Which walks with up-turned face, and even bears
A halo round its head,—the reflex of the light
Which glances from the features of the One;—
And Love, that knits two separate hearts together
Until they branch and grow like twining trees,
Fed by one sunshine, nourished by one moisture
Of different kindred, and yet twins in life;
And Hope, that holds the sufferer's head above
The rising waves, and points unto the shore,
Whispering of home, until he strikes forth bold
And Knowledge, which is master of the elements
Calling the lightning of God's truth to earth,
As with a Franklin wand,—all, all are good!
'The universe is but a thought of God,' *
And God can think no evil!"

Bailey holds different opinions, and we be likely to indulge in a hearty laugh at weak optimism, and, mayhap, rhetogammon, which is our best attempt at p[illegible]cal composition; (we speak on the prin[illegible] that a modest word turns away wrath;) we cannot do better than allow him t[illegible] plain his own views in his own words. [illegible] the popularity of Festus had become a fact, many severe attacks on its theolo[illegible] opinions appeared in the leading journ[illegible] England, which necessitated a reply. cordingly, in the second edition of the [illegible] a proem was published, which was int[illegible] to be, at the same time, an explanation a vindication. Many persons consider this proem is the most objectionable p[illegible] of the volume; that the work has be[illegible] jured, not improved, by it; in a word, "explanation has spoiled it." Be this or not, the proem is somewhat more an explanatory preface; it is a recapitul[illegible] in brief of the leading thoughts of the [illegible]

* This noble line is a literal translation [illegible] the prose of Schiller. The original may be [illegible] a juvenile work of his, called (we quote [illegible]mory) "The Letters of Raphael."

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his final summing up. As a poem, it is nowise inferior to the drama which follows nay, it stands alone in literature as a atise on dogmatic theology which is osely scientific and logical, without ceasing be poetical. It is solemn and grand as death-sermon from Bossuet. We may iffer from the preacher; but while his arm words and passionate thoughts dig up the tears from our hearts, and shake us s with a storm of grief, we cannot help loving him. Thus nobly his vindication commences—a proud plea for his race and his art:

"Without all fear, without presumption, he
Who wrote this book would speak respecting it
A few brief words, and face his friend, the world;
Revising, not reversing, what hath been.
Poetry is itself a thing of God:
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie, do we become
Like God in love and power; under-makers.
All great lays, equals to the mind of man,
Deal more or less with the divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man.
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's;
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God. So may they ever be!
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,
And the sublime humility of might."

These lines are sufficient to show that our poet understands his mission. In no light or frivolous spirit does he enter upon his lofty theme, not influenced by schoolboy ambition, or weak desire to be the object of pointed fingers and muttered "There he is;" not from mere *cacoethes scribendi*, (the scribbler's itch,) a worse disease than Scotland has begotten; but from a pure and holy impulse, from a belief in his own inspiration, and a determination to sing a strain which shall sink into the world's heart; because, as his own fine words express it, it is "done unto God." But we said we would let him speak on the question which we have been prosing about, in his own words. Here they are. The reader will observe that evil is regarded as a necessity, but a necessity which developes good:

"Necessity, like electricity,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us; and we live,
We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure, colorless intelligence,
Which dwells in Heaven and the dead Hadëan shades.
We will, and act, and talk of liberty;
And all our wills, and all our doings both,
Are limited within this little life.
Free will is but necessity in play.
The clattering of the golden reins which guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun;
The ship which goes to sea informed with fire,
Obeying only its own iron force,
Reckless of adverse tide, breeze dead, or weak
As infant's parting breath, too faint to stir
The feather held before it, is as much
The appointed thrall of all the elements
As the white-bosomed bark which woos the wind,
And when it dies, desists. And thus with man:
However contrary he set his heart
To God, he is but working out His will;
And, at an infinite angle, more or less
Obeying his own soul's necessity.
He only hath free will, whose will is fate.
Evil and good are God's right hand and left.
By ministry of evil, good is clear;
And by temptation, virtue;—as of yore,
Out of the grave rose God. Let this be deemed
Enough to justify the portion weighed
To the great spirit, Evil, named herein.
If evil seemed the most, yet good most is;
As water may be deep and pure below,
Although the face be filmy for a time."

But the proem, though beautiful in itself, was scarcely necessary to the intelligibility of the character of Lucifer in this play. The character explains itself; it needs no key. The Lucifer which tempts Festus is not a mental attribute, as in Milton's Satan; he is not pride, nor skepticism, nor metaphysical analysis; he represents sensuality. Through the gratification of his senses; not through a proud search for wisdom, a wild aspiration after the fruit of knowledge; not through intellectual subtility, or light laughter at things which are sacred; not by fierce wrestling with the mysteries of this breathing world, desperate attempts to read the riddle of the Sphinx, (which is nature,) vain and reckless as the efforts of that

"First poet upon Tiber side,
Who dropped his plummet down the broad,
Great universe, and said, 'No God,'
Finding no bottom!"

not through such errors falls Festus. His Devil is the flesh; his own nature is his weakness. Lucifer means nothing more than the physical beauty and carnal fascinations which distract the mind of aspiring youth, and sway it from lofty themes to the pursuit of mundane pleasure. Youth is always more or less sensual. Its pa-

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boyhood to manhood is "over the bridge of sighs;" and during that passage, it has to fight its most terrible battle; to fight against indolence and voluptuousness; to untie the cestus of Venus and the vine clusters of Bacchus from its limbs, that it may tread the road of its future pure and strong. Festus, the tempted, represents youth in this stage of its pilgrimage. Great thoughts are familiar to him, "as blood to his heart;" faint outlines of a glorious mission hover before his eye; but athwart them flit the forms of light-robed women, with glowing bosoms and glancing eyes; while merry shouts, as from a joyous banquet-hall, where boon companions are shedding the heart's blood

> "Of the vine divine,
> Which flames so warm in Lansovine,"

fall cheerily upon his ear, and invite him to pleasure and reckless enjoyment. In this moment, Lucifer, the tempter, comes, and speaks to the soul of Festus.

> "LUCIFER. Peace! peace!
> All nature knows that I am with thee here,
> And that thou need'st no minor minister.
> To thee I personate the world—its powers,
> Beliefs, and doubts, and practices.
> "FESTUS. Are all
> My invocations useless, then?
> "LUCIFER. They are.
> Let us enjoy the world.

Let us enjoy the world! Ay, there speaks the worst demon of all. His creed, or the creed which he would teach to tempt, can be written in a sentence—*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* Aspiration is useless. Brave deeds are unrewarded. Noble thoughts are the parents of sorrow. Knowledge is as Dead Sea fruit, ashes to the taste. Truth is sweet to the eye, and salt to the tongue. Love of the soul is torture—love of the body is pleasure. Liberty is a fable, save when it exists as the liberty of the wine-cup. The real hero is the voluptuary, and the poet is he who *acts* the drama of Anacreon. As to glory, the laurel-wreath, unselfish achievements, self-sacrifice for humanity—ha! *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* Study the lives of patriots and philanthropists, and find self the basis of their characters, and the inspiration of their actions. Curtius, leaping into the gulf, is a vain fool, immolating himself for the applause of the greasy he honesty of Fabricius is only an- eans to the universal end, popular praise. Howard, in the most loathsome prisons, is thinking, not of the sufferings of his fellow-men, but of the verdict which "the world" will pass on his labors. Wilberforce is a gentle hypocrite, who makes capital in the shape of reputation by pretended sympathy with the oppressed. As to ambition, think of Chatterton and his fate. Homer, ages ago, begged his bread. Ovid won a prison, not a crown; so did Tasso. Dante became immortal as the author of the Inferno, and realized a hell upon earth for his pains. Otway was called a poet, and starved. Napoleon conquered the world, and died chained to a rock. Byron "awoke one morning, and found himself famous," and miserable also. Pshaw! recline on your ottoman; let the dancing-girls of Bethlehem be summoned; sip your *lacrymæ Christi*, and say with me, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* So the demon speaks; and youth must be strong and sinewy to burst through the cunning bonds which he flings around it, and face once more towards the sun.

Festus, like Faust, opens in Heaven. The book, the author says, "has a plan, no plot." The plan is simply to trace the history of temptation in the case of a young, bold poet-mind, of great passions, underneath the waves of which rich mines of thought are lying; and having brought it through the furnace, to lead it back to God, that all men may read the moral which teaches us that there is sufficient good in all created things to counterbalance the evil, and work out ultimate salvation. We know one other book—a plan without a plot also—which is very similar to this, and deserves to rank beside it, if not above it. That book is "Sartor Resartus." That master-work of a master-mind is intended as a record of the life-deeds and life-thoughts of the author, Thomas Carlyle. It, too, has its Mephistopheles; for the grim sarcasms of the writer play over its deepest meditations, like blue lightning over precipices. We follow the hero from childhood to manhood with admiration and love, mingled with a half-disgust, a shuddering fear, caused by the mocking Devil in his glance. We find him in love with the fair Blumine, the goddess of flowers, and envy him his Idyllic happiness and "æsthetic tears;" soon to weep for him when we see him deserted by his lady, alone in the universe—alone with the stars.

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We tremble when we see him cast into the dreary prison of the "Everlasting No," when faith has fled from his soul, like the maiden from his side, and all the world is a horrible blank, on which the name of God is written nowhere, and even the serenity of nature is a torture and a curse. And we rejoice, even to tears, when the happy change comes; when a ray of human affection lights his eye once more, as he gazes on man his brother, and the lost soul is recalled and pointed again to the skies, made perfect by suffering, and redeemed by love. 'Tis the old, true story. There is a great similarity in the history of intelligent nations, and greater in the life-process of thinking men. Festus and Sartor are of one race. Their blood is the same; they are both poets; they have both reached the height of manhood;

"The degree
They took was high; it was wise wretchedness;"

they are both thunder-scarred; and even after their redemption, bear marks of the fire upon them.

In the first scene of Bailey's drama, Lucifer asks the permission of God to tempt Festus, as does Mephistopheles in "Faust." We learn from this that the sufferings of the man are permitted and preordained: but we also hear God's words, "He is chosen," and know the moral—that evil only works out the primal design of the universe, and works unto good. This thought was almost expressed by John Sterling, when he said, "Lies are the masks of truths." Under the appearance, evil is the substantial good, and the existence of the one is as necessary to that of the other as bone to flesh. It was indispensable, however, to the elucidation of this idea, that the temptation of the man should be consented to by the Divinity; on which account we have Evil, or Lucifer, demanding the Divine permission to tempt him. Lucifer can no more avoid tempting Festus, than the latter can escape being tempted. The demon is a part of the machine, and as necessary to its continuance as the man; like an unsightly crank in the steam-engine, the blotch is indispensable to the beauty. It fulfils its mission. It mars the appearance to the casual eye; but, in reality, it secures the stability and symmetry of the whole. So we understand Bailey's theory; and again we must remark, that we are endeavoring only to analyze it, not to justify it, or convince ourselves or our readers of its truth. The dramatic artifice of introducing the personification of Evil into the presence of the Divinity, in order to account for the temptation of the man, is as old as the Book of Job. Göethe and Bailey have both copied *that;* and, in doing so, they have selected a glorious model. Job was a good man, who lived in the fear of the Lord, and daily testified to His greatness, by sacrifices and prayers. And Jehovah smiled kindly on him, and "blessed the work of his hands." But, as no man can enjoy his Heaven upon earth, he is compelled to endure anguish and sore suffering, for

"On a certain day, when the sons of God came to stand before the Lord, Satan also was present among them.

"And the Lord said to him, Whence comest thou? And he answered and said, I have gone round about the earth, and walked through it.

"And the Lord said to him, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a simple and upright man, one that feareth God, and avoideth evil?

"And Satan, answering, said, Doth Job fear God in vain?

"Hast thou not made a fence for him and his house and all his substance, and blessed the work of his hands, and his possession hath increased on the earth?

"But stretch forth thy hand a little, and touch all that he hath, and see if he blesseth thee to thy face.

"Then the Lord said to Satan, Behold! all that he hath is in thy hands; only put not forth thy hand upon his person. And Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord."

Here, too, temptation is permitted; evil is a necessity. The prosperous man is tested by suffering, and redeemed by love. Many writers assert that the grand poem, called the Book of Job, was written as an argument for universal salvation; but, be this as it may, Bailey has borrowed his plan from it, and told the old story in modern verse. Festus yields to temptation; becomes the slave of the senses; loves, and sins; wanders over the earth without a purpose or aim, blindly groping for light, "as the Cyclops in his cave;" drinks deep of pleasure, which is the herald of death; and finally returns, in humility and love, to the Author and Origin of all Good. But there is one characteristic of Bailey's Lucifer which we should not forget to mention—a characteristic not belonging to any other creation of the kind. He is a sorrowful devil; he laments, and almost repents; he indulges in supernatura



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sorrow, like unto no other sorrow, and knows not how to shut his misery in his heart. He speaks like a being who foresees a worse fate even than an eternity of misery; as one who expects an eternity of annihilation. He appears to feel that, some day or other, his existence will cease to be necessary to the existence of the world-machine, and shudders as he faces nonentity. Better to be in torture than not to be at all. He can endure any thing but death. And from those complaints and shudderings we conclude that Bailey wished to teach the utter destruction of the evil principle finally, and the return of all created things to Good, or God. Indeed, when we reach the conclusion of the book, we are scarcely astonished to find mercy meted out even to Lucifer; to find him not only destroyed as an evil principle, but restored to Heaven and happiness. We close our imperfect analysis with the final words of God:

"Rise, spirit! all created things unmade;
It suits not the eternal laws of good
That evil be immortal. In all space
Is joy and glory; and the gladdened stars,
Exultant in the sacrifice of sin,
And of all human matter in themselves,
Leap forth as though to welcome earth to heaven—
Leap forth and die. All nature disappears;
Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.
Man is as high above temptation now,
And where by grace he always shall remain,
As ever sun o'er sea; and sin is burned
In hell to ashes, with the dust of death.
The worlds themselves are but as dreams within
Their souls who lived in them; and thou art null,
And thy vocation useless, gone with them.
Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again,
And the lost tribes of angels, who with thee
Wedded themselves to woe; and all who dwell
Around the dizzy centres of all worlds
Again be blessed with the blessedest.
So, ye are all restored, rebought—rebrought
To Heaven, by Him who cast ye forth, your God.
Receive ye tenfold of all gifts and powers.
And thou who cam'st to heaven to claim one s...
Remain possessed by all. The sons of bliss
Shall welcome thee again, and all thy hosts—
Whereof thou first in glory as in woe—
In brightness as in darkness erst shall shine.
Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou
Redeemed to archangelic state. Bright child
Of morning, once again thou shinest fair
O'er all the starry ornaments of light."

So mote it be.

Of the style of "Festus" we will not ... ourselves to speak. Great thoughts ... forth from every line, like calm, deep ... Every page is starred by them. The w... "spake inspired." A late essayist, ... feeble and diffuse paper on the subject, ... one truth—"Bailey hath a demon."* ... speaks like one possessed. He was ... twenty-three when he published "Fes... and it will stand as a grand monume... inspired youth.

Here let us pause. We have seen that men are agreed as to the existence of ... but at variance as to its nature and ori... Each personality fashions it according to ... own views. But it is universal, and, in ... opinion of most men, immortal. The ex... ence of conscience implies the existence ... evil, against which it battles. Furthermo... conscience is not only an inspirer of our ... actions, but an historian of our crimes. ... the morning, the noonday, and the night ... teaches us that evil is not only a ter... existence, but that it coëxists with us, is ... us, now and for ever, *in secula seculorum*.

What shall we say? Nothing. But us think that we are the subjects of a mys... tery, and obey.

J. R

* Gilfillan, in his "Literature and Liter... Men." By the way, is not the popularity of ... declamatory, bombastic writer amongst us a co... proof of a highly vitiated literary taste?


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# A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

[The rapid extension of our commercial marine; its recent peaceful and gratifying triumphs, both in steam navigation and in rapidity of sailing; the new class of clipper-ships, with their magnificent proportions and scientific construction, almost rivaling steam in their speed, have awakened public attention to this branch of our national success in no ordinary degree. But whilst having our attention directed to these brilliant *external* results, it is to be feared that we are overlooking other improvements more essential to our *true* greatness and real success. With the view of awakening the attention of the country to those moral considerations which should go hand in hand with all physical improvements, we give place to the following communication. It is, what it purports to be, from one who "knows the ropes;" and although possibly too sweeping in its condemnation of our sea-captains, there are more than enough who deserve what is said, as the following case will show some evidence of:—

"A case in Admiralty came off on Saturday, P. M., before B. F. Hallet, U. S. Commissioner, which, from its peculiar and astounding atrocity, ought to find a place in every largely circulated journal in the country; and the monster, guilty of the charges preferred against him, let loose, while every honest hand *manned* a whip to lash the petrified scoundrel *sans culottes* through the world! One Captain Teale, master of a vessel bound from New-Orleans to this port, 'shipped' a lad as cook, &c, in the latter city; but when some five days out, the lad grew sick, kept his bunk, was hauled out by the mate, and kicked, says the evidence, until the boots of the mate were worn through at the toes! Recuperating, next day the captain took the boy in hand, triced him up to the rigging, and gave him twenty-five lashes; threw him down into the scuppers after the operation, and washed the poor lad's wounds with brine! For the next twelve days the boy was whipped aloft and alow, finally shut up under the *booby hatch* on top of a load of cotton, denied light, air, and food; the result was death, the most horrible! Is this case not damnable! Yet the Commissioner allowed the atrocious monster to get off on $1,000 bail, which he will forfeit, to meet death, doubtless, at some other time, at the hands of some outraged seamen, who will be charged with mutiny, &c., and be hanged. The murdered lad's name is unknown; he shipped as *Bryson*, but he, it is supposed, was the son of parents in good standing, from whom he had become estranged. The mate, in evidence before the Court, said, *the feller died to escape work!*"—*New-York Times of Nov. 1st.*

The practical suggestions of our friend at the conclusion of his communication are eminently worthy of serious consideration.

*On Shipboard,* ———, 1851.

The passengers of a packet-ship are usually so absorbed in their own sufferings, or in securing their share of the luxuries provided for them, that the condition of the crew entirely escapes their observation; and except as they sometimes watch them, admiring the dexterity and courage with which they move through the dizzy maze of swaying sails, and spars, and cordage aloft, with much the same sort of interest, if not with less, than that with which they regard the frolics of the porpoises and gulls, they would never see that she was not made victorious over the winds and waves by the simple magnetism of the great mind of her captain.

If the habitual brutality with which, in most ships, the seamen are treated, is forced upon their notice, and they presume to audibly question the necessity of it, they will find they have deeply pricked their usually thick-skinned host and courteous commander, and will be advised, in reply, without much polite circumlocution, to mind their own business, something, perhaps, in this way:

"I don't think you were cut out to command a ship, sir. Before a man can command, he must learn to obey. I came in at the hawse-holes, and worked through the forecastle myself to what I am; and I don't need men of your kidney to tell me what sailors want. If I had crawled in at the cabin windows, you might make me believe I ought to feed them up nicely, and bed them down soft, and coax and curry them

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as you do your horses ashore; but I didn't weather through with the rascals for nothing, sir, and I know better."

Supposing friend Greenhorn is thus silenced, I would take up his cause; for though I am now "only a passenger," I also once fought for my life in the forecastle, and have been worked harder and bedded more gloomily than the horse in the coal mine, and had given me for food such matter as no decent Christian on shore would throw to a dog. Yet I disagree with the captain, and confidently assert that he is not a bit the better, but a good deal the worse fitted to command, for all that initiatory experience on which he so much prides himself.

For how is it, think you, that some of these brave captains, generous, whole-hearted fellows as they commonly appear to their passengers, as they are known on shore—these gentle and attentive ladies' favorites in the cabin; these dignified, polite, and entertaining companions on the quarter-deck, who compel plate, and cards, and testimonials from every grateful and admiring company that they conduct to safety and comfort through the dangers and distresses of the sea; so kind, and brave, and generous—how is it, I ask, that some of these very men are looked upon by those in their forecastle as mean, inhuman tyrants? How is it, when at their homes on shore they are all manliness, refinement and affection; when in the cabin they can only exercise goodness, and kindness and care—how is it they can be so indifferent to the life, health, comfort and well-being of those "placed temporarily in their guardianship," only the other side of the foremast?

"Ah! their goodness is all stuff," Jack would mutter; "they give it out only where it's paid for." But, friend Greeny, *we* should know better than that. We have seen too much of it, seen it too steadily, to believe it altogether insincere; seen it living, and carrying him nobly ahead of us, where cargoes of money, mailsful of newspaper glory, would have been worth less than a spoonful of fresh water.

But what, then, can it be, so far from all true dignity, refinement and kind-hearted ness, that makes them only mean, vulgar, passionate, heartless, when they turn from nd of the ship to the other? Is it cre- Is it possible? Can it be accounted ced character? It can.

It is the direct, irresistible, uncon- able effect of CUSTOM, to which, in that cating forecastle, they were obliged to s render all manly trust in the reward honest purpose; all hopes of avoiding elty by simple performance of duty; hopes of kindness, or even justice, f those having power to those who m themselves subject to it. There and th was formed that habit of mind that ma it impossible for them to expect a se will obey from any but a sordid or c picable motive, or that he can resp with any confidence to a kind, and just reasonable authority. So they were tra to believe that a sailor, for ten or fifteen lars a month, barters all right and claim be dealt with as a man; to consider that rents for this pitiful pittance his body a mind as well as his labor. Thus they h been made to forget that the duties Charity and Mercy can never be interm or bargained away, or the claims of brot hood bought off. So, and only so, can it explained, that our brave, generous, c teous, and affectionate packet capt should be indifferent, reckless savages their crews, their comrades, their own eq true, and noble, and tender-hearted b thers of the sea; for degraded and br as a sailor may generally appear, oftu he also will show the port and carriage a feeling, God-like man. —— (Yes, Dan, shipmate; sainted, holy-born wa spirit that lived through all in thy r habit. Great was the heart in the iron ch that could moisten thy cold gray eye, a soften thy horny hand, and melt thy hoa utterance, and hush the tale of thy hea step. Would that thy unconscious fa were but as manifest in my works as wh in those days of fever's anarchy thou woul become sister, mother, angel to me!)

But sailors are seldom saints, it must confessed. Suspicious, distrustful, often d honest and hard-hearted themselves, t captain is partly right in thinking th would not understand, could not trust, a might fail to reward a worthy, generous a manly command. Trained like brutes, th must be driven yet like brutes. The wrong has produced the evil, and the e excuses the present wrong; and thus he as often elsewhere, both are perpetuat Such are always the hardest cases for t philanthropist, where heedless, fanatical, a

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practicable reformers are for ever making mischief.

Worse than all else is it when those professing honest intentions, perhaps even arrogating in their promises the spirit of Christ, prove unreliable, cowardly, inconsistent and contradictory, whether from weakness in the faith, want of self-control, stupidity, or knavery.

None do so much to aggravate the degradation and unworthiness of the sailor as those who, instead of good fare, give him good words; who, instead of hot coffee, when he comes down half frozen from reefing the icy topsails, press him to swallow temperance tales; who invite him to prayer-meetings in their rose-wood cabins, instead of allowing him watch-and-watch, needed rest, and regular sleep, in his own dingy forecastle. I have known a man who would turn the watch below out of their bunks to attend prayers in the cabin, then be so overcome by religious emotion (or what I have little doubt he thought was such) that he could not speak for sobbing, and shortly after come on deck and kick a man for passing him on the weather side of the quarter-deck, (equivalent to the inside of the walk in olden etiquette,) at the same time calling him by an obscene and contemptuous epithet, loudly enough to be heard from stem to stern. One voyage with such a man, whether sincere or hypocritical, will do more than any thing else to confirm a sailor's contempt for or indifference to religion.

I have myself experienced and seen much, and I have heard more of infamous cruelty practised on seamen. I have heard the yells, and seen the blood-marks of horrid corporeal punishment upon delicately nurtured boys. I have known old men to be knocked down like bullocks; yet, I assure you, that atrocities like these are not the worst. It is the lingering, deliberate, studiously contrived torture, inflicted in what is called *working up*. Often I have heard a second mate boast that he could work up a man, so he would wish he was in hell. The miserable deprivation of the cheapest necessities of life; (I have myself suffered with the scurvy, because, when victualing in a tropical port, a lot of mouldy bread could be bought at less cost than a sufficient store of yams, though the latter were in great abundance;) the contemptuous disregard of the common needs of mankind, (instances of which I know, too foul to be related;) the mockery of a man's most sacred feelings; aggravation of the horrors of death; total neglect and repudiation of all fellow-feeling;* it is this spirit that is most ruinous to all that have to bear it. Ask any sailor, and he will tell you that he cares little for violent temper, hard swearing, and ready blows, if he can have wholesome food, just time for rest and sleep, sailors' work, and plain, straight-forward dealing. It is not less true than strange that this should be denied him by men sailing under the Christian pennant, who never express a doubt of their own consistency, and probably never have any.

I am glad to believe that my experience in this respect was peculiarly unfortunate. But of the general question, if it is one. I have never found a sailor, when at sea, whose opinion of the folly, meanness, and outrageous petty tyranny of the generality of shipmasters, whether of pious or impious pretensions, was not stronger than mine; and I have seldom seen an officer who did not consider such treatment always quite excusable and often necessary towards free men of the United States at sea, as would be hardly allowed for any purpose towards the meanest and most untamable animals in a high-toned community on shore. In every crew, you will be told, there are some men of desperate character; and to retain command of a vessel, and conduct in safety the treasure with which it is laden to its destination, you must keep a tight hand on them. "Discipline and subordination are the life of a ship."

True enough. But can discipline be enforced only by an irritable and violent temper? Is subordination the result only of fear? Is not a manly acknowledgment of a real "ordainment of good sense" to the

* One of us, when nearly the whole crew were sick below with the jungle fever, was shrieking so heart-rendingly that I held my ears. An officer called loudly through the scuttle, "Will you stop that infernal noise?" "O God! O God!" exclaimed the sufferer. "God! God! What good is there in yelling to God? Do you think He'll help you?" "Oh, let me die, sir; let me die!" "Well, if it will stop your jaw, die, and be damned!" And this in a ship that was selected, on account of the religious character of the owners and master, to carry missionaries to the heathen. I had been assured that it would be a *privilege* to sail with this very officer, so highly was he esteemed for his virtues and moral character on shore.

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management of a ship, the best subordination? Is not a sensible respect for a judgment that always shows itself calm, sufficient and decisive, or an energy that can be patient, and an activity that can be silent and self-possessed, the best discipline? Is it not more reliable in extremity than cringing submission to the despicable power of a bullying braggart, like most of our mates, whom no man, dog, or sailor, however they may skulk out of reach, can ever see stamping, braying and kicking about decks in his lion's skin, without hearty disgust and contempt? Do our officers really doubt if freely combined action is more effective than forced labor? or that it is so only by regard to duty and by republican submission to law, as the crank of the shaft by which all associated labor must be brought to operate usefully?

"Ha! ha! Mr. Spooney," our friend at the head of the cabin table would say, "you'd better not try your moral suasion ideas on a gang of old sea-dogs. Depend upon it, sir, if the lazy rascals were not afraid of being worked up for *sodgering*, or strung up for mutiny, you wouldn't get to Liverpool till they were tired of being at sea. They'd have 'associated action' with a vengeance—all their own way."

May be so, sir, may be so; but it was not the way of fear or slavery that men have had of going down together in a foundering ship, without a whine, while the women and children are borne away in the boats. I tell you again, sir, it is the control of law voluntarily submitted to, not the habit of slavish relation to power; respect to duty, not fear of punishment, that is to be relied upon at such a time. It was none of your *hazing* discipline that led one of the crew of the foundered Somers, when he found that the spar to which he clung with his officer could not support them both, to ask if he had a wife, and, when he learned that he had, and children as well, to calmly let go his hold and sink.

I can tell another sort of story too, that perhaps will not be new to the captain, but will help patient friend Greeny and my kind readers to keep their trust in justice and humanity, even with common sailors [illegible] on salt water.

[illegible] years ago, I read [illegible] of a [illegible] ble shipwreck. A [illegible] vessel [illegible] k, it was said, th[illegible] all [illegible] of the seamen, w[illegible] ng [illegible]

threats and entreaties, took the only remaining boat, and, rejecting the captain and mate, saved the rest of the ship's company, including the passengers. By no inducement could any of them be prevailed to stand by the ship, or, after they had left it, to assist in rescuing the officers. When she turned up, they were drowned.

This account in the newspapers was followed by eulogistic remarks on the humane shipmaster, and expressions of amazement and horror at the selfish and cowardly conduct of the men, so uncharacteristic of British sailors. I thought, then, I could guess the explanation of their faithlessness.

Now, in this voyage to Liverpool, I found among the crew a man who was saved from this wreck, and from him I learn that the captain was, as I supposed, notoriously cruel, reckless, and inhumane to his hands. Many a sailor, he tells me, has he knocked down with a handspike, and many a good fellow, maimed, frost-bitten or fever-worn through his heedlessness, has been sent to die in the hospital.

But you will ask if civil government is of no advantage to the sailor; if the law offers him no protection against ill treatment. Yes; forgotten, neglected, and derided as it often is, on blue water, the law is invaluable to the sailor. He himself generally reverences the law, and is grateful to it; and you would be surprised to know how well its provisions, in his regard, are generally understood in the forecastle. A true fear of the law of the land has restrained many a ship's company from mutiny at sea.

I was once with a crew, watching, from our forecastle-deck, the captain holding and kicking a boy, while the mate, with all his strength, was flogging him, on a suspicion of a trifling misdemeanor, of which he bravely and truly, as we knew, refused to acknowledge himself guilty.

"How long are we to let that go on?" asked one, while another counted aloud the lashes—"Twenty-three, twenty-four"—"We are no men if we stand it longer." With this, he sprang forward, and nearly every man snatched a handspike or drew his sheath-knife. I fully expected to see the officers thrown overboard, when in a moment almost before a step was made, our best man exclaimed, "Avast [illegible]me back, you fool; put down [illegible] what do you want to run your

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head into a halter for? Can't you wait till we get home and let the law serve them out?" This interruption led to more deliberation, and finally a single man went aft, unarmed, with a remonstrance, which fortunately was heeded. In about three weeks we reached New-York; and so anxious was this good citizen that his word for the law should be vindicated, that he requested one of us to take him to the Sailors' Home and have him locked up till it could be brought to trial, so that we might be sure that he would not be too drunk to give his evidence. This was actually done, and the captain was made to atone for this and other cruelties by a payment to the boy of one thousand dollars. But what can atone for, what can retain, what can restore the manliness degraded to brutality under the lash of a despised tyrant? And is such subjection, such discipline and education, necessary to qualify a man to command others? Is it not the worst possible preparation of his nature for such responsibility?

Suggestions for improving the laws I would make with diffidence, knowing the great difficulty that is always found, even by statesmen and professional lawyers, in attempts to add to the statute book.

The laws at present provide, that every vessel shall have stowed *under deck*, when she goes to sea, certain quantities of specified provisions and water. The ship in which I was, when she sailed, had apparently complied with these regulations. Three days out, all her stores were hoisted on deck; and an equal bulk of her freightage, which had been stowed temporarily in the cabin, was removed and put in their place under hatches. The same day we were put on small allowance of water, and barrel after barrel of beef was opened and thrown overboard. There was hardly a barrel on board fit for human food, except some of extra quality in half barrels, which was reserved for the cabin. The bread was full of worms; the meal was sour. The only stores we had in good condition were pork and rice. The vegetables lasted only a fortnight on a passage of between three and four months.

Now, would it not be better that every seaman should be always entitled to regular and fixed *daily* allowances of certain specified suitable provisions, (as I believe he is in the Navy;) and when, from carelessness or stinginess, he does not get these, that he should have a legal claim upon his employers for considerably more than their shore value? A similar regulation would be but merciful with regard to water. The least quantity which shall be on board when a ship sails is now fixed; but a man should be entitled to his average of this *every day*. No one can appreciate the torment which the want of this inflicts, who has not, when living on salt junk and biscuit, several years baked, being obliged, without a drop of water for twelve hours, to overhaul chains in the smothering hold, or furl sails on the blistering yards, under the sun of the equator.

I have seen it so, while the captain, under an awning on the poop, would be constantly drinking acid preparations, often saying that he thought it dangerous to drink clear water in such very hot weather.

Again. We were ninety days upon a passage, during half of which time we were on short allowance of water, and when we arrived, had enough in our tanks to last ninety days more at the same rate, and from which we were actually served again, after six months' time. This was because the captain wished to avoid the possibility—which had been suggested to his far-reaching intelligence—of being obliged, on account of any accident that might prolong our passage, to put in at some expense to an intermediate port to replenish his casks.

It seems to me that a law concerning the time, or amount of labor to be exacted of seamen, would be desirable. The cruelty that I have suffered, from being unnecessarily deprived of sleep, has been terrible. I have sometimes, when in active bodily exercise on deck or aloft, fallen asleep, and been prevented falling overboard by the merest accident. Twice I was withheld from death in this way only by catching a rope. For two weeks, in mid-ocean, in the finest weather, our crew had less than seven hours on an average in the twenty-four allowed them for sleep, washing, dressing, eating their meals, cleaning their dishes and their abode, mending and taking care of their clothes, &c. In the English merchant service generally, and in most of our packets, the custom is, "four hours on and four hours off" duty, giving twelve hours *below* in twenty-four, on an average. This is not too much. Where sleep is so broken up, there needs, according to my experience, to be more of it. If there is hard labor and poor fare in the

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working hours, this necessity is increased. The master must be allowed to judge of the necessity of keeping his men up; but might not this discretionary power be guarded by provision that some payment, additional to the ordinary wages, should be made, when extraordinary labor on watch is required?

The law, however, can at the best only be hoped to prevent plain knavery and atrocious wrong to the seaman; it cannot command real respect and consideration for his comfort and well-being; it can do but little to improve his moral position. Having thus seen his dark and almost hopeless position while at sea, let us now look at the counteracting influences for good which are offered him on shore; see if any thing is wanting to make these efficient; and consider, if so, how the want may be best supplied.

And here you will look for a brighter prospect. You know that there are great national societies especially devoted to this purpose; that in thousands of churches every year at least one sermon is preached on their behalf; you are often called to contribute to their funds. In all the large towns there are auxiliary societies, and in the small towns ladies' sewing societies, who not only sew, but have very agreeable fairs and festivals, and picnics and tea-parties, and concerts and *weddings*, (for aught I know,) all for the sake of poor Jack. You have heard or read of the consequent grateful speeches of real sailors at the anniversaries; you take, I hope, the *Sailors' Magazine*, and read of the generous munificence of the New-York merchants in establishing a decent boarding-house for the humble agents of their traffic on the sea,* and you see encouraging reports from hosts of good men who are devoting themselves to the work of saving the souls of sailors ashore.

Though I shall try to show that something is needed that is not contemplated, or at most but very slightly, in the usual operations of these good friends, I do not wish by any means to run athwart, but would wish, if I could, to make more forcible their appeals to you to pray and pay for the preaching of the gospel to sailors. Pray a... pay, for in these days prayer without mo... is dead. So pray for them, and fail not a... to give to them a fair share of your sup... means of comfort and moral safety; and considering what may be a fair share f... them, do not forget that, in language t... all men and women can understand a... speak fluently, our seamen are constant... preaching *something* in every heathen p... and that our seamen are to our missionar... as a thousand to one. Of those who l... inland, this is all that can at present ... asked. Let these societies that act as t... representatives of your interest in seamen... and the factors of your labors on the s... shore, be then well sustained.

The Seamen's Friend Society, with its various agencies of good, I really believe to be the most intelligently conducted and well managed of any of the great pub... religious establishments of our country. T... American Tract Society has a stupend... power for good, and is not altogether f... getful of seamen; yet I must say of the im... mense number of its publications that I ha... seen prodigally scattered in the forecas... nearly all have seemed to me wholly un... adapted to the character of sailors, and ar... feeble means of grace enough to warrant y... in the most profound humility in so mu... of your duty to them as is thus disposed of Bethel chaplains, port pastors, and colporteurs are laboring diligently, and much good must they be doing; but it is almost alto... gether, as far as I have observed, among canal boatmen, dock loafers, and such mo... grel, 'long-shore kind of sailors. They can... not often get within range of those that come and go upon long voyages; the... when ashore, being almost always in too jolly and excited, or too miserable and stupid a state of mind to listen to them with any sense of what they hear.

Our commercial cities are now generally well provided with churches contrived especially for the attendance of seamen. It is a matter of civic pride with most New-Yorkers that that great port is so well furnished in this respect. They delight to show strangers how they have even set carpenters' Gothic afloat, improving on the drifting meeting-... ...ibed by Brainard:

> ...eam or davit had it none;
> ...larboard, gunwale, stem or stern;"

* It probably cost ... as much ... e profits of som... ; hard" ...nting all the ... so ... get for it, I th... in ... t, admirably ... us ... ishment.

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and they enjoy thinking, doubtless, how the sainted old mediæval stone-workers, whom they follow in their whittlings, would be astounded to see, some day after a heavy gale, a full-rigged church, with nave and choir and chancel, buttress, spire and—flag-staff, hauled out on the floating-dock to have a new corner-stone spiked into her, her foundations recoppered, and her under-pinning caulked and pitched.

But now, with all these churches and chapels, and chaplains and other laborers, what proportion of real sailors do you suppose ever hear a good word for religion, or morality, or humanity, or decency, when ashore? I will answer for you: not one in a hundred. And if there were ten times as many churches, and they were ten times as curious, but very few sailors would be attracted across their gang-planks, and little good would they do the most of those who were. I have known a crew to be persuaded on their arrival from sea to go to church on Sunday morning, and have public thanks offered for their safe return to the land, who would spend the same afternoon in a grog-shop, and the night in a dance-cellar and brothel.*

Do you wonder at this?

Would you be surprised that a starving man should be indifferent to the charms of ever so beautiful a landscape? or that he should not thank you for opening your house to him, if there were no meat in it, though the walls were hung with exquisite paintings, and he could hear within the most delicious music or the most powerful lecture on the dangers of gluttony? Would he wait, think you, for you to convince him that music and the fine arts and eloquence are more noble, more worthy a man's highest aspirations than cookery?

When a sailor bounds on shore, suddenly released from the unnatural privations and cruel contractions of his floating prison, exciting recreation is his natural aliment. He pursues it as a famishing man does food, and should be met in seeking it only with tender sympathy and hearty good-fellowship by those wishing his good. It is often as much spiritual longing as animal passion that he attempts to satisfy, when he is seduced and absorbed by such miserable means as are, almost alone, now offered in our great cities to answer the wants of his natural functions and tastes.

Let me tell you the shore history of a young Irishman that landed with me in New-York about his twentieth birth-day, after an absence from Christian lands of more than five years. He was now on shore less than a month, in circumstances and with desires more than usually favorable to the resuscitation of the moral life that so long a residence in the gloom of a forecastle might well be supposed to have stifled.

Having a large sum of money coming to him, and forewarned of the danger he would be in, he had promised to keep clear of bad company, and, as soon as he could, to return home to visit and relieve his widowed mother,

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* For the twenty thousand mariners who are constantly drifting about our streets and along our wharves on Sunday, Christian benevolence has provided six places of worship in this city. These, when crowded to their utmost capacity, will perhaps accommodate some four thousand hearers, leaving sixteen thousand unprovided with places of worship. . . . .

It is not my design, however, to advocate the present necessity of erecting more Bethels for seamen in this city. Truth requires me to say that those already erected are not well attended, and some of them are neither well attended nor well supported. From the best information I can obtain, there is not at the Bethels now established an average attendance on the Sabbath of more than fifty seamen. The oldest seamen's preacher in the city confirms this estimate. The simple truth, therefore, is, that of twenty thousand sailors, not more than three hundred attend the means of grace at the different Bethels in this city. The announcement of this fact is startling, and ought to alarm the churches.

I have hitherto spoken generally; suffer me now to confine my remarks to my own particular field of labor. I am, as you are aware, the pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church, situated in Cherry, near the corner of Clinton street. Our church edifice was erected some six years since, and from the day of its dedication, the Bethel flag has been displayed above it every Sunday, and the gospel faithfully preached from its pulpit. Much good, we think, has been done here, and hundreds of sailors have here professed to be converted from the error of their ways. Yet we must admit that our success has not equalled our wishes or expectations. We have, perhaps, in all respects, the best mariners' church edifice in the world, with every facility for benefiting seamen and their families.

What is done for these men should be done quickly, for they live not out half their days. I weep as I think how many of them move among us unregarded, and die, no man seeming to care for their souls.—*From a letter of the Rev. James H. Perry.*



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whom he had left in poverty near Belfast. Within twenty-four hours after we reached New-York, I heard that he was tipsy. I knew that he was not fond of liquor, and that he would have yielded to no slight temptation. The next day I went to him, and fortunately finding him alone, and knowing not what to do with himself, I took him to see a part of the city that sailors seldom are to be found in. He admired the fine ladies, laughed at the fine gentlemen, wondered at the splendor of the shops and the stateliness of the public buildings; he stood with awe under the dome of the Exchange, and watched with delight the sparkling flow of the fountain. We took passage on the forecastle of an omnibus, and were rattled up to Union square, and then rumbled back in the cabin of a railroad car. At the gate of the Park, he made a famous bargain with an apple-woman, and almost directly after slid all the change she left him of a dollar into the box of the blind sailor. We sat down, and then threw ourselves flat upon the close green turf, and laughed as we reminded each other of having been so stretched out together six months before on the thin limpsey weeds of an island of orange trees and bananas in the Pacific. We snatched handfuls of grass and threw it in each other's faces, and rolled over and over on it like a couple of children. Then we lay silent, each perhaps looking beyond the trees above us, until we were suddenly roused by an ugly man with a rattan switch, who threatened to show us the inside of the Tombs if he caught us on the city grass again.

A glass of iced and richly-flavored soda-water at Rushton's made him declare that he would never want to taste grog again. Then we went into the Museum, where he had his fortune told, being promised a dark-eyed maiden and a cow and a cottage, which made him wince and blush, and for some time sober and abstracted; laughing, nevertheless, and assuring me that he was not superstitious.

After eating a supper of to him strange Yankee dishes, and bowling a string of ten-pins at a "temperance alley," I furnished him with some "real Spanish cigars," and moored him in the smoking-room of the Sailors' Home. A whimpering widow-woman, who was here "waitin' for some washin' from the sailor gentlemen," and who "never smoked, or chawed, or snuffed, or drinked, thank the Lord," thoroughly enjoyed the atmosphere, and a tedious yarn about the loss of her "which mysteriously disappeared ... ago last first o' May, and has never heard on since, never." He at last stopped her off by launching a kitten into her lap, and telling her to hush, and then went out on to the bank to see a monkey and listen to a hand-organ, soon after to a wooden-legged man with a man singing doleful ballads. When I left him, he declared it had been a "glorious day."

The next day he deposited his money with Captain Richardson, the steward of a temperance club, and, for about a fortnight after I left town, remained at the club, generally, I believe, continuing sober, respectable, and regular in his attendance at the religious exercises of the house. He then, failing to get a berth, as he wished, in a ship for Belfast, he got *blue*, and resumed as he had always been accustomed to, the amusement of dancing and music. Applause, cheer and lewd caresses, which in New-York are inseparable, to sailors, from music and dancing, soon betrayed his better nature, and swamped his conscience. Mirth and wine stimulated, love brutalized, generosity made reckless. Resisting remonstrances and exhortations, he withdrew his five years' savings, and exchanged the restraints and comforts of the Home for the mad freedom and boisterous conviviality of a villanous boarding-house. As a rich morsel, he was sucked through the fangs of the Five Points, and cast out again after a time, fired with the disease, crazed with drunkenness—a miserable, desperate beggar.

Once more his obliging landlord helps him to forget his misery; and when again he awakes from the long *horrors of delirium tremens*, it is to find that the black hole which he has thought to be the home of demons, is the only less fearful forecastle, dark, damp, and noisome, of a rotten old brig in which the land-shark has shipped him, and from which he is now roused out with kicks and curses, to man the pump-brake, and be worked up into a good enough sailor again by a new set of tyrants.

The sequel of such a history can be learned in a common newspaper paragraph, in small type, such as the following, which, a few

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after, I found in the *Journal of rce :*—

**Harbinger**, Fitzgivet, which sailed from May 19th, for Turk's Island, has never been om, and is given up as lost. No insurance. leaves a wife and five children."

a, my pitying reader, is the life of our ; such, unnamed and forgotten, their

a body of the world's most important ers, as the instruments of bringing to- r in brotherly interest, preparatory to great union in one kingdom—the king- of peace, the kingdom of Christ—of all nations, judge you if society is doing all it ought for their improvement, even its own sake. Ask yourself, Christian her, with what effect a Mussulman dervish ld preach, in our ports, the devotion and rality of the Koran—truth, cleanliness, pitality, abstinence, and resignation to the l of Allah—if he had been brought to us a crew of Mussulmans, who were con- ntly, openly in our streets, grossly, boast- ly violating half our natural instinctive ws of decency, honor, and humanity? /ith what propriety or prospect of success ould he leave his ship to try to make men etter on shore? Judge you, then, simply, it is economical for those who send mis- ionaries to the heathen to do no more for eamen. Judge you if it is good husbandry for us to do nothing for this home-lot of ours but sow seed. Why, in God's name, should we not grub up the stumps, and cast off the stones, and burn the bushes, as well as be for ever sending sowers, and wasting good seed?

I have already intimated what some of the rocks and thorns are that landsmen are accountable for, and shown what instruments can sometimes break through the miserable deposit of vice, and bring up the virgin soil. With the improvement of our cities; with the formation of free public parks and gardens, and rational and healthy places of exercise and amusement; with the cleansing of such sinks as the Points and the Hook in New-York, and Ann street in Boston; with the establishment of liberal, honest, pleasant, and suitable habitations for them, like the Sailors' Home; with reputable employment and a comfortable living for honest labor,* plainly opened and assured to the poor, ignorant, homeless, abandoned, and, by all but sailors, scorned and unfriended girls of our streets, the grasp of vice and recklessness may be slackened on them while they are on shore. But then there is left the fierce influence of that brutalizing tyranny which they must be subject to at sea. Remember how defensible I have shown this to be; how little hope, while our officers grow up in it, and our seamen continue to expect it, and so make it almost necessary, there is that it will be greatly mitigated.

Is there not some way by which new elements of confidence, good temper, and sobriety of feeling may be introduced at the same time among both officers and men?

I shall offer suggestively, and with unassumed deference to the practical wisdom of those whose business it is to regard me, that there might be prepared some such infusion by the establishment of mercantile naval training schools, and a system for educating a body of seafaring young men, so that they would escape a part at least of the bad influences from which the service now suffers.

Without going into details, let me sketch in outline what this might be, and glance at its probable operation. Small, and hardly perceptible, could we expect to find its immediate results, yet they might open a channel through which, eventually, should set an immeasurable tide of good.

Suppose then, first, you start a school in which a boy may be instructed not only in common school studies, but in knotting, splicing, laying aloft, reeving studding-sail gear, making sinnett, sewing, rigging, boxing the compass, and a great deal of light seamanship, which may be taught him (as I have evidence) almost as well on shore as at sea; and all this, with the habits of order and disciplined action, in combination with others, which distinguishes the good seaman, he would obtain without being subject to degradation and brutality. He would then be well started to go afloat, able and ambitious to make his knowledge and dexterity practically useful, and to rapidly add to his acquirements and skill. Tastes and habits of judicious and intelligent recreation might also have been cultivated in him, that would go far, for a whole life, to weaken the temptations of low and baneful amusements.

Boys so prepared would be worth much more than ordinary green hands; and for

* The object of the Employment Society, the Shirt Sewers' Union, Sailors' Wives Association, &c.

this, when they were sent to sea, some unusual regard for their comfort and care to instruct them might be justly demanded of their masters. Whether they should be actually apprenticed with such stipulations in their indentures, may be questionable. I am myself inclined to think that the British usage only needs some modifications to be desirably introduced into our service. But, at any rate, some sort of effective claim upon the master should be had for as much kindness and care for them as would exempt a man from prosecution for ill treatment of a horse by the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on shore. I would not attempt to interfere with hard work, hard fare, and hard knocks, where they were not most obviously outrageous and criminal; but I would have it seen to, that they were not allowed to die from neglect, or to have their spirits broken or demonized by tyranny or scornful disregard, without satisfaction to public justice. I would insist, too, that at sea they should have leisure for other duties than merely working, eating, and sleeping.

The captain has listened to me while I opened this plan in silence, puffing thick clouds of smoke upon it, as I imagined, with disdain; but here he suddenly interrupts me, saying, with his hand outstretched, and a very hard old English word to emphasize the declaration, that if there was such a school, his own son should go to it. I am surprised at his favorable feeling until he tells me that he used to swear that no son of his should ever go to sea, but that two of them have already run away, and a third will no doubt soon follow in their wake. One of them is now second officer of a California steamer, the other—it is very long since they have heard from him. "By the way," he adds, as soon as he has secured the fire in his cigar, "you should teach the boys to swim;" and after a few puffs more, he suggests several other accomplishments which would be useful to them either as seamen or officers, but which it is difficult for one to get time or opportunity to acquire at sea.

To include these, it would be necessary considerably to extend my plan. Why not do so?

Well, then, suppose you have in connection with your school provision for the instruction of young officers in theoretical ...igation, and of marine engineers and ...builders in the mathematics and science of their duties. Let plain lectures be given occasionally at the institution in meteorology and astronomy, with directions how to use instruments and take observations for scientific purposes. Let simple instructions be offered in medicine and surgery,* and in other sciences that are of the greatest importance to shipmasters, and a practical knowledge of which by them would be the means of saving thousands of lives. Have the means, with an instructor, for learning to swim; to construct rafts; to rig jury-sails, jury-masts, rudders, &c.; to practise with signals; to communicate with stranded wrecks, &c.

Such privileges, with a museum, library, reading-room, musical exercises, and recreative exercise-grounds, which might be added, would be greatly attractive to any intelligent seaman. Suppose, then, you have lodgings and accommodations near by, and offer a home in them as agreeable as possible consistent with decency, at prices according to the quality, for all classes of seafaring men who are willing to enjoy themselves while ashore, free from sottish and licentious temptations.

Here the young seaman who wished to rise in the service would, in the intervals which he could afford to make between his voyages, continue the studies commenced in the primary naval school, and, without denying himself the pleasures of the shore, might obtain both knowledge and skill, which, with the experience and information he acquired while at sea, would recommend him and prepare him for higher responsibilities and proportionate reward.

Does it not seem that thus might be gradually infused into our merchant marine not only a class of more trustworthy officers and reliable men, but a general spirit of morality and civilization, worthy to be associated with the energy, bravery, and skill which distinguishes the American sailor, and upon and through which more distinctly religious enterprises might reasonably hope and pray and labor for God's blessing!

If I should now be asked, whose business it is to attend to this proposal, my reply

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* It is not an uncommon thing for shipmasters to attempt the most critical surgical operations, amputations, &c., and the most villanous use of the contents of the medicine-chest is constantly made by them.

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would be, that the shipowners, the shipbuilders and fitters, the importers and exporters, the merchants, are nearest to the work. Let them take hold of it at once, as an important educational measure, and as affecting the character of that class on whom, in case of war, the defense of our vast coast must in a great degree depend. It should be liberally assisted by the State. It should be directed by the Chamber of Commerce, or some other mercantile organization of the ports with which it is connected.

I would urge such associations also to form rules for the provisioning of ships, and regulations for improving the circumstances and securing manly treatment to the sailor whose ship hails from their port, and to endeavor to have those who disregard these rules disgraced, and those who evade or break the laws of the nation on this subject detected and punished.

I hope my readers are ready to pardon the strong personal interest which has detained me so long on this subject. I know it is not one of the most general public interest; but the very apathy and ignorance common with regard to it, require me to make the most of every fitting opportunity of stirring up reflection and urging action upon it. I care not for any particular plan, only that public opinion be brought to bear upon the causes of the vice and misery, the cruelty and neglect which so degrade this humble but most important class of our citizens. It is a disgrace to our merchants; it is a stain upon our country; it is a blot upon the face of our claim to Christianity and civilization.

It will be thought that I have spoken too severely of the character of our shipmasters. I have not a word to take back, not an epithet to modify. I re-assert the truth of such instances of tyranny as, while writing, I have been reminded of. I know that I could bring proof to a court to-morrow of much more infamous cases than any of them, that yet wholly escape the vigilance of law, and with which public opinion does never trouble itself.

But no man more highly appreciates the many noble qualities that distinguish the great number of these men. No one is more ready to pardon them and see their excusability for that which is detestable in them. It is hardly necessary, I hope, to add also that there are many exceptions to the general character; men who have in all respects conquered and risen superior and uncontaminated from the midst of the influences I have explained. For them, no one can have a deeper respect or more sincere friendliness than I.

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# LAST SONG.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The beetle from the furrow goes,
The bird is on the sheltering limb,
And in the twilight's pallid close
Sits the gray evening, hushed and dim.

In the blue west the sun is down,
And soft the fountain washes o'er
Green limes and hyacinths so brown
As never fountain washed before.

I scarce can hear the curlew call,
I scarce can feel the night-wind's breath;
I only see the shadows fall,
I only feel this chill is death.

At morn the bird will leave the bough,
The beetle o'er the furrow run,
But with the darkness falling now,
The morning for my eyes is done.

Piping his ditty low and soft,
If shepherd chance to cross the wold,
Bound homeward from the flowery croft,
And the white tendance of his fold,

And find me lying fast asleep,
Be inspiration round him thrown,
That he may dig down very deep,
Where never any sunshine shone.

My life has been unbroken gloom,
No friend my dying hour will see—
Oh, wherefore should he ask for room
In consecrated ground for me?

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# OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

## AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIM

### FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon is apparently of one mind with that Irish servant who, having received notice to leave from his master, said: "If you don't know when you have a good servant, *I* know when I have got a good place; and I will not go!" The Prince is resolved to be re-elected to his presidency *against* the express terms of the Constitution. He knows that if he goes down now—

> "If he falls now, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to rise again."

A few months ago, he made a strong effort to push the Constitution out of his way—to abolish it, and get another framed of a more accommodating nature. But the National Assembly defeated his purpose. He then perceived that, ever since his election to the President's chair, he had been miscalculating his chances. During that time he had enforced the system of reaction, and allied himself with the party of "order" and conservatism. But, in so doing, he had violently offended the sense of that moderate republicanism which is powerful in France by his high-handed suppression of the liberty of the press. This republicanism includes Changarnier, Cavaignac and other leading men, as well as the Assembly; and against these Louis Napoleon found himself feebly backed by the reactionists. In this predicament, he bethinks himself of another violent resource—nothing less than the *repeal* of the law of May, 1849, by which he himself helped to abolish universal suffrage! By this law, he fancied he had broken the power of the democracy he detests, and at the same time secured the adhesion of the *bourgeoisie* and what is called the party of order. But his plans were baffled; and now, perceiving that his chance of re-election is lost, if he cannot appeal to the masses that made him President for his name's sake, he resolves, without hesitation and without a blush, to beat down a law which incommodes his ambition, and to open once more the popular flood-gates! The desperate ambition of the man is indicated by such a policy as this. Rather than not trample on the Constitution and remain in his high place, he belies and repudiates his own policy of the last two or three years, and embraces that universal suffrage monster at which he has been hacking with his sword or truncheon this many a day! And he hopes to—he hopes to awaken once more the Na- enthusiasm of the masses, and be be- power by the force of their ignoran- He certainly inherits his uncle's cont- opinion of French human nature; an- seems to declare that a good deal of t- temptuous opinion was richly mer- was disgraceful to the Frenchmen of a generation that, having done so mu- name of freedom, they should basely lo- and let a victorious little homicide s- them and their liberties into the m- then satisfy their souls with military h- If, after the despotic manœuvres of Lo- poleon, the people will still raise him President's chair or any other seat, th- judgment of the world must be reverse- all, and the Bonapartes acquitted of a- for keeping down so worthless and mis- a people.

> "Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they w-

The resignation of the Ministry, which- place towards the close of last *month*, see- to embarrass the President. But his c- preserved a confident tone, and a new istry was announced, after several inef- attempts to construct one. The names- Ministry are strange, and have no meanin- foreign ears; but it is stated that the ma- of them are disposed to aid in repeal- law of May, 1849. The Committee of P- manence, which the National Assembly left in session during its own prorogat- keeping strict watch on the progress of e- In this committee sit Generals Cavaig- Changarnier, Bedeau, and other influen- men opposed to the policy of the Pres- and deeply impressed with the importan- the present crisis. The Legitimists are- this matter, on the side of the Republicans- they hold themselves ready to thwart th- ambition of Louis Napoleon in any attem- at supreme power. Such is the deplorable condition of the French nation; its Govern- ment a loose, ricketty, uncertain despotism, tottering upon the verge of insurrection, and ready to be swept away, at a week's warning, in one more tempest of blood and gunpowder. Can it be possible that the Legitimist orator, Berryer, is right, after all, when he vehemently exclaims that the French are not fit for republicanism; that monarchy is the form

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of government which best suits the genius of that gallant and theatrical people? Political prophets have declared that France will not be a republic in six months. The eyes of Europe are pretty steadily fixed on France just now. It is stated, on authority, that the Emperor of Austria, being rather low in funds, would reduce his army considerably, but hesitates to do so till the French crisis shall have shown itself less threatening. At the first sound of insurrection in France, the other peoples of the continent would fall to the old barricading business. And so the despots are standing to their arms.

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### KOSSUTH IN ENGLAND.

Kossuth, though a wandering man, has not ceased to do remarkable things. He seems to be still waging the war of Hungary, and indeed not without a considerable degree of success. For a short time, people in this country were under the impression that he had quarrelled with the officers of the ship Mississippi on the passage to Gibraltar; but the arrival of that vessel in this country has put an end to that misapprehension, the officers having declared that nothing of an unfriendly nature took place between Kossuth and themselves. These slanders, therefore, of some Austrian tool have been utterly extinguished. Having arrived at Gibraltar, and finding that the orders of the Mississippi did not permit her to go out of her course in the direction of England, Kossuth, his family, and a few of his suite embarked in the Madrid, and reached Southampton on the 23d of October.

The reception of Kossuth by the municipality and public of Southampton was very enthusiastic and even affectionate, the warmth of feeling on the occasion being naturally enhanced by the appearance of his wife and three children—two boys and a girl, the eldest about fourteen. From the moment of his landing, the Magyar patriot displayed to his gratified audiences an accomplishment for which they were not entirely prepared: he made speeches in English. During his imprisonment in Asia Minor, he was sedulously learning our language, and was fond of refreshing his studies by the perusal of Shakspeare. And so, when he first addressed the crowd at the house of the Mayor of Southampton with, "I beg you will excuse my bad English. Seven weeks back I was a prisoner in Kutayah, now I am a free man," he was cheered as much for his correct syntax and intonation as any thing else. But he continued to speak admirably. Indeed, if he spoke the speeches as they are set down, he must be a man of extraordinary powers. His victory over the *English* in this way is tantamount in arduousness to a victory over the Austrians; from which we may see that Kossuth was still a conqueror at Kutayah. But we have no doubt the reporters in his case did for him something of what reporters do for every public speaker—saving Daniel Webster or Henry Clay. Nevertheless, Kossuth's speeches at Southampton exhibited a good deal of the earnest, ardent, impassioned Governor of Hungary. The *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* (London) newspapers are foremost among the few who ridicule or denounce Kossuth; but their reporters have given him pretty fairly. The gentleman of the *Times* says that his bluish-gray eyes reminded him of O'Connell's. When "God save the Queen" had been played, Kossuth came forward bare-headed, and said: "It is a glorious sight to behold a queen on the throne representing the principle of liberty." He then called for three cheers for her. Kossuth is not that rash, uncalculating man people would have us believe. The Mayor in his robes, and surrounded by the Corporation, addressed him in a very fine strain, linking the name of the Hun with the kindred names of Sydney, Hampden and Washington. How miserably the name and character of a Louis Napoleon shrink in comparison with this immortal brotherhood! In his reply to the address, Kossuth showed how well he understood the old principle of liberty which has lived through the English Constitution for a thousand years, and which bears its "bright consummate flower" upon our own soil. He spoke of the old county and municipal *federations* of England, existing (the first, at least) in the Saxon times; recognized them as the guaranties of public liberty in both hemispheres, and contrasted them with the fatal principles of *centralization* obtaining in France and other countries. He expressed himself full of gratitude for the interference of England in his case, and full of hope for Hungary and the world from "Britannia" and the "young giant" of the other hemisphere. If England will really merit the ardent eulogy pronounced upon her by Kossuth, she would indeed be queenly and glorious among the powers of the world.

On the 24th, Kossuth was entertained at the house of Mayor Andrews at Winchester. On the way to that place, the Hungarian was an object of great interest with the English peasantry and artizans, who grasped his hand whenever they could. One honest fellow, electrified out of his English sobriety by the mere look of M. Kossuth, came forward to inform him that he (John) was a laboring man and a patriot, whereupon the Hun made him happy by bowing his homage to so praiseworthy a character. Another working-man came up courageously with a glass of ale,—doubtless real stingo,—which he presented to the ex-governor of Hungary. The latter took

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it, and drank to the health of the good old city of Winchester in a draught of its good ale. And so they passed along, the people every where accepting the pageant and the man as belonging to themselves alone. At the Mayor's banquet, attended by Lord Dudley Stuart and our consul, Mr. Croskey, among others, Kossuth made his great *pronunciamento*, set forth the cause and the catastrophe of Hungary, and fully succeeded in overcoming the prejudices and winning the favor of the great majority of the English people. Altogether, it was and is one of the most remarkable, and promises to be one of the most effective manifestoes of our time; and shows emphatically that the war of Hungary is not at an end. Kossuth explained, in the first place, the condition of Hungary and its relation to the house of Hapsburg, showing that the Hungarians fought for their own nation and Constitution, not for any abstract revolutionary principle. Before this fatal war, the country contained half a million of nobles—the privileged class—the rest of the people being the *adscripti glebæ*, without any political rights. For a series of years the Austrian influence was corrupting the Government of Hungary, and preparing for a union which should absorb its nationality. Under these circumstances, the Hungarian patriots had long seen the necessity of opposing to Austria a more effective force than the half million of Magyar nobles could put forth, and the emancipation of the fourteen millions of the people was discussed. But the imperial Government always contrived to obstruct this project, and it was delayed up to 1848. Kossuth was one of the most ardent emancipationists, and in the beginning of the troubles of 1848, he proposed and carried the enfranchisement of the peasantry. Throughout his speech, he showed that he acted with the Parliament of Hungary. After the Emancipation Act, he went with the Arch-duke Palatine to Vienna, bearing for the sanction of the Emperor the new laws which the Hungarian Parliament had just passed. Vienna was at this time in revolt, and when Kossuth urged the claims of Hungary and also the rights of the imperial population, the Emperor sent for him, and promised that he would sign the Hungarian Constitution if *Vienna could only be kept quiet.* The city *was* kept quiet. "It was," said Kossuth, "one of those curious examples of the vicissitudes of human life in which myself, an humble son of Hungary, was in a position to hold the destinies of the house of Hapsburg in these hands!" "Here," says the *Times'* reporter, "M. Kossuth made a powerful impression by the energy of his manner, stretching out both his hands as he finished the sentence." He certainly swayed his audience a good deal by his impassioned mode. It was Eternal to witness that the house owed its existence as a dynasty to him, and the declaration was followed by tremendous cheering. He could not fail to move his hearers being greatly moved himself. When he spoke of his dead friend Bathyany, he was moved to tears; and also when he spoke of Hungary, assailed by Austria on one side and the Czar on the other, with not a single friend in Europe to help her! The *Times* reporter has made the most of these tears, for the purpose of depreciating the man who shed them. Certainly the Hungarian nature is different from the Anglo-Saxon; for all the Magyars were moved to tears on the reception of Kossuth, and it must have looked odd to the colder Englishmen.

Kossuth seemed to be in his element on this occasion, as if he felt he was still working for Hungary. After his own speech, he rose for a moment to state that in Hungary there was no aristocracy of race, but simply of birth.

Mr. Cobden spoke also, and dwelt on the heartless and unbrotherly conduct of the powers who witnessed, without protest, the murder of Hungary by the Czar. Mr. Croskey, the American consul, then spoke, and assured Kossuth of an ardent and honorable reception in the United States. He said the policy of this nation was non-interference, but that the time was nearly come when the United States would be forced to take a more active interest in European politics. This brought up Kossuth again. It seemed to inspire him with new ideas of English and American influences, and he went on as if he had not spoken before. To illustrate his meaning that the English monarchy and the American republic were good Governments and could only show which was the best by the way in which they acted, he told the apologue of the Eastern Shah and his three sons. The old man had a precious ring, which could make its owner agreeable to gods and men, and not knowing to which of his boys to leave it, he got two others made like it and left them one apiece, telling them that each must act as if he was the possessor of the true one. Thus, with an oriental ingenuity, did Kossuth try to reconcile his partialities for the two great families of the same stock. He expressed the most fervent respect for the United States, and concluded by toasting the sovereign rights of the people and the cessation of all despotisms.

We can perceive from all this how indispensable it was to Kossuth that he should go to England in the first instance. There was another cause for his turning aside, and that was the placing his boys at an English school and leaving his daughter, Wilhelmina, with Richard Cobden, as he had promised to do [illegible] reasons, though all-sufficient, were brief. Kossuth feels, and it is no

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beginning to be understood, that it was chiefly to the politic interference of England he owed his safety from the power of Austria. But for the secret backing of England, the Porte would have either sent away or surrendered the fugitive. Nothing but the influence of England could make Turkey firm against the frowning aspects of Russia and Austria. The policy of England at this moment is liberal. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston have indicated this on the part of the Ministry. The Neapolitan Prince Castelcicala sent, the other day, to Palmerston a refutation of Gladstone's pamphlet, which exposed the horrors of the state prisons of Naples. Palmerston, in reply, said he did not believe the refutation, and *did* believe the original charges—a very direct, imdiplomatic sort of reply. All these things are favorable indications of the disposition of England. Lord Palmerston said he should be happy to see and shake hands with Kossuth, which simple piece of English courtesy will certainly have the full force of a European demonstration.

As we have said, Kossuth is still carrying on the war. What it wants in intensity, it has in general diffusion. His very presence tends to awaken high and noble feelings. John Bull is seized with a fit of Orientalism and poetry in presence of this pilgrim—this Peter the Hermit of Hungarian nationality. The great conservative classes are conciliated, and consider him a very respectable sort of man—no red republican, after all; the ministry lean to the side of liberal sentiments; and the people, to be sure, are hoarse with hurraing. Kossuth has had a great triumph in England, and has been doing the work of liberty with a vast amount of energy and discretion—admirable discretion. It was a very trifling indiscretion, indeed, to denounce such a worthless and tottering adventurer as Louis Napoleon. Kossuth has declined to accept a public banquet in London, urging that he wishes to avoid any imputation of mixing himself up with any distinct class of men in England. The French socialists, and some of the English democrats also, are not quite pleased with Kossuth for this resolution, and for his professed respect for the Queen, for monarchy, and so forth. They blame him, as our friends the abolitionists blamed Father Mathew, when he refused to narrow his mission and go upon any platform. But England is not France, and Kossuth is too wise to have any thing to do there with politics which may suit the meridian of Marseilles very well. He expects much from England, who, perhaps, expects something from the Hungarian rebels in return, should the Czar come to blows with her sepoys, on account of the succession of the Khan of Herat in Persia. England was always famous for her far-seeing policy. Mazzini has published a revolutionary proclamation in London, calling on Italy to prepare for another great fight for her liberties. It was thought Kossuth would join in a general demonstration of the kind. But his decision on the matter is not yet known. He has been visited by Count Alexander Tekeli, a relative of Prince Albert, and several distinguished refugees of his own nation. Our minister, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Walker, late of the treasury, called also upon Kossuth. It was the intention of the latter to set out for America, after a stay of ten days in England. But he cannot stay long from Europe. His heart is in Hungary—

"By Buda's wall and Danube's side;"

and we doubt not that, in some unexpressed understanding with the English Government, he will wait for some chance of war to arise in Eastern Europe or Western Asia. The present state of Europe is very like that stillness which usually goes before the outbreak of a hurricane.

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### GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

The Austrian press expresses a vehement indignation against England for the preparations made to welcome Kossuth, the traitor. Lord Palmerston it heartily abused, and the municipalities of London and Southampton placed under the ban of the Kaisar. The Austrians cannot conceive that the English should do any thing independently of their Government. These imperial editors say, not without some show of meaning, "England has Ireland, Canada, and Australia; and the United States have more than one 'Mississippi,'" meaning the ship, not the Father of Waters. It is determined that Hungary shall be, henceforward, an integral part of the Austrian empire. The Archduke Albrecht has been appointed Governor of Hungary, while to an Imperial Commission of three is delegated the duty of arranging the future political organization of the empire.

A railway treaty between Austria, Tuscany, the Papal dominions, Modena, and Parma, has been published. The railroad will run on one side from Placenza through Parma and Modena, and on the other, from Mantua to Reggia; it will be called the Central Italian Railroad.

The Austrian Government has a remonstrance to Lord Palmerston concerning Kossuth. The Germanic Diet have sent back Gladstone's pamphlet against the much-maligned King of Naples with a tart reply; and his Majesty the Czar has done the same. The amiable Borbone has very good friends in the north.

There is a report that a conspiracy to displace and murder the Czar has been discovered among the nobility at St. Petersburg. There is a chance of an English and Russian collision

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in the East. The Russians are moving southeast from the Caspian, and the English are moving northwest from their recent conquests in Peshawur and Cachemere. The country of the wild Affghans is between them as yet; but a few marches may bring the Don Cossaques and the Indian cavalry of England to cross their lances in the Khorassan. At this moment, the succession of Herat, vacant by the death of the late Khan, threatens to bring these great powers into collision. The Persians asked the assistance of the Russians before, and may do so again. If England and Russia go to war, not alone eastern Europe, but the whole world, will be shaken by their armaments. With one word, England could put the continent of Europe into insurrection. War is probably destined to rage in a very terrible form over the old world before these commotions and rumors will have rest.

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### TALY.

It is reported that Pope Pius is unwell, and that fears were entertained for his life. It is stated that the British and French ministers at the Court of Tuscany have orders to express the dissatisfaction of their respective Governments with the prospect of close alliance between Tuscany and Austria. A Maltese was lately searched and ill-treated by the Roman police at Civita Vecchia. The British Consul has insisted that this man shall receive prompt redress. The authorities of Rome have levied a tax upon all foreign sojourners at Rome except children. Every resident must have a license.

The Pope, finding that the English were agitating the project of a Protestant church at Rome, has put down the American chapel in that city, lest it should form an evil precedent, and favor the general introduction of heresy under the nose of the Pontificate.

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### ENGLAND.

The great Exposition of the Crystal Palace closed on the 15th of October. The prizes have been declared and distributed, and over a million of dollars have remained in the hands of the Royal Commissioners as the profits of the speculation, after the payment of all expenses.

Some noise was made in England by the discovery, near Gloucester, of a small balloon, attached to which was a card, intimating that, on the 3d of September in this year, the "Erebus," one of Sir John Franklin's ships, was blocked in, in 112° W. long, and 71° N. lat. The Secretary of the Admiralty denies that it could be a government balloon, such as Sir John took out with him in his expedition. The impression seems to be that it is a hoax on the part of some funereal humorist.

A great dinner was lately given in London by the American, Mr. George Peabody, to those gentlemen, Americans and others, who distinguished themselves in the business of the Exposition. Mr. Abbott Lawrence, the Earl of Granville, Sir Henry Bulwer, and several other notables were present, and the affair passed off with the pleasantest interchange of national feeling.

The Cunard steamer Africa, on her way to America, struck on a reef of rocks in Belfast Lough, by night, and was obliged to return for repairs, the Canada taking her place.

The English papers state that Alexander Von Humboldt publishes in the *Spener Gazette* an account of his discovery of the very old room in which the Boulè, or Athenian Council of Four Hundred, used to hold their deliberations. At the depth of a foot below the surface, he came upon a large number of inscriptions, statues, columns, &c. Humboldt is certain that he is not mistaken in the locality.

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### IRELAND.

In Ireland, the people are laboring in the only revolution which can benefit their condition—that produced by emigration and by education—running away and going to school. The emigration continues with accelerated force; the most stationary people in Europe are being pulled up by the roots and transplanted. Sir Joseph Yorke once said that, to improve Ireland, she should be put *under the Atlantic* for a little time. If he had said *over the Atlantic*, he would have been more prophetically near the mark. The statistics of Irish emigration, on both sides of the Atlantic, show tendencies which lead us to think the census of that island will be soon diminished one half. In this, and in the system of education growing up in it, lies the hope of Ireland's regeneration. In spite of the efforts of the Papal party, the Queen's Colleges are well attended, while, at the same time, the Catholic schools, that are multiplied in defense, tend also to the great end of building up *a mind* in the country. At the same time, a more independent class of persons is becoming possessed of the soil, and Englishmen and Scotchmen are moving in to take the places of the poor fellows that we have got here, on our seaboards and in the interior. The results in Ireland from all these things will be, that in less than ten years a people will live in the island who will make the English Government respect them. They will make more formidable rebels than the Irish Catholics who never possessed the unity and force to do any thing to help themselves. The late Irish rebellions were essentially Protestant affairs.

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as every one who knows Irish history is aware. The next movement of Ireland will be an *educated* and largely Protestant business, and it will be successful. It is progressing now, in fact; and the Irish Committee of this city cannot do better than send their money to help the Irish schools—the *foyers* of the true and safe revolution of the country.

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### CALIFORNIA.

Latest accounts from California are peaceful and gratifying. A rich vein of auriferous quartz had been struck upon in the city of San Francisco itself, by some men employed in digging a well. The Committee of Vigilance has closed its labors, leaving a Special Committee to remain on the watch a little longer. In all probability, no further displays of "wild justice" will be needed in the city, which is stated to be almost free from crime, the criminals having been scattered in all directions. The city is putting on a solid brick aspect, and society is undergoing very satisfactory changes. Every steamer brings ladies and children, and the graces and amenities of life are beginning to flourish in the community. The people of South California wish for a division of the State, and have taken measures to obtain it. The capital has been removed from Vallejo to San José. and a line of railway between that city and San Francisco, fifty-one miles long, is projected, and will be commenced immediately. The accounts from the mines are only one better and more cheering than another. Quartz is worked in all directions with astonishing profits. A new vein of golden quartz has been discovered in Yuba county. Every where, the rocky surface of the country is being shattered, and yielding rich returns to the gold-seekers. Mining has now become a steady, settled business. Supplies of every thing seem to be cheap and plenty in San Francisco—about three times as dear as in the Atlantic cities. California potatoes are each as big as a man's head, and the finest in the world. All vegetables grow to a great size; and agriculture is nearly as profitable, in the neighborhoods of towns, as digging for gold. A Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance has been established at San Francisco. In all respects, that wonderful new State seems to be casting the slough of her first hasty condition, and emerging into civilization under the fairest auspices.

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### HOME ITEMS.

The total arrivals of foreign immigrants into New-York since the beginning of this year, amount to about 252,000, contributed by almost every country in the world.

The Des Moines River Grant has been finally confirmed to the State of Iowa.

It is stated that the Austrian ambassador, Hulsemann, will demand his passports when the traitor Kossuth shall have received welcome from the Government and people of America. It is also stated that unless the United States shall salute the Spanish flag, reinstate the Spanish Consul at New-Orleans with all tokens of the *amende honorable*, and compensate him for any loss he may have suffered at the hands of the citizens, the Spanish Minister at Washington will also demand his passports. All this is, of course, absurd.

Governor Ramsay, of Minnesota, has made a favorable treaty with the Chippeways at Pembina. The valley of the Red River of the North—a territory as large as Ireland—is acquired for ten thousand dollars a-year, payment of which shall cease at the end of twenty years. The Indians received thirty thousand dollars in hand, and then turned their vanishing faces still farther to the setting sun.

Some tumults took place at Santa Fé, in the State of New-Mexico, in which two Americans were killed by the Mexicans, during an election. A great excitement was the result, and the conduct of Governor Calhoun, who was supposed to have leant to the side of the Mexicans, was condemned in a meeting of the American citizens.

It is stated, on authority, that the ships of France and England will overhaul any American vessels that they may in future suspect of an intention to carry invaders to Cuba. If they do, it will be only what Uncle Sam himself would do, under existing treaties. But it is understood that Mr. Webster will not hear of this "right of search."

General Persifer Smith is actively engaged in putting the Texan frontiers in a state of effective defense against Indian incursions. He has received orders from Washington to use every means in his power to prevent armed Texan expeditions from crossing the Rio Grande to aid the revolutionists in Northern Mexico. Of course, the chivalrous riflemen will not go in the General's way; and certainly, between them and the red men, that officer will have much hot and hasty work on his hands.

Latest accounts say that the Snake Indians were troublesome at the Dalles States, in Oregon. They attack the immigrants wherever they can, and have killed several of them. The Indians say they will drive the white men out of the country. Rich quartz diggings had been discovered between Shasta and Scott's River. The various officers of the Coast Survey were busy at Cape Disappointment.

A convention was held in the county of Lewis, to memorialize Congress to divide the

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territory in two, and organize a territorial Government for the part north of the Columbia river. Judge Nelson has decided that the law prohibiting blacks from going into Oregon is valid, and has sentenced a negro to be expelled in thirty days. Immigrants go rapidly into the State, and the apparition of a "Bloomer" or two has caused as much talk as the incursion of a score of "Snakes."

Mr. Morse, who lately suffered in his interests by a verdict in favor of Mr. House, against him, has now had one in his favor against Mr. Bain. Judge Kane has decided that Mr. Morse's three patents—the Magnetic Telegraph, the Local Circuit, and the Chemical Patents—have been infringed by Mr. Bain.

Accounts from Chagres state that some dreadful fighting and loss of life have taken place there, between the black people and the Americans. The parties were boatmen, and the disagreement rose out of their professional rivalries. It is stated that the foreign boatmen were most in fault. The first affray began on the 12th of October, when some lives were lost on both sides, after severe firing. The *Panama Star*, of the 23d October, says that another violent collision had taken place, and that the natives used the cannon of the fort against the Americans. The former were composed of the people of the place, San Dominicans, Jamaicans, and Carthagenians. Latest accounts say that from twenty to thirty Americans were killed, and in all probability one hundred blacks. The Americans proposed to the Alcalde to attack the fort from which the blacks were firing, with the cannon of the place. He consented, and preparations were being made for the assault. The United States Consul, Mr. Glesson, had been shot at, but escaped uninjured.

Letters from Belize (Honduras) state that the English have taken possession of several islands along the coast—Ruatan, Barbara, Bonnican, Utilla, Ambergies, and other islands to the north. Every thing indicates that England regards with much jealousy the progress of the Americans in Central America, and will do all in her power to maintain an influence in that quarter of the world, over and by which the great trade of all nations, between both hemispheres, will be presently flowing.

In the cities of New-York and Boston, the California trade has within the last ten months declined by 546 vessels. The great fever fit of commerce is subsiding. The supplies of all the means, appliances and necessaries of life are very plenty at the Western seaboard, and henceforward the trade to that part of the world will be conducted with more steadiness and certainty. A fortnight ago, there were only eleven vessels loading for California a Boston and New-York; at the same time la ---ar there were forty.

It is confidently rumored that Mr. Webster will resign his office of Secretary of State in a few weeks after the executive departments shall have left the Congress to enter upon the regular business of the season. It is not improbable that Mr. Webster will become a candidate for the Presidency.

A treaty has been concluded with the Indians of the southern boundary of the Oregon territory, for the purchase of a tract of land containing over two millions and a half of acres, all good farming lands, with large timber growths and many fine mill-streams. The Indians of this tract (which runs along the Pacific coast) seem to have little knowledge of the value of money. They are to receive $25,000 in annuities, composed of supplies of all kinds. Their first annuities will be nearly paid in comfortable clothing, which they need very much, and express themselves glad to get.

A peculiar demonstration of welcome awaits Lajos Kossuth, on his arrival amongst us. The ex-editor of the *Pesti Hirlop* will be entertained by the editorial fraternity of New-York, who feel that their order has been made illustrious by the glory of the late President of the Hungarian Republic. The idea is very good, and will doubtless be carried out splendidly.

P. S. The restoration of universal suffrage has been defeated in the French Assembly, by a vote of 375 to 348.

The death of the poet, James Montgomery, is announced by the last steamer. He was eighty years of age.

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### MEXICO AND MORE ANNEXATION.

The rebellion in Northern Mexico seems ominous of approaching changes in the condition of the Mexican republic. People are beginning to prophesy its disruption, and the annexation of more territory to the present area of our federation. The Mexican Government is bankrupt, and financial embarrassments are the usual forerunners of revolution in ill-governed States. Several thousand men, chiefly of the sharp-shooting, semi-nomade population of Texas, have gathered together to follow the fortunes of Col. Carvajal. He has hitherto beaten the Mexican troops, and latest accounts represent him as having taken the outworks of Matamoras by storm, with the loss of three killed and fifteen wounded. One hundred and fifty Mexicans are said to have fallen. Gen. Avalos, who was wounded, still held out at the head of the Government troops in a corner of the town. Their sur- hourly expected. Should it take 'tal will be in considerable dan- confusion, and

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Arista, the President, with few troops and little or no money, can hardly be expected to oppose a very forcible resistance to the crowd of internal malcontents and foreign auxiliaries that would follow Carvajal in the days of his success.

Altogether, the continuance of the Mexican republic seems to be merely a matter of time. It must, sooner or later, fall to pieces. It seems to be a general belief that the Spanish race is, like the Indian, a doomed race on this continent, and many things countenance such a conclusion.

This talk of annexation reminds us of another annexation reported as not improbable. We mean the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, or the placing of them under the protection of the United States, which would be about the same thing. It is said the matter has been discussed at Washington. However this may be, the Union promises to possess enough without these islands.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Book of Home Beauty.* By Mrs. Kirkland. Containing 12 Portraits of American Ladies, by Charles Martin, Esq., engraved on Steel by eminent Artists. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

The publication of this beautiful book has created no little sensation. The idea of it has been criticised by some with a good deal of severity. We do not altogether agree with these remarks; and if we did, the manner in which it has been executed is enough to disarm our criticism. Mr. Martin in his drawings has exhibited the most exquisite artistic taste and skill; and the engravers have done their part in a manner beyond any thing we thought possible to obtain in this country. Every head is a perfect study of effective and truly artistic portraiture. There has been nothing heretofore done in this country that can be compared with them. The letter-press, from the elegant pen of Mrs. Kirkland, has no especial reference to the portraits, but is a sort of Decameron wreath of sketches, in which these beauties appear as gems gleaming among the leaves. We need not further particularize, as the splendor of the book, and the interest it has excited, will make it one of the favorites of the holiday season.

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*The Home Book of the Picturesque; or, American Scenery, Art, and Literature: comprising a series of Essays, by* Washington Irving, W. C. Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, Miss Cooper, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, H. T. Tuckerman, E. L. Magoon, Dr. Bethune, A. B. Street, Miss Field, &c.; with thirteen Engravings on Steel, from Pictures by eminent Artists. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

This, now, is a book about which there can be no difference of opinion. The most fastidious, if a truly cultivated taste, will find here its very ideal realized. How refreshing, after the insipid annuals with which the holiday seasons have heretofore been glutted, to find instead, gracing our centre-tables, a work of such exquisite taste as this. It would appear that the perfection of art and elegance in book-making "could no farther go." The essays, it will be perceived by a glance at the title-page, are by the most eminent of our authors; and in descriptive writing, we question whether any other country can at present produce an equal array of talent. The pictures selected, too, are from our most eminent landscape painters, and are most beautifully executed; they are, besides, highly characteritics of our scenery. In short, it is truly an American book. No one can show a genuine taste better than by such a present at any season.

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*The Evening Book; or, Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life.* By Mrs. Kirkland. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1852.

These sketches and essays of Mrs. Kirkland will add much to a reputation already very high. Her style, always rich and sparkling, shines here with remarkable brilliancy. A shrewd observer of character and manners, this lady has the rare faculty of combining wit and wisdom, and thus, whilst amusing, instructing and refining us. She is, besides, one of the most characteristically national of our writers. Her first work is unrivaled in its delineations of Western life and character. In this she confesses to "an ambition to make a peculiarly American book;" "not that I think American views of manners and morals should be partial or narrow, but because the foreign literature, which furnishes most of the reading of our young people, seems to me likely to inspire them with un-American ideas of society, and even of duty; and it becomes, therefore, especially desirable to refer sometimes to ancient and universal standards—those whose excellence is beyond dispute, though portions of the world have departed from their influence, led away by the incorrect notions of life which prevail in old and corrupt communities."

Mr. Scribner has presented the work in a holiday dress, illustrated by beautiful plates from the burin of Burt, on splendid paper, and in elegant

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type. It will be a great favorite as a present, and will, as designed, brighten many a fireside in the coming winter evenings.

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*Iconographic Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art, systematically arranged.* By J. G. Heck. Translated from the German, with additions, by Spencer F. Baird, A. M., M.D. Illustrated by 500 Steel Plates; containing upwards of 12,000 Engravings. New-York: Rudolph Carrique, 2 Barclay street.

This valuable work is now complete, by the publication of the twenty-fifth part, and the additional volume of text. In the course of the publication, we have several times taken occasion to express our opinion of the merits of the work. The publication of each number has but increased our admiration for it. Beyond all doubt, it is the most complete work of reference that has yet been published within the same compass. There is nothing of the kind, that we are acquainted with, that will compare with the plates in accuracy and beauty of execution. They seem to illustrate the whole domain of human knowledge in science and art.

"It has been designated as a library in itself, embracing fourteen distinct text-books of those subjects of human knowledge, a familiarity with which goes far towards constituting an educated man."

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*Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, and the Sources and Modes of Action of Natural Motive-power.* By Z. Allen. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an elaborate and profound investigation into the source, and description of the operation, of natural motive-power. The author, in his investigations, discovers an inconsistency between the axiom of mechanical science, that "matter at rest cannot put itself in motion," and the chemical doctrines of "internal forces" and "imponderable *agents*." He discovers, from the truth of the mechanical axiom, that matter cannot move itself, "that *all* the movements of terrestrial matter must originate from a cause external to the mass of the earth;" and is led to the conclusion, that all "internal forces" and imponderable *agencies* are resolvable into "*the propagation of mechanical action, through the medium of electric matter.*" In illustration of his principle, the author has arranged, with great skill and labor, the last results of modern scientific research, chemical, electrical, and mechanical; and the result is a work which must take its place among the standard philosophical treatises of the age.

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*Rural Homes; or, Sketches of Houses suited to American Country Life. With original Plans, Designs, &c.* By Gervase Wheeler. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This is not only an elegantly written, but an exceedingly sensible book, upon a subject requiring the greatest possible judgment and taste. a short compass, Mr. Wheeler has gra sketched off what may be done to record realize the highest demands of taste, com elegance, even with moderate means, in th ter which so peculiarly comes "home to c ness and bosoms," the constructing of the nest. It is a very gratifying evidence of t gress of our country, not only in riches, refinement and taste, that these works on architecture are demanded. May this taste "by what it feeds upon," until the beautiful s of our land, instead of being marred as it is, shall be every where enriched by the b the homes nestling among it. The work is tifully illustrated and printed; and we strongly recommend to every one who plates building a house, not to do so withou what this author has to say on the subject.

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*Florence, the Parish Orphan; and a Sk the Village in the Last Century.* By E Buckminster Lee. Boston: Ticknor, Reed Fields.

This is an admirable little book, remarkable a purity of sentiment, and for grace, elegance at the same time, simplicity of style. It charm and instruct the young.

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*Ruth Churchhill; or, the True Protestant.* By A Lady of Virginia. New-York: C. Shepa & Co.

This is one of the books intended to incul dogmatic theology through the medium of fic As we object to it on the one side, so we mus the other. Our reasons will be found at large a review of a work of more pretensions, in t present number.

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*Sir Roger De Coverly.* By The Spectator. Bo ton: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

A beautiful little volume, with notes, these tast ful publishers here give us, made from these cla sical papers. It comes in this delightful shap almost as a fresh work of genius, illuminating ou firesides with its genial rays. This exquisite con ception of character, immortal in its purity an beauty, what can we say about it that every body does not feel!

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*Night Thoughts of Edward Young; with a Memoir of the Author, a Critical View of his Writings, and Explanatory Notes.* By James Robert Boyd, Editor of "Paradise Lost," &c. New-York: Charles Scribner.

"Young's Night Thoughts" has, we fear, been rather a neglected book of late. We are sure it is not so generally appreciated now-a-days as it should be. Those who have only a *traditional* knowledge of it will be surprised, on turning to it, to find what a mine of thought and reason they have been neglect-

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It is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we note the issue of this beautiful and valuable edition. We say valuable, because Professor Boyd has enriched it with copious notes, critical and illustrative, highly judicious and instructive. The volume is elegantly bound and printed, and has illustrations by Burt. It will make not only a beautiful, but a valuable present for the holidays.

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*The Hand-Book of Literature and Fine Arts.* By GEORGE RIPLEY and BAYARD TAYLOR; and

*The Hand-Book of Biography.* By PARKE GODWIN. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

These two works form part of Mr. Putnam's "Home Cyclopædia," intended for educational purposes and the general reader. We know of no books of reference in so accessible a shape, that deserve to be so highly commended. They embrace a vast amount of information, arranged in the most convenient form for reference, and may be relied upon as generally accurate and full. There has been no greater want in literature than a cheap cyclopædia; and Mr. Putnam deserves great praise and abundant success for supplying the want with so much conscientious care in making a work of permanent value and authority.

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*The Woodbine; a Holiday Gift.* Edited by CAROLINE MAY. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. From Rohrback & Co., Broadway, New-York.

In a late "Evening with some Female Poets," we took occasion to speak of Miss May's character as regards her original writings. Her contributions in the book before us more truly, perhaps, support the favorable opinion we then gave. Her paper on "Handel" is every way acceptable. As an editor, Miss May shows exceeding taste and appreciation. Her selections from the writers "across the water" are judicious, though we do not like to encourage the appropriation of such. Our sympathies would lead us have the book entirely of home manufacture. Yet we cannot, nor will her readers, we are sure, object to such *morceaux* as she gives.

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*Reveries of a Bachelor; or, A Book of the Heart.* By IK MARVEL. Illustrated edition. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We understand that editions amounting to more than ten thousand copies of this admirable book have been sold; notwithstanding which, the enterprising publisher feels sufficient confidence in its worth and consequent continued success to warrant him in issuing an edition for the holiday season, most exquisitely illustrated, and superbly printed and bound. The designs are by Darley, and certainly the work could have been intrusted to no one more competent. It was a delicate task he had to perform, to embody the tender and beautiful fancies of his author, but he has done it with a grace and skill which leave nothing to be desired. He has surpassed himself, and evinced a talent for embodying sentiment beyond what seems indicated by his previous productions. The whole book is, in fact, a perfect work of art, "beautiful exceedingly."

We may here announce, for the gratification of the author's multitudinous readers, that Mr. Scribner has in press a new work from Mr. Mitchell, entitled, we believe, "Dream-Life." We may safely predict for it unbounded success.

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*Tallis' Library Edition of the Works of Shakspeare. Revised from the original editions, with Notes, &c.* John Tallis & Co., 97 and 100 St. John street, London, and 40 John street, New-York.

*A Drawing-room Table Book of Theatrical Portraits, with Memoirs and Anecdotes.* Same Publisher.

We have received two or three numbers of the above works. The Shakspeare will be a magnificent edition, splendidly illustrated. The printing is remarkably clear and elegant.

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*A Catechism of Familiar Things; their History, and the Events which led to their Discovery; with a Short Explanation of some of the Principal Natural Phenomena.* For the use of Schools and Families. By E. E. WILLEMENT. Carefully Revised by an American Teacher. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. New-York: Rohrbach & Co., Broadway. 1852.

The title explains pretty fully the purport of this useful book. Every thing in art, science, geography, history, manufactures and mineralogy is treated of and traced in a succinct manner, from a drop of dew to a granite block, a yard of bombazine to an earthquake, from Cayenne pepper to a volcano, and from the Chinese *tallow tree* to landscape painting. There are some omissions and misstatements in the part of the work concerning arts and poetry, which should be corrected in an ensuing edition. Paul Veronese, one of the most imaginative and inexhaustible of the Italian painters, famous for his grouping and breadth of light and shade, is not mentioned at all among the painters of Italy. The omission of the names of Palladio and Inigo Jones—the former the founder of a new order, and the latter a most successful professor—from the chapter in which architecture is treated of, leave a blank unaccounted for in the modern progress of that art. Barry is classed amongst the *English* painters, while every student of painting recollects his name as synonymous with Ireland. He was no more an English painter than Fuseli (Swiss), Sir Peter Lily (German), Sir Godfrey Kneller (German),—whose names, by the way, are not mentioned at all, although the Germans were two of the most famous painters at the courts of Charles I. and II., William III., and George I.,—than Rubens and Vandyke (Flemish), Benjamin West and J. S. Copley (Americans), all of whom lived a large portion of their lifetime in England, but who have

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their true birth-homes assigned them. Edward Smith and Samuel Forde, whom the English have respectively called the Phidias and Angelo of Ireland; among the poets of Ireland, Scotland, and England, Goldsmith, Burns, and Shelley, are not mentioned at all; and among those of our own country, the names of Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, Hoffman, and Wallace are left out, while the only ones recognisable or discerned among the ten given are Edgar A. Poe and Ed. C. Pinckney. To say that, because all those men who are mentioned wrote verses, and are dead (with one exception), and so are poets, is doing injustice to the genius of our land, and giving our children a wrong notion of imagination, sublimity, and taste, as regards literature. It is better to make no mention than introduce mediocrity; or, if names *must* be given, then let us have those which are regarded with esteem and admiration by the *world* for their *real merits*.

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*Meditations in America, and Other Poems.* By William Ross Wallace. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This volume of genuine poems will be widely welcomed by the numerous admirers whom they have won in our own and other pages, where most of them have appeared. It is an unpretending and beautiful volume.

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## FINE ARTS.

The New-York Gallery of the Fine Arts, after an interval of a few months, is again open in the rooms of the National Academy of Design. The general appearance of the exhibition is more pleasing, as the pictures hang to better advantage in the long rooms than in the large one occupied by the Gallery last year, and more interest is apparent in the addition of pictures by artists who have not heretofore been represented in the Gallery.

The catalogue embraces the names of many distinguished artists: Cole, Trumbull, Inman, Brown, Clevenger, Leutze, Durand, Mount, Ingham, Edmonds, Kensett, Hicks, Cummings, Flagg, and other American artists, to which may be added the names of Morland and Raeburn. To strangers, the Gallery must be an agreeable lounge for two or three leisure hours, and to "sight-seers" it furnishes a place of great interest. Most of the works exhibited are by artists of perhaps a greater local than a foreign reputation; but being "to the manor born," they are an integral part of New-York attractions; and no visitor to the city can be said to have seen all its various institutions without enumerating among them the New-York Gallery of the Fine Arts.

"The Course of Empire," by Cole, is the main attraction of this exhibition. Other works by him, embracing a larger number than the public have access to in any other place, contribute largely to give the Gallery a character which belongs to it alone, and which, in the course of time, will render it one of the most important institutions in the city. We allude to its being a receptacle for one or more of the works of every American artist, so that, after he shall have passed away, both students and amateurs of succeeding generations may know where to find a work of every artist, at all conspicuous in our country's history of art. The value of the Gallery in this respect is hardly appreciable as yet, but that it is beginning to be so, is apparent in the desire of young students in art to study the works of Cole.

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